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that little reform could be hoped for so long as Parliament was elected for the lifetime of the King. Members after a little became lukewarm, their zeal not being stirred up by the prospect of a general election. Constituents had no chance of freeing themselves from an unsatisfactory representative, and the Opposition, or the Opposition, was always the Opposition. Here, indeed, was a pretty state of things; a *very* pretty how do you do!

It was brought in a Bill for limiting the duration of the Irish, like the English, Parliament to seven years. Each session the measure passed through the Irish Houses, but was three times thrown out of the English Privy Council. The fourth time it was sent up it passed, merely altered from a Septennial to an Octennial Bill, and Parliament, having now existed for eight years, was dissolved, and the first limited Parliament elected. The Patriots were returned in greater force than before, as in the Parnell party case, and young men of ardor and ability commenced to agitate outside the walls of Parliament.

The Septennial Bill had been a popular measure, but the great cause of the popularity of the party was their agitation for the reduction of the Irish pension list. By a curious irony of fate, Ireland was forced to provide for the poor relations, cast-off mistresses and natural children of the monarchs of that dynasty whose accession she had so desperately resisted, and the Irish nation was made year by year to increase the pension list, which now stood at £72,000 (\$360,000) per annum, whereas the King's private revenue for Ireland—whereon alone it could be charged with decency—amounted only to £7,000 (\$35,000), so that £65,000 (\$325,000) of the public revenue was yearly devoted to this purpose—exclusive of French and military pensions.

The elections over, the pension-list agitation was continued, and the new Parliament began a repeal of the penal laws. The first concession to the Catholics was a small one; it only allowed them to take long leases of bog, *provided* the bog were at least four feet deep, and a mile outside a town. Even this concession was a thin end of a wedge.

It was in the year 1775 that a new and very important figure made his first appearance in politics. In that year Henry Grattan was nominated by Lord Charlemont to represent the Borough of Charlemont. This young politician, though only twenty-five years of age, at once leaped into a prominent place in the Patriot party, and among the orators of the day. Flood having taken office under the Government, Grattan replaced him as the idol of the people.

When Grattan entered Parliament, England was already in serious difficulties with the stubborn American colonies, and in the following year the War of our Independence broke out. Ireland had now to decide whether she, struggling for her own independence, should raise her hand against the colonies, where precisely the same struggle was taking place, or whether she should look on in silent sympathy. The Government proposed sending 4,000 Irish troops against the insurgents, and on this question Flood and Grattan disagreed with a violence that rendered impossible the continuance of the friendly relations that had hitherto subsisted between them. Flood and the Government triumphed; the troops were dispatched, and Ireland, now involved in the war, was prohibited from exporting salt meat to the colonies.

In the Winter of 1777 came the news of the surrender of Saratoga, and that France was in union with the disaffected colonists. With France and America allied against her, England was in extremity. Thousands of Irishmen

strengthened the armies of the enemy, and England, fearful of an alliance between Ireland and France, sought to conciliate the Catholics by a gradual repeal of the penal code.

A terror of invasion by the French caused the Irish Volunteers to come into being. The Volunteer army grew rapidly in strength and in discipline. The highest in the land were its officers. The Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Charlemont, Henry Flood, and Henry Grattan, were among its leaders. Each regiment elected its own officers, and chose its own color—blue, white, scarlet, orange, or, more often, the beloved green; and, moreover, all the uniforms were made by Irish tailors, of cloth woven in Irish looms, of wool sheared by Irish peasants from the backs of Irish sheep, and thus the ball of Irish trade was set merrily rolling.

It is needless to say that the Government viewed this growing army with no approving eye—an army of 100,000 men, well armed, and commanding 200 pieces of cannon. Government was alive to the danger of such a corps—the wishes of a nation are more potent when backed by 100,000 warriors—and the Irish felt that this truly was their hour, and this the moment to demand free trade; so Grattan and Hussey Burgh brought forward, in the Irish House of Commons, a motion for colonial free trade; and, in obedience to the threats of the Volunteers, Ireland was at length permitted to trade freely with the colonies.

The next move was a bolder and infinitely more important one. Grattan brought in a Bill declaring that the "King, the Lords and the Commons are the only powers competent to enact the laws of Ireland." The Bill was first brought forward in the session of 1780, which was already illustrious as having carried the free-trade measure, but it was withdrawn till the next session, and in the interval the whole force of the Volunteers was brought to bear upon the question, so that the Government got a very plain hint that it was a national demand. In April, 1782, Grattan again brought in the Bill, *which passed without a division*, and England resigned her claim for making laws for the Irish people. The scenes in the House of Commons during that memorable epoch in Ireland's history are full of color, glowing, glittering and glorious.

Ireland was now, in some measure, a free country, but the boasted freedom left five-sixths of her people without political rights, and even the Protestant minority could scarcely be said to elect its own representatives to a House of which considerably more than half the members were nominees of peers and government officials. Everything looked well for the cause of Ireland, but Flood and Grattan were now in open enmity; and had it not been for the fatal division between the Irish leaders, the Union would never have had a moment's chance.

The first act of the free Parliament had been to break her own chains by repealing Poyning's law, and then Grattan had moved an address of gratitude to England for sanctioning her liberty and repealing the law of George I. The generosity of England did not appeal to Flood's less gentle nature. He argued that England had freed Ireland merely because she was too weak to hold her, and that should she ever recover her power, she would once more reduce Ireland to the condition of a province. He, therefore, considered that England must be compelled to declare that she would never again meddle in Irish affairs. Grattan, in a burning speech, held that such a course would be ungenerous in the extreme; that England was not a foe, but a trusted friend in whom confidence could be placed, and who must not even be asked to make so humiliating a confession of past error and

injustice. Grattan's view appealed to the chivalry of the House, and, with two dissentients, he carried his motion.

The question of Catholic emancipation next came to the front, and a Reform Bill was presented to the House of Commons. A long and fierce debate ensued on the motion for leave to bring in the Bill, which was eventually thrown out, after an all-night sitting. The defeat of the Bill was followed by riot in Dublin and the provinces. The Moderate and Anti-Catholic parties resigned and formed the Whig Club, while the Democratic party, taking up the cause of Reform and Catholic emancipation, formed for these ends, and these ends only, a perfectly open and loyal society, called "The United Irishmen."

Government then brought in a stringent Coercion Bill. This was hotly opposed by Grattan, but Fitzgibbon (Lord Clare) carried his measure.

The new nation was scarcely one thousand days old when she came to loggerheads with England. Although colonial free trade had been granted, the commercial relations between England and Ireland remained unaltered, but in 1785 the Irish House passed a Bill for removing some of the trade restrictions between the two countries. Such a Bill was, of course, useless unless approved by both countries, and was, therefore, sent to England, where a number of restraints on Irish colonial trade were suggested as the price of free trade with England. These not only deprived the measure of its usefulness, but were resisted by the Irish House as an attempt upon its newly acquired liberty, and the Bill accordingly was thrown out, to the great annoyance of Pitt, who, doubtless, planted it as a step toward the Union.

Three years later another difficulty arose. The old King George III. became idiotic on the subject of apple dumplings, his mind gave way, and it became necessary to appoint a Regent. The Regent was, of course, the Prince of Wales, "the biggest blackguard in Europe," but the question arose as to whether he should have limited or unlimited power. Ireland, anxious to prove her independence, hastily offered the Prince unlimited regal powers in Ireland, Pitt and the English Ministry voting for limited powers only. *Presto!* King George recovered such mind as he was originally the possessor of, the Whigs were out, and all placemen and officials who had voted with that party were turned out of office, and the pension list was increased by £13,000 (\$65,000) per annum for the reward of the faithful placemen. Seven commoners were ennobled for their good offices, and nine peers were raised a step in the peerage. The Regency question caused Pitt to resolve upon carrying a Union, and to further this scheme he stooped to a course of bribery and corruption unparalleled in history. An eighth part of the revenue of Ireland was now divided among Members of her Parliament, and in addition to the nominees of the House of Lords, the English Government held 110 commoners in her pay.

Having briefly led up to the fatal cause of the dismemberment of the Irish Parliament, let us now deal with the Houses themselves, and with some of the noble and ignoble personages who played leading rôles in the great drama which erased a cheated Ireland from out the list of nations.

"The Irish House of Peers," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "was considered one of the most beautiful and commodious chambers possible. It combined every appearance of dignity and comfort; the walls were covered with tapestry representing the Battle of the Boyne, and the entire *coup d'œil* was grand and interesting." This chamber, with its furniture, exactly as it appeared when

Sir Jonah wrote, is to-day exhibited by a hungry-palmed porter of the Bank of Ireland.

The Irish House of Commons, commonly known as the "Goose-pie," from its peculiar shape, was admitted to be one of the most chaste and classic models of architecture. A perfect rotunda, with Ionic pilasters, inclosed a corridor which ran around the interior. The cupola, of immense height, bestowed a magnificence which was rarely surpassed, while a gallery, supported by columns, divided into compartments, and accommodating 700 spectators, commanded an uninterrupted view of the chamber. This gallery, on every important debate, was filled, not by reporters, but by the superior orders of society—the first rows being generally occupied by ladies of fashion and rank, who diffused a brilliance over, and excited a gallant decorum in, the assembly.

Sir Jonah Barrington thus describes the trial of Lord Kingston, a peer of the realm of Ireland, for murder, by the House of Lords in Dublin, after the acknowledgment of Irish independence. The trial took place in the Chamber of the House of Commons, that of the Lord being regarded as too small: "This fine chamber was now fitted up in such a way as to give it the most solemn aspect. One apartment of seats in the body of the house was covered with scarlet cloth, and appropriated to the peeresses and their daughters, who ranged themselves according to the order of precedence. The commons, their families and friends, lined the galleries; the whole house was entirely carpeted, and the Speaker's chair newly adorned for the Lord Chancellor. On the whole, it was by far the most impressive and majestic spectacle ever exhibited within those walls.

"At length the peers entered, according to their rank, in full dress, and richly robed. Each man took his seat in profound silence; and even the ladies (which was rather extraordinary) were likewise still. The Chancellor, bearing a white wand, having taken his chair, the most interesting moment of all was at hand, and its approach really made me shudder.

"Sir Chichester Fortescue, King-at-Arms, in his parti-colored robe, entered first, carrying the armorial bearings of the accused nobleman emblazoned on his shield; he placed himself on the left of the bar. Next entered Lord Kingston himself, in deep mourning, moving with a slow and melancholy step. His eyes were fixed on the ground; and, walking up to the bar, he was placed next to the King-at-arms, who then held his armorial shield on a level with his shoulder.

"The supposed executioner then approached, bearing a large hatchet with an immense, broad blade. It was painted black, except within about two inches of the edge, which was of bright, polished steel. Placing himself at the bar, on the right of the prisoner, he raised the hatchet about as high as his lordship's neck, but with the shining edge averted; and thus he remained during the whole trial.

"The usual legal ceremonies were now entered on, the charge was read, the prisoner pleaded not guilty, and the trial proceeded. A proclamation was made (first generally, then name by name), for the witnesses of the prosecution to come forward. It is not easy to describe the anxiety and suspense excited as each name was called over. The eyes of everybody were directed to the bar, where the witnesses must enter, and every little movement of the persons who thronged it was held to be intended to make room for some accuser. None, however, appeared. Thrice they called, but in vain; and it was then announced that, 'no witnesses appearing to substantiate the charge of murder against Robert, Earl'

to the application of a sum of £60,000 (\$300,000) then lying *unappropriated* in the Irish Treasury, being a balance after paying all debts and demands upon the country or its establishments." The Members seemed to be nearly poised—although it had been supposed that the majority would incline to give it to the King, while the Opposition would recommend laying it out upon the country—when the Sergeant-at-Arms reported that a Member wanted to force into the House, *undressed*, in dirty boots, and splashed up to his shoulders.

The Speaker could not oppose custom to privilege, and was necessitated to admit him. It proved to be Mr. Tottenham, of Ballycarney, County Wexford, covered with mud, and wearing a pair of huge jack-boots. Having heard that the question was likely to come on sooner than he expected, he had (lest he should not be in time) mounted his horse at Ballycarney, set off in the night, ridden nearly sixty miles up to the Parliament House direct, and rushed in, without washing or cleaning himself, to vote for the *country*. He arrived just at the critical moment!—and critical it was, for the numbers were, in truth, *equal*, and his casting vote gave a majority of one to the "Country" party. "Tottenham in his Boots" became a standing toast at patriotic Irish tables, and at Ballycarney the toast is still drunk with all honors on the anniversary of his noted ride. I have seen "Tottenham in his Boots" on canvas, a most stirring picture of a flushed, middle-aged gentleman of a sternly determined countenance, his dress in disarray, his laced coat literally covered with mud, and his jack-boots incrustated with the same material. This portrait was loaned by the family to the Exhibition in Dublin of 1863, and attracted, as it should, very considerable notice.

Sir Jonah Barrington narrates an amusing scene in the House and a *bon mot* of Curran. Mr. Toler, afterward Lord Norbury, made some stinging remark, to which Sir Jonah retorted by observing "that he, Toler, had a hand for every man, and a heart for nobody." Sir Jonah continues: "He returned a very warm answer, gave me a wink, and made his exit. Of course I followed. The Sergeant-at-Arms was instantly sent by the Speaker to pursue us with attendants; and to bring both refractory Members back to the House. Toler was caught by the skirts of his coat fastening in a door, and they laid hold of him just as the skirts were torn completely off. I was overtaken (while running away) in Nassau Street, and, as I resisted, was brought like a sack on a man's shoulders, to the admiration of the mob, and thrown down in the body of the House. The Speaker told us we must give our honors forthwith that the matter should proceed no further. Toler got up to defend himself, but, as he then had no skirts to his coat, made a most ludicrous figure, and Curran put a finishing stroke to the comicality of the scene by gravely saying that "it was the most unparalleled insult ever offered to the House! as it appeared that one honorable Member had *triumphed* another honorable Member's *jacket* within these walls, and nearly within view of the Speaker!"

Of Toler it was wittily said that "he shot up to the bench," as his pistol was ever ready to back up his truculent language. As Lord Norbury, he was known as the "hanging judge," and his ghastly witticisms while sentencing unfortunate patriots, rebels and rapparees caused involuntary shudders. One of them may be recalled as a sample. It was the custom for the wretched prisoners sentenced to be hanged to piteously appeal for a "*long day*," i.e., a space of time between sentence and execution. At the Cork Assize a "rebel" made the usual appeal.

"You *shall* have a long day," chuckled the judge; "the *longest day* in the whole year. To-morrow will be the 21st of June. You shall hang to-morrow!"

Close to the Houses of Parliament, on College Green, stood Daly's Club House, now partially absorbed by the Royal Bank. It was to Daly's that honorable Members adjourned with their seconds to arrange for the forthcoming duel, and it was at Daly's that the combatants and their friends sat carousing till day-dawn enabled them to enter hackney-coaches, to be driven to the Fifteen Acres in Phoenix Park, then and there to heal their wounded honor at fourteen paces, sometimes across a handkerchief. During the hot and fierce debates preceding the Union, the pistols of honorable Members were always kept in order and close at hand, and usually deposited with one of the trusted servants of the club—a regular character in his way.

There was a small clique in the Irish House of Commons known as "The Seven Baronets," one of whom was the champion blunderer, Sir Boyle Roche. These worthies spent most of their time in the coffee-rooms of the House, in the highest conviviality, and would enter the chamber in a body to cast their vote, "*solid*," when a division was called for. Sir John Hamilton it was who, after the toast, "The Wooden Walls of England," had been duly honored at a Viceregal banquet, in turn gave, "The Wooden Walls of Ireland," and on being called to explain, said, "The Wooden Walls of Ireland—the *colonels of militia*."

Sir Boyle Roche was, without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining character in the Irish Parliament. He married the oldest daughter of Sir John Cave, and on bragging of this, one day, to Curran, the wit closed him up by saying: "Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still, Sir John would have given her to you."

When a debate arose in the Irish House of Commons on a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, ancestor of our Parnell, as one not likely to be burdensome for some years to come, it was observed in reply that the House had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle, eager to defend the measures of the Government, immediately rose, and in a very few words put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. "What, Mr. Speaker!" said he; "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman, and this *still more* honorable House, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for *posterity*, for what has *posterity* done for us?" Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter which, of course, followed the sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the House had misunderstood him. He therefore begged to explain, as he apprehended that gentlemen had entirely mistaken his words. He assured the House that "by *posterity* he did not at all mean *our ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately* after them."

Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland. "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our Constitution, to preserve the *remainder*." Sir Boyle's bulls, however, were rather logical perversions, and had some strong point in most of them. A favorite maxim of the worthy baronet was "The best way to avoid danger is to meet it *plumb*."

Passing from the ridiculous to the sublime, I leave Sir Boyle Roche for a glimpse of Henry Grattan. No British orator except Chatham had an equal power of firing an educated audience with an intense enthusiasm, or of animating and inspiring a nation. No British orator except Burke had an equal power of sowing his speeches with profound aphorisms, and associating transient questions with eternal truths. His thoughts naturally crystallized into epigrams; his arguments were condensed with such admirable force and clearness that they assumed almost the appearance of axioms; and they were often interspersed with sentences of concentrated poetic beauty, which flashed upon the audience with all the force of sudden inspiration, and which were long remembered and repeated. There is no master of modern times, except Burke, from whom the student of politics can derive so many profound and valuable maxims of political wisdom, and none whose sentences are more useful to those who seek to master that art of condensed energy of expression in which he almost equaled Tacitus.

In person, Grattan was short of stature, and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long; his walk was a stride. With a body swinging like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesture. Daniel O'Connell said that Grattan nearly swept the ground with his gestures, and that the motion of his arms resembled the rolling of a ship in a heavy swell.

One example of Grattan's fearful power of invective, and on the spur of the moment, reveals the "mental lightning." A certain John Gifford, a bully of the most pronounced order, objected to Grattan's being nominated for the Membership for the City of Dublin. A burst of indignation on the one side, and a boisterous declaration on the other, forthwith succeeded. On the first intermission of the tumult, with a calm and dignified air, but in that energetic tone and style so peculiar to himself, Mr. Grattan delivered the following memorable words: "Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made! It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country! the emissary of his fellow-citizens! the regal rebel! the unprincipled ruffian! the bigoted agitator! In the city, a firebrand! in the court, a liar! in the streets, a bully! in the field, a coward! and so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute."

Grattan's last appearance in the Irish House of Commons to speak against the Union forms one of the most splendid pictures of Irish history. All that could be accomplished by gold or by iron, by bribes or by threats or by promises, was set in motion; every effort was strained to bring round those who were disinclined, to seduce those who were hostile but necessitous, to terrify the timid, and bear down the fearless and those who had at heart the interest and independence of their country. The doors of the treasury were opened, and a deluge of corruption covered the land. At the end of 1799, Grattan returned to Tinnelinch, his lovely home in the County of Wicklow—the gift of the Irish nation—from the Isle of Wight, almost broken-hearted, not only hopeless, but helpless, enfeebled in body, depressed in spirits, but still unsubdued in mind. It was desirable he should re-enter Parliament when the session of 1800 opened, and Grattan was brought to Dublin. A vacancy occurred in the Borough of Wicklow; through the friendly offices of the Sheriff, the law was strained, the election held at midnight and Grattan

elected, and a horseman was dispatched in hot haste to Dublin with the returns.

"He arrived in Dublin about five in the morning, when he heard a loud knocking at the door. Mr. Grattan had been very ill, and was then in bed, and turning round, he exclaimed: 'Oh, here they come; why will they not let me die in peace?' The question of the Union had been dreadful to him. He could not bear the idea, or listen to the subject, or speak on it with any degree of patience. He grew quite wild, and it almost drove him frantic. I shall never forget the scene that followed. I told him he must get up immediately and go down to the House, so we got him out of bed and dressed him. I helped him down-stairs. Then he went into the parlor and loaded his pistols, and I saw him put them in his pocket, for he apprehended he might be attacked by the Union party and assassinated. We wrapped a blanket round him, and put him in a sedan-chair, and when he left the door I stood there, uncertain whether I should ever see him again."

This was the early morning of the 16th of January, 1800. Parliament had opened the previous evening. The question of the Union had at once come up, and had been opposed through the night by Plunket, Fitzgerald, Arthur Moore, Ponsonby and Burke. At seven o'clock Grattan entered the House, supported by Ponsonby and Moore. He was dressed in his Volunteer uniform—blue, with red cuffs and collar. The House and the galleries were seized with breathless emotion, and a thrilling sensation, a low murmur, pervaded the whole assembly, when they beheld a thin, weak and emaciated figure, worn down by sickness of mind and body, scarcely able to sustain himself. The man who had been the founder of Ireland's independence in 1782 was now coming forward, feeble, helpless, and apparently almost in his last moments, to defend or to fall with his country. When Mr. Egan, who was speaking, ceased, Grattan rose, but obtained leave to address the House sitting. He spoke for two hours, and never did his glorious oratory shine forth so electrically.

Henry Flood, the peer, and latterly the opponent, of Grattan, was endowed with remarkable eloquence, indomitable courage, and a judgment singularly acute. In comparison with Grattan, Flood was invariably considered the more convincing reasoner of the two. He was a great master of grave sarcasm, of invective, of weighty judicial statement, and of reply; and he brought to every question a wide range of constitutional knowledge, and a keen and prescient, though somewhat skeptical, judgment. Through Flood's exertions a healthy public opinion soon began to spring up outside the walls of the House, and a powerful opposition was organized within. For about ten years a desultory warfare was carried on between the two parties—the Government, while growing weaker, still able to command working majorities; Flood becoming more and more the idol of the people.

In the midst of a corruption, venality and subversion which could scarcely be exaggerated, he had created a party before which Ministers had begun to quail—a party which had wrung from England a concession of inestimable value, which had inoculated the people with the spirit of liberty and of self-reliance, and which promised to expand with the development of public opinion, till it had broken every fetter and had recovered every right! Flood now appeared to believe that all concessions possible had been gained for Ireland, and that it was the duty of Irishmen to accept the situation and work with the Government. He applied for

and took office. Lord Harcourt, Lord Lieutenant, writing 19th June, 1774, says: "It may be better to secure Mr. Flood almost at any expense than risk an opposition which may be most dangerous and mischievous." Flood was appointed Vice-Treasurer, a post that added £3,500 to his income. The confidence of the Irish people now

passed from him. He formed part of a Government that upheld the commercial restraints on Ireland, that imposed a two years' embargo in consequence of the American war, that sent 4,000 Irish troops to fight against American independence—troops that Flood designated as "armed negotiators." Grattan afterward, in his famous

ful poems, a few labored letters, and a biography so meagre and so unsatisfactory that it scarcely gives us any insight into his character, are all that remain of Henry Flood."

Sir John Parnell, the ancestor of Charles Stewart Parnell, was one of the most respected Members of the Irish House of Commons. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in

INTERIOR OF THE IRISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

the year 1787, and a Lord of the Treasury in 1793. His determined opposition to the Union gave Lord Castlereagh and its promoters much concern. Both Sir John and his son Henry voted against it. Sir John Parnell's conduct at the Union did him honor, and proved how warmly he was attached to the interests of his coun-



SEATS OF MEMBERS.



MACE.

invective, spoke of him as standing "with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America—the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind."

In the torrent of patriotic enthusiasm that swept over Ireland, Flood found his position as a Minister intolerable. He threw up his £3,500 a year, returned to his old friends, and the King himself erased his name from the list of Privy Counsellors. However great may have been his mistake in taking office, he amply atoned by thus renouncing it. Flood entered the British Parliament, preferring to purchase a seat for £4,000 (\$20,000) to accepting one offered him by the Duke of Chandos.

Grattan's surmise proved correct, that "he was an oak of the forest too great and too old to be transplanted at fifty." He made no mark in the British House of Commons. "A few pages of oratory," says Lecky, "which probably at best only represent the subject of his speeches, a few youth-

try, and on this account he was "dismissed" from his office. "Though many years in possession of high office," says Barrington, "and extensive patronage, he showed a disinterestedness almost unparalleled."

William Conyngham, Lord Plunket, was one of the most able and strenuous opponents of the Union. In a speech made during the memorable debate of the 22d and 23d of January, 1799, he, "in the most express terms," denied "the competence of Parliament to do this act. . . . If, circumstanced as you are, you pass this Act, it will be a nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. . . . You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them. And if you do so, your act is a dissolution of the Government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you. . . . As well might the frantic suicide hope

SPEAKER'S CHAIR, OR WOOLSTACK.

the Union, have enshrined his name for the Irish people in uttermost and eternal execration. When, in 1822, he committed suicide, and his body was borne within the walls of Westminster, "an exulting shout rent the air, which penetrated into the Abbey, and broke upon the stillness of the funeral ceremony."

The Union having been resolved upon by Pitt, Lord Castlereagh set to work, aided by his minions, to carry it *per fas et nefas*. As Mr. Gladstone has recently written, so black were the records in relation to the carrying of this iniquitous measure, they have been deliberately destroyed, and the tracks of Castlereagh, Cooke, and their unscrupulous following, most carefully covered up.

The nation, cheated and angry, saw that reform was hopeless, and independence but a name. The Patriots became heartsick and weary. In 1797, Grattan made one last hopeless effort to bring in a Reform Bill. The division was merely a farce; and, with a feeling that, for the time at least, further Parliamentary effort was lost labor, most of the Patriots resigned—Grattan, Curran, and the milder spirits, to watch from a distance the struggle of their country; Fitzgerald and O'Connor to attempt by an appeal to arms to right these wrongs which peaceful agitation proved powerless to redress. Then came the rebellion, with its ghastly record of hangings, shootings, floggings, pitch-plasterings, murder, arson and rapine—a rebellion which Castlereagh boasted had been exploited by the measures adopted by his party as a lever to the Union.

The Union was first proposed in the Viceregal speech at the opening of the Parliament of 1799, but, after a very protracted and fierce debate, the paragraph hinting at Union was rejected by a majority of five, and the subject dropped for that session. But the Government did not accept their defeat as final; and the Autumn recess was devoted to a vigorous canvass for votes. Lord Cornwallis, believing Union absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the British Empire, stooped to a course of bribery that was simply unendurable to him.

"How I long to kick those whom my public duties oblige me to court!" he writes of the bought supporters of the Union. And again: "I hate and despise myself hourly for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection that, without the Union, the British Empire must be dissolved."

The English Parliament having passed resolutions in favor of Union, Cornwallis was directed to communicate them to the Parliament in Ireland. This he did, the 1st of June, 1799. "I have His Majesty's particular commands to acquaint you, that a joint address of the two Houses of Parliament of Great Britain has been laid before His Majesty, accompanied by a resolution proposing and recommending a complete and entire union between Great Britain and Ireland, to be established by the mutual consent of both Parliaments, founded on equal and liberal principles, on the similarity of laws, constitution and government, and on a sense of mutual interest and affection."

The Government, in the Autumn and Winter of 1799, left no stone unturned to secure converts. Lord Castlereagh's correspondence of that period is as fascinating as a sensational novel. Lord Cornwallis, who had personally gained the respect of the Roman Catholics, was unsparing in his personal efforts. Nor were the Anti-Unionists idle. In the January of 1800, the Marquis of Downshire—the most uncompromising of the Anti-Unionists—with the Earl of Charlemont and William Brabazon Ponsonby, M.P. for Kilkenny, sent circular letters to the gentry and yeomanry of Ireland, stating that they were authorized

by a number of Members of both Houses, among them thirty-eight representatives of counties, to recommend sending petitions to Parliament against the Union, and urging the gentlemen to use their exertions in promoting such petitions. Lord Downshire, on account of the circular having been sent to an officer in the Downshire militia of which his lordship was colonel, was immediately deprived of his command and his name erased from the list of Privy Councillors. This action was hotly resented by the Anti-Unionists, who declaimed on this new proof of the corruption and intimidation by which the Government were carrying their object. At a meeting held by the Catholics of Dublin in the middle of January, 1800, Daniel O'Connell, afterward to be known as the "Liberator," first stepped into prominence by proposing a resolution of non-participancy, which gave rise to serious and injurious misrepresentation, and on account of which it was asserted by the advocates of the Union that the Roman Catholics were favorable to the measure.

The last session of the Irish Parliament was now at hand, and the hour of its doom. The British Parliament had opened on the 24th of September, 1799, when the King's speech again pressed the subject of Union between the two kingdoms on the Legislature. But when the Irish Parliament met on the 15th of January, 1800, the speech from the throne contained no allusion to the subject. The mover of the address, Lord Loftus, made but slight mention of the burning question, and it seemed as though it was to be passed over in silence, until Sir Lawrence Parsons rose to open a violent attack upon the Government. Alluding to the changes which had taken place during the recess in the representation of various places under Ministerial influence, he said that the representatives of the people might be dismissed—it mattered not whether turned out by the sword of the army or the gold of the treasury, whether by a Cromwell or a secretary—the means and the act were equally abominable. The great charge against James II. was attempting to pack a Parliament. What did Ministers do now? They prostituted the prerogative of the crown by appointing men to places so as to pack a Parliament; and Sir Lawrence wound up a most memorable speech by moving the following amendment: "To assure His Majesty that His Majesty's Kingdom of Ireland is inseparably united with Great Britain, and that the sentiments, wishes and real interests of all his subjects are that it should continue so united in the enjoyment of a free Constitution, in the support of the honor and dignity of His Majesty's crown, and in the advancement of the welfare of the whole empire; which blessings we owe to the spirited exertions of an independent, resident Parliament, the paternal kindness of His Majesty, and the liberality of the British Parliament in 1782; and which we feel ourselves at all times, and particularly at the present moment, bound in duty to maintain."

Lord Castlereagh leaped to his feet and declared that why the subject of the Union was not alluded to in the Lord Lieutenant's speech was, because it was intended to make it a subject of distinct communication to Parliament, especially since a large part of the kingdom had expressed their approbation of the measure. A very heated and brilliant debate ensued, in which Lord Cole, old J. C. Beresford, Mr. Ogle and others distinguished themselves. It was during this debate that the intensely dramatic incident of Henry Grattan's appearance, already detailed, took place, and his audience was spellbound as he wound up his magnificent speech by exclaiming, almost in a shriek: "Against such a proposition, were I

expiring on the floor, I should beg to utter my last breath, and to record my dying testimony."

It was ten o'clock on the following morning when the debate was brought to a close, and then, on a division, the Ministerial measure obtained 138 votes, while the Opposition counted but 96. The Ministers were overjoyed at their large majority. On the all-important question of the Union the Government now determined to make their final struggle. On the 15th of February, the Lord Lieutenant communicated to the House the resolutions of the English Parliament, and the wish of the King that the Irish Parliament should concur in them. It was on this occasion that Lord Castlereagh made his famous speech, and detailed the Government measure. His lordship's statements were received by an outburst of disapprobation by the Anti-Unionists. The speeches made by Ponsonby, Beresford, Dobbs and Burrows are described as being "scathing, causing Castlereagh to writhe, Cooke to sit motionless, and the apostates and traitors who had sold their country to pale and flush by turns." On the other hand, the Ministerial measure found able supporters, and, when the House divided on Lord Castlereagh's motion for entering upon the question, it was recarried by 158 votes against 115—a majority of 43.

On the 17th of February the House proceeded to appoint a committee for considering the particular terms of the Union, on which occasion Speaker Foster made a most magnificent and exhaustive Anti-Union speech, but on a division the Ministers obtained a majority of 46. The Anti-Unionists, however, continued their opposition with the uttermost pertinacity, and another hot debate arose on the 21st of February, when Lord Castlereagh moved for the assent of the committee to the first article of the scheme of Union. On the 4th of March George Ponsonby attempted to create a further delay, by moving an address to the King informing him of the hostility of the Irish to the measure, when the question, if public opinion had changed, was again debated. The committee, however, continued its deliberations, and the subject of Parliamentary representation was discussed on the 10th of March, and the Government plan carried by a majority of nineteen. On the 15th of March, Sir John Parnell moved that the King should be addressed to convoke a new Parliament before any final arrangement. This proposal was warmly supported, but after a long night debate it was defeated by a majority of 150 to 104. Another very violent and stormy debate occurred on the 19th of March, on the motion for the presentation of the com-

mittee's report. The report was presented to the House on the 21st, when Sir Lawrence Parsons expressed his hope that, when the scheme should appear in the form of a Bill, the Anti-Unionists would assail it with redoubled energy. On the 22d the articles of the Union were sent up to the Lords, when the opponents of the measure objected to the clause which provided that twenty-eight temporal and four spiritual peers should represent Ireland in the Imperial Parliament; but it was carried by a majority of thirty-four. Lord Clare then proposed two amendments, which were adopted; the first, providing that on the extinction of three Irish peerages one might be created, till the number should be reduced to 100, and afterward one for every failure; the other, that the qualifications of the Irish for the Imperial Parliament should be the same in point of property with those of the British Members.

On the 26th, when the report of the Lords' Committee was presented for confirmation, the Anti-Unionists in the Upper House brought forward a motion for delay, which was negatived by a majority of forty-seven votes against eighteen. The plan was then agreed to in all its details, and the Union thus passed the Irish Legislature, and was sent over for the final approbation of the British Parliament. On June 7th the final passage of the Bill was effected in Ireland, and on the 2d of August, 1800, the Act of Union received the Royal assent.

The immediate arrangements for carrying out the Union were extremely simple. A scale of "compensation" was arranged—a word which could by a slight perversion of the ordinary meaning of the English language be used as a new form for expressing what was formerly called bribery. Every one was promised everything that he wished for if he would only consent to the measure. The Catholics were to have emancipation, the Protestants, ascendancy; the Bar, promotion; the people, higher wages; the boroughmonger, municipal compensation. Fitzgibbon, who had been made Lord Clare, and was then Chancellor, bribed, threatened and cajoled the Upper House. Mr. Secretary Cooke employed himself with equal ability in the Lower House. Grattan had left Ireland, Flood was in retirement, the members of the Bar who had voted against the Union were dismissed from office, the Prime Sergeant, Mr. Fitzgerald, being the first victim. The thirty-two who formed the minority were at once removed.

By this Act of Union "an independent country was degraded into a province—Ireland, as a nation, was thus extinguished."

THE CHILDREN COMING HOME.

"MAMMY, light up the nursery quick,
And make it warm and bright;
The children, little Joe and Bell,
Are coming home to-night.

"They have been gone a long, long time—
I know not where they roam;
But they will come; they never spent
A Christmas Eve from home.

"Make haste; hear little Dot and Dash,
Their doggies, how they bark!
The children must not come back home
And find it cold and dark.

"Oh, yes! I know you say they're dead;
You always call them that,
But I know better; find the stool
On which Joe always sat.

"Now bring Bell's little rocking-chair;—
That's right; one on each side!
How dare you say my children, too,
'With yellow fever died'?

"I know poor Sue lost all of hers,
And sister Kate lost two,
And all my neighbors lost a child.
But mine, mine lived it through.

"And they are coming home to-night—
And, Mammy, you shall be
Their nurse again; you know they love
'Black Mammy' next to me.

"Poor, good old soul, why do you weep?—
They're coming very soon;
When was it that they went away?
Oh, yes, it was in June.

"How hot the children were that day—
We dressed them both in white;
But they will need their Winter clothes
When they come back to-night.

"Here, Mammy, take this bunch of keys,
Unlock the cedar chest,
And bring me Bell's blue velvet suit;
She loves to wear that best.

"And bring Joe's suit of navy blue,
(I wonder if 'twill fit—
Boys grow so fast); he used to look
A little man in it."

And from the chest old Mammy brought
The pretty clothes with care;
To say "they're dead and cannot come"
Was more than she could dare.

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ONLY ONE THING TO SAY."—"THE TWO MEN LEANED BACK IN THEIR CHAIRS, AND GLARED AT EACH OTHER." . . . "SHE STOOD BY THE OPEN FIRE. SHE LET THE TREASURES OF HER PAST FALL ON THE BUDDY COALS."

"ONLY ONE THING TO SAY."

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I.

"I HAVE only one thing to say——"

"And that is——"

"That you must marry her!"

"Never!"

And the two men leaned back in their chairs and looked—gazed—glared at each other.

"She loves you," said Dudley Earle.

"Well, what if she does? Am I responsible for all the admiration I have caused, and——"

"Perhaps not."

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"And for all the attraction my fortune has been to impecunious females, with more or less beauty and accomplishments?"

"That's the way to put it, Vincent Wayne; that is the very way to put it! Your fortune may be an attraction, but you——"

"Dudley!"

"Vincent!"

"Say, old fellow, we've been friends too long to afford to quarrel over a little matter like this, and——"

"A little matter?—do you call this a little matter?"

"I said so."

"You mean her saving your life, do you? I am not sure, but I agree——"

"Pshaw! Of course I don't mean that. How provoking you can be when you try!"

"Can I? She did save your life, did she not?"

"Yes. She could swim like a fish, and I——"

"Exactly. There are always reasons for such circumstances as become a part of your life in a little Italian town, by the border of the most charming of Italian lakes, and in the companionship of the most beautiful, entrancing, fascinating, soul-inthralling, witching woman the sun ever shone on."

"Don't! You tire me."

"Do I? I am only quoting from your letters to me."

"Indeed? Did you think it worth your while to commit all that nonsense to heart?"

"How could I help it? You wrote it so many times, ringing all the changes which passion ever prompts, that I shall never forget it—*never!* I wake up in the night, sometimes, thinking of that poor friendless girl, and——"

Wayne's face flushed.

"I—I suppose I did write wildly about her," he said; "I always was an enthusiast where beauty was concerned. But you mustn't forget that all this was long ago—very long ago."

"Six months ago?—is that so long?"

"Yes."

"Long enough for you to have forgotten that but for her skill and strength and prompt bravery you would be only a memory now—with a white stone over your head cataloguing your imaginary virtues?"

"No; not quite."

"And you did make love to her, didn't you?"

"Oh—yes—I—suppose—so."

"And you promised her dying father——"

"Curse it, yes! It makes my blood boil to think of it. How could I guess he was dying? How could I know that he would never look upon a sunlit sky again? I had seen men fall further among those rugged crags than he did, and be out again, in a day or two, as strong and well as ever. He said he was dying, and——"

"Did you doubt it?"

"I—I think I did."

"You are not sure?"

"Perhaps not. What matter? I think the Italian moonlight got into my brain and blinded my senses. I forgot that there was such a place as America; that I had name and fortune; that I had a future to think of. For a little, there was only the horizon of the Italian sky to bound my world; there was only the present of which to think; there was no other man in all the earth than the ashen-faced gentleman at my feet; there was no other woman than Giolla in all the world."

"And so—you promised?"

"I promised."

"Promised a dying man?"

"Dudley, I protest. I did not know he was dying. I did not think he was. If I had, I would have promised much less."

"Indeed? You could not well have promised more, could you?"

"I—I—perhaps not."

"What did you promise?"

"To watch over and guard her always, to——"

"With her hand in yours? That was what you wrote was it not?"

"If I wrote you that, it happened so. I never lied——"

"Not to me!"

"Not to—— Well, have it so, if you will. *Not to you!*"

"And the father's hand rested on yours and hers? At least that was what you wrote? It just happened so, did it?"

"Yes, but——"

"Well, what did it mean?"

"It—it might have meant——"

"That is not the question; what did it mean? What did the dying man think it meant?"

Wayne shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know?" he queried; "I am not a dead man; I am a live one. Ask me——"

"Very well, I will. But, perhaps, not exactly as you would like it asked. It meant enough to you to make you take your departure from that town before the sun rose, did it?"

"I—I came away."

"It meant enough to make the news of her father's death at once a shock and a relief, did it?"

"A relief? I do not understand you. I——"

"I think you do. These Southern people have an awkward habit of vengeance, which——"

"I see. You may be right. Let us not speak of that."

"She has no relatives? No brothers to come to her defense?"

"None."

"For which you are thankful?"

"Am I? Why should I be? What have I done? I have not harmed Giolla, nor shall I."

"You sought her love?"

"Possibly."

"And won it?"

"I think so."

"You think love for you, and not for your fortune, has called her to America?"

"I do. She is so true, so pure, so womanly, so——"

"Why not be just then, and marry her?"

"Why? She is poor, nameless, unknown. I cannot do that. I cannot do that and face society. I will not do it."

"She has a little money?"

"I suppose so."

"And is spending it rapidly, as an inexperienced woman would?"

"I don't doubt it."

"And when it is gone——"

"Then, then I would give her more, much more."

"You would? Would she accept it?"

"No! Her cursed pride——"

"What will happen, then, when this girlish woman, this pure, sweet, thoroughly womanly woman, shall have spent her last dollar? Unable to work, from lack of experience, among strangers, in a strange land, what is to happen then?"

"She—she must take her chances, I suppose."

"As you did—in the Italian lake?"

Wayne winced.

"I—I suppose so," he said, doggedly.

"Then God help her, and send her as brave and unselfish a rescuer as she was herself."

"So say I."

"And more than that, there is only one thing now for me to say."

"Which is——"

"I think, on the whole, I won't say it."

II.

MR. DUDLEY EARLE found out the address of Giolla Elleoal. She was living in an excellent hotel, not one of the very best and most expensive in the city, but one where the expenses would be so great that he found himself trembling for her when he thought of how fast her slender store of money would drift away from her. It would take time to convince Wayne, he said to himself, and this woman must not be allowed to suffer in the days in which he taught the young man his duty. Convince him? Certainly. Dudley Earle was not one of the best lawyers in the city for nothing; he had not cultivated an invincible will—for no purpose. Convince him?

"I shall," he said, "though it will take time." And, accordingly, he lost no opportunity of telling Wayne what he should do, and why. All this was before he saw Giolla Elleoal. After that—

But I must not get in advance of my story.

It was a strange thing, Earle's going to call upon Giolla Elleoal. Had she been an American girl, or an English one, I presume he would not have gone. But she was a stranger, not knowing much of our ways, and he counted on her ignorance of our customs to shield him—a stranger, of whom she had never heard—from denial at her door. He meant to serve her, that was his reason and excuse; he felt that he could do it better if he knew her, instead of having only her name to think of—that and the shadowy likeness the words of Vincent Wayne had given him—when he urged the man who had been the best friend of his years of youth and young manhood to keep the promise, implied, if not actually given, which bound Wayne to the protection of the lovely daughter of far-away Italy.

He did not tell Wayne he was going to see her. I do not know why. I don't think he knew.

But he put on his card the only message that would ever have served to open her door for him to enter: "*A friend of Vincent Wayne.*"

He did not tell Wayne he was going. But he took his hand in his, not five minutes' walk from her door, and asked him the same old, urgent question that had been the burden of his speech for long weeks:

"You will remember your honor—your promise? You will forget family and fortune? You will marry her?"

"*I never shall!*" said Wayne.

And Earle never asked him again!

* * * * *

Earle sat in Giolla Elleoal's private parlor, waiting for her to come to him. He shuddered a little as he looked about him at the luxurious furnishings of the room, the property of the hotel, of course, but sure to be heavily represented in the bills she must pay. It somehow seemed as though he was not much nearer convincing Wayne than he had been long ago.

There was a step in the hall outside. The door opened. He rose to meet the heroine of the lake adventure which had fallen to the lot of Vincent Wayne under the azure heaven of lovely Italy.

And then—suddenly—he found that it would be a hard task to advise this queenly woman, this self-possessed person, who came slowly across the room and placed her hand lightly in his.

"Beautiful, entrancing, fascinating, soul-inthrilling, witching," he was saying to himself, half jealous, as he thought of her hands saving Wayne from death.

"A friend of Mr. Wayne?" she said, inquiringly.

"I am."

"And your business?"

"I am a lawyer."

She clasped her hands, and leaned forward to him. Her face was pale. Her lips were parted, as though some sudden pain had fallen upon her.

"Is—is Vincent—Mr. Wayne—in trouble?"

"Not exactly; things are not just as they should be."

"Is—is it a woman—another woman?"

"No."

The answer was quick and sharp.

Because I—I—"

"You followed him to America, did you not?"

Just the faintest flush deepened along her cheeks and brow and neck, but she looked Earle straight in the eyes as she answered.

"I did," was what she said.

"And you have seen him often—since you came?"

"I have not seen him at all. I have had some notes. I— But why should I tell you? Who are you?"

"I called myself Vincent Wayne's friend," he said, harshly.

"Ah, yes; I remember. I do not understand your American ways. Vincent Wayne's friend—and mine?"

She raised her eyes appealingly to his face.

"And yours," he said, "if I may be."

"Thank you. There are no others in all the world, except Vincent Wayne, and—and—and you!"

"You were saying you had had notes."

"I? Oh, yes. I had many—several—notes."

"Warm?"

The woman shivered.

"Cold!" she said, in a husky whisper.

"You are his promised wife?"

"Am I? I don't know. I thought so. Papa liked him, and—and—I always obeyed papa. I should be very ungrateful to disobey his last wishes, now he is dead."

"And love—there was love—"

She raised her deep eyes wonderingly.

"Of course there was," she said; "Vincent Wayne loved me. I don't know why he left me; I don't care. I am willing to share any sorrow, or any disgrace, with him; poverty, want, scorn—all these would be nothing to me—"

"Because?"

"Because he loves me, and my father gave me to him."

Dudley Earle sprang to his feet. He caught the woman by her wrist.

"And you—you," he cried, hotly—"do you love him?"

She faced his cruel impetuosity with level-glanced frankness.

"No, I do not love him," she said, simply; "but I love no one else. And—"

"Thank God," said Dudley Earle.

"Thank God? What do you mean?" she cried.

Then, as she read something of the truth in Earle's face, a crimson flood of shame and anger ran along her own, and then went down to ebb, leaving her paler than before.

She walked across the room. She opened a drawer. She took out a small bundle of letters, bound with a slender ribbon, a photograph or two, and a bunch of withered flowers.

She came back. She stood by the open fire. She let the treasures of her past fall on the ruddy coals. The pictured semblance of Vincent Wayne looked up through the flames for a little, and then was only ashes.

"It is the end," said Giolla Elleoal. "I thank you. Good-night."

"But—but I may come again?" pleaded the man.

"As yourself? Yes. But never again as this." She

lesser or in a greater degree financially interested in the shipping. At so late a date as 1876, it was estimated that twenty-one tons of shipping were owned by every man, woman and child in Yarmouth Township.

There is a general United States and English-like air about the town and the people. Streets and avenues are wide, and in excellent condition for driving. Shrubbery and hedges are cultivated in luxurious profusion. Lawns are extensive and kept in good order. Houses are brick-faced stone structures, or wooden, with mansard roofs.

Settled and afterward deserted in the seventeenth century, Yarmouth was subsequently occupied by colonies of fishermen from Massachusetts and Connecticut. Thus the present population largely consists of descendants from the pioneers and loyalists of 1783. The Township and County of Yarmouth, during the occupancy of the French, in the seventeenth century, were called Cape Forchune, which name is still retained at the point of land where Yarmouth Harbor begins. Ignorance of the correct spelling of French may clearly be exemplified in the orthography of this word, more than fifty corruptions of Forchune, in ancient writings, having been discovered. Some of these are ridiculous, for example: Cape-pursue, Capeosoe, Capersue, Cappersew, Copperforchue, Cappersoe.

Yarmouthians claim that their schools are superior to any others in the Province. The high school and seminary, situated on a knoll back of the town, is one of the largest, most imposing and noticeable buildings in the city.

The churches are constructed of wood. There is, however, one exception—that of the Church of England, whose red brick edifice, faced with stone, particularly attractive in exterior and unique within, is, without exception, one of the finest church buildings in Nova Scotia. Its lofty tower supports the oldest church-bell in the township. This bell was originally used in the first church-building belonging to the denomination. That ancient frame structure now stands near the new edifice, the old building being used for a chapel and Sunday-school room by the same society. Antique and modern style are mingled in the architecture of the other churches; their interiors vary, as vary all such buildings the world over.

At the County Museum, founded in 1872 by Hon. L. E. Baker, have been collected the only remaining relics of the Indian settlers of the county. Tomahawks and hatchets made of flint, and slate spear and arrow heads and pipes adorn the walls. Pieces of flint supposed to have been used for cutting wood, convex upon one side and correspondingly concave upon the opposite surface, measuring two inches by one-half inch, are curious relics, chiefly because of the excellence of their finish. Most of these implements were found in 1863, at Kempt, buried about four feet above the surrounding level, in a hillock ten feet in depth by five feet in width. It was the opinion of Dr. Joseph B. Bond, who visited the place at the time of the discovery, that the spot marked the site of an ancient Indian burying-ground. Indian relics have been found as late as 1865, in greatest numbers, in the vicinity of property belonging to Charles E. Brown at Milton. Similar discoveries have been made at The Wedge. By the kindness of Dr. Bond and Mr. Brown, the remains found at Kempt, together with the collection of those disintombed at Milton, have been deposited in the Yarmouth Museum.

To Yarmouth belongs the honor of having established the first public library in the Province. Founded in 1822, it was known as the "Yarmouth Book Society,"

which name it retained until 1870, when it was called the Milton Library. This Library Association was supplemented, two years later, through the generosity of Hon. L. E. Baker, by a sister organization at Yarmouth, connected with which is the Museum. Near the Library Building is a place known as "The Devil's Half Acre." In the same neighborhood is the site of the camping-ground of the Indians.

About Yarmouth are many drives. If time is limited, a day or two will suffice to enjoy the most delightful of these. Residents will name a score, but if selections are made wisely, two or three will give a fair idea of the surrounding landscape. The drive to Milton (Mill Pond), but a mile distant, will, from a side hill, afford an extended view of the harborside of Yarmouth. Beyond Milton, toward the west, past First, Second, and Third Fresh-water Lakes, the section is reached that familiarly is called Tin-pot Alley. The origin of this curious name could be obtained from no resident who was questioned upon the subject. The road leads over the tops of continuous hills, and of the many views of Yarmouth, this is by far the best.

From the town of Yarmouth the eighty lakes within Yarmouth County are accessible. Nearly all of these lakes are connected with the Tusket River, whose name they bear. From Yarmouth is also a desirable point of entry into the moose-hunting country. A dozen miles by carriage road is Lake George, that supplies Yarmouth with water. The roadside views thither are delightful; but the peculiar interest attached to a visit to the lake is the fact that from this point a start is made into the forest-bound chain of the Aylofsford Lakes. No rod-loving sportsman will shake the dust of Yarmouth from his feet until after he has penetrated the utmost limits of these chains.

Neither time nor expense should be counted when the drive to Fisher's Pond is contemplated. A visit to the gold mines at Cranberry Hill, seven miles distant, should be included, as should the ancient cemetery at Chebogue Point, with antique inscriptions, affording amusement even amid the solemnity.

While at Yarmouth, an excursion to Eelbrook, a quaint Acadian settlement, will furnish a day's pleasure. Should the visitor be so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of Father Manning, priest of the parish, and his household, generous hospitality and genuine enjoyment will be realized. Of this settlement, and its relations to the land of Evangeline, mention will be made in a future article upon the Acadians of the Land of Evangeline.

Those who are in sympathy with the sea will do well to make a portion of the journey to Halifax by boat, skirting the southeast shore, which is neither bold nor grand, but picturesque. Red ledges, rugged and diversified, project long distances into the water, the verdure of pine forests covering summit and sides. There are islands, sea-kissed, upon which a growth of trees, bending leaf-laden branches to the mighty deep, salute their images.

It was late afternoon as we sailed away from Yarmouth. In the distance was Cape Forchune, with its revolving light and its fog-whistle, whose tone becomes familiar to every tarrier at Yarmouth. Chebogue Point was in the background, as the down-going sun made iridescent the waters of Argyle Bay. On through the Ellenwood Passage and the Tusket Archipelago, islands 300 in number, varied in shape, elevation and dimension. Some are sparsely settled, and many are in a high state of cultivation. They lie there unembayed, ready to stand the attack of coming storms, and, battling with their fury,

win anew never-failing victory. Past Seal Island, at the entrance of Townsend Bay, first called *Isle aux Loups-marins*, but now commonly called the "Elbow of the Bay of Fundy," the largest island in the County of Yarmouth, into the moon-brightened open sea, whose limit upon the south was marked by the wave-line against the blue. Sparkling stars reflected and multiplied themselves in the waves as night came down. A friendly light indicated harbors, past which the vessel was plowing her course. On across the broad Bay of Port Latour, where, during the seventeenth century, stood the Fort of Claude de la Tour. Next came Shelburne, recalling how, in olden time, this town far outran Halifax in prosperity, a single year having witnessed the transformation of the primeval forest into a town of 12,000 inhabitants. The obscure hamlet which had been founded in 1764, under the name of New Jerusalem, was replaced by a metropolis. Active measures were instituted for making a transfer of the seat of government to Shelburne. Alas! how did the might of that time dwindle into insignificance, almost as rapidly as it had risen into notoriety. Its population soon decreased to 400, and "within two years nearly three million dollars were sunk in founding Shelburne."

The light of Little Hope Island was sighted, and our steamer, more fortunate than a score of other vessels, safely passed one of the spots most dreaded by commanders who frequent this coast. It was upon this island that so recently the *Merrimac* met her disastrous fate.

Liverpool was the next portage. It is a place of historic reputation, many privateering vessels having, during the War of 1812, been fitted here and sent into active service. The town is situated at the mouth of the Liverpool River. It was first named, by the French, Port Rossignol. Judge Haliburton affirmed that "it is the best-built town in the Province." A few days can be pleasantly passed in Liverpool and in roaming about the surrounding country. In addition to the numerous well-stocked trout-streams, forest drives and walks, practical explorers will be interested in the lumber-yards and sawmills, as well as in the ship-building that is extensively carried on.

Past Coffin Island and the light, upon which island was placed, in the year 1817, one of the first four light-houses erected upon the Nova Scotia coast. The positions of the other three were: one near Halifax Harbor, one at Shelburne, and one on Brier Island. Their completion marked an era in the advance of improvements in the Provinces. Beyond Port Medway and Cape Le Have, the revolving light was sighted of Ironbound Island, a dangerous outlying rock.

In the early morning was made the Harbor of Lunenburg, the county seat of government. Lunenburg, like Halifax, ought to be first seen from the sea. The village is situated on a hillside. The houses are built down the abrupt slope to the very edge of the water of a pretty land-locked bay. Along the banks, beyond the village, grow small spruce-trees, whose roots spread beneath crested waves. Red sails of fishing-skiffs go drifting about. Large craft pass inward, or start outward, as they go to or return from the Newfoundland fishing-fields. More dignified and aristocratic-looking West India trading vessels lie at anchor, or spread their wings to the breeze.

Lunenburg is one of the quaintest towns of the Province. The inhabitants are chiefly Germans, Swiss, and Montbéliards. The larger portion emigrated from Lunenburg or Luneburg, hence the name. A progressive

people, the town, during the last twelve or fourteen years, has doubled its population. In the year of its settlement, 1753, it had but 1453 inhabitants. Previous to that time the town was known by the Indian name, signifying *milk-like*, the appearance which the harbor assumes during or immediately after a heavy storm. Of the score of ways of spelling this Indian name three will suffice to give an idea of these perversions: *Munagush*, *Merliqnichie*, *Mirliguesche*.

During our stay in Lunenburg, we were fortunate to secure the services of William Townsend, a young skipper who owned a two-masted sailboat, and who knew well how to guide her. Townsend's familiarity with sea-ways, and with the coast round the harbor, makes him a desirable man to be sought by sight-seeking travelers who have a wish to visit any of the near-at-hand places of interest. It was with this young pilot that we cruised about the bay. Landing at Spindler's Cove, he guided us through the pines, over ledges, and along the edge of the water, to The Ovens, which could not then be entered, for the sea was rolling at high tide. These marine caves are called The Ovens, owing to the close resemblance that they bear to the brick bake-ovens of the past. The cavities are fourteen in number, the largest of which is sixty feet in depth. In time of storm they are submerged by each shore-washing wave, producing continued loud reports, like the discharge of artillery. Across the neck of land into which these ovens have been chiseled by the action of the water there came to us, as we stood upon the bluff, in diminuendo and crescendo waves of sound, grand and majestic, like the tremolo and deep bass of a pipe-organ, and huge breakers, incoming and outgoing, dragged the great sea-rounded stones like pebbles.

A walk of a few thousand feet brought us to a formation of stratified rock, whose quartz, not so very long ago, was believed to be rich with the yellow ore for which men strive. Many indications of past search were thereabout. Crushing machines huge and less large, dilapidated sheds and crumbled rock, told the story of thwarted ambition, and capital spent for no return. This abandoned mine is only one of the numerous gold-mine operations of the Province that occupy an important place among the leading industries. "Though the gold mines of Nova Scotia do not yield so largely as those of some other countries, yet they will probably pay the miner a larger profit on capital invested than almost any other gold mines in the world. Many of the mines which are being worked are within an hour's walk of a railroad or stagecoach road, by which the necessary apparatus for all mining purposes can be placed at the mines with comparatively small expense. Now that rail-cars are running almost the whole length of the Province, through a gold belt about four hundred miles long by from twenty to fifty wide, we may rest assured that gold-mining will be a permanent and paying business. Though hitherto worked under great disadvantages, the improved methods of mining and separating the gold will undoubtedly add to the profits of the mines some forty or fifty per cent."

A mile seaward, following a winding roadway, at times sheltered from the midday sun, and again unprotected by shade, we came upon a house. Wild flowers filled the yard with brightness, and the air with fragrance. There was no spot where one might not tread upon flowers. Here we lunched. The limit of the *menu* was fresh milk, yellow in its richness, and luscious barley-bread steaming from the pans. We ate from antique dainty china. We used spoons that were made in the centuries of the

long ago; made in the Fatherland and brought from thence. Sitting at the same great square table, the travelers, and the skipper with his boy, listened to the dear old German woman, as she told of storm, and how the sea had taken from her those of her household whom she cherished, and certain of those to whom she looked for support. Upon the table at which we sat lay one of those immense old Bibles with great brass clasps, that nowadays are rare. The book was printed in German text, and the title-page bore date "1783, printed at Lunenburg, Germany." Being urged to sell the volume, the woman said, with tears in her eyes:

"No, no; money will not buy it. My father brought it to America when he came out. Now, my children do not care for it; they speak English. When I am dead, I will give it to you."

Writing, I can recall her pose, and hear again the voice as it trembled with emotion. Often we now wonder if Mrs. Spindler has gone to the life beyond.

Recrossing the bay, the one-storied dwelling receded from view. The tide having gone out, a look into the shadow and darkness of The Ovens was afforded. A short pause, and a sketch of one or two of these marine caves was made by the companion of all my travels. It was sunset when, having tacked the entire distance to the shore, three hours later Block House Hill was climbed. A picture was unfolded, beautiful, gorgeous, distinct.

To the eastward was the harbor, the blackish-red headlands, the islands, the sea. To the northeast, the setting sun illumined the hillside slopes of Chester. Westward, the River Le Have was coursing its way into the bay of the same name. Catching and reflecting the many-hued tints of the September sunset, Mahone Bay stretched away to the sea; a bay whose beauty and picturesqueness is unequalled by any similar expanse of water in Nova Scotia. Almost grand in boldness rose the dark cliffs of Kaulbock Head in the southwest. Directly toward the south, from the top of Battery Point, shone the

harbor-light. Further out, at the entrance of the bay, upon Cross Island, could be descried its lighthouse, with its fog-whistle. At the north, on a lovely spot, with near surroundings exceedingly attractive, the Marine Hospital suggested friendly shelter, that, alas! is too often needed, but always when needed is given to the sick and disabled men of the sea. West Ironbound Island and light are at the entrance to the Le Have River, and to the northeast, is East Ironbound Island, on which is one of the four lights that do faithful service within Mahone Bay. A trifle to the north of east, far,

far in the distance, Prospect is a reminder of the steamship *Atlantic*, for it was there the vessel struck, and the memory of her fate is unforgettable, sorrowfully unforgettable, in homes where the light was for ever darkened by that cruel wreck.

For a study of primitive customs, none better can be afforded than that of the inhabitants of Lunenburg County. It is the Germany of Nova Scotia. The language, habits and modes of thought are those of the homeland. There, old-fashioned waterwheels still turn in slow but sure and steady utility. Women toil in the fields and work at fishcuring. Ancient relics, whose years outnumber a century or more, are cherished as sacred reminders of an ancestry and a past upon whose memories their owners ever delight to dwell. Long Winter evenings are utilized in carding and spinning flax

LOOKING TOWARD YARMOUTH FROM MILTON.

and wool. Huge chests of woollen blankets, linen and homespun are made into household furnishings. German Church service is maintained. For the most part it is that of the Lutheran denomination. There are, or were at the time of our visit, but three families of the Roman Catholic religion, notwithstanding which fact there is an organization among them with a service held monthly. Untiring and constant in their industry, the German element of Nova Scotia is not exclusive in its social relations. In all sections of the Province they mingle without reserve with those of the different

miles from the sea, a thriving, busy little town of two thousand or more inhabitants.

Retracing our course to Lunenburg and passing out of the town in the early morning of an Autumn day, we proceeded by carriage seven miles over the post-road to the shore of Mahone Bay, thence to Chester, eighteen miles beyond. The drive from Lunenburg to Chester is of exceptional beauty. On the land side the white hamlets of "the toilers of the sea" stand in relief against the dark background of pine-forests. Back from the sea the land was brilliant with field-flowers that grow in great profusion. Looking toward the northeast, in the far distance rises, a half-thousand feet, Mount Aspotagoen, grand, stately, the first land sighted by approaching vessels. On little islands seaward was a commingling of the tints of Summer herbage and the colors of Autumn.

Chester Basin, at the head of Mahone Bay, island-gemmed and indented with many a cove, was reached near noon. A long red bridge over a foaming stream, with the great waterwheel idle beside a large mill, down a steep hill, the road makes an abrupt curve, and lo! the white and cozy houses of the village of Chester are in full sight—the prettiest village on the south shore. Quiet, refreshment, restfulness, were suggested; nor were we disappointed, for no more attractive spot, no more charming surroundings, can be found. Climbing Webber's Hill, we lingered long to view the scene that, mile after mile, was spread before us. The square white towers of the churches, standing upon the highest ground in the village, reflected the Autumn sunlight. The view of views is obtained from the lantern-room of the (then incomplete) Quaker Island Lighthouse out into the bay, a mile distant from the village. Without a living tree, the little island—for it is but five hundred feet by three hundred feet in size—is strewn with old timber and decayed stumps, amid huge boulders so numerous that grass can find no place to sprout. The wind was blowing a gale; a strong surf rendered it impossible to take the boat to the wharf; hence the landing was made by beaching the little craft, and we were carried to the land by strong-armed boatmen, the water being too deep to allow us to wade.

Spliced ladders assisted us to reach the lantern of the lighthouse, for we went up into it. Within, the sound of the wind outside became a sobbing roar, and conversation was impossible. The view was picturesque; wooded islets, gilded with reflected light, studded the surface of the emerald bay, throwing long shadows. Cloud answered cloud in nature's delicate colors. The sails of fishing-boats appeared like threads of white amid brilliant splendor that purpled, then faded into the blue of ocean as it departed. Dark wind-clouds silvered into a scene of inexpressible beauty as we tacked shoreward. When the little cove and Chester wharf were made, the land line on the opposite side faded into a mournful glory."

As a country Summer resort, Chester is decidedly the most attractive on the Nova Scotia Atlantic coast. There are excellent roads and pleasant tramps over outlying hills. Within a half-dozen miles of the village are three rivers where the angler may find a rich harvest; and the artist, views of cascade and rollicking brooklets for brush or pencil. Beautiful is the Valley of Gold River, affording the greatest wealth of all the salmon-streams in this locality, and beside its shores is one of the pleasantest drives. The lobster catch in this region is immense, and one of the features for the curious to investigate is the immense factories where these shelled products of the sea are cured and packed, and from which they are shipped to the United States. For boating, the harbor is

remarkably safe; during July and August there is good still-water bathing. Like Baldeck, in Cape Breton, there are streets of greensward unmarked by the track of wagon-wheels or bridle-path. Myth-seekers will visit Oak Island, that lies an afternoon's sail from the village. It is one of the many places credited with having the secreted treasure of Captain Kidd. Not the least attraction that Chester presents to the traveler is Lovett's Hotel, beautifully situated, well kept, and furnished with the best of tables.

Chester is the starting-place of Her Majesty's Royal Mail Coach for Bridgewater, thirty-nine miles to the southeast; also, for Halifax, forty-seven miles to the east. Each day's excitement centres in the arrival and departure of the Royal Mail. With six splendid horses before the great open coach, that carried ten passengers and the driver, we hurried over Chester Hills, densely wooded districts of black spruce, relieved of monotony by a commingling of other members of the pine-tree family. The atmosphere became verdurous in color and the odor of the pine mingled with salt breezes, for scarcely was the sea lost to view. Tree-roots spread out into the hundreds of fresh-water lakes that thread much of the distance. The branches had shaken themselves until the grass upon the roadway's banks was browned with the dead pine-needles. Rounded, smooth stones and fine pebbles, firmly packed from land to land over small coves, formed an occasional sand-bar, utilized for a bridge. Within these, securely inclosed, without inlet or outlet, air, sun and time have formed of the salt sea fresh-water ponds. Creeping water covers the white sand, eddies about the curved beaches, and forms reflecting lakelets in the sandy hollows over pebbly bottoms, and we were tempted to tarry and toy with the water-washed stones—a scene not unlike that on Mahone Bay, for, though differently formed, the two bays are equal in extent, and in each there are islands many and varied in size and shape.

At the "Cove," or, more correctly, at the head of St. Margaret's Bay, the Royal Mail obligingly tarried "just five minutes and no longer" to afford an opportunity to sketch the outline of the familiar Dauphineys, known by residents in that vicinity as "John George's Mountain," the ownership vesting in two brothers bearing these names. "Five minutes" at such a place! A week would not suffice to satisfy the lover of the weird, picturesque, grand; sea, hill, forest, quiet. On, on the Royal Mail was hurried. Mailbags were deposited at proper places, and mailbags were gathered to be carried to Halifax. The change of horses was speedily accomplished; for, be it known, this line of the Royal Mail is prompt to the minute in reaching its relay stables. The driver's watch did constant service, and the noble animals who drew Her Majesty's Mail Coach seemed to appreciate the dignity of their service.

Ten miles before reaching Halifax we passed through Hammond Plains, an African settlement, which is one of but two or three in the Province, another being at Birchtown, near Shelburne. The settlers are descendants of negroes brought from Maryland and Virginia by the loyal refugees, in 1783. It was the afternoon of market-day. We met almost every negro on the road returning from town. Thus an unusually good opportunity was afforded to study the quaint vehicles used by these people, also costumes unique and picturesque. The rising generation and domestic animals alone were keeping guard over the settlement.

The white walls of the Citadel at Halifax soon reflected the sunset brightness. It was late twilight when the bustle

incident to city, life, and the long rows of flickering street-lights, made apparent that our destination was near. Glad were we to be again, where we had stopped many times in the past, at the Waverly House, on Pleasant Street—well named *pleasant*.

Having entered Halifax by each of its many ways, there is no doubt but the best approach is from the sea. All other impressions are good, but this is particularly so. Hence the water route is the best by which to reach the city—this old city—which in the time of its beginning the Indians called *Chebucto*.

Accommodations for reaching Halifax by steamer from New York are all that can be desired *via* the Red Cross Line, that two years ago succeeded the Cromwell Line. The sister ships, the *Portia* and the *Miranda*, that ply weekly between New York and Halifax, on to St. John's, Newfoundland, are well-appointed, complete little steamers. The service is excellent; the staterooms being comfortable in arrangement and attractive in furnishings. Travelers from the South can go, every other week, by the Allan Line from Baltimore; also sailings from Boston are frequent.

Halifax Harbor is the pride of the Haligonian. England shares in this pride. It has been called "the largest harbor in the world." Whether this claim will bear the test of close scrutiny it matters little. Its magnificence no person will question who has seen its broad expanse; for, in addition to the main harbor, there is an arm of the sea four miles long and half a mile wide. Making an entrance, Sambro Island, on the south, with its lighthouse, is a prominent object, and one that recalls the steamship *Daniel Steinman* that recently was lost on the ledges outlying the island. Passing between Devil's Island and Chebucto Head, with lights on each, a short distance beyond is Macnab Island, on which is Fort Charlotte. Still further up the harbor is Fort Clarence, on George Island, near the Dartmouth shore, guarding the eastern passage. The left or Point Pleasant shore is protected by Fort Ogilvie. Thus fortified, with an addition of the huge Citadel, protecting alike water front and city, Halifax has won the name, "American Gibraltar."

From the Citadel ever proudly waves the British standard, and from the summit of Citadel Hill, 256 feet above water-mark, and a mile in circumference, the cheerful bugle-call is sounded. It is here that the red-coated militia of Wellington Barracks walk with soldierly mien and solemn tread. If any one desires to look upon the environs of Halifax, perhaps Citadel Hill is the very best point from which to view them. From there one sees the far-off hills and forests, the distant fog-banks, the blue meet blue in the deep color-line at the horizon, the near islands, the city across the harbor, and Bedford Basin at its head—Bedford Basin, the paradise for yachtsmen who delight in brisk breezes and dancing waves.

Skirting the shore of Bedford Basin, the railway has beauty along its track, but a carriage-road yields even better facilities for surroundings, and gives an opportunity to visit the now partially destroyed "Prince's Lodge," six miles out of Halifax. Once it was used as a music pavilion by the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent. Standing on a ridge, it commands a view of the Basin. Other traces of the former residence of Prince Edward, who laid the Citadel's foundation, are obliterated, the site being occupied by small dwelling-houses, and now a portion of the grounds is bounded by steel rails, and the shriek of the locomotive echoes over the graves of many a hero of Revolutionary times resting in this *enchanted ground*.

To the east of Halifax, far, far across the harbor, are bold forest-covered hills and shimmering lakelets. On the nearer slopes, with houses built to the very edge of the water, is Dartmouth, reached by a ferry, where reside many of the business men of Halifax. Should the traveler go to Dartmouth, he will find interest in visiting, for comparison with similar manufactories in the United States, the works of the Dartmouth Ropewalk Company. The result for the Nova Scotian will be favorable. The amount of cordage demanded to supply the shipping of the Provinces this company has determined shall no longer be supplied by foreign manufacture, but that they will meet the increasing demand of the maritime Provinces, as well as export to other countries. Other manufacturing interests are represented by companies whose enterprise has established businesses unequalled of their kind in the Dominion, and unsurpassed by any other of the same extent elsewhere.

Far superior to any other position from which to view Halifax is that afforded by the Dartmouth Hills. Go at sunset if you would see Chebucto Harbor at its best. Behold the Citadel and the fortified islands that, in boldness, defy the attack of a destroyer! See the reflected brightness upon the lighthouses in and about the harbor, with their great lanterns giving many-colored rays from a thousand angles! Look upon the white-painted ship of the Admiral, and the black sides of the other men-of-war, and the white sails of lesser craft! Take in the city, with its spires and public buildings, governmental and social; its business and private houses, and its Point Pleasant Driving Park. All these, and far more, can be seen from Dartmouth Hill.

Visit the Long Branch of Halifax. Cow Bay, notwithstanding its unattractive name, is a resort of fashion, pleasure, culture and intelligence. It is reached by carriage-road from Dartmouth—twelve miles—amid enchanting landscapes. There the sea rolls with a majestic sweep on a far-extending beach, and surf-bathing is unrivaled and marine views are grand. This Cow Bay drive is but one of a multitude of places of interest in the suburbs of Halifax, to none of which should a visit be omitted.

Once in Halifax, public grounds and pleasure resorts will be quickly pointed out by enthusiastic Haligonians. A few, however, must here be mentioned. First, we name Point Pleasant Driving Park, within a forest of evergreen trees and shrubbery, situated "between the harbor and the river-like inlet called the Northwest Arm, stretching therefrom four miles, to within two miles of Bedford Basin." The attractions of Point Pleasant are wholly nature's own. Trees, ferns and wild flowers grow untouched by gardener's art. Macadamized roadways, perfect in smoothness, wind for miles through romantic-suggesting ravines, over bubbling brooks and bridges. In vain the ocean strives to lap the ruins of fortifications that long since have crumbled upon its shore, and there is ever the gentle murmur of the sea, with the majestic music of its grand swell. This, together with its wooded banks on the right, will be turned from with reluctance as the beholder goes back to city experience. On the way the famous "Kissing Bridge" must be passed. Do any nowadays pay the toll as they tarry beneath the soft moon's rays or linger at twilight's witching hour? To make complete this drive over Prospect Road, it should be extended to Herring Cove. The scenery, landscape and waterscape will not fade from memory.

The Public Horticultural Gardens, on Spring Garden Road, in the very heart of the city, are extensive and

tastefully laid out. They are well cared for, and will repay many an hour, or many a day, spent in strolling amid their flowery fragrance. Especially are the gardens attractive on "music days"—every Saturday afternoon during the Summer—when the garrison bands furnish charming music to a home audience, who thoroughly enjoy the privilege. If the stranger would see the people of the city and study their characteristics, he cannot do it to better advantage elsewhere. The scene is a gay one. In addition to the bright-colored costumes of the ladies, there are the scarlet coats of the military, their wearers strolling about the walks or lolling upon the benches that are plentifully provided at every turn.

The public buildings that will attract the stranger are too numerous to be described at length. The most important are the old Provincial and the recently erected brown-stone new Provincial Building, with its Pro-

Episcopalians will also not omit St. Paul's, where, beneath the church, are deposited the remains of the first Colonial Bishop in the British Empire, the Right Reverend Charles Inglis, D.D. The Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Mary's, Gothic in design, with its granite façade and spire, its solemn mass and music, is a conspicuous object near the Public Gardens. St. Matthew's Church, but half a square distant, is the society of the Presbyterian denomination, over which the Reverend Aaron Cleveland, great-grandfather to Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, was pastor from 1750 until 1755. This was the first Presbyterian church in the British Lower Provinces, and it is now the leading one of its denomination in the city.

There is the official residence of the Commander-in-chief of the North American and West Indian Squadron, the Admiralty House and the Queen's Dockyard, a

STATE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, 1789.

vincial Museum and the City Post-office, both on Hollis Street. Surrounded with grand old trees and a beautiful lawn, in the midst of a large square, stands the Parliament House, constructed in 1830, of gray-stone. Doubtless it may have been true it was at that time "the finest building in America." In this building are the rooms of the House of Assembly and the Provincial Library, where the student and book-lover will find many rare and antique volumes connected with Provincial and Dominion history.

Churches and cathedrals, with their lofty spires; convents and colleges, with their silent and cold walls; and hospitals and asylums, with grounds protected by that never-failing reminder of old England, the luxurious hawthorn hedge, are all suggestive of a progress that makes a city known and admired of all men.

Of churches to be visited, the first sought will be the Garrison Chapel, where the military band furnishes music, and where the larger portion of the congregation consists of uniformed officers and men from the garrison.

splendid example of England's naval power. It is perfect, of its kind, in equipments and discipline. It occupies fourteen acres of land, extending half a mile along the shore of the harbor, protected on the city-side by a magnificent wall of stone masonry. Admitted by armed sentries, the visitors will courteously be attended by some of the officers in charge, who will show all that is to be seen.

Commodious school edifices will attract an American's admiration. Particularly will be noted that of the College and University of Dalhousie, founded by the Earl of Dalhousie, at the time of his Governor-generalship of Canada. A new building for Dalhousie is in course of construction. The greatest benefactor of this institution has been, and is, George Munro, of New York, whose "Seaside Library" is extensively read throughout the United States and other English-speaking countries. A native of Nova Scotia, Mr. Munro's interest has ever been with the land of his birth. What he has done for Dalhousie College is but a tithe of the benefits that he

has bestowed upon numerous enterprises in the Province. "During the past eight years he has endowed five professorships, each with something more than \$2,000 yearly, and two tutorships, each with \$1,000 yearly. During the same time he has also given \$75,000 to the college for prize funds, etc., by virtue of which the institution now distributes \$10,000 yearly to successful competitors."

The architecture of the city is almost endless in its variety—a conglomerate ancient and modern; brick, stone, wood; elaborate and unpretentious; unequal in size and disproportionate in architectural effect. The purification of fire, added to modern energy, has resulted in great improvements. The city is to be congratulated that many of the ancient characteristics remain by which Halifax has been known. They and Halifax are synonymous. The dingy warehouses along the harbor-front are monuments of a past that bespeaks ambition, and the modern structures, elegant and costly in construction, are suggestive of present prosperity.

Halifax is unique. There is none like it in America, and it has been said, "there is none like it in other lands." It is a city of wealth. Riches have not come suddenly, nor by inheritance; they have been acquired by enterprise and industry, notwithstanding the statement of travelers to the contrary. It is an historic city. The French and the British utilized the present site as a battle-ground. Old houses are still standing in Halifax whose foundations were made from stones brought, centuries ago, from the French fortress at Louisburg, Cape Breton, after the British had for ever crushed French power in America. Halifax was the first settlement of the English in Nova Scotia; it was also the chief, last and most easterly garrisoned station on the Western Continent, and the only one until that upon the Island of Hong Kong, in the China Sea, is reached.

The name Halifax was given to the town in compliment to the Earl of Halifax then—July 18th, 1749—presiding in the Board of Trade, in a city of which the British possessors have to-day just reason to be proud.

Aside from its natural attractions and its wealth, it is possessed of intelligence, philanthropy, hospitality, refinement, artistic tastes and artistic adornments, an enviable reputation for business reliability and unquestionable honor. It is to the home land as it should be, a bright British light upon American soil.

The longer one stays in Halifax, the more reluctant will be the departure. The oftener a person goes there, the greater will be the desire to go again. They and we will ever say, in a spirit of respectful kindness, and not in derision, as has frequently been said, "Go to Halifax."

The eastern shore from Halifax to the Strait of Canso is 110 miles in width. The coast is indented with many excellent harbors; "more," it is said, "estimating from the same extent of coast, than few countries afford in the world; its fisheries are the best in the Province." The scenery is attractive, but the absence of towns, and the infrequency of even small villages and settlements, deter numbers of sight-seekers from

exploring the territory. However, if any travelers are found willing to forego ordinary comforts, they can "stage it" a limited distance to the end of the stage-line, where, at Ekumsecum Harbor, the highway ends. The remaining distance to Chedabucto Bay will have to be made on foot if the Strait of Canso is to be reached from the Atlantic shore.

JANUARY SNOW.

By J. E. PANTON.

PALM lies the fallen snow, the world is white;
Each bare, stripped tree is shrouded in a pall
That sweepeth grandly, silently o'er all,
As if to hide some guilty thing from sight,
That can no longer bear Heaven's searching light.
Far off a robin sings, or wild-fowl call
One to the other, where the reed grows tall,
And shines in the swift-advancing night.
One steely star hangs quivering in the sky
Above the fir, clad in her robe of snow.
The world dons now her christening robe, to try
To be a child once more; yet do we know
That cannot be: that 'neath her veil doth lie
The worn old world that we have loved so.

PARSON WESTLEY'S FIRST EXPERIENCE AT BULLOCK-DRIVING.

By DAVID KER.

I HAD noticed him first as we were steaming out of the Harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and had felt at once, with the instinctive freemasonry that exists between all habitual travelers, that here was a man who had seen much, and whose experiences would be well worth hearing if he chose to tell them.

It was not till the next day, however, that I got a chance of speaking to him. Going forward on to the fore-castle, I found him snugly curled up on a spare sail beside the lee bulwark, with his lean, brown face propped upon a hand as lean and brown as itself, and a comic twinkle in his small gray eye, as if he were conjuring up some vision of bygone sport from the curling smoke of his short, black pipe.

We had barely exchanged half a dozen sentences, when two of the sailors came past in energetic discussion of some point which we could not catch, the only word audible being "bullock-driving."

That one word, however, sufficed to produce a startling effect upon my companion. His face puckered itself up like a gutta-percha mask, and he broke out in a peal of laughter so loud and jolly, that I instinctively joined in without knowing why.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he at length, wiping the tears from his eyes, "but I never can hear talk o' bullock-drivin' without 'goin' off, 'cause it reminds me of the best lark I ever cum across in my life."

"I should like to hear the story, if you don't mind; it ought to be a good one."

"Would yer? Well, then, so yer shall."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe as he spoke, and retelling it, took a whiff or two "to get himself in tune for the yarn" (as he phrased it), and began as follows:

"'Bout ten year ago, I was up-country in Australy, raisin' stock; and I'd got as pretty a show o' beasts as ever you clapped eyes on, and the smartest hand for head-stockman as I could wish for. Some o' the young fellers used to say, chaffing-like (he bein' a great, bull-headed chap with short, thick hair), that he'd been a' ox

himself, once upon a time, and that was how he knowed their ways so well. But one day he went down to the township and got on the burst (they always *will*, you know, when they git the chance), and in his spree he got fighting with some roughs, and they jist knocked him on the head.

"Well, o' course, the only thing was to git another feller instead; and as I'd got to go down to Melbourne anyhow, to do some things I wanted, I thought I might jist as well git my new man there, too; so down I went.

"When I got there, there was a London clipper jist in, and they were landing a lot of hosses from her; so I stopped a minute to see 'em do it. One hoss was mighty skittish, and wouldn't let 'em handle him nohow, and the more they pulled and hollered at him, the more he kicked and screamed and played up old Harry every way; for that's a hoss's natur', and there ain't no help-in' it.

"Jist then out stepped a good-lookin' young feller (as I'd ha' knowed for a gen'l'man half a mile off, though his clothes was none of the smartest), and he took that 'ere hoss in hand, and he managed him real nice, and he got him ashore as neat and clever as ninepence. Thinks I to myself, 'That's the chap for *my* money, even if I have to give him double wages!'

"But I hadn't to do nothin' o' the sort; for the first word I said, he reg'lar jumped at it; and as soon as my business was done, I took him back with me up-country.

"We got pretty thick on the way, him and me, for men soon git acquainted in the 'Stralian bush, and it warn't long afore he told me his whole story. His name was Fred Langton, and he'd been quite a swell in the old country, and had a power o' money of his own. But, like many other young swells, he'd sowed his wild oats a deal too thick, and he'd let his money run like water, so that pretty soon things begun for to look like Queer Street. Then a' old uncles of his (a parson down in Devonshire, name o' Rev. Robert Westley) cum for'ard like an old trump, as he was, and got him a passage to Australy, with a hundred pound for himself outside of it, and here he was.

"Well, sir, it war'n't long afore I found that the best day's work I ever did was when I got that young feller. I thought I knew summat about beasts, but bless yer! I couldn't hold a candle to him. Afore a year was out he was my pardner instead o' my stockman, and we two made things walk along so, that in five years' time we was two o' the richest men in the whole district.

"One evening we was a-lyin' in our banks arter the day's work was over, smokin' our pipes and waitin' for the kettle to bile, when Fred says to me, says he:

"'Jack, I've been thinking a good deal of late about that uncle of mine in the old country. I happened to hear the other day, jist by accident, that he's not doing as well as he ought, and it would be a burnin' shame if he were to come to grief, after helping me as he did. I think I'd better jist take a run over, and see after him a-bit; what do you say?'

"'Well, I don't know 'bout that,' says I. 'Here's shearin' time jist a-comin' on, and it 'll be reg'lar like losing my right hand if *you* go away. Look here, you've heard tell of Mohammed and the mountain? Well, jist you settle it that way; 'stead o' going to your uncle, send for him out here to you, and if I don't make him comfortable when he *does* come my name ain't Jack Rogers!'

"No sooner said than done. Fred writes the letter, sends the money, and presently we got word that the old gent had took his passage, and that we might expect him in 'bout three months' time.

"Now, sir, that's all I saw of this job with my own eyes; but I've heerd t'other half of the story so often since then, that I can tell it you jist as if it had all happened to myself.

"When the time cum, down goes Fred to Melbourne to meet his uncle, and I giv' him two or three jobs to do while he was there; and one of 'em was to buy a lot o' bullocks of some new breed that had just come over, for I wanted to cross 'em with mine.

"Fred found the old parson lookin' twice the man he expected, for the sea-air, and the gittin' away from all his troubles and worries, had quite set him up again. A very jolly time they had of it in Melbourne, going about everywhere together and seeing all the sights; but when Fred had bought the bullocks, and got the other things he wanted, the old man was as eager as a child to start off up-country and see this wonderful place as he'd heerd so much about.

"Now, uncle," says Fred, the night before the start, 'one of us will have to drive the bullocks while the other looks after the wagon and stores. Now, I think you'd better take the wagon and leave the bullocks to me, for I can tell you that Australian cattle are pretty awkward creatures to handle.'

"Now, sir, I needn't tell you that a west-country Englishman always fancies himself no end upon cattle and hosses, and won't turn his back upon any man alive at knowin' how to handle 'em. So when the parson heerd that, it put him on his mettle at once.

"Why, Fred, my boy," says he, 'to hear you talk one would think I had never been on a farm in my life! If you think I can't even drive a few bullocks, it's high time for me to show you that I can.'

"The young feller was mighty fond of a lark, and when he heerd the old 'un talk so big he thought it 'ud be a good joke to let him try it his own way, and give him a reg'lar good lesson. So it was settled that Mr. Westley should start with the bullocks fast thing next morning, and that the nevvie should follow with the wagon as soon as he could git the things stowed.

"Just at fust the bullocks went along all right, for they hadn't found him out yet; but when they cleared the town, and got out on the open plain, 'twas another guess sort o' job altogether. They'd been used to convict drivers, as swore at 'em fit to turn the air blue, and brought blood with every whack; and when they found this quiet old gen'l'man behind 'em instead, who could n't bear to hit 'em with his big twelve-foot stockwhip, they begun to take it quite easy, some stoppin' to graze, and one or two lyin' down as if they never meant to get up again. The poor old parson shouted and cracked his whip, and made all the row he could, but 'twas no more use nor whistlin' psalms to a dead loss.

"Just then he heerd a loud laugh, and up cum Fred with the wagon, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Wry, uncle, they'll all die of old age on the road at this rate. I thought you told me you were quite an old hand at this sort of thing!"

"So I am, Frederick; but somehow these Australian cattle seem to be quite a different kind from those I had in England."

"I dare say they do," says Fred, grinning again. 'The fact is, uncle, you must just swear at them a bit. You'll never get 'em along without it!'

"Oh, my dear boy! what are you thinking of? A clergyman of the Church of England swear! Utterly impossible!"

"Well, uncle, all I can say is, that if you don't, you will scarcely get those bullocks home before Christmas!"

"Oh, my dear Frederick! I couldn't, really! Perhaps you wouldn't mind—ahem—just doing it for me!"

"Oh, fie, uncle! you should never ask another man to do what you don't think right yourself. Gee up, White Stockings!"

"And he cracked his whip, and away he went, leaving the parson looking 'bout as happy as a rat in a trap.

"Then, at last, seein' there was nothin' else for it, the old man screwed up his courage, and quavered out a poor little bit of a oath, as wouldn't ha' scared a fly, let alone a 'Stralian bullock. Most o' the beasts took no heed at all, and one or two of the nearest turned round and stared him in the face, just as if they was a-laughin' at him.

"By jingo! that was the last straw, and no mistake! The old gent got so savage at findin' as he'd took this sin on his conscience all for nothin', that he jist up whip and let 'em have it as if he'd been thrashin' corn. Sitch whacks, my eye! and with every whack cum a oath as broad and black as a fryin'-pan. Bless if I know where a 'spectable old gent like him could ha' learned sitch talk, unless it cum up o' purpose for the 'casion, as they say things does sometimes.

"Well, to see the way them bullocks woke up under that 'ere discipline was a sight! From walkin' they got to trottin', and from trottin' to gallopin' worse'n them possessed swine in Scripiter. Arter 'em scampered the old parson, crackin' and whackin' and yellin' and cussin', like any madman out o' Bedlam; and what with the row he made, and the row the beasts made, you might ha' heerd the kick-up a clean mile away.

"I don't think any bullocks ever made sitch good time over that road afore, and if the old gent could only have kep' it up he'd ha' done the whole distance at one go. But that 'ere h'exercise was rather too v'ilent for a quiet old parson on the wrong side o' fifty, and it warn't long afore he got so pumped that he couldn't have spoke a word to save his life.

"But jist as it seemed to be all Dicky-up-the-orchard with him, up starts an awful-lookin' figure from behind the bushes—a great black-avised Turk of a chap, with a face like the door-knocker of a jail, and a red shirt so ragged that it 'ud have flown away if the dirt hadn't held it together. He holds out a great black hand to the poor old gen'l'man, and roars out:

"Tip us yer fist, matey! I'll drive them beasts for yer and welcome; for I'll be—— if I ever heerd any chap swear like that afore!"

"Well, sir, you may think that for a 'spectable old parson to hear a convict come hail-fellow-well-met with him, on the strength of his swearin' harder'n anybody else, reg'lar finished him. He jist gave one groan, and down he sat as if 'twas all up with him now, just as Fred, havin' stowed the wagon with a feller he knew, cum trottin' back to see how his uncle was a-gittin' on.

"It's five years since all that happened, and the old gent's as good a stockman now as any of us, and a prime favorite with everybody that knows him. But to this day he always looks rather ticklish whenever anybody begins about bullock-drivin' and I don't think he'll hear the last o' that 'ere job as long as he's above ground."

AN ORCHESTRAL BÄTON.—The bâton was first used at the King's Theatre by Chelard. He came to London at Monck Mason's invitation, with a German company, in 1822, and always conducted with a bâton. Before that, the leader alone, with his stick, conducted the orchestra.

A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

BY FRANCES B. CURRIE.

SOCIETY in Orange was profoundly shocked when Mr. Harding met his death in a railroad disaster. He had started for New York in company with Mr. Sewell Ward, when death came suddenly and awfully upon him. They were in the Bergen Tunnel when their train was telescoped by another, and many persons were injured and several were killed. Mr. Ward's life was spared, but he

He had been worth fifty thousand dollars when he entered the train *en route* for New York. Recently he had converted all of his property into money, and was taking it to the city for investment. When his dead body was brought home it was discovered that he had been robbed. Some one had taken advantage of the darkness, the confusion, the agony of the hour, and had

"ALTHOUGH THEY SPOKE IN UNDERTONES, AND GERALDINE COULD NOT SEE THEIR FACES THROUGH THE SHRUBBERY, SHE RECOGNIZED THEIR VOICES, AND DISTINCTLY HEARD WHAT THEY SAID."

suffered from a broken arm. The accident would have seemed serious enough at any time and in any place, but in that hideous tunnel, in almost impenetrable darkness, its horrors appeared intensified.

Mr. Harding had been a prominent man. He was an able electrician and a wise scientist, but he was as ignorant as a child in all matters relating to business. At his decease had left his daughter penniless.

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carried away the dead man's money. Who had perpetrated this crime would probably remain a secret until the end of time.

Mr. Harding had been ambitious to leave his daughter a large fortune. He had confided this desire to Mr. Sewell Ward, and that obliging gentleman had offered to give him some "points" to aid him in the accomplishment of this object. In his own enterprises Mr. Ward had been

very successful. He was only half as old as Mr. Harding, but he was reputed to be very wealthy. He was a man of curious reserve, and had never told how his money was made. People spoke of him vaguely as a "financier" or a "speculator." They had a conviction that he was "some sort of a broker," and that somewhere he transacted a vast amount of "some sort of business."

It is quite possible that Mr. Harding was more willing to trust his daughter's fortune to Mr. Ward because he suspected that the latter wished to marry her. Geraldine was twenty-three years old and Mr. Ward was thirty-eight, but many girls would have overlooked this discrepancy in their ages. Sewell was not handsome. He was too pale, and his blue eyes protruded too much to allow him to pose as an Adonis; but he certainly was not ugly, and he had very gentlemanly manners. He was a man with a lithe, supple body, a clean-shaven face, light brown hair, and a full but not sensuous mouth. He was well-bred, well-read and shrewd. And he was rich—inexhaustibly rich. Many a girl would have considered herself very lucky if he had asked her to marry him.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered from his injury to go out, he called to see Miss Harding and made her an offer of marriage. Contrary to his expectations, she refused him.

Sewell Ward owned a place that he had named Vapor Park. The house was occupied by his brother's widow, Mrs. Etelka Ward, and Sewell spent part of his time in it and part in Europe. Mrs. Ward and Miss Harding were cousins, and it was supposed that the former would invite her kinswoman to live with her. Mrs. Ward was said to be rich, was known to contribute largely to benevolent enterprises, and was expected to do something handsome for her unfortunate relative. Contrary to expectations, she did not offer Miss Harding a home. If she had done so that independent young lady would have promptly but courteously refused the offer. Mrs. Ward was greatly admired in the circle in which she moved. She had made a lifelong study of the amenities. She was thirty years old, and was known as a gracious hostess and a social success. Nevertheless, Geraldine Harding did not like her.

Geraldine was a girl of decided opinions and womanly courage. She realized that she was alone in the world, without helping friends or means of support. She must work for her living, and she determined to accept the first honorable position that was offered her. Her father had taught her the use of the telegraph-key, and she found employment in a local telegraph office.

Although Mrs. Ward had divested herself of all responsibility concerning her kinswoman's welfare, she was shocked and incensed when she learned how Geraldine was employed. The widow had always regarded workingwomen with repugnance, and she was especially disgusted because Geraldine was doing her work where her old acquaintances could see her. There was a class of people in the town who would criticise Mrs. Ward for allowing her relative to work, and this criticism would be very distasteful to a woman who had enjoyed a reputation for benevolence.

He went to see Geraldine, and begged her to leave the place. She would cheerfully have paid the girl's passage to the North Pole if she could have been induced to start upon so extended a journey. Mrs. Ward urged her cousin to go out West, where, she said, there was less distinction made between the rich and poor than was made in such highly cultivated society as was found in New Jersey.

"Great Heaven!" she said; "have you no pride, no spirit, no policy? How can you remain here, where you have been a social success, and allow your old rivals to see you humbled? Why don't you go where the people are only half civilized? Women are scarce out West, and you might be quite a belle! You might marry."

"Thank you for the advice," Geraldine had answered, dryly, "but I prefer to remain where I am. It may be unreasonable, but I have a prejudice against living in an uncivilized country and against marrying a barbarian!"

She was deaf to all taunts and importunities. She distinctly stated that she intended to use her own judgment in the management of her affairs.

It would have been remarkable if Geraldine had lived to be twenty-three years' old without experiencing any romance. She was a spirited-looking girl, with warm, bright color, clear, gray eyes, thick, dark lashes and luxuriant hair. She had a well-rounded, pliant figure and walked uncommonly well. Sewell Ward was considered a connoisseur of feminine beauty, and he thought her handsome enough to ornament any home in the country.

Before her father's death she had been visited by a man named Victor Paxton. He was a lawyer, was but thirty years of age, but was a man of large interests and broad experience. He was well-built; had firm shoulders, a well-shaped head, a handsome profile and keen, dark eyes. There had been much in his manner and principles to win Geraldine's admiration. He had appeared to her less conceited, yet more self-reliant, than other men. Like all strong men, he was gentle with women, and his sympathy had been very sweet to her. They had become confidential friends, and the gossip in the town had come to fancy that they were betrothed. As soon as it was known that she was penniless, it was prophesied that he would come to the rescue and marry her. He was rich enough to be wholly independent of his wife's fortune, and it was supposed that he was quixotic enough not to care whether he married a poor girl or a rich one. The gossips were greatly shocked when they learned that his visits to Miss Harding had ceased, and they were unable to account for this sudden rupture.

Geraldine, also, was unable to explain it. When she went to work for her living many of her prosperous acquaintances shunned her, but she had not dreamed that Victor Paxton would desert her. Although they were not betrothed, she had loved this man and she must have suffered through his desertion. It must have shamed her to acknowledge to herself that her idol had been only clay—that he was no truer nor better than the fashionable nonentities who had erased her name from their call-
lists. The battle she fought with her love and pride was never witnessed by human eyes. She endured her life of work and loneliness without complaint.

She and her cousin had not met for a year, when Mrs. Ward invited her to a ball at Vapor Park.

It was not Geraldine's habit to ascribe sinister motives to apparent acts of kindness, but she was suspicious of Mrs. Ward's sudden civility. Geraldine knew how much duplicity and policy there were in her cousin's nature, and how unnatural to her would have been an act of disinterested kindness. Geraldine told herself that Etelka had some selfish purpose for inviting her.

For a single minute she wanted to accept the invitation. She knew that Vapor Park would be filled with her old acquaintances. In spite of her bravery she was tired of solitude, of the ceaseless ticking of the telegraph instrument, and the dull monotony of her work a-day

life. She was young, and therefore her heart was hungry for companionship.

Victor Paxton's home was in New York, but he frequently visited Vapor Park. If Geraldine went to this ball she would probably see him! Her heart beat wildly at the thought. Great Heaven, how hard it is for a woman's love to die! But after a moment of reflection Geraldine told herself that she would not accept a favor from Etelka Ward, and that she had no desire to meet a man who had only been her friend while her prosperity lasted. She refused to accept the invitation.

She was at her table in the telegraph office on the morning before the ball was to be given, when she received a second note from Mrs. Ward, who wrote:

"I am really ill, and am unable to do my duty as a hostess. Will you not come to my assistance? You and I are alone in the world, Geraldine, and ought to be willing to help each other."

Miss Harding read the letter more than once.

"How persistent she is!" she thought. "If she was really ill she would either send for one of her fashionable friends to help her, or would revoke the invitations. I wonder what she wants!"

She did not answer the note at once. She was doubtful what answer she would make. She realized that now she could accord a favor by going to Vapor Park instead of incurring one.

She was brought back from her cogitations to her present surroundings by the telegraph-sounder. A message from New York was flashed over the wires. It was addressed to "John Allen," and to a street with which she was not familiar. The message was a singular one, and excited her interest. It was her duty to send and receive messages, not to decipher them; nevertheless, she tried all day to solve the meaning of this one:

"V. P. will be at V. P. to-night. Detain him until the trains are deserted. The tunnel."

That was the message that puzzled her.

"Did it mean that Victor Paxton would be at Vapor Park that night? If so, who was John Allen, and why was he commissioned to detain Paxton until the trains were deserted? The message was unsigned. Who was the sender, and what object had actuated him in sending it? Perhaps the girl answered these questions at last, for all the color suddenly left her face.

It is certain that the last two words of the mysterious dispatch caused her more uneasiness than the rest. "*The tunnel!*" How suggestive of her father's tragic death! To her the tunnel was a place of horror, dark, noisome, terrible! The thought of the theft committed there upon her father's dead body made her apprehensive lest the message portended another robbery in the self-same place. She knew that Paxton habitually carried large sums of money. She remembered of hearing her father urging him to desist from this habit. Were other persons aware of his want of caution, and did some thief intend to profit by this knowledge?

Geraldine resolved that she would question the messenger when he returned from delivering the dispatch, and, if possible, obtain from him a description of the person who received it. The messenger did not return, and it was not until after weeks had passed that she learned what had become of him. "John Allen" had given him money to leave the town. Throughout the day Geraldine was nervous and imaginative, but before she went home she sent a message to Mrs. Ward, promising to be at Vapor Park at nine o'clock.

When Miss Harding reached Vapor Park she found the

professed invalid looking remarkably healthy. Mrs. Ward was a woman of large physique, with snapping black eyes, a wide mouth and a *retroussé* nose. In spite of constant social dissipation she enjoyed exuberant health, and it was difficult for her to appear like an invalid. However, she declined to dance, made her excuses for not rising when she received her guests, and posed about upon easy-chairs and divans, where she was surrounded by numerous admirers.

Out-of-doors, the snow was falling, and the Orange Hills looked cold, and bare and desolate. Everything without was in sorry contrast with the warmth and beauty within. Vapor Park was glittering with a thousand twinkling lights, and the house was sweet with a wilderness of ferns and flowers.

In spite of her anxiety about the telegram, Geraldine felt the influence of her cheerful surroundings. She and Victor Paxton met, and she greeted him with studied calmness. They had been together but an instant, but in that little space of time she had realized that he was somewhat changed. He looked much older than when she had seen him last, and she could not help feeling that he had experienced some unhappiness. He had met her unsmilingly, but his eyes had been questioning and kind. Was he curious to know how poverty was affecting her? She was very white and self-contained, but he saw—what every one in the room could not help seeing—that she was also very beautiful. Her manner was as regal, and her dress, though simple, was as faultless, as when she had been in "society" and had outvalued Etelka Ward.

She had hoped to see Mr. Paxton alone, and to tell him of the message. Ordinarily she would have reasoned that a telegraph-operator had no right to divulge the secrets intrusted to her office, but she believed it was her duty to place Mr. Paxton upon his guard. The message had been significant of danger to him, and she considered it only humane to warn him. She was kept very busy in her rôle of temporary hostess and did not find the opportunity that she coveted. Sewell Ward, in his position of host, was almost constantly at her side, and Mrs. Ward had a monopoly of Paxton's society.

Mr. Paxton left Mrs. Ward, at length, and entered the conservatory. Geraldine resolved to follow him there. It would be a safe retreat, she thought, from the crowd in the drawing-room. The conservatory contained a little forest of palms and tall azaleas, and seemed a fitting place for quiet talk. But Geraldine could not leave the drawing-room at once. The guests were departing in quick succession, and she was obliged to hear their adieus. When she at last escaped, Mr. Paxton had left the conservatory, and Mr. Ward and his sister-in-law had entered it.

They had stopped a minute to speak in private to each other. Although they spoke in undertones, and Geraldine could not see their faces through the shrubbery, she recognized their voices, and distinctly heard what they said.

"Why did you send for Miss Harding to-night?" Sewell was asking. "You are not ill and have needed no assistance. For a year you have avoided and neglected her. Have you experienced a change in your heart?"

"I am always considerate of your happiness, Sewell," the widow answered, glibly. "I suspect that you have a preference for my unhappy cousin, so it was to please you that I invited her."

He laughed; not a pleasant laugh, but a significant one. It seemed to tell her that he was not to be deceived by her pretensions.

thinking of the future mistress of Vapor Park! He was thinking how Geraldine had looked that night while she helped Sewell receive his guests. He was thinking of the shadow of sorrow about her eyes, the sweet but unsmiling expression about her mouth. Was she happy? Did she love the man she was going to marry? He was certain that she was too untainted by worldliness to consent to a marriage without giving her affection.

Had her father's tragic death, and the robbery by which she had suffered, made her habitually afraid of the tunnel? He realized, as he asked himself the question, that the train was entering the dreaded place. In spite of his conviction that Geraldine's message was the result of a mistake, his hand closed upon his walking-stick, and he was glad that it was a stout one.

The noise in the tunnel was deafening. The engine shrieked, the train thundered along, and the echoes in that dismal cavern were enough to drive a nervous person mad. Suddenly a terrific rush of damp air seemed to put out both of the lights simultaneously, and Paxton was struggling with two men, who, shielded by the noise and darkness, seemed to be endeavoring to take his life. Paxton was young and strong, and life was dear to him. He fought with courage and fury. He could see nothing, but he knew that some of his blows had taken effect. He did not know that his face was covered with blood, that blood flowed from a wound on his head. He knew that the engine would go on shrieking until it emerged from the tunnel, and that it would be useless for him to shout for help, as no one would hear him. One of the men was on the floor, dead or insensible, he could not tell which. He held the other by the throat. In spite of the man's desperate struggle Paxton had strength enough left to hold him until help arrived.

The train was out of the tunnel when a brakeman discovered that the lights of the middle coach were out. He took up his lantern and went to find out what was the matter. The passenger who had pretended to be asleep in the forward car lay unconscious upon the floor. The man with the gray beard, who had occupied the last car, was being throttled by Paxton. As the brakeman's light shone upon the two men Paxton released his prisoner, and the latter spoke.

"I see that you recognize me," he said. "My arm has been broken again, or you might not have had the pleasure of this recognition!"

* * * * *

It was morning, and Victor Paxton was on his way to see Miss Harding. He looked haggard and worn, and his mood was sadly unlike the sunny brightness that characterized the day. He had a story to tell Geraldine—a story that might spoil her life. He would have to tell her that Sewell Ward was a thief, and that he was in prison! Sewell had begged hard for his liberty. When he realized that he was recognized in spite of his disguise, he had broken down and begged for mercy. He said that if Paxton would let him off without making any charge against him he would begin life over again and atone for past misdeeds. He confessed his whole plot to rob Paxton. His accomplice and he had entered the car simultaneously, but at opposite platforms, and had dashed out the lights to prevent recognition. They had intended to beat him into insensibility, and rob him while the engine was shrieking through the tunnel. A moment after leaving the tunnel the engine always lessened its speed, and at this point they meant to leap from the train, trusting the darkness to aid them in their escape.

Sewell Ward had admitted more. When pressed hard

by Paxton's questions, he said that he had robbed Mr. Harding. "It was he who first broke my arm," he said. "He caught me with my hand in his pocket. If he had not been killed a minute later he would have exposed my crime." Sewell had said that he would at once refund the money to Miss Harding if Paxton would only let him go. "I meant to marry her," the scoundrel asserted, "and to give her the fifty thousand dollars for a wedding present!"

Paxton had listened to these confessions with horror and without relenting.

He did not find Miss Harding at the telegraph-office. The manager said he had received word that morning that she was ill. Paxton went to her boarding-place, and asked if she would be able to see him. She came down into the parlor where he waited. She looked as if she had passed a sleepless night, but appeared relieved at seeing him. He did not tell her his story at once. He asked her first why she had sent her message to him. She told him of the telegram. Then he asked why she had not told Sewell Ward to deliver her warning, and her answer brought him a gleam of hope.

"I would not trust him," she said.

Then he told her all that had happened. "John Allen," he said, "was a name that Ward had assumed and the telegram that had excited her suspicions was from the accomplice. I would to God that I could spare you all this knowledge," he said, in conclusion, "but you must have heard the story soon. It will be in every newspaper and will be public scandal in a little while. I thought it only fair that you should hear it from me."

She answered him, impulsively:

"And it has been a trial for you to tell me, because you think I am engaged to marry this man who has robbed me. Etelka Ward told you that I had promised to be his wife, but she told you a falsehood."

She had seized this opportunity to tell him the truth regarding her alleged betrothal.

He was on his feet instantly, and holding her hands, on hearing Geraldine's words.

"Thank God!" he said, devoutly; "thank God that I have not broken your heart! Can you forgive me for having credited her story?" he asked, at length. "Women are quick to read men's hearts, and you must have felt that I loved you. Can you realize how wretched I have been in this long year of absence? Can you be generous enough to forgive my mistakes and to accept my affection? Do you love me, Geraldine?"

It was not such a speech as the heroes of romances are said to make, but it was eloquent with true feeling and expressive of a world of devotion. The girl's eyes were full of tears.

"We have both been deceived," she said. "I believed you were my friend only while my prosperity lasted. I know now that I was mistaken. And I know that I love you!"

THE WALLACK FAMILY.

BY WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

SPRINGER BARRY, the contemporary and rival of Garrick, may be said to have originated the romantic school of acting. Interesting stories have come down to us of the charm of his person and manner. It was in Dublin that he made the profound impression which led to his engagement in London. Although he had not the versatility of Garrick, he was a far more captivating figure—tall, handsome, graceful, and possessed of a voice whose sweetness is described as something marvelous. Says a

writer : "The gift of an enchanting voice is, and ever will be, an irresistible charm on the stage, and an actor able to modulate his voice and his cadences has an extraordinary advantage."

Barry's wife, also, was a fine actress, as well as a woman of great beauty. Together they made a most attractive pair, and the young ladies of London and Dublin, a hundred years ago, were as enthusiastic, although, perhaps, more modest, in their demonstrations over the handsome Irishman as we have seen them in our day over Montague and Bellevue. "There was," we are told by one who witnessed Barry's last performance, "in Barry's whole person such a noble air of command, such elegance of his action, such regularity and expressiveness of his features, in his voice such melody, strength and tenderness, that the greatest Parliamentary orators used to study his acting for the charm of his stately grace and the secret of its pathos."

It was in heroic, picturesque and animated characters, such as *Romeo*, *Juffier*, and *Lord Townley*, that he excelled, and he may be said to have founded that manner of acting which was developed and improved to such a remarkable degree by the Wallack family, and which on the English stage will always be associated with their name.

The range of parts of this description, while to some extent limited, is yet so varied, that extraordinary gifts are required to impersonate them. A handsome presence and expressive features, graceful action and a melodious voice are absolutely necessary. The performer of this school must understand something of the painter's art—the secret of picturesque attitudes and striking poses. He must know how to dress—in certain lines of the Wallack characters, this is an art by itself—and his gestures should be noble and spirited, and formulated upon the Hogarthian principle of beauty. I have seen one of the Wallacks throw down a glove in a challenge, and it was a study in art how so small an act could be made so impressive. It was really the central incident of the scene, but the audience did not realize its importance until afterward, and an inferior performer would have overlooked it altogether. But Mr. Wallack, with interesting *finesse*, began to work toward the middle of the stage from the beginning of the scene. Now, all at once, he is the most prominent figure. The dispute warms, and he is impatiently fidgeting with his glove; quickly it is off, and, as his voice rises with tempestuous defiance, the glove suddenly describes an upward curve in the air and descends at the enemy's foot. Wallack throws himself back, with folded arms, and awaits the consequences with the tranquillity of desperation.

On the French stage Frederic Lemaître and Charles Fechter are the ideal representatives of the romantic school. In the acting of the former there was great humor, vivacity and picturesqueness. *Robert Macaire* was a fascinating thief whom it was impossible not to admire—scarcely possible not to fall in love with. Fechter, in his latter years, had grown a little stout and coarse, but in his youth, he was an exceedingly fascinating performer. *Ruy Blas*, *Don Cesar*, *Monte Cristo*—all these were great parts with him. It is difficult to suggest heroic ideas in the costume of the present day: the dress or the frock coat, or the cutaway, and the derby or chimney-pot hat; and to realize the idea it is necessary to wear the feathers, slashed doublets, trunks and swords of the past; but it is undeniable that Fechter made a great impression in characters like *Armand Duval*, of whom he was the original. He arose at times, we are told, to sublime heights and quite above the prosaic surroundings and atmosphere of the play.

There are certain families which seem almost to have originated in the theatre, and to have belonged to it for generations back, and whose members appear expressly born for the footlights. Some of them can be traced to the times of the Restoration. We find all of the names associated with the boards—grandparents, parents, sisters, brothers, cousins—the children sometimes actually born behind the scenes, and nursed night after night during the progress of the play. Such were the Kembles, the Booths and the Keans. The Wallacks comprise one of these old theatrical families whose ancestors are in some sort associated with the footlights for a long distance back, and who have even by marriage kept rigidly in the profession.

Life in some of these player families is fantastic and interesting, and we get quaint glimpses of it in the accounts of old Roger Kemble and his wife and children. It was an English judge who said the world was divided into men, women and actors, and the last-named in many things seem truly to comprise a race apart. They exist in a microcosm of their own, and have ways, ideas and sympathies separated from those of ordinary experience. The babies "go on," in some one's arms, for parts before they are two months old—the child in "Rolla" is a favorite character—and when they have grown a little older they are promoted to a speaking part, and take up the little *Duke of York* in "Richard III." These sprites of the side-scenes, from their constant association with the older folks, travel and vicissitude, seem to have a preternatural sharpness over other children, and to become little men and women before their time. They are learned in costume and make-up, and have an eye for character. The rabbit's-foot, the rouge-pot and the India-ink pencil are facile instruments in their hands; and committing to memory is an early experience—a task often undertaken before they can read or write. Playbooks are their primers, and history they learn by object-lessons from Shakespeare and the poets. Seven o'clock in the evening is the beginning of the day for them—the enchanted world of their life first stirs with the glow of the lamps in front of the orchestra and around the balconies and boxes; the morning, rehearsal, *deshabillé* and apathy.

The relinquishment by the Wallacks of the theatre in New York with which their name has been for so many years associated closes a certain epoch in the theatrical world. There is one of the last of the houses still maintaining a stock company, once the finest organization of the kind in this country. Here some of the most accomplished actors have played—the Wallacks themselves, Davenport, Brougham, Gilbert, Blake, Jordan, Mary Taylor, Mary Gannon, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Henriques—what illustrious names in their field of art arise to the memory!

James W. Wallack, Sr., known in this country as the head of the family, was not really the first of the name in the dramatic profession. His father, William Wallack, was distinguished in London and the Provinces as a singer and comedian. He was particularly famous in nautical parts, and he gained great popularity in the old song, "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman," which was written expressly for him. A peculiar order of talent is required for sailor impersonations, for patriotic reasons always a favorite line of characters with the British public. The stage tar, with his picturesque dress and his cutlass, with which he enters at critical moments, and his hornpipe, never fails to arouse the house, particularly the gallery, to enthusiasm. It was the nautical drama which made the fame of Douglas Jerrold—those

dancing, story-telling, mimicry and other exercises—that a trained player was equipped to give an evening's entertainment alone. This Wallack was capable of doing, and Matthews scarcely exceeded him. It is curious that the three most gifted monologue performers of the English stage should have met, during their career, with a similar accident. Samuel Foot broke his leg, and so did Matthews. Wallack, in 1822, while traveling in the stage between New York and Philadelphia, was thrown from the vehicle, and met with a similar misfortune. To an actor, especially one who filled Wallack's peculiar line, an accident of this kind appeared little short of a calamity. Happily, the first forebodings were not realized. The limb was skillfully set, and in a short while was as serviceable as ever.

In 1837 Wallack became manager of the National Theatre, at the corner of Leonard and Church Streets, New York, and from this point is dated the celebrity of the institutions associated with his name. He drew the best available actors about him, and applied himself to the giving of the finest performances. But the first "Wallack's Theatre" did not come into existence until September 8th, 1852, and the house was then situated at the corner of Broadway and Broome Street. Among the principal people in the company were Blake, Brougham, Charles Walcott, Malvina Pray and Laura Keane. The season lasted to September 25th, 1861, when the "Wallack's," at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, was opened with "The New President." On January 4th, 1862, the third "Wallack's" opened its doors at the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street. Always, from the beginning, the establishment had the same distinction—a reputation for the excellence of the acting and the high character of the plays. It has been an essentially comedy house, although melodrama has often formed the attraction; but all the Wallacks had a remarkable talent for this peculiar line of art. Strangers visiting New York, and seeking entertainment in the evening, were always sure of that of the highest class at Wallack's. And as a school of acting the house was not, in point of fact, inferior to the Comédie Française. As the old plays were frequently given, so the old traditions were preserved. The Wallack treatment of one of the standard comedies was something to remember for a lifetime. Charles Lamb would have enjoyed such a performance, notwithstanding he thought the good actors had disappeared before the end of his own day. The great aim at the Wallack houses has always been to give absolute finish to the representations, and hence the untiring attention to the minor details. The old comedies are curious to read, but many of them, it must be confessed, difficult to sit out. Our ancestors were more easily amused than we are at present, and had not been spoiled by sensations and strong dramatic effects. A few of the old plays can still be not only endured, but even relished—the works of Mrs. Centlivre, the Colmans, Goldsmith and Sheridan. A spice of antiquarian taste may find enjoyment, at rare intervals, even in Congreve, Farquhar, and the compositions of the lively Reynolds, who was so popular in his day. But there is no more impressive comment on the change of public preference than, for instance, the utter obscurity into which the comedies of this writer, Reynolds, so run after in his own day, have fallen. His agreeable memoirs, full of spirit and interest, will preserve his memory. His plays drew great houses season after season for many years, and were thought to combine in them everything that was sparkling and vivacious, and on this account were condemned by the judicious as too closely bordering on

the regions of farce. Perhaps the most bustling and merriest of these was "The Dramatist." During the lifetime of the late Edwin Adams I saw this piece. The five acts, thought by the play-going public of George IV.'s day so overburdened with action, had been compressed into two, to quicken the movement. The dialogue had been abbreviated and altered "to give it vim and snap." A good deal of "business" had been introduced to help still further to make it go, and Mr. Adams's acting was distinguished by intelligence and animation. But the audience were bored, and although I had wrought myself into the anticipation of great enjoyment from the revival of the old piece, in a little while I found it undeniably dreary.

Wallack had a kind of grotesque humor. When he and the tragedian Young, who was a singularly grave man, used to meet in the street in London, both stopped, each took off the other's hat and made a profound bow, replaced them, and solemnly went on, without exchanging a word. The amazement of the passers-by may be conceived. Wallack died in 1864.

Henry Wallack, the brother of James W. Wallack, Sr., first became attached to the companies of the York and Hull theatres, and made his appearance in America in 1818-19, in Philadelphia and Baltimore. He acted at the Anthony Street Theatre in New York in 1820-21 as *Young Norval* in "Douglas," and as *Waller* in "The Children in the Wood." He was then about thirty years old. He represented such characters as *Lucius Junius Brutus*, *Rob Roy* and *Coriolanus*. He never achieved the reputation of James, but was recognized as a leader in the profession. His talents were of an exceedingly versatile order, and he appeared to advantage in tragedy, comedy, melodrama, opera, farce and pantomime, his efforts often eclipsing those of the stars whom he supported. He was seen in such varied parts as *Hamlet*, *Roderic Dhu*, *Dennis Bulgruderry*, *Lingo*, *My Lord Duke's Servant* in "High Life Below Stairs," *Hotspur*, *Malecot* and *Henry VIII*. In his later years he was particularly delightful as *Squire Broadlands* in "An Old English Gentleman," *Sir Peter Teasle* and *Sir Anthony Absolute*. At the old Chatham Theatre, from 1824 to 1834, his powers were at their ripest, and he was recognized as one of the most delightful actors of the day. He afterward returned to London, where for some time he appeared to equal advantage; but becoming the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre in 1843, he was unfortunate, and his attempt at management ended in bankruptcy. He came back to this country again in 1847, and undertook the line of old men at the opening of the Broadway Theatre, but it was soon seen that age and infirmity had done their work. His memory had become impaired, and he could not acquire new parts. He made his adieu to the New York public in *Falstaff*, October 18th, 1858.

The first wife of Henry Wallack, in face and person, was one of the loveliest women ever seen in New York. She was a vocalist, and also a dancer, but not of the school of the present day. She had learned her art of the English masters, and it was modest as well as in the highest degree artistic. According to her admirers, "she floated upon the stage like a being from another sphere." Her figure was perfect, her voice soft and musical. She lacked physical power for tragedy and sufficient flow of spirits for comedy; but her quiet demeanor, childlike and artless manner adapted her to the impersonation of innocent rural maidens. Her life closed very unhappily in New Orleans, April 10th, 1836, at the early age of thirty-seven. She was divorced from Henry Wallack. By her he had several children, to whom reference will

presently be made. His second wife was a Miss Turpin, a vocalist.

Lester Wallack, a son of James W. Wallack, Sr., was born in 1820, and educated in London. He was intended for the army, and prepared himself to receive a commission. All preparations had been made for his departure for India, but, instead, he quietly stole off to Dublin, where he made his appearance upon the stage. He displayed the family talent and soon achieved popularity, and at twenty-four was acknowledged to be the handsomest man of the day. Irish comedy parts and rattling, audacious gallantry were his favorite characters, and in these his success was boundless. In 1846 he appeared in London, and the following year came to America, where he opened at the old Broadway Theatre. For some family reason he adopted the stage-name of Mr. Lester. In the first company with which he was connected were Henry Wallack, Fanny Wallack, George Barrett, the celebrated light comedian, and W. R. Blake.

Of Lester Wallack's talents nothing need be said. He is recognized as the finest genteel comedian of the day. His impersonations are noted for their elegance, brilliancy and charm. He is seen to special advantage in parts in which it is necessary to display a graceful personal appearance, spirit, manliness, animation and refinement. As *Elliott Grey* in his own play, "Rosedale," he is thought to figure at his best.

Lester Wallack's early experiences were not free from the struggle and toil nearly always incidental to theatrical life. A gentleman well acquainted with him relates that often, in his youthful days, when receiving a small salary, and after playing two parts in Southampton in one evening, at the close he was required to study a new part while traveling in the coach, and to be at Winchester for rehearsal the next morning. "We have known him," says his friend, "for a considerable portion of his career to rise at four or five in the morning and devote several hours, the only ones he could snatch, to study. Later in the day, four hours were given to rehearsal, a hasty dinner followed, and from six to eleven he was entertaining an audience at the theatre."

The following instance is given of Mr. Wallack's coolness on the stage: Once, when playing *Colonel White* in the comedy of "Home," after being ordered from the house by his father, who does not recognize him, he heard voices in the audience crying, "Look behind you!" He turned, and saw on the mantelpiece that a candle had burned down and ignited the paper around it. Some drapery was on the point of catching. Wallack drew the candlestick away and held it while the burning wax fell on his unprotected hand, all the time continuing to repeat the lines of his part. When making his exit, he said: "Well, the governor has turned me out of the house, for which I am exceedingly sorry; but I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I have saved the establishment from destruction by fire."

The American stage has not seen many more gifted actors and charming men than James W. Wallack, Jr., the son of Henry Wallack. He is best remembered by play-goers as *Leon* in "The Iron Mask," and as *Fagin* in "Oliver Twist." He began his professional life at an extremely early age, appearing as *Cora's* child in Philadelphia in 1822. Afterward he was engaged as the principal performer at the Bowery Theatre in New York. Handsome in person, elegant in manner and gifted intellectually, he soon became distinguished. In 1851 he visited London, and played at the Haymarket as the successor of Macready, and for some time he was manager of the Marylebone Theatre. Afterward he made a

tour of Australia. Returning to this country, he formed a connection with E. L. Davenport, and for some time they traveled together with great success. Mr. Wallack's most notable performance in the latter part of his life was *Henry Dunbar*, in the drama taken from Miss Braddon's story. He had wide versatility in his art, and was at home in both tragedy and comedy. In private life no man was more esteemed. He died of consumption a few years ago, while traveling in Virginia. His wife was Miss Ann Duff Waring, a daughter of Mrs. W. R. Blake by her first husband, and of her talents an excellent critic says: "She had fine natural ability, great versatility, unflagging spirit and unconquerable good nature. She somewhat needed grace and refinement, and had too much fire. With more strength of voice her skill as a musician would have raised her to the rank of a *prima donna*. In melodrama she was particularly fine. She was never beautiful, although tall and commanding a person. Her first husband was William Sefton. In 1864 she was much admired at the Winter Garden as the *Queen* in Booth's *Hamlet*. One of her finest parts was *Hermione* in 'A Winter's Tale.'

Julia Wallack, a sister of James W. Wallack, Jr., was a favorite in New York in musical characters during the seasons of 1839, 1840 and 1841. She became the wife of W. Hoskins.

Fanny Wallack, another sister, was very successful at the old National Theatre between 1840 and 1847. She was graceful, spirited and pretty, and, like all the Wallacks, extremely picturesque in attitude and action. She made her last appearance in New York in 1852 as *Julia* in "Richelieu," and died in Scotland in 1856, at the age of thirty-four.

Such is, in brief, a history of this remarkable family, of whom Lester Wallack is the last representative on the stage.

THE battle of Hastings, which caused England to submit to French rule for a time, further resulted in a complete change of the literature of the Germanic inhabitants of the island. Anglo-Saxon literature had for a short time been brilliant under Alfred and St. Dunstan, but it began to decline. In looking carefully through, we can discover accents joyous but of a strange character in the texts which represent it to-day. On the whole, this literature was sad—a cloud of melancholy enveloped it—whereas the conquerors from Normandy, Bretagne and Anjou, and all the French provinces, were good-humored. They were happy, and they succeeded in everything. With them they brought gaiety, wit, and the midday sun, combining the animation of the native of Gascony with the tenacity of the Norman. Great and loud talkers, masters of the country, they at first extinguished the already dying literature of the vanquished, giving place to their own. Even in the laws and the religion of France you cannot help seeing here and there the marks of its irrepressible high spirits.

THE first tea drank in Maine was made on Cutts's Island, Kittery, about 167 years ago. A daughter of Major Cutts was returning from school in Massachusetts with a daughter of Governor Vaughn. A severe storm detained her at the Governor's house at Portsmouth several days, and at the Governor's table she was first offered tea. The young lady followed Mme. Vaughan's example, and adding sugar and cream carried it to her lips. She afterward purchased a pound of tea for a guinea, sent to Boston for cups and saucers, and thus introduced the first tea and tea-set into Maine.

whose exhausted crater now lies in this deep, silent and mysterious lake. In the midst of the lake rises a perfect but extinct volcano, about 600 feet high, its sides sparsely fringed with a stunted growth of hemlock.

The lava-flow from this has made an island in the lake about two miles in circumference. The cone has a dish-like depression in its apex, which forms its crater, where through this small vent the monster gave its expiring throes. Burning lava flowed fiercely down its rugged and deeply scarred sides where now the dwarfed hemlock has gained a precarious foothold among the cinders, and seeks to cover its blackened barrenness with a mantle of vegetation.

This island is very fittingly called "Wizard Island." In the top of this wild and most desolate spot is a depression or crater known as the "Witches' Caldron"—90 feet deep, and 475 feet in diameter. The base of this island is covered with very heavy, hard rocks, with sharp and unworn edges, over which scarcely a score of human feet have ever trod. Further up are deep beds of ashes, and light, spongy rocks and cinders.

Directly north of "Wizard Island" is Llaó Rock, a grand old sentinel, standing boldly out on the west side of the lake and reaching more than 2,000 feet vertically. From the top of this rock one can drop a stone and it will pass down and grow smaller and smaller, until one's head begins to swim and grow dizzy, and you see the stone become a mere speck and then fade entirely from view. At length, at the distance of nearly half a mile below, it strikes the unruffled bosom of the lake, and plunges sullenly into the water, sinking for ever from sight in the depths of a bottomless lake.

Connected with Crater Lake are many mythical legends and traditions extant among the Indian tribes. There is probably no point of interest in America which so completely overcomes the ordinary Indian with fear as this remarkable body of water. From time immemorial no power has been strong enough to induce the red men to approach within sight of the lake. For a paltry sum an Indian will engage to guide you thither, but, before reaching the mountain-top overlooking the waters he will suddenly leave you to proceed alone. To the untutored savage mind it is clothed with a deep, impenetrable veil of mystery, and their superstitious imagination pictures it as the abode of all manner of demons and unshapely monsters. Once inhabited by the Great Spirit, it has now become the *sheol* of modern times, and it is considered certain death for any savage to behold its fated waters.

This lake has been sounded to a depth of over 900 feet and found bottomless. The water is very clear, fresh and soft, and a short distance from the shore is as blue as indigo could make it. On all sides small streams, almost without number, pour down from the cliffs, and a portion of the year each rivulet becomes a rushing, foaming torrent, driving rocks and trees before it. There is no visible outlet, but a large number of extensive streams start suddenly from the mountains for miles around, not as puny brooks, gathering strength as they rush on to the sea, but fully developed rivers from the start. So very numerous and striking are the points of interest, that it is almost impossible to individualize. Its lonely, isolated situation and comparative inaccessibility render the lake a still greater object of interest and curiosity.

From Allen Davey, one of the chiefs of the Klamath Indians, the following romantic account in reference to the first discovery of Crater Lake has been gleaned:

A long time ago, before the white man appeared in that

region, to vex and drive the proud natives out, a band of Klamaths, while out hunting, came suddenly upon the lake, and were startled by its remarkable walls, and awed by its majestic proportions. With spirits trembling with fear, they silently approached and gazed upon its face. Something within told them that the Great Spirit dwelt there, and they dared not remain within such sacred precincts, but passed silently down the side of the mountain, and camped far away. By some unaccountable influence, however, one Indian brave was induced to return.

He went up to the very brink of the frightful, yawning precipice and started his camp-fire. Here he laid down to repose after his fatiguing travels; here he slept soundly until the sun was high in the heavens the following morning. Then he arose and joined the other members of his tribe far down the mountain's side. The next night he came back, built his camp-fire, and passed the hours till dawn in quiet, undisturbed repose. Each visit bore a charm which drew him back to the mysterious lake. Each night found him sleeping above the rocks; each night strange, unearthly voices arose from the fathomless waters, and weird noises filled the gloomy air. At length, after a great many moons, the Indian climbed down to the lake. It was a perilous feat, but he accomplished it in safety. Reaching the waters after great dangers, he bathed and spent the night by the rugged shore.

Often the daring brave made the dangerous descent and ascent, and he frequently saw wonderful animals, similar in all respects to the Klamath Indian, except that they seemed to exist entirely in the water. Suddenly he became harder and stronger than any other Indian of the tribe, because of his strange visits to the mysterious waters. Other Indians then began to seek the life-inspiring influence of the lake. Old warriors sent their sons to the waters for strength and courage, to meet the conflicts awaiting them in their life of dangers, perils and hardships.

First they slept upon the rocks above, then ventured to the water's edge; but, last of all, they plunged beneath the crystal flood and the coveted strength and vigor was theirs. On one occasion, the Indian who first visited Crater Lake killed a monster fish and was at once set upon by countless numbers of excited Llaos (for such they were called), which creatures carried him to the top of the mighty cliffs, cut his throat with a stone knife, then tore his body into small pieces that were cast into the waters hundreds of feet beneath. These fragments of flesh and bone were voraciously devoured by the unappeasable Llaos; and this, it is claimed, shall be the hapless fate of every Klamath brave who, from that remote day to this, dares to approach near enough to gaze upon the waters of the lake.

Until within the past ten years, Crater Lake has been very rarely visited by any human being. Little or nothing definitely was known of this wonderful sheet of water, beyond the bare fact of its existence. Since its marvelous and majestic features have been made known to the world, a good many tourists have visited its rugged shores. All who have visited the lake tell pretty much the same story concerning its natural wonders. In its peculiar way, it is claimed to outrival either Yellowstone Park or Yosemite.

The project of making Crater Lake and its environs a public park by the Government has been seriously agitated for several years. However, the idea did not assume any very definite or tangible shape until early last year. The purpose is to set apart a portion of the public domain, some thirty miles square, for a national park, this

area to embrace Crater Lake, which latter feature will be the central point of attraction.

Having this object in view, a geological survey of Crater Lake was made last Summer, by Captain C. E. Dutton, by order of the United States Government. Later, a Bill was presented by Congressman Binger Hermann, of Oregon, and warmly advocated by both the Senators from the same State, providing for setting apart Crater Lake, and large tracts of land surrounding it, as a national park. This Bill, for some reason (doubtless owing to the great pressure of other matters), failed to pass at the last session of Congress. However, it will be called up again at the coming session, and a very strong effort will be put forth to secure its early passage. The attention of the Government has been specially directed to the advisability and desirability of creating a national park at and around Crater Lake, and the project seems to meet with very general approbation. Active steps will be taken to carry out the purpose as soon as the measure becomes a law.

Captain C. E. Dutton, who made the geological survey, speaks thus of Crater Lake: "The beauty and majesty of the scenery are indescribable. The water of Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, may equal it in richness of color, but it cannot surpass it. It is a far deeper and richer color than the blue of the sky above, in the clearest day."

Professor Joseph Le Conte, professor of the University of California, who recently made a scientific visit to the lake, adds his testimony in the following language: "My recollection of its grand cliffs, its pure, blue waters, its magnificent groves of spruce and hemlock, and its glorious camping-grounds, are still vividly present to my memory."

According to official soundings by the United States Geological Survey, made in July, 1886, Crater Lake was found to be 1,996 feet deep. To this should be added a slight stretch of wire, giving an actual depth of over 2,000 feet. The surface of the water is 6,251 feet above sea-level. Wizard Island is 835 feet high. Llao Rock rises perpendicularly from the water 2,010 feet. Heliotrope Station is 1,965 feet above the lake; Shag, 2,115 feet; and Dutton Cliff, 2,109 feet. These constitute some of the highest points in the walls of the lake. Mount Scott, close at hand, is 9,117 feet above sea-level. The lake ranges N. E. and S. W. and is 6 by 7 miles in extent.

Lake Baikal (in Siberia) is 54 by 397 miles in extent, and 4,080 feet deep. Altitude 1,360 feet. Caspian Sea, 50 by 600 miles, 3,600 feet deep and 85 feet below sea-level. The Dead Sea is 10 by 45 miles, 1,308 feet deep and 1,272 feet below the sea.

Lake Tahoe is 12 by 20 miles, 1,645 feet deep and 6,250 feet above-sea-level. Lake Superior is 100 by 350 miles, and 978 feet deep. Altitude 627 feet. J. M. B.

IF.

BY "PEARL RIVERS."

If I could change these "lady slippers"
 Into boots of seven miles,
 I would slip my wee feet in them,
 And with laughter, and with smiles,
 Straight to some one I'd go walking;
 Soon with some one I'd be talking,
 Though his home is many miles.

Some one dear would see me coming,
 Some one dear would run to meet,
 Some one dear would slip, while laughing,
 Giant boots from off my feet;

For their long, long journey bless them,
 With his gentle hand caress them,
 Into silver sandals press them.
 Then with tiny, tinkling feet
 Round about him I'd go dancing,
 And into his eyes be glancing,
 While my heart danced with my feet—
 With my tiny, tinkling feet—
 To his voice's music sweet.

If I could change this new red rose
 Into a silken coach of ease,
 With diamond wheels and shafts of ruby;
 And these golden-dusted bees
 Into four coursers, small but fleet;
 Reclining on my velvet seat,
 With silken reins my coursers guiding,
 Fast to some one I'd go riding,
 Over hill and valley gliding,
 In my silken coach of ease.

Some one dear would see me coming,
 Fly to meet my coach and four,
 Part the fragrant crimson curtains
 From my pretty jeweled door,
 Drop the steps of emerald gladly—
 For some one—he loves me madly—
 Bid my flying coursers stand,
 Saying, as he kissed my hand,
 "Lady Rose, alight and tarry,
 For my heart with yours must marry.
 Then together we'll go riding,
 Smoothly over life's road gliding,
 In your fairy coach and four."

If I could change this water-lily
 Into a tiny, fairy craft,
 With oars of pearl and prow of opal,
 Laden deep from fore to aft
 With all pure and fragrant flowers,
 Canopied by rosy hours,
 And with gems of poeisie
 Sparkling on my brow. Ah me!
 Straight to some one I'd go floating—
 Down this pretty bay go floating—
 To his home beyond the sea.

Some one dear would see me coming,
 Some one dear would waiting be,
 Hail my boat with loving signals,
 Moor it fast and say to me:
 "Princess Lily, land and tarry,
 For, my soul with yours must marry.
 Then within your fairy craft,
 Wheresoe'er the breeze may waft,
 We together will go floating,
 Ah! so dreamily go floating,
 Over Love's illumined sea."

If I could put my great warm heart
 Into yon mocking-bird's small breast,
 Straight to some one I'd go flying—
 Over all the world go flying—
 North and South and East and West,
 Till I found whom I love best,
 Then on his bosom singing, singing
 What my heart is always singing—
 "Love me, love me," I would rest
 From my long and weary quest.

But the boots of seven miles
 Stand within the Giant's hall,
 And these dainty lady slippers
 Ne'er will grow so large and tall;
 And the mocking-bird flies, singing—
 To her own love, sweetly singing—
 And of all Queen Summer's Court
 None will lend me coach or boat,
 Wherein I may ride or float,
 That will take me to my lover,
 To my distant ideal lover.
 But I wait, for it may be
 They to him will kinder be,
 And then my love will come to me.

THE RAINBOW-TREE.—A correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* relates a well-authenticated story of a "rainbow-tree," first seen by Captain Kirby, on the steamer *Joppa*, while squirrel-hunting, not far from Cambridge, Mary-

diameter at the trunk, was thoroughly saturated, as was also the bed of decaying leaves and the ground underneath it. He noticed, also, that the ground at the spot where the tree stood was higher than anywhere around

DECIDING A DISPUTED QUESTION.

land. When he came under this particular tree—a small gum-tree—rain seemed to be falling, and on close examination he perceived that the tiny streams of water were exuding from the branches and twigs. The tree, which was entirely bare of leaves, and about ten inches in

it, and that elsewhere the leaves were dry, no rain having fallen in the neighborhood for a month. Leaving the tree a short distance, so as to place it between himself and the sun, the sun's rays reflected a beautiful rainbow through the mist.

were already twinkling. Into the first of these houses he entered. The door was open, and he was spared the trouble of knocking, as he bade its only occupant, an elderly and stupid-looking peasant, a good-evening, asking leave to enter and rest, which request was granted with alacrity, the man adding:

"Perhaps monsieur would like a drink of milk?"

Basil thankfully accepted, and his host, without getting up from the fireplace, where he was brewing something in an iron pot, raised his voice, saying:

"Margot, bring the young monsieur some milk."

The door of an inner room opened, and Margot appeared with a brass candlestick, in which a tallow candle flared. As she entered, Basil was struck with her appearance, so great a contrast did it present to the rough, coarse, good-humored exterior of her common peasant husband. She was tall, supple and lithe-limbed, wearing a close petticoat and jacket, which set off her slender proportions, and left her feet and ankles bare. They were remarkably small and well made, as were her hands. Her neck, too, was long and slender and flexible, supporting a head remarkably small, but flat and illy shaped. Her face, very narrow, with thin, clear-cut features, was sallow almost to swarthinness, and her small, rather glittering black eyes seemed to chill her visitor to the very marrow of his bones. She wore no cap on her black hair, and though by no means ugly, Basil found her a most repelling-looking person.

"Milk!" she answered, in a soft, hissing voice, that reminded the young man strangely of the mysterious whistle he had heard in the forest—"milk! Yes, monsieur, certainly. And would monsieur like some bread with it?"

Basil thanked her as she reached down a tin can from the shelf and filled a coarse bowl with rich-looking milk, adding a loaf of black bread to the repast. All her movements were lithe, quick and graceful, yet the young man could barely repress an instinctive horror of the woman as he drank the milk and praised her cow. She smiled, her smile making her more repelling-looking, and said:

"But, monsieur, we have no cow. We are too poor for that."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the husband. "I tramp a good league for that milk, rain or shine, hot or cold, every day."

"Then you are very fond of milk?"

"We never drink any," she replied, smiling again. "We cannot afford it."

As Basil did not think it polite to question his hostess as to what she did with the contents of the large tin can—since she could not afford to drink it—he ate and drank in silence. Before he had finished his meal the storm broke over them, and the hope of leaving the cottage and reaching his home that night became slender. A flash of lightning filled the room, a loud thunder-peal followed with a fierce dash of rain. As the man crossed himself piously Margot coolly went and shut the door.

The storm bid fair to be as long as it was terrible. The thunder rolled and muttered, and the rain poured and beat down mercilessly. Margot and her husband each sat down to a plateful of soup, while their unwilling guest paced the floor in vexation—a vexation he could not fathom, unless the restless eyes of Margot were at the bottom of it. In vain he tried to avoid them, they followed, or seemed to follow, him, everywhere. The storm increased instead of lessening, and Margot presently said, with much civility:

"Monsieur had better spend the night here. We have a very good bed, which is at monsieur's disposition,

while Nicole and I can make ourselves comfortable before the fire here."

"Thank you," said Basil. "I think I must try to push on."

"Monsieur could scarcely find his way in the storm and darkness to-night," she replied, "even if he were of the country. His inn, that he mentions, is a good two leagues across the forest, and the men about here are too great poltroons to undertake to show monsieur the way in a storm like this."

This latter remark was accompanied by a quick, scornful glance at her husband, who sullenly shifted in his seat, muttering something about not being afraid, but who, nevertheless, did not volunteer to be Basil's guide.

There was, therefore, no alternative, and despite the repugnance the young man felt at accepting, he did accept. As Margot rose to prepare the bed for him it was a relief to know that he would soon be out of her sight, nor did he linger long when she emerged from the inner room, announcing that everything was ready, but, bidding his hostess a hearty good-night, entered his apartment and bolted the door.

The room was small and clean, and the bed justified Margot's eulogium, for it was both fresh and soft, and Basil, who was young and tired, despite his uneasiness, soon fell fast asleep.

But his slumbers were destined to be disturbed by most fearful dreams, in which he was ever struggling with Margot, who, with her supple, lithe arms, strong and flexible as steel, would embrace him, smiling and tightening her hold until, shrieking for mercy, he would awake, trembling in every limb, his teeth chattering with fear, but to fall asleep again and dream the same fearful dream over in endless succession.

The dreadful monotony of the vision wearied the dreamer as much as the struggle itself, and as the grayness of the early dawn stole in through the little window, he was glad enough to rouse himself by sitting up to look about him. Even at that early hour he recognized Margot's tall form hurrying off toward the forest, and as it was lost in the thick, white mist that veiled everything, his eyes strayed back to the room in which he had passed so uncomfortable a night. The whitewashed walls were bare and cold, no devotional prints breaking their dull sameness. Nothing betrayed the presence of woman in the comfortless apartment. No pincushion graced the chest of drawers, no bit of looking-glass, no pot of flowers, or rush-bottomed chair with work-table near. But something caught Basil's eye at the foot of the bed, instantly fixing his attention and petrifying him with horror. Strung on slender reeds, like herrings, and forming festoons on the wall, were rows upon rows of black vipers.

The young man had an instinctive horror of snakes, and a profuse perspiration broke out all over him as he sprang from the bed and hurried on his clothes, and scarcely stopping to unbolt the door, he entered the kitchen in a towering passion.

"How dare you make me sleep in a room full of snakes?" he asked of his host, who was already up, and busy over the iron pot.

"But, monsieur, they are all dead," said the man, apologetically, at the same time dropping the young man's tin box he had been examining.

"Of course they are all dead; a nice thing if they were all alive and squirming!" said Basil, exasperated.

"If they were alive they would bite monsieur, but as they are, they are harmless, and fetch ten sous a piece."

The incorrigible stupidity of his host caused Basil to

cease arguing, and he began to understand the facts of the case. These people killed vipers to get the Government reward.

"Your trade is a dangerous one, my man," he said, more calmly. "Have a care for yourself."

"I do not kill them, monsieur; it is Margot who has the secret," the peasant replied, in an injured voice. "I have prayed and begged for it again and again, but she will not impart it to me. She says"—he paused, lowering his voice and glancing uneasily about—"that if two knew it it would cause her death. Now you see, monsieur, that it is hard on me, because if she were to die suddenly I should be left destitute."

"Then cannot you form any guess as to how she does it?" Basil asked.

"No, monsieur. I only know she takes milk out with her, and I have heard her whistle, and once I caught her making a kind of *ti-ane*; and"—going up to Basil, he whispered—"if monsieur will believe it, she was putting large handfuls of the very herb monsieur has got in his tin box into her boiling-pot."

The man pointed to the box, from which Basil extracted a plant, saying:

"This is the——"

He had no time to finish the sentence. A hand snatched the herbs from his, and Margot thrust her face, livid with passion, between the two men.

"Devil! thief! monster!" she shrieked. "Would you murder me?"

Her husband, whom she addressed, slunk away like a whipped hound. Her anger was as brief as it was violent, for, giving him a look of contempt, she turned to the young man, and smiling, asked if he had slept well, and proposed giving him a cup of milk for breakfast.

But Basil could not have much milk in Margot's house now without its tasting "viperish," so declining the courtesy with brief thanks, he paid his bill, and securing his host as guide to put him on his homeward road, he left the cottage.

The peasant evidently wished to get away from his wife, whose eyes followed him with a particularly evil expression; but once out of sight of the cottage, he took heart of grace, and began to converse eagerly with Basil.

"You see, monsieur," he said, apologetically, "Margot is a good girl in the main; a little quick, but a good girl, for all that. She was a wonderful match for me. The secret has been in her family for a hundred years or more, handed down from father to son, or daughter, as the case might be, and all these girls have been sought far and wide, and have made any match they chose; and I, you see, monsieur, had not a sou."

"How came she to marry you?" Basil asked.

The man smiled sheepishly as he replied:

"She was fond of me, and chose me out from a score of suitors."

"But why will she not tell you the secret? You could then hunt the vipers in company, and catch double the number."

Margot's husband looked ill-used.

"She will not tell, do what I will to urge her. She says if it is known to more than one person at a time the vipers will sting her and kill her. Now monsieur will allow that this is only an idea, but an idea that possesses her like a devil. Did not monsieur hear her call me a devil, a monster, and ask if I wished to murder her, all because I had a bit of the herb in my hand? But," he added, nodding shrewdly, "I know where it grows, and I will make a *tisane* of it when she is out—and try it, too."

Monsieur will allow it is a hard case. Margot had the secret from her mother on her deathbed; but suppose Margot herself dies suddenly? In that case she cannot impart it to me, and then, there I am."

"So she has promised to tell the secret to you on her deathbed?"

"Why, assuredly, monsieur; else I would not have married her."

"Perhaps, after all, there is no secret," said Basil, skeptically.

"Pardon me, monsieur, but there is. Margot never meddled with vipers till her mother died, though she always had a pet snake or two about her. You see, she liked them, and used to coil them about her body in hot weather to keep her cool. When she was a gay young girl she had a snake that went everywhere with her, and terrified the other young girls. She was very fond of it, but she killed it one day when it did something to offend her."

"Did she ever make a pet of a viper?"

"No, she is afraid of vipers; but despite her fear she sometimes kills ten a day, and"—lowering his voice confidentially—"they are worth ten sous a piece now. Ah, it is a good trade, and it is hard that she won't tell me the secret!"

The young man comforted his guide by a franc slipped into his hand at parting—for they had now reached his inn—where he ordered breakfast, and was soon occupied in discussing it.

Yet he could not get the woman and her horrible trade out of his mind. Her serpentine grace, her flat head and evil eyes, with deadly look, were now explained to him. She was a feminine viper, and he had no doubt that between herself and her victims there existed an affinity which made them go to their perdition with a kind of pleasure. She imitated its call, and it came as though one of its kind whistled; she fed it to repletion, and when stupefied and torpid, she coolly killed it, stringing it on a reed, and earning ten sous for it. Yet this creature, that seemed so apart from the rest of her sex, could bestow love on her lumpish brute of a husband, who only sought to surprise her secret, and who only contemplated the possibility of her death as a pecuniary loss.

Basil's thoughts were interrupted by the buxom hostess of the inn coming in to see if he required anything.

"My husband and I were quite anxious about monsieur during the storm of last night," she said.

"I saved myself from a wetting just in time," he answered, "by taking refuge with Nicole and Margot Dupré, who kindly kept me all night."

"Ah, just Heavens!" said the hostess, turning her eyes up; "I would not have slept at Margot's, no, not if the wolves in the forest were waiting to devour me. Does not monsieur know that she is a witch, who talks to vipers and teaches them to dance around her so that she can kill them, and sell them for ten sous a piece? Ugh! It is well known in the country," she continued, "that Margot uses witchcraft. She takes a drink of a certain kind of *tisane* known only to herself, and which makes the vipers dance and follow her when she whistles. But you see, monsieur, the drink makes her swallow, and Margot is never in good health. It will all end in some evil. Margot went mad after Nicole Dupré, and forced him to marry her, though she might have made a much better match in my own cousin. But it's all wrong, and Nicole will have no peace till he has found out the secret, and when he has discovered it, the vipers will set upon Margot and sting her to death." Crude and ignorant as this superstition was, Basil

A SEATNO-GROOD.

could not dismiss its objects from his mind, and so great was the attraction, that a week or two subsequently, when he was straying in the forest as usual, he took a sudden resolve to turn his steps once again toward the Dupré cottage. In order to accomplish this he must find the central pyramid from whence the numerous avenues radiated into their lonely alleys.

It was a glorious day, and the young man felt exultant and happy. The first path he took ere long led him into one of the main avenues and showed him the pyramid he sought at some distance, glittering in the rays of the afternoon sun. He walked fast, and soon reached it, but ere he started on his next expedition he sat down on the steps and rested, drinking in the beauty of the slanting rays of golden sunlight that bathed the long avenues before him in glorious sheen, sweeping along the green earth, up the old trunks of the trees, and reaching their top-most boughs in rosiest hues. Presently he looked at his watch and rose. He turned round the pyramid for the avenue he sought, then stood petrified. A woman was lying on the earth at his feet!

Asleep? He stooped; her eyes were fixed and glazed, her lips, black and swollen, were opened in the last agony. Her face was livid. Here was Margot, the viper-killer, dead. On her swollen hand the mark of the fatal sting was still visible. At her side the milk-can trailed, empty, save for a few drops. How had it all happened? Had her enemy surprised her? Had she been stung suddenly, at a distance from the pyramid, where she had

crawled, the venom seizing on her heart, till sight first, then life, failed her? Remedies, if applied in time, might have saved her, but there had been no one at hand to give them. Useless now, Basil realized, as he stood gazing at her in a stupor.

At last he roused himself, and set off at a rapid pace for the cottage, leaving her there at the foot of the pyramid, on the cold earth, in the gathering twilight. As he pushed open the door he again found Nicole busy at the hearth, cooking in the iron pot.

The peasant turned round with a start, and rose in sudden excitement.

"Monsieur! monsieur!" he cried, exultingly; "I have found it. I have got the secret. It is the herb. I have made the *tisane* to-day; and look here!"

He went into the inner room and came out with a dead viper two feet long.

"You killed that?" asked Basil.

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "But I do not intend to tell Margot yet a while; she would be jealous; and, besides, I want to prove to her that two *can* have the secret."

"There is no need," replied the young man, "for your wife is lying dead at the foot of the pyramid in the forest."

Nicole sank down on his stool, staring wildly.

"Ah, Heaven!" he said, "Then it *was* true! The vipers have stung her to death! My faith!" shrugging his shoulders; "how fortunate that I did not depend on her, but that I found out the secret for myself!"

THE NATIONAL SPORTS OF CANADA.

THE Canadians, loving their fine, bracing Winter time, have made it the season for mirth and jollity, laying upon its icy lap the pick and choice of their national sports, and leaving the other divisions of the year more or less unprovided for. Still, in the very midst of, and yet apart from, the host of exotic recreations that find a Summer home in the Dominion, there is one that stands forth prominently, proud in the consciousness of native individuality. This is lacrosse, the national game, *par excellence*, of Canada, the oldest of all North American pastimes, a reminiscence of the bygone days of savagery, when the smoke from the stockaded wigwam village curled up among the branches of trees that have long since given place to populous cities and thriving farms.

The antiquity of lacrosse is beyond question. It must have been known to the American aborigines long anterior to that momentous day upon which Columbus first feasted his weary eyes on the green foliage of San Salvador. The earliest striking account we have of the game dates from the middle of the last century, when Pontiac, the powerful and jealous chief of the Hurons, planned the massacre at Mackinaw, and sought cunningly and successfully to conceal his treachery under the guise of a grand lacrosse match.

The game as played in those days must, however, have differed materially from its present form. Among the wild tribes of the Far West, scores of players participate on both sides, and unutterable confusion is, for the most part, the result. This, we take it, must have been the nature of the sport in Pontiac's time, for it is not in the Indian character to be a passive onlooker on the occasion

The accessories of the game are few and simple. The "stick," or "hurdle," as it is technically termed, consists of a piece of white ash, perfect in grain, bent at the upper end into the form of a large crook, somewhat after the fashion of the gigantic walking-sticks of our grandfathers. From the curve thus formed to the straight part of the stick run diagonal strands of strongest catgut, these being crossed again at right angles by transverse cords, and the whole woven into a coarse, but firm, network, the ends of which are passed through the wood and secured there. Upon this network must the ball be carried, or through its agency must it be thrown, and by no other means is it lawful to touch, handle or project the missile. The ball is composed of solid rubber, has a diameter of slightly more than two inches, and generally weighs about four ounces.

Canada swarms with lacrosse clubs of various degrees of efficiency and importance, but all acknowledge unhesitatingly the superior prowess of the two "great originals," the "Torontos," of "Toronto, and the "Shamrocks," of Montreal. For years these two have done battle fierce and valiant for the ascendancy with fluctuating success, and for many seasons the championship banners have alternated with monotonous regularity between the commercial metropolis and the "Queen City of the West."

As to the Indian players, whatever they may have been in Pontiac's time, they certainly are no match to-day for their white brethren. In fleetness of foot, endurance, native sagacity and cunning, they leave little to be desired, but in "team" play they are vastly inferior to the "pale-faces."

claim superiority over even the ever-popular football, inasmuch as no technical knowledge whatever of the Canadian sport is requisite to the onlookers' full appreciation of the "play." Once the ball is passed between the flags at either end of the ground a goal is scored; there are no "minor points" to distract the attention; three goals out of five give the victory, and the game is at an end. But between two evenly balanced "twelves," whose members are masters of the science of the game, and have at their fingers' ends all the quips and quibbles of "rubber" and "hurdle," no more intensely interesting and exciting contest can be imagined.

Of Winter sports, skating, though not distinctly *national*, is the amusement most widely indulged in by all classes of the pleasure-loving Canadians. "Young men and maidens, old men and children," are all enthusiastic devotees at the shrine of the bright steel blade.

In many Canadian towns the skating-rink very successfully fills the place of the theatre. These rinks are quite as much a necessity as a luxury, for the heavy snowfalls, setting in closely upon the heels of the first hard frost, render a season of skating on the natural ice of rivers and lakes both troublesome and inconvenient, and at most times impossible. So the rink owes its existence to the suggestions of necessary comfort, and in its construction little is left undone that may tend to increase the enjoyment of its patrons. The Winter skating-rinks are of two classes—the covered, or partially covered, and the open—and the latter is always popular on a bright, sharp night, when the star-studded expanse of the heavens will ever find more favor as a canopy in the eyes of man than can be made of planks, beams and rafters.

The largest Winter skating-rink under complete cover in Canada (and possibly in all America) is the Victoria Rink at Montreal, a brick edifice of unusual proportions, affording extraordinary facilities for the comfort and enjoyment of devotees of the graceful art. The most extensive uncovered or open rink is that of Moss Park at Toronto, probably the largest ice surface in the world prepared for, and exclusively devoted to, the use of skaters. In nearly all the covered rinks a portion of the ice surface is reserved for the delectation of the sons of Scotia, where the "roaring game" of the broom and the "stane" may be indulged in to heart's content. The skates standing highest in popular favor in Canada are the Acme Club skates, composed entirely of nickel-plated steel, and clasped to the foot by a single spring. The old-fashioned article of wood, steel and straps has fallen into such disuse as to be almost a curiosity.

There is a something so exhilarating in the *passive action* (if we may be allowed to use a term so anomalous) of a sleigh in motion, that goes far to explain the readiness with which pleasure-loving man should have sought to deprive stern necessity of some of its despotic triumph, and devise a means of occasionally wearing its yoke for the mere "fun of the thing."

The Russians are the sleigh-drivers of the Old World, and the Russian sledge, with its three horses and its arch of jangling bells, is a sight worth seeing and a sound worth hearing; but the sledge peculiar to the great Northern Empire retains, with all its comfort and bravery of appearance, a cumbrousness that is conspicuous by its absence from the construction of the dainty Canadian "cutter," with its gracefully curved, spider-legged runners, and light, delicately modeled, but withal com-mo-dious body.

The Tandem Sleighing Club of Montreal is an institution that has risen of late years very high in popular favor, and one of their "meets," in the height of the

Winter season, constitutes a combination of splendor and taste that is not seen to be readily forgotten. And certainly the *jeunesse dorée* of both sexes in the cities and towns make wondrous practical show of their knowledge of how the good things of Canadian Winter life should be enjoyed, in their long, breezy drives with "cutter" and mettlesome steed over the well-kept suburban roads, with supper at some neat little wayside hostelry, and the bracing return homeward through the keen, biting air, and the clear, brilliant moonlight of the northern skies.

There is in Canada only one species of the *sledge proper* extant, excepting, of course, the Esquimaux sled; this is the victoria, a conveyance peculiar to Quebec and largely used by the hack-drivers of the cities and towns of that Province. The victoria consists of a plain box-like body, quite destitute of ornamentation, mounted upon two low runners of solid wood, with a little perch-like seat in front for the driver. This little sleigh is exceedingly comfortable, and will accommodate one or two persons conveniently. It is very small and light, and for the speedy accomplishment of a long journey no better vehicle can be selected.

We come now to three sports, all of which may be set down as possessing a pure Canadian, or, at least, American, individuality. These are snowshoeing, tobogganing, and iceboating.

How or by whom the use of snowshoes was originally introduced must always remain a more or less insoluble mystery.

We must accept that solution of the problem which suggests that the snowshoe proper is one of the numerous offspring of the prolific and inventive brains of the aborigines resident within the temperate zone of the North American Continent. It is rarely, indeed, that the heavy Winter snowfalls of these districts develop any formation of crusted surface sufficiently firm to support the weight of a man, and it is thus evident that the snowshoe, like most modern institutions of importance, owes its creation to the commands of that powerful incentive to human ingenuity—necessity. Many a lordly moose and elk, run down to his death in the deep, yielding snow-banks, could his brutish thoughts have been expressed in words, would surely with his last breath have uttered a regretful plaint against the fatal expertness of the Canadian Indian in the management of this invention.

The snowshoe exists to-day in various shapes and sizes, from the broad, squat, and, it must be admitted, ugly, yet useful and even indispensable factor of the hunter's life, to the long, slim, lightly and delicately constructed "racing-shoe," used by competitors in the club steeplechases and "cross country" contests. A general description will, however, suffice to the ordinary reader.

First, then, a long strip of green ash, carefully selected with a view to its perfect grain and freedom from knots, is trimmed to a thickness of about three-quarters of an inch square. This strip is then bent into a pear-shaped oval, and the two ends are firmly fastened together. These ends, corresponding to the stem of the pear, form the "heel" of the snowshoe. Two transverse bars are next inserted at distances of about eight and ten inches from the "toe" and "heel" respectively; these serve to strengthen and retain the shape of the oval, and are also valuable aids to the attaching of the superficial or supporting area of the shoe, which follows. In the two small spaces between the "heel" and "toe" of the shoe and the crossbars already mentioned is woven a delicate network of thin, wet catgut, made from the intestines of the deer. This network is something similar in pattern

and texture to the meshes of a coarse lace curtain, and the ends of the catgut used in its formation are passed through the frame of wood and firmly and neatly secured therein. Next, the large central space of the shoe is covered in the same manner, with these exceptions, that the catgut used is much thicker and stronger than that employed for "heel" and "toe," in consequence of the greater weight it must of necessity sustain, and that, at the outer edges of the network the gut, instead of being passed through the frame, is wrapped round it for greater strength and security. In covering this part of the shoe, a small space, some three or four inches square, is left vacant immediately "abaft" the toe crossbar, and behind this hole, again, a thong of deerskin is affixed, through which the foot of the wearer is passed when the snowshoe is fastened on. This little opening admits of the rise and fall of the wearer's shoes, and consequently of the natural movement of the foot.

It may not be out of place to mention that many a beginner is brought to grief, and covered with humiliation, simply through acting upon the belief that walking in snowshoes and walking in boots must be conducted upon different principles. Nothing could be more erroneous. A perfectly natural movement of the foot, as in ordinary walking, is the *sine qua non* of successful snowshoeing, and everything in the construction of the shoe itself goes to confirm this statement. The feet should be carefully kept at their usual distance apart, and the snowshoes raised easily and without straining—unconsciously, if possible—and passed over each other at every step. A moment's consideration of the shape of the snowshoe will reveal the readiness with which this may be accomplished. *Les joyeuses raquettes* are neither unmanageable nor cumbersome to any one who will devote the first hour of his acquaintance with them to studying their peculiar form, construction and capabilities; and when this has been done it will be quickly perceived that the more natural the gait of the would-be snowshoer, the more speedy will be his attainment of a facile and graceful progression.

The shoe being completed as to its actual manufacture is now laid aside, and the catgut, in the process of drying, contracts in such a degree as to render the whole fabric a marvel of solidity and strength. It is then ready for the addition of such embellishment or ornamentation as the fancy of the maker may suggest. This usually takes the form of the insertion, at regular intervals in the outer frame, of divers small tufts of red, blue and green wool, but it must be confessed that this method of adornment produces anything but a happy effect.

All other snowshoes are constructed upon the general principles mentioned in the above description. The racing-shoe is the only one possessing any distinct peculiarities. It is made very long, averaging from four to five feet in length "over all," and combines a great preponderance of "heel" with exceeding shortness of "toe," the latter having a marked upward curve, to diminish as much as possible all chances of tripping, which it is not easy sometimes to avoid, in the excitement of a prolonged run over a rough piece of country. The best shoes are made by the Indians of the lower part of the Province of Quebec.

Snowshoeing enjoys widespread and well-merited popularity, principally in Quebec and the northern parts of Ontario. The snowfalls of Western Ontario are

Manitoba and the great Northwest Territories do not, as a rule, devote much of their time to sport.

One characteristic of this amusement, is that it is one of the few recreative exercises that may be thoroughly enjoyed alone. True, the trite convivial adage "The more the merrier" applies with undiminished fitness to this diversion as to all others; still, the fact remains that solitude holds little or no mournful sway over the ardent snowshoer who is gifted with a moderate share of spirits, and who loves the pastime for itself alone. He is "sufficient unto himself."

The writer speaks from experience, and can recall at this moment the unalloyed pleasure of many an hour of vigorous "tramping" over miles of the white, crumbling surface, its particles glistening like myriad diamonds in the Winter sunshine, and all this with no other companion than his pipe, his own reflections, and perhaps a dog—with no sounds to break the perfect stillness of a semi-wilderness save the regular *crush, crush*, of the shoes in the yielding powdery snow, and the monotonous, yet musical, creak of the frozen catgut. And now, even after the lapse of years, memory lingers lovingly over every footfall of those long, solitary "tramps." But man is a gregarious animal, after all; he delights in collective rather than in individual action, and perhaps the fullness of the enjoyment of snowshoeing can be partaken of through no better medium than that of the clubs.

The most unique of all the characteristics of the snowshoe club is the costume, and it would be hard, indeed, to find a more effective combination of the picturesque and the comfortable. The dress in its entirety consists of a white blanket coat of the "frock" cut, reaching halfway to the knees, and ornamented as to its skirts with the multi-colored stripes common to the modern blanket. Attached to the collar of the coat, and hanging midway down the back, is the uncouth *capuchin*.

This is, however, more for ornament than use, the real head-dress of the snowshoer being the knitted woollen *tuque*, a bag-shaped cap, pulled partially over the ears, the top, to which is affixed a large tassel, allowed to droop and fall over on one side. A woven sash, wound many times about the waist and knotted over the hip, blanket knickerbockers, long woollen stockings and moccasins, complete the uniform. The coat is almost invariably of white blanket cloth, but the other constituent parts of the costume, *tuque*, sash and stockings, are chosen of those colors which are "proper to the 'livery' of the club to which the wearer belongs, and the blankets for the coats, even, are selected with a view to their embellishing stripes being in conformity with this requirement. Of all the costume "liveries" affected by the numerous clubs in Montreal, assuredly the prettiest is that of the St. George Snowshoe Club. The colors of this uniform are exclusively purple and white, and a richer or more tasteful combination could scarcely have been chosen. White blanket coat with purple edgings, white blanket knickerbockers, purple stockings and purple sash; the *tuque*, surmounting all, being composed of alternate broad horizontal bars of purple and white, with tassel of the former color. This club, the Alpha, and several others, admit lady members, and *quel mal y a-t-il à cela?* Surely pretty faces and bright eyes must be an acquisition anywhere. They supply the crowning charm of the noble sport, and there are no more indefatigable and enthusiastic snowshoers than the daughters of Canada. Their costume differs from that of the men

ankles. They wear the *tuque* and the sash in common with the members of the sterner sex.

There are in Montreal upward of a dozen snowshoe clubs, all of perfect organization and in flourishing circumstances. The prince of them all, the pioneer of Canada, is the great "Montreal" Club, whose members are wearers of the famed *tuque bleue*. This institution has a following of many hundreds, and it may not be uninteresting here to accompany them upon one of their periodical tramps by night, which outings are the snowshoeing events of the season.

First, then, to the rendezvous. Moving briskly about beneath the leafless branches of the trees in McGill College grounds, and standing in small groups in the broad thoroughfare of Sherbrooke Street, are to be seen scores of blanket-coated *raquetteurs*, their snowshoes slung over their shoulders, chatting gayly, smoking silently, or casting weatherwise glances skyward and discussing the prospects for a fine night or the reverse. Every minute augments the crowd, as fresh contingents from the more distant parts of the city put in an appearance. The bustle increases now; the groups in the road grow larger and talk more animatedly. The order of march is being arranged by the officers, the paraffine torches are distributed, and a final scrutiny of snowshoe-strings takes place. Then, sharp upon the hour, the start is made. They march, rank by rank, through the streets thronged with interested spectators, and up to the foot of the mountain road, where the necessary depth of snow is to be found. Here the snowshoes are donned, and the night's work begins. Up they go, along the lower ridges and terraced roads of the mountain, up, up, till they pass the circling belt of hillside villas, and the torches, free at last from competitive gaslamps, flash out merrily among the dark Mount Royal pines, and the *raquetteur*, in long, attenuated procession, file slowly up the breathless slopes till a summit is gained. Here there is a respite, a short pause; the torches waver fitfully for an instant against the dull, indistinguishable background of trees; then a quick movement, and sudden darkness. Torches, snowshoes, trees, white coats, all have vanished. Nothing but the huge, rugged bulk of the mountain, standing in dim relief against the purple sky, remains, and we in the streets below wait patiently and expectantly. A non-a faint, spark-like flash is seen far up in the gloom; then another and another quickly follow, succeeded by a dull, confused glimmer of many lights. After momentary exertion our eyes adapt themselves to the new focus, and again we watch the long, thin line toil slowly up the steep like a string of tiny struggling stars. Now the last belt of firs has been traversed, the last summit is reached, and the torches flash out upon the mountain-top. There is another short pause, another hurried movement, then the distant lights nod us a wavering farewell, and are gone.

We might follow them still further—down the bosky slopes and dark ravines of the other side. We might hear the sharp, quick word of command, and the merry shout, signals for a wild dash at break-neck speed over some deep-drifted plateau; we might listen to the gay, mocking laughter that greets the downfall of the luckless novice, and even join in the yell that hails his extrication, heels foremost, from the treacherous snowbank; we might trace them on to their ultramontane destination at "Lumpkin's" or "Prendergast's," and perhaps play our part at the supper, and the dance that follows, where rigid etiquette gives place to jollity; and we might return with them in the "wee sma' hours," when gray clouds perchance will hide the stars, and the torches

flicker fitfully through the feathery flakes of a snowfall. We might do this; but, after all, the pen is weak, and is powerless to portray a picture over the mere outline of which the artist's brush itself would falter.

In point of absurdity there could scarcely be any means of transit from the top of a hill to the bottom thereof more perfect than that which is so fully exemplified by tobogganing, the sport now demanding our attention. It has been styled the "nervous sport," and the term fits closely, for surely no other form of adventurous recreation could be so replete with excitement or so plentifully besprinkled with that seeming danger which is the true spice of existence, excepting, perhaps, the shooting of Niagara Falls on a tea-tray, or a deliberate and premeditated descent, *per* tricycle, of the dome of St. Peter's! And yet, who shall depict the strange fascination that encircles tobogganing as if with a mystic halo? Who shall attempt to describe the unconquerable yearnings of the tyro to repeat the experiment, the very moment he is conscious of having safely accomplished the first wild and tremulous plunge? Looked at from a matter-of-fact standpoint, the sport is, as we have said, absurd; viewed by the eye of Prudence, it is fraught with many a peril; and yet we shall here set down no words but those of praise for the art of the venturesome tobogganeer.

In construction the toboggan is simplicity itself. Two or three long, broad strips of hard, smooth-grained wood are planed down to a thickness not exceeding a quarter of an inch, and, after they have been carefully steamed to superinduce the necessary flexibility, are placed side by side and securely fastened together by four or five thin transverse bars of wood. Then the ends which have been steamed are bent upward and backward, and securely fastened in a semicircular position by means of wires. This upturned end constitutes the "bow" of the toboggan. Two other thin strips, about an inch square, are then fastened along the sides, and thus, with the addition of a narrow cushion, the simple contrivance is ready for use. It is made in large quantities at sleigh, carriage and woodenware factories, and is exceedingly cheap.

The toboggan is no exception to the rule which governs many another instrument of recreation, inasmuch as it owes its existence primarily to the promptings of impromptu necessity. It is merely an uncomplicated modification of the Esquiman sled, and was originally used by the northern tribes of Indians for the conveyance of burdens through, or rather *over*, the deep, powdery snow of the forest, in which the ordinary sleigh would, from the nature of its construction, be virtually useless. Then, of course, as time passed on, the merrymaking "pale-face" became sensible of its other good qualities, and forthwith exalted it from the depths of drudgery to the heights of popularity.

The home of tobogganing as an amusement may be in any land blessed with hills and an abundance of snow to cover them; but, in reality, the sport is indigenous to Canada. Coasting with a small, runnered sleigh is also popular among the youth of Canada, but it is never likely to vie with the toboggan from the fact that it adds to the ordinary dangers of the latter several extraordinary perils peculiarly its own, which find their chief exponents in the long, sharp-pointed runners of the "coasting" sleigh. Added to this disadvantage, a smooth, hard surface is an almost indispensable condition of good "coasting," while tobogganing is not by any means so exacting in its requirements.

The earthly paradise of the tobogganeer, like that of

of the cone ; it is your turn to make the descent ; the toboggan, a small one, lies before you, and your party is ready. There are only two of them besides yourself—perhaps a pair of merry, laughing girls ; the others stand back hesitatingly, and your powers of persuasion are exercised in vain. They are

"Cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears."

Well, well, time presses, and you cannot wait. The venturesome two, who are confiding themselves to your nerve and skill, take their places on the forward part of the toboggan and you take yours behind. Firmly you grasp in your hands the two little metal-shod "steering-sticks," and carefully you make sure that no misfortune lurks in a straggling end of rope, or piece of flowing drape; then the word is given, one short, strong push from behind, and, *presto*, you vanish from the ken of mortal vision. Down, down you fly ; the toboggan scarcely seems to touch the ice, and the conviction that you are falling into the unfathomable is almost overpowering. But you have no time for convictions, no time for thoughts, above all no time for *fear* ; there are others upon the frail planks besides yourself ; and the slightest error with the steering-sticks might now be fatal. You remember this, and with that recollection begins the pleasure of the ride. Your enjoyment comes with the return to a consciousness of your own superiority. A second ago you left the top, now you are almost at the broad base of the cone. You are sensible of a string of black objects flying past in blurred dimness to right and left of your course—they are the climbers toiling up the little steps cut in the ice and dragging their toboggans with them. Now the terrific speed you have attained makes your breath come and go in short, quick gasps ; tiny particles of ice and snow begin to dash themselves against your face ; you turn your head away, and your companions hide their faces behind their knees.

The tobogganing is rushing now with a whistling noise over the crusted snow at the foot of the cone ; there is a sudden quiver, a dash, and a wild plunge ; you have passed through a shadowy "pitch-hole," the toboggan rises high in the air, everybody holds tight, and by a mere freak of whimsical good-luck you come down with a fearful crash, but "right side up." Then, on again, another pitch-hole, and perhaps another after that, all successfully "taken," and at last comes the long rushing glide over the frozen crust of the river ice ; on, on, till the last ounce of momentum is exhausted, and the creaking, quivering little conveyance comes to a standstill. You feel very proud of your exploit, and your companions have recovered their breath sufficiently to pour forth their raptures in a profusion of disjointed phraseology. You look backward and upward, and you see the tiny, dwarf-like figures standing motionless at the top of the mighty cone—they are the friends you left some fifty seconds ago.

The costume of the tobogganeer differs in no respect from that of the snowshoer. The fair sex is the life and soul of the tobogganing clubs, and, as is the case in skating, sleighing and snowshoeing, there are no more ardent and reckless lovers of this daring sport than the Canadian women and girls. The sport itself is at once unique, fascinating, dangerous, exhilarating and health-giving.

Perhaps it is only "fair play" that those portions of a country ill-favored by nature with climatic conditions of one kind should be recompensed by an extra supply of advantages of another. This seems to be the peculiar

fortune of Ontario and Western Canada generally, for, although there is in these districts a lack, for the most part, of hills suitable for the practice of tobogganing, and an insufficient depth of snow to admit of snowshoeing being fully enjoyed, still, there is never a dearth of ice. Some of the finest skating in Canada is to be seen in the towns and cities of Ontario, and to this, the "Garden Province" of the Dominion, belongs the credit of having watched over and tended, with fostering care and solitude, the early years of the last and youngest of all the sports upon our list—iceboating.

Of the origin of that strange machine now denominated an iceboat, we have but little information to advance that is stamped with certainty of correctness. It would seem that the boy upon skates, spreading his outstretched coat "to catch the favouring gale," might have given the first suggestion for the new departure ; but whether the idea of the iceboat was derived in the first place from this simple source, or from the instinctive attempts of northern savages to expedite the progress of their dog-sleds over the wind-swept, snowy deserts by means of rude sails of skin, cannot be accurately determined.

The "boat" itself is simple in construction. It consists of a triangular framework of wood, strengthened by the insertion of small joists crossing the open space in various directions, all being securely "let into" the outer timbers. This structure is surmounted by a small box-like body for the accommodation of passengers and sailors, and the whole affair moves horizontally upon three steel runners, resembling slightly the blades of skates, which are attached to the woodwork near the angles of the triangle. A small rudder-like contrivance, also of metal, constitutes the steering-apparatus, its frictional action upon the ice being, of course, the basis of its effectiveness. The one mast of the iceboat is stepped well "forward," and is supported by the usual "guys." The canvas carried generally consists of spanker and jib, with the occasional addition of sky and balloon sails ; but for obvious reasons no iceboat can maintain its equilibrium under the press of canvas which could be sustained by an ordinary yacht of even much smaller size.

The enthusiastic "ice-yachtsman" is as prone to the drawing of the long bow as are, almost proverbially, the patient disciples of worthy Izaak Walton ; and many and marvelous are the "yarns" delivered anent the fabulous speed attained by these "ships of the frost and the snow."

While it is of course advisable to take many of these effusions *cum grano salis*, still, quite enough of honest merit remains to justify the iceboat in claiming a proud position as a "traveler," second only to the locomotive and the balloon. Surprising, indeed, have been the results manifested for the benefit of the doubtful and incredulous. The writer can, from personal experience, vouch for the truth of the statement that, upon one occasion, an iceboat under jib, spanker and small skysail, for a distance of nearly five miles, kept well up with, and even ahead of, a passenger train traveling at the rate of certainly not less than thirty miles per hour. This exploit was accomplished, it is true, under very favorable circumstances—a fair wind, and smooth, crusted surface of snow, combining their good qualities to the advantage of the "boat" ; still, there can be no exaggeration in placing the average speed of a well-built and well-managed iceboat at from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour.

There can scarcely be anything more severely trying than the degree of cold experienced upon a moderately fast-sailing iceboat even in mild weather. The heavy

buffalo robes piled about the *voyageur* in the little box on the breezy triangle afford but slight protection from the keen, cutting wind, that seems to pierce through every wrap and covering with knife-like sharpness. But the all-absorbing excitement of the furious rush over alternate patches of flashing ice and crisp, white snow—now grinding along upon one runner, the other two in the air, now reversing the position, but seldom moving with all three upon the ice at once—seems to supply an antidote for any quantity of physical discomfort. At the end of your trip, be it long or short, you disembark with shivering frame, chattering teeth, and face livid with cold, yet you vow you have enjoyed yourself, and you mean what you say!

Dangers in profusion lurk along the track of the reckless ice-yachtsman. A foot too much of sail, the slightest error in steering, the catching of one of the runners in the merest chip of rough surface-ice, may one and all be productive of the most serious consequences. Accidents are, therefore, not by any means infrequent; but it must be said, in defense of the sport in the abstract, that carelessness and ignorance are responsible for nine mishaps out of every ten.

Iceboating as a Canadian sport is most extensively practiced near the cities and towns upon the great Lakes of Erie, Huron and Ontario, where the shore-ice, forming for some miles outward, affords in fairly calm seasons most excellent opportunities for indulging in the novel amusement.

The inevitable "clubs" are inaugurated, of course, and will undoubtedly do much to advance the pastime in popular favor. Indeed, all present indications seem to favor the belief that at no distant day iceboating will take up its position as an indispensable concomitant of the other established institutions of the Canadian Winter season. No account, however superficial, of Canada's Winter sports, could be deemed complete, even within its own limits, without some slight mention of that grand symposium of brumal jollities and pleasures—the Montreal Winter Carnival. Some years ago the idea of this colossal festival originated with one of Montreal's best-known and most widely respected snowshoers, a man whose darling ambition was the institution of a national Winter *fête* in that city, but who did not live to see his numerous happy suggestions carried out. In January, 1883, the first carnival was inaugurated, chiefly through the untiring energy and resolution of a number of prominent snowshoers and tobogganeers. The quidnuncs and marplots of the community frowned upon the daring scheme, and prophesied the failure they deemed inevitable. But the failure came not; the venture prospered beyond all expectations, and when, in the following year (1884), the great "Palace of January" reared its flashing walls and shimmering turrets of purest crystal ice high in the frosty air, crowds poured in from all the length and breadth of the Western Hemisphere and gazed with wonder, surprise and admiration upon the brilliant display prepared for their delectation by these benighted hyperboreans, whom many of the visitors had hitherto thought of with no other feelings than those of idle curiosity and, perhaps, pity.

No description can pretend to do justice to the appearance of the commercial metropolis during Carnival Week, with its myriad sights and sounds full of a strange and wondrous interest to the visitor from foreign climes. The huge bulk of the Norman Ice Palace looms up in frigid grandeur upon the snowy surface of Dominion Square; dainty ice-grottoes lift their glittering pinnacles on high at street-corners and in open places; the city

dons its gala dress, and the flags of all nations stream proudly from window, balcony and housetop; the hotels are filling rapidly; snowshoers, tobogganeers and skaters are one and all in a fever of excitement. At last the great day comes; the place swarms with sightseers from north, south, east and west; the inauguration takes place, the ice of the programme is broken, and then for six brief but gladsome days do

—"youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

From Monday to Saturday, inclusive, Montreal life in carnival time means, to seven-eighths of the population, a ceaseless round of skating, snowshoeing and tobogganing tournaments, curling "*bonspiels*," hockey matches, pyrotechnic displays and brilliant illuminations, fancy *fêtes*, promenade skating concerts, trotting races, torch-light processions of white-coated *raquetteurs*, sleighing parties, balls, steeplechases and "meets" of the Tandem Club. The toboggan slides, with their double rows of torches flickering in the wind, resound by night and day with the shouts of thousands of gay carousers; the skating-rinks are full to repletion, and there, beneath the soft, white lights, casting countless fantastic shadows upon the smooth, shining surface, with the musical *plash* of running waters in the ice-grottoes ever in their ears, quaintly draped figures, moving gracefully to the strains of a military band, illustrate the great features of Canada's history, the various pursuits of life, and the great national sports of the Dominion. For one short, happy week the cares of humdrum life are laid aside—and then comes the end. The last of the many-colored lights has glimmered away its existence behind the transparent walls of the Ice Palace; the last of the rushing-rockets has lighted up the white expanse of the St. Lawrence, even to the distant arches of Stevenson's mighty bridge, and then lost its glory in the darkness of the Winter sky; the last of the snowshoers' torches has vanished like a falling star upon the wooded slopes of Mount Royal—the Carnival is over.

Then the sports of the season, that have climbed the hill of popularity to its topmost summit, pass slowly and resignedly in long procession down the other side; the rivers burst their glacial chains; the trees put forth their buds for the coming Spring; and blanket-coat, *tuque*, sash and moccasins, *raquetteur*, tobogganeer and skater, fly to their hard-earned rest.

A FAVORITE Pomeranian dog was cruelly blinded by a carter's lash, and, while his owner tenderly bathed the inflamed eyes, "Blackie," the sleek tom-cat, always sat by with a kindly look of pity in his luminous green eyes. When "Laddie," the blind dog, was called in at night, he often failed to find the door, or would strike his venerable head against the posts. "Blackie," having noted this difficulty, would jump off his warm cushion by the kitchen-fire, trot out with a "mew" into the dark night, and in a few minutes return with "Laddie," shoulder-to-shoulder, as it were, and the friends would then separate for the night. "Laddie," when younger, had quietly resented the attentions shown by his owner to a fascinating kitten, who used to frolic with his long, fringed tail; but he was too noble to show active dislike. When the kitten died in convulsions—a victim to nerves and a ball of cotton—and when bent over the stiffened form in grief, "Laddie" came gravely up and kissed it. He followed it to the grave, and for many days was seen by his mistress to go up the garden and sit upon the sod.

time for you to turn your attention to some other matter than Ali? Your own education, for instance."

"My education!" she echoed, scornfully. "Did you not teach me to read and write two years ago? And since that time have I not waded through countless books to please you? Tedious work it was, too! Can I not even execute your national anthem, 'Yankee Doodle,' on the piano and violin?"—with a derisive little laugh. "Pray, why should I wish for more accomplishments?"

"Because you are my wife," he answered, gravely, "and it is necessary that you should fit yourself for your new position in life. I know of no better opportunity than the present, while we are living so quietly here. It will be an easy matter to call the best tutors to our aid, and you will soon master all that it is desirable for you to learn. You must see that it is no easy task to fill the late Mrs. Hawkstone's place acceptably. You need particular preparation for it."

Her fair face hardened in an unpleasant way.

"I see," she said, sharply, "you are ashamed of me, Basil. You dare not present me to your friends, and so you keep me shut up on this island. It's a pity"—with a sneer—"that you did not think to send me away to school with Jetta Ravenel. I am your wife, the mother of your child. It is rather late to consign me to tutors, is it not? Your teaching was quite enough for me, I think. In fact, Basil"—stamping her small foot violently—"I decline to be educated to suit your friends, I decline to be made over after the pattern of your step-mother! I will have no tutors, no study. I will be myself, and no other person, now and always."

"Pray be reasonable, Vera! I spoke for your own good, your own happiness. Cannot you see?"

She sprang from her chair, seized the thing nearest to her hand—a carafe of ice-water—and hurled it at him across the table.

"I am myself; I shall always remain myself!" she cried, and swept out of the room, and up the stair to her own chamber.

The young husband did not follow her. All this day and the next she remained alone, in a fit of obdurate sulks.

"*Mon Dieu!*" sighed her French maid Celende; "men are but brutes! Monsieur should come to make peace with madame on his two knees!"

"I love him," hissed Vera, through her little white teeth, "and I hate him! Did you ever hear a paradox like that, Celende?"

"Yes, madame," answered Celende, pensively; "it is common enough."

But monsieur did not come. He was tearing about his island domain on all sorts of errands, evidently forgetful of the panting, pining young creature with whom he had quarreled. A nature like Vera's could not long endure this state of things. The third day arrived and brought a crisis.

Basil Hawkstone was sitting in his library, looking over accounts with the overseer, when a wild outcry suddenly arose and filled the house. He dashed out into the hall, and up the stair to the landing above. Here a cloud of dense smoke met him, rolling out from his wife's chamber. He leaped into the room. The window-curtains, the draperies of the huge carved bed, were all ablaze—everything in the chamber seemed shriveling in a sheet of fire. And there, in the midst of the choking smoke and the uncanny red glare, stood Vera, smiling, triumphant, her blue eyes bright with malice and

He began to tear down the blazing draperies, shouting to the terrified servants to supplement his efforts with water. In five minutes the carpet was strewn with debris, the fire was out, and Hawkstone confronted his wife with brows drawn ominously down over his angry eyes.

"Did you set fire to the room to bring me here?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; "why not? The end justifies the means."

"I hope you are satisfied, madame," said Hawkstone, in a tone that would have frightened another woman.

Her vicious little laugh rang out like silver bells.

"Not yet!" she answered. "I warn you, Basil—if you persist in keeping me on the island, I will burn this old rookery over your head!"

He looked first at the ruin she had made, and then at the slight, girlish figure standing erect, with white bosom heaving, and blue eyes flashing.

"You have marked out a pleasant programme," he said, dryly. "Are we to live henceforth in open warfare, Vera? We are young, remember, a mere boy and girl in years—we have probably a long life before us."

A great sigh parted her lips. In a moment she had ceased to be a little demon, and was a lovely wet-eyed angel.

"No, I do not want to live in open warfare with you, Basil," she sobbed. "You loved me when we left Paris, but the air of this dreadful island has changed you—made you cold, unkind, grim as Bluebeard—"

Before the last words were out he opened his arms. With a cry, she sprang into them. They kissed each other like lovers. The reconciliation seemed complete. Hawkstone went back to his overseer; the servants came in to remove the debris and restore order.

As for Vera, she stole away to another chamber, donned her blue habit, mounted Ali, and unseen and unattended, started off for a gallop across the island.

Down the long slopes went Ali, and over the gray shore toward Peg's Inlet. The incoming tide was frothing and racing under the low, dwindling light of the fading day. Not a living thing was in sight—even the noisy fish-hawks had vanished. Far away, on the purple ocean spaces, glimmered a flitting sail, spectre-like, unreal, but that was all. Softly Ali's hoofs fell on the wet sands. The salt wind blew out the girl's hair, and twisted the folds of her blue habit. How silent, how lonely looked the dunes in that waning light!

Suddenly, from the salt, coarse grass which fringed them, a man arose, and stepped forward to meet Basil Hawkstone's wife.

He was of low stature, thickset, and not bad-looking, yet with something about him that suggested the stable rather than the drawing-room. Not a high-bred person, by any means—there was too much color in his necktie, and a superfluity of stripes in his pantaloons. Nevertheless, he went straight up to Vera Hawkstone, and seized Ali's bridle with the freedom of an old acquaintance.

"By my soul, Zephyr," he cried, "it's good to see you again, my dear!"

She sat in her saddle for a moment, as though turning to stone; then she gave a wild, glad, astonished cry.

"Oh, Jasper!" she answered; "oh, Jasper Hatton! can it be you, and here!"

He laughed.

"It's me, fast enough. I was told, over at Whithaven, that strangers are not received on your island, and that if I ventured too close to Tempest Hall—as you call it—the

waiting to catch, somehow, a chance glimpse of you. This seems to be a fairish sort of beast!" patting Ali's neck approvingly.

Her slight figure was palpitating with excitement. She grew red and white by turns.

"I am so glad to see you, Jasper!" she gasped, with her hand on his broad shoulder; "I think I was never, never so glad as this in all my life before!"

He looked at her critically. He had narrow eyes, as black as a coal, with lurking gleams in the corners.

"Greatly obliged for your welcome, little Zephyr! You are as pretty as ever, I see. When you appeared yonder, I said to myself, 'That's my little lady! There's not another woman on earth who can ride like that!' And now, how do you get on with your American nabob? Are you happy here? Any hankering after old times, eh? You might"—with a low laugh—"have been my wife, you know, instead of his! Is it private life, or public, that suits you best, my beauty?"

In her agitation she did not seem to hear his questions.

"I am so glad—so glad!" she kept repeating. "I never thought to see you again. What brought you to this dreadful island, Jasper Hatton?"

"Business of importance," he answered, with a grim smile. "What *can* you mean?"

"Little Zephyr," said Jasper Hatton, looking her boldly in the eyes, "I have come for you—for *you*!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE CATASTROPHE.

"BASIL, I have a favor to ask of you this morning," purred Vera Hawkstone.

She was leaning over her husband's table in the old library, the loose sleeves of her violet silk gown falling away from her dimpled white arms, a feverish light in her lovely eyes.

"Ask on!" answered Hawkstone.

"I want a thousand dollars, Basil."

He drew out his checkbook, wrote the necessary words, and passed the paper to her across the table.

"Are you not going to inquire what I mean to do with it?" she laughed.

"All that I have is yours," he answered, simply. "I do not care in the least how you spend the money, Vera."

Hawkstone was most generous with his wife. Ever since their marriage-day she had squandered his substance recklessly, and he had never uttered protest or complaint.

"It is now my turn to ask a favor, Vera," he said, gravely. "You have not been yourself for the last few days. Something is troubling you. Tell me, what is it? Have you been disturbed in any way? Has anything unpleasant happened?"

A red spot leaped into her cheek.

"No, no; certainly not, Basil. How absurd of you to imagine such things!"

"But I insist that you are strangely upset of late! Surely you are overdoing this riding business, Vera. I wish you would leave Ali in his stall. Then, too, you go out at all hours unattended. I do not like that. A groom should be with you always. The island has swamps and morasses, in which a stranger might easily come to grief."

She gave a short laugh.

"I do not need an attendant. I am too thoroughly at home in the saddle for that. Ah, here comes the child for her morning visit."

A nursemaid entered, bearing the little heiress of Hawkstone. Vera received her daughter in an absent way, responded absently to the pressure of the wee baby arms. Where were her thoughts at that moment? Not with husband or child, surely! For some moments Hawkstone, leaning on the table, gazed in silent admiration at the fair young mother clasping her little one—that typical picture which has delighted the world for centuries—then, prompted by some evil spirit, he began, in a tender, coaxing voice:

"Supplement your beauty, Vera, with such accomplishments as the girl of the period is expected to possess, and you will carry the fashionable world by storm. Let me urge you, for my sake, for little Bee's sake, to consent to be improved, dear! You hate seclusion. Well, then, fit yourself for the society into which you long to enter."

Nothing could have been more unfortunate than these words. Her blue eyes flashed.

"Still harping on that subject, Basil? Did I not say that you were ashamed to present me to your friends?—that you keep me prisoned here because you are afraid of their censure?"

He colored.

"As my wife, you are sure to be criticised, of course. Ashamed of you I am not, but I want to arm you *cap-à-pie* before you are called to face the critics. Cannot you see that love alone prompts me to do this?"

Her face whitened.

"I am done with love," she hissed; "I am done with you—with everything here!" and she flung the child suddenly, violently, from her.

Hawkstone sprang, but too late. With a shriek of pain and terror, little Bee struck against the carved back of a great antique chair, and then fell to the floor, where she lay stunned and motionless. Hawkstone snatched up the limp little body.

"Vera, you have killed her!" he cried, in horror.

"I don't care—I don't care! I am no longer accountable for anything that happens here!" she answered, recklessly.

The servants came rushing to the scene. Mrs. Hawkstone was carried to her room in violent hysterics, and a messenger dispatched to the mainland for a doctor. The man of medicine came, examined little Bee, and grew very grave.

"I fear," he said to Hawkstone, "that your child has sustained some injury of the spine—in fact, she may be permanently crippled by this unfortunate accident."

Hawkstone staggered back against the wall. Directly he left the nursery where the child lay moaning in the arms of her nurse, and crossed the corridor to his wife's chamber. Celende, the French maid, opened the door to his knock.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried; "madame is too ill to see monsieur. Her heart is broken. The little one leaped and madame could not hold her—that is the truth of the matter. *Ciel!* monsieur cannot believe his wife would hurt her own child, eh? If mademoiselle becomes a cripple it will kill madame. A bad back is beyond remedy. No, monsieur, you cannot enter—madame forbids—she is too ill!"

And the door was shut in his face.

In a towering passion he went down-stairs. The mail had just arrived from the mainland. Among its contents was a letter from Vincent Hawkstone, and a formidable array of unpaid bills.

"You promised to cancel them, you know, Prince Lucifer"—wrote the young scapegrace—"and it's but

fair that you should do so, for you are rich, and I poor. Of course, all fellows in college are guilty of some pranks.

"Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day."

"You had your day, you know, so be so good as to settle these little accounts, and send me something generous besides—it is hard to maintain the dignity of a Hawkstone on a purse as thin as mine."

Hawkstone's face darkened.

"The impudent scamp!" he muttered; and, seizing a pen, he wrote, curtly: "I have doubled your allowance, Vincent; henceforth keep out of debt!"

Some business matters with the overseer compelled Basil Hawkstone to remain abroad on the island till night fell; at that time he parted with Harris and started home, afoot and alone, over the beach.

The moon was rising above the dreary sand-dunes and the low cliffs. The little waves curled softly up the shingle. In the curve of the shore—a lonely, unfrequented spot—Hawkstone suddenly heard the murmur of voices. He moved forward a few paces, and saw two figures standing together in the moonlight—a man and a woman.

He stopped—stared. Yes, it was his wife, disguised in a long wrap, with a hood drawn over her fair head, talking earnestly to a stranger—there, and at that hour!

"You really must not come here again," he heard her say. "My husband is absolute ruler of the island—it is impossible to bribe any of his people. You will surely be discovered."

The man gave a low, vexed laugh.

"I shall come, Zephyr, until I bring you to your senses. It's plain that you live a cat and dog's life with your young nabob. You wasn't made to be shut up in a place like this—your heart isn't here, my beauty—it's with me."

Hawkstone waited for nothing more. The next moment he was standing face to face with the pair, his hand twisted in the stranger's collar.

"Since you openly claim my wife's heart, sir, please do me the favor to tell me who and what you are!" he thundered.

Vera gave a shrill scream, and the hood fell back from her fair face.

"Basil! don't you remember Jasper Hatton, of Hatton's 'Royal'? You saw him in London at the time you married me. Surely you might speak civilly to my friends!"

Hawkstone's hand fell from the other's windpipe.

"I may have met Mr. Hatton before," he answered, dryly; "I do not clearly remember. Perhaps he will tell me what it is that brings him to Tempest Island, and why he chooses this time and place for an interview with my wife."

Mr. Hatton had showed unmistakable signs of perturbation, but now he rallied smartly.

"It's a professional matter that brings me to America," he answered, "and being here, I couldn't resist hunting up Zephyr—beg pardon—Mrs. Hawkstone. It wasn't in human nature for me to forget her. She can tell you whether or not I was her friend, years before she ever saw your face. Well, just now we met by chance on the beach, and naturally fell to talking of old times."

Hawkstone knew that he was lying. He cast a contemptuous look over his swarthy face and short, stout figure

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former acquaintance with you, or any other person in your line of business. You are a thing of the past, Mr. Hatton. She can never, under any circumstances, know you again!"

Jasper Hatton shrugged his shoulders.

"You're rather hard on your wife's old friends, sir. I wanted to see with my own eyes that you had made her happy—as happy as she used to be with us. I find you haven't! She's deep in the doldrums here on your infernal island. It would have been a thousand times better for her if she had staid with me. I tell you, there was never but one Zephyr for us at the 'Royal.' We all adored her—we adore her still, let who will forbid!"

A sudden bitter fury surged over the young husband. Here was a clown, a ringmaster, or something as objectionable, claiming an old intimacy with his wife, and stealing to his ancestral domain for secret interviews with her!

"It is said that an Englishman's house is his castle," he cried. "This island is mine, and for you to intrude here is simply unwarrantable impudence! Be off, fellow, and, on your peril, never attempt to set foot again on my territory!"

In his magnificent young strength he looked fully capable of enforcing his own decrees.

Jasper Hatton prudently retreated before him.

"'Pon my soul," he sneered, "you've nothing to boast of in the way of hospitality! You think you've added to little Zephyr's value by marrying her, eh? She is now of more account than when she was just the star of the ring—the neatest rider that ever went through a paper balloon. Faugh! Well, I'll go, and no thanks to you, my nabob."

A boat was beached a few yards away. He started toward it with a jubilant rather than crestfallen air.

"The best of friends must part," he said; "but, as it sometimes happens, they meet again. Good-night, Mrs. Hawkstone, and remember the star of the ring oughtn't to be put out like a penny rushlight!"

He pushed the boat out into the water. Hawkstone turned to his wife.

"Come home, Vera," he said, sternly.

Without a word she walked away with him. Immediately his pent-up wrath broke forth.

"You were too ill to see me," he stormed, "but, as it appears, quite able to leave the child you have injured so cruelly, and come here to a tryst with that ruffian! You, my wife, condescend to meet a low jockey, groom, or whatever he may be, alone on the shore, to talk of a time in your life that had far better be forgotten. Vera, I forbid you to ever see or speak to the fellow again."

She looked up and laughed in his face.

"Surely the child does not need me, Basil—you have hirelings enough to watch her. When will you learn, you absurd boy, that I must and shall do exactly as I like—that you really have no more authority over me than over that sea yonder?"

He took this defiance with ill grace.

"Have I no authority over you? Do you defy me to my face? Then, let me tell you, Vera, you and I have no longer a chance of happiness together."

She laughed wildly.

"How you take one to task, Basil! Are you jealous of Jasper Hatton?—ha! ha! He came here for what purpose, do you think? To ask me to return to Hatton's 'Royal,' and name my own figures. I have been missed, it seems—the public has not yet forgotten me.

drawing
10 1"

He looked at her in her blazing white beauty with horror and amaze.

"You understand your own capabilities," he answered, bitterly; "as a circus-rider you were a success—as a wife

from my soul I am sick of this sort of thing! If you go with Jasper Hatton—if you return to the ring, I am for ever done with you!" There was a moment of tragic silence; then she dashed back her wind-blown hair.

THE FIRST TIFF.—FROM A PAINTING BY MISS JANE BONGIER.

and mother you are a failure! God knows you have led me a life of it since the day I married you. You fancied you cared for me, Vera—on the contrary, you loved nothing but that cursed, that disgusting business. Bah!

"So you force me to choose betwixt you and my art, Basil; and should the choice displease you, you would divorce me, probably, after the fashion of your father!—I know something of the family history, you see. Well,

my *Wags*”—mookingly—“I will think the matter over, and let you know my decision, before your suspense becomes too great for you!”

She darted on before him up the beach. He did not attempt to overtake her. Once she turned and looked back, her gold hair rippling, her small, girlish figure outlined against the dusk. She waved one white hand, and the next moment was gone.

Hawkstone went home in an unenviable frame of mind. The very air seemed charged with calamity. Little Bee still moaned in the nursery, watched by the servants. Without making any attempt to see his wife again, the island lord retired to his chamber at a late hour and slept ill. When he descended to the breakfast-room next morning, Mrs. Otway, the housekeeper, met him with an anxious face.

“Your wife left the house at daybreak, sir, and has not yet returned,” she said.

“She has gone on one of her mad gallops, doubtless,” he answered, then snatched up his hat, and hurried to the stables. Yes, Ali’s stall was empty. He called to his groom: “Did I not tell you, Jim, to follow Mrs. Hawkstone when she went out at unseasonable hours?”

“You did, sir,” stammered the man; “but this morning she stole in here and led Ali out herself. I was asleep in the loft, and never heard a sound, sir. Lord only knows what time it was!”

“Throw the saddle on Rupert!” thundered Hawkstone, “and follow me!”

The groom obeyed. Master and man set forth together.

Down beyond the dreary sand-dunes, down where the “Old Woman,” in stony silence, stood guarding the entrance of Peg Patton’s Inlet, Hawkstone heard the impatient stamp of a horse, and there, in the morning sunshine, he found Ali tied to a blasted tree, pawing the wet earth, and riderless.

Pinned to his saddle was a letter, reading thus:

“My choice is made. I go! You will teach little Bee to hate and despise her mother. You will doubtless marry another wife more to your taste; but I shall take good care that you never quite forget me—and I will not forget you. VERA.”

He stood on that lonely beach, “his household gods shattered around him,” deserted, disgraced, the doom of his race falling on him darkly, and tore the letter to fragments, and tossed it into the sea.

“Go!” he muttered, with white lips. “Go! And God grant that I may never on this earth see your fair, false face again!”

CHAPTER XII.

JETTA RAVENEL SPEAKS.

July 1st.—School is done. The rush and worry, the fever and excitement of the last few weeks are all over. Five days have passed since the graduating exercises at Madame Moreau’s seminary, and the girls are now gone. The silent, deserted class-rooms, the forsaken dormitories, fill me with loneliness. I only am left here—a homeless, solitary creature, whom madame insists upon keeping till, in the words of Mr. Micawber, something shall turn up. Luckily, I have always been a favorite at madame’s school, both with pupils and teachers. Invitations to spend the Summer in country houses, at mountain resorts and by the sea, have been freely extended to me by my classmates; but, alas! these pleasures are not for me. I am determined to face the situation bravely—to accept no more bounty, however delicately tendered. *Jetta Ravenel, you have now completed your eighteenth year.*

Through the generosity of your late friend, Mrs. Hawkstone, you have acquired what is called a thorough education. It now remains for you to turn it to practical account.

This morning I “burned my ships behind me”; that is to say, I wrote to Basil Hawkstone’s lawyer, who has promptly paid all my bills for the last six years, and declined any further assistance from my so-called guardian. After posting this letter I sat down in the empty music-room to ponder the situation.

It was a sultry, breathless morning; the sun beat pitilessly on the city roofs. After the hurry and bustle of the last few weeks the silence and solitude of the school seemed insupportable. Presently madame herself entered, with the morning papers in her hand.

“How lonely you look, my dear child,” she said, in her kindly way. “I see. Life besets you already with stern problems. It is a pity that a girl like you should be forced to earn her own livelihood. Did that good Mrs. Hawkstone provide you with means for an education and nothing more, my dear—nothing more?”

“Yes,” I answered, dryly; “with my husband, too; but, luckily, he was already married when her choice fell upon him. I have declined further assistance from the Hawkstones, madame. Work I must find, and at once, for, whatever happens, I am determined to accept no more aid from that, or any other quarter.”

She looked grave.

“My dear, your independent spirit does you credit. Do you know anything about those Hawkstones? They seem to have neglected you strangely—yes, quite forgotten you, since you came to the school.”

“I know nothing of any of them,” I replied, indifferently; “my bills, as you are aware, have all been settled by the family lawyer. I have not heard a syllable from any person on the island since I left it. To tell the truth, I remember the place only with aversion.”

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

“It is sad to see a person so young and attractive left quite alone in the world,” she sighed. “My dear, let us look over the columns of wants in these papers—we may find the promise of something here.”

We did so. Half-way down the printed page, my eyes fell upon this advertisement:

“WANTED.—A governess for a little girl of six years. Salary liberal. Unexceptionable references required. Address Mrs. O., Windsor Hotel, stating where an interview may be had.”

I read the above aloud to madame.

“Do you think I might do?” I asked.

“Certainly,” she answered, briskly; “we can furnish the unexceptionable references. ‘Salary liberal’—that sounds well. My dear Jetta, I advise you to write to Mrs. O. at once.”

I wrote immediately, stating name, age and qualifications. Then I prepared to possess my soul in patience till an answer should arrive from Mrs. O. My purse is empty, but I am resolved to accept no more money from the Hawkstones. I retain but one pleasant memory of Tempest Island, and that is—Mrs. Hawkstone herself, my father’s friend—my friend. I have always counted her death as the greatest misfortune of my life.

July 2d.—A little before lunch-time I was called down to the reception-room to meet Mrs. O.

She was a small, quiet-looking person, dressed in black silk. She had a placid face, deeply wrinkled, and iron-gray hair arranged in smooth bands. I was startled by something strangely familiar in her appearance. As I entered, she arose with the air of a lady.

"Miss Ravenel!" she said, "yes, it is you—changed, of course, but recognizable. Do you remember me?"

After vain attempts to fix her in my memory, I was forced to answer "No."

"I am Mrs. Otway," she said, with a smile; "the house-keeper at Tempest Hall—you knew me well about six years ago."

I felt as though I had received a cold *douche*.

"And are you the person who advertised for a governess?" I asked.

"Certainly," she answered; "I am here in New York for the express purpose of securing one for little Beatrice Hawkstone. Of course, you are aware of the troubles we have had at the island since you went away?"

"On the contrary," I replied, trying to repress a smile, "I have heard nothing concerning the island, or anybody upon it, from that date to the present. My so-called guardian has never troubled himself about me in any way. I trust"—and I tried to speak politely—"that Mr. Hawkstone and his family are well."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Otway, in a shocked voice, "is it possible you do not know that Basil Hawkstone has no family now, save poor little Bee? Six years ago his wife fled from him, and later, the courts gave him a decree of absolute divorce and the custody of the child. My dear, the affair made great scandal. All the newspapers were full of it at the time."

"I did not happen to see it," I answered, feeling quite stunned. "Madame never allows her pupils to read scandals of any kind."

"Quite right. Since the divorce Basil Hawkstone has been wandering abroad—in Egypt, in the Soudan, in Asia Minor, in the uttermost parts of the earth. He will probably never return to his own land. His little daughter is in my charge at Tempest Island. It is now time for her to have a competent teacher. She has scarcely learned her alphabet as yet, poor child!"

"And Basil Hawkstone is divorced," I echoed, blankly, "from that pretty young creature whom he seemed to adore?"

"Oh, my dear, she ran away from him, and went back to the circus-ring from which he had taken her. The first that he heard she was in Cuba, carrying everything by storm with her riding. His life was wrecked—desolated, of course. It was dreadful. I cannot speak of it. And now, Miss Ravenel, will you come down to Tempest Island as governess to our motherless little Bee? You wish to teach, from which fact I infer that you no longer consider yourself the ward of Basil Hawkstone."

I nodded coldly.

"Well, we should greatly rejoice to have you at the island, my dear, instead of some stranger, to whom the affairs of the family are unknown."

"Give me time to think," I gasped. "I have a strong antipathy to the island. I had not wished to see it again."

"That is not strange," said Mrs. Otway, kindly, "for some unpleasant things happened to you there. But remember, all is now changed, and I am at the head of domestic affairs at Tempest Hall. I will give you till tomorrow to think of the matter, and then call for your decision."

She mentioned a salary far above my expectations, and departed. I flew to Madame Moreau.

"I am young," I said, mournfully, "and youth is not desirable in a governess. I am totally without experience, I am penniless, and, but for you, friendless. Can I—dare I reject Mrs. Otway's offer?"

"You cannot, you must not!" answered madame with decision. "The remuneration is excellent; and then, you are going among people that you already know, and with whom you are likely to find a good home and many privileges."

I meditated a little, then answered:

"Very well, madame, I will do as you advise; but something tells me I ought never to trust myself on the Tempest again."

"Nonsense!" said madame, lightly. "You are out of spirits. Do not let an idle fancy rob you of your good fortune. What harm can overtake you at Tempest Island? This kind, motherly Mrs. Otway—you can have no antipathy to her, surely?"

"No—oh, no!" I answered. "I cannot explain my forebodings, madame, nevertheless they are real. But I shall go. I shall accept Mrs. Otway's offer. I cannot afford to do otherwise. Heaven only knows when I may have another! I will begin to pack my trunks at once."

"You have decided wisely," said madame, as she gave me a kiss of approval, "and should you be homesick or unhappy, Jetta, you are always free to return to me."

July 3d.—I was summoned again to the reception-room—this time to meet a gentleman, who had called to see Miss Ravenel.

He was standing at a window as I entered, his back toward me. I beheld a graceful figure, not powerful, but exceedingly well proportioned, and a handsome young head, shining with close curls of black hair. My heart gave a great bound.

"Gabriel!" I cried out; "oh, can it be you, Gabriel?"

He turned and caught me in his arms. Yes, it was my stepbrother—the only relative left me—my father's namesake, Gabriel Ravenel. He held my face in his two hands and scrutinized it with keen interest.

"Good Heaven! Jetta, what a beauty you have become!" he cried. "It was always said that we were very like—I think we are!" with a vain little laugh. "You know I have not seen you since Mrs. Hawkstone carried you off, six years or more ago. Of course, I was prepared to find you grown to womanhood, but I must say your good looks amaze me. Let me see—you are now eighteen, and I have reached the mature age of twenty-two—we can no longer be called boy and girl, I suppose."

I clung around his neck in a transport of joy.

"What brings you to New York, Gabriel?" I asked, laughing and crying together. "The last I knew, you were studying law in New Orleans, and your letters never intimated that you meant to visit me. What a delightful surprise is this! Oh, my darling, tell me all about it! Have you come to stay?"

He was still absorbed in my looks.

"Allowing for the difference in sex," he said, airily, "we are certainly as similar as two peas, Jetta! Yes, I have come to stay. Sit down with me, and let me tell you about it."

I noticed that he was faultlessly dressed, and that his manner was full of suppressed excitement. A deep glow filled his splendid Southern eyes—he had the bearing of a young prince. Gabriel is my idol—the only thing left in the wide world for me to love.

"My dear Jetta," he continued, "a month ago I was in New Orleans, deep in law—by-the-way, I thoroughly detest law, and all other professions—when an odd thing befell me. I received a letter from a gentleman named Sutton, inviting me to New York, to become his private secretary, and, should he find me a satisfactory person,

his heir, also. Our father, you know, was twice married. Sutton, though a stranger to me—I give you my word, I had never before heard of such a being—proved to be some cousin of my mother, who died in my infancy. He claimed me as his only living relative—hence his amazing offer. Of course, I flung my law-books to the dogs and hurried to New York. It seems that the old fellow had meant to leave his fortune to public institutions; but recently a new whim seized him—at best, he is but a bundle of whims—so he burned his will, and hunted me up, determined to bestow his millions on his own kindred, of whom, luckily, I alone remain. Now, my dear, you see me no longer poor, proud, penniless, with my own way to make in the world. I have fallen into the tallest kind of clover—I am the prospective heir of a millionaire, and I find myself quite bewildered with this sudden change of prospects."

His pale Greek face, with its jetty curls and dreamy Southern eyes, reddened with excitement as he told his story. Betwixt joy and amazement, I could only gasp:

"Oh, Gabriel, how delightful! I am glad it was your mother, not mine, who was a Sutton; glad that to you, not me, this wonderful fortune falls! And you have come to live permanently with your kinsman? You are with him now? Is he nice? Are you happy? Gabriel, tell me everything."

"I have been at old Sutton's Fifth Avenue palace for a week," he began.

I felt a sudden chill.

"A whole week, Gabriel, and you did not let me know?"

"My dear Jetta, don't be exacting—that glaring fault of girls in general. To tell the truth, old Sutton and his plans for my future have absorbed me so that I quite forgot you. You see, he has already selected an heiress for me to marry—a ward of his own. Verily, I am having a break of amazing luck! Oh, yes, he's well enough. All his friends greet him with one question, 'How's your liver?' He's a hypochondriac, and his hopes and fears centre principally on his digestion. Of course, I'll have to accept the heiress to please him."

I did not quite like Gabriel's tone and manner.

"Do you love her?" I asked, gravely.

"My unsophisticated child, I'm not required to love her. It's enough for me to bestow upon her my honorable name and princely person," giving his mustache an airy twist. "She's deuced far gone on me already—quite a striking girl, too—blonde—looks a fellow square in the eye—courage enough for a Choctaw squaw. A man does not care to commit himself too soon, however. My career of conquest is but just begun."

"I do not like to hear you jest like this, Gabriel."

"Jest? 'Pon my soul, I'm in dead earnest! Now, what have you to tell me about yourself, Jetta? Still enjoying Mrs. Hawkstone's bounty at this fashionable seminary? Of course I haven't worried about you in these last five or six years, knowing that you were in the care of the Hawkstones. Besides, I have had all that I could do, like many another Southern gentleman, to keep my own head above water."

"I do not doubt that," I answered, sadly. "There was nothing for either of us when poor papa died. You find me still at this seminary, Gabriel, because I have no other abiding-place; but my education is now finished, and I am done with the Hawkstone bounty. To be frank with you, dear, I am going out governing—going to earn my own living." And then I told him of Mrs. Otway's offer, and my determination to accept it. He continued to twirl his long mustache.

"You seem to be inextricably mixed up with these Hawkstones, Jetta," he grumbled. "Evidently you cannot escape them. So they've educated you to be the teacher of their own brat, eh? I don't half like it, remembering that matter of our father and Philip Hawkstone. Of course, you know what I mean?"

"No," I answered.

"Well, you were so young at the time Mrs. Hawkstone carried you away, nobody thought it wise to tell you, I suppose. Deuced disagreeable affair, anyway. My father and yours, one of the ancient Louisiana Ravens, was actually suspected—yes, accused—of killing Philip Hawkstone. I've understood there was a good deal of circumstantial evidence against him, but the charge could not be proved. He lay in jail for I know not how long, with the odium of the murder upon him. He told me something about it before he died. Hawkstone was an old flame of his, you know why he left you to her care. I've prejudiced the whole Hawkstone race, because of the which my father received at their hands a qu century ago."

He gave me such details of the old affair as I bared.

"Enough!" I said. "I will return to my solution, Gabriel, and never go near the island. Now that you are here in New York, with such prospects, such high expectations, I cannot see or need any more."

He looked alarmed.

"Nonsense, Jetta! I am not in a position to do anything for you, as yet. You'd better go down to the island—let bygones be bygones; after all, it's a comfortable sort of salary they offer you. Yes, go by all means. By-and-by, when Old Hypochondriac dies, and I take possession of his millions, I'll allow you something handsome; but for the present—"

"I must look out for myself," I finished, meekly; "I am quite willing to do so, Gabriel—I have youth and health—not for worlds would I be a burden upon you."

I saw only too plainly that he did not mean to be troubled with me or my affairs.

"Quite right, Jetta," he answered, rising briskly.

"Well, old Hypo is going to his Newport villa to-day, and I, of course, must attend him. You can write to me, if things go wrong, you know."

And the next moment he had kissed me hastily and pranced out, leaving me pained, miserable and uncertain whether to weep or rejoice over this unexpected visit.

Shortly after, a servant ushered in Mrs. Otway, placid, motherly, expectant.

"Have you decided, my dear?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, with a smothered sigh, "I accept your offer, Mrs. Otway—I will go with you to Tempest Island."

CHAPTER XIII.

JETTA STILL SPEAKS.

In the waning afternoon the New York express puffed into the depot at Whithaven, and Mrs. Otway and I gathered up our wraps and bundles, and descended from the train to meet a grizzled old man who stood waiting for us on the platform, and whom I recognized as Sampson, the skipper of the yacht that comes and goes betwixt Whithaven and Tempest Island.

"By the great horn spoon!" he cried at sight of me, "here's the little Southern gal! Yes, I know you, miss—couldn't forget that pair of eyes in a hurry! Going down to the island with us?"

Mrs. Otway answered for me.

"Yes, Sampson, she has consented to become Miss Bee's governess. You must look out for our luggage. Better throw this shawl about your shoulders, Miss Ravenel—these sea-winds will chill you to the marrow, even in July."

Sampson took charge of the baggage, and we went aboard the yacht. The stuffy little hole called a cabin had no attractions either for Mrs. Otway or myself; so, wrapped in shawls, we sat down on deck and watched the spires and chimneys of Whithaven recede, as we went plunging out into the great gray sea.

Old memories rushed upon me of this same journey, made as a child with Mrs. Hawkstone—of the unpleasant things which had happened to me at the Tempest; then I thought of Gabriel, and sadly reflected that he had not interposed a finger to save me from returning to the spot that I so much disliked. I heaved an involuntary sigh.

"My dear," said Mrs. Otway, kindly, "I hope you are not homesick already."

I tried to smile, as I drew my wraps closer about me. The wind was chilly and salt, and the yacht flew before it like a bird. I felt the spray on my face.

"Can one be homesick who has no home?" I answered. "Mrs. Otway, you have lived your whole life on the Tempest; will you tell me all that you know about the arrest of my father for the murder of Philip Hawkstone?"

A change passed over her quiet old face.

"Certainly, my dear," she answered, gravely, and sitting there under the straining canvas, with Tempest Island growing out of the pale, salty distance before me, I, for the first time, heard the whole affair in detail.

"Mrs. Otway," I said, when she had finished her story, "did you believe my father guilty?"

"Yes—at the time," she answered, in a low voice; "but now—now I *know* he was innocent!"

Her tone carried conviction with it.

"Thank God that I hear you say that!" I cried, drawing a breath of relief.

A tear glistened on her wrinkled cheek.

"My dear," she said, gently, "never think of that dreadful matter again; never speak of it to any person on the island. It is a subject which we carefully avoid."

The conversation ended, for the yacht was sweeping up to the landing-place. Harris, the overseer, met us there—an old man now, growing gray in the service of the Hawkstones. He looked dumfounded when he was presented to me.

"Heaven above! has *she* come back here—Gabriel Ravenel's daughter?" I heard him mutter.

We went up to the stone house. How well I remember the old sea-wall, where the peacocks scream, and the green slope of terraces, blazing now with lilies and carnations! A wood fire snapped in the ancient drawing-room. I wondered if it had been burning there ever since the morning I was sent away to school. I half expected to see that yellow-haired Vera Hawkstone frowning at me from one end of the tiled hearth; but in place of that the door opened, and a tiny figure, in a white frock and silk sash, came limping into the room—my pupil, Beatrice Hawkstone.

She was a puny child, slightly lame, and very small for her seven years. She crept shyly up to me, and I dropped into a chair, and took her in my arms.

"Miss Bee," said Mrs. Otway, "this lady is your governess—Miss Ravenel. She has come to live at the island, and teach you many things. You must be very obedient and kind to her."

"I will; oh, yes, I will!" assented Bee, promptly, and then she added, in a doleful tone: "I'm glad you've come, Miss Ravenel. It's very lonesome here, and I'm lame, and can't run on the shore with the island children, and my papa has been gone a long while—so long. I'm sure he'll *never* come back."

"Oh, yes, he will!" I answered, with a view to raising her spirits. "He cannot be so hard-hearted as to leave you always lonely." And then I kissed her, and she returned the caress with interest. Plainly pupil and governess will be good friends.

I dined with Mrs. Otway and the child. The old housekeeper is very indulgent to her young charge. Little Bee enjoys her own sweet will to an alarming extent. When the meal was done a nursemaid carried the child away, and shortly after, I, fatigued with my journey, retired to the room that had been assigned me.

It was the Cedar Chamber, where Mrs. Hawkstone had breathed her last. Repairs were going on in the house, and it was necessary that I should accept this sleeping-place for the night.

"No one has occupied the room since Mrs. Hawkstone's death," said the housekeeper, who conducted me to the door. "If you feel at all timid or nervous, my dear, come and share my bed."

But I answered, smiling, "I am quite fearless, Mrs. Otway, and I have no nerves."

So she departed, and left me alone.

I put my night-lamp down upon the table. The four-posted bed, the polished oaken floor, the dark, rich paneling, were all familiar to me. From that west window I had first seen Basil Hawkstone hurrying to his dying-mother. Outside, the night had grown eerie and wild. I could hear rain splashing on the roof of the porch; the wind sighed round the gables; the roar of the surf came up from the beach below the old sea-wall. With my ears full of these sounds I fell asleep.

I dreamed of my dead father; then I awoke suddenly, with an unpleasant sense of something wrong in the room.

The lamp had gone out. A loud, vibrating clock near by was striking one. At the same moment I became aware that a window had been opened in the chamber—a current of wet air was rushing across me as I lay—also, that something stood by the four-posted bed—a motionless white shape, faintly outlined in the darkness. In spite of my boasted courage I felt my blood congealing; I could not move, I could not breathe. In this chamber of murder—this room tainted with the crime of five-and-twenty years before, I lay as if turning to stone.

Two or three dreadful moments passed. Then, with a tremendous effort, I started up.

"I know you!" I cried, wildly, with no actual comprehension of what I was saying. "You are Philip Hawkstone's ghost!"

How shall I describe the effect of these words? Instantly two hands, cold as clay, seized and hurled me down upon the bed. Something soft, cold, smothering, was pressed upon my face—I knew no more.

How long I lay insensible I cannot tell. It was the chilly sea-wind blowing through the open window that restored me at last. Fortunately the pillow had slipped away from my face. With a cry of terror I started up, groped for a match and lighted the night-lamp. The Cedar Chamber was empty, and my assailant, whether earthly or supernatural, was no longer there. I closed the window and dressed myself in haste.

A few brands still smoldered on the hearth—remnants of a fire that had been lighted early in the evening.

burn away the damp of the unused room. I raked these together and sat down before them. There I remained for the rest of the night.

At an early hour next morning I descended to the breakfast-room. Mrs. Otway was there before me, arranging flowers in a Moorish jar.

"How pale you look, Miss Ravenel," she said, giving me a keen glance. "You have not slept well?"

"True," I replied; "if you do not mind, Mrs. Otway, I would like another room."

And in a few words I related the experience of the night. She dropped the flowers she was holding—her face grew pale and distressed.

"My dear!" she cried, in a dazed way—"oh, my dear! Are you sure it was not a dream? How dreadful! Well, don't think of it again. I will have you removed to another chamber immediately."

The door opened, and little Bee Hawkstone limped in, like a broken-winged butterfly, followed by a cross and sleepy maid.

"I couldn't keep her in bed," said the latter; "she was so bent, Miss Ravenel, on seeing you again. She didn't sleep half the night, chattering about you, and her papa that's over the seas."

The child clung around me with both small arms. The sole daughter of the house of Hawkstone is but a forlorn little thing, virtually without father, mother or kindred, and wholly given up to the care of servants.

"I want to look at you, Miss Ravenel," pleaded Bee, naively, "you are so pretty; and I want to stay close by you, you are so nice. You will never go away from the island, will you—never?"

"Never is a long day, dear," I answered, smiling. "I dare not make reckless promises; but be sure that I will stay here for the present, because I must, and"—moved by her little, pale, uplifted face—"because I wish to do you good, dear!"

We went out into the porch, filled with a troop of dogs, and down the garden-walk together. The clouds had passed with the night. A soft haze veiled the sky, token of coming heat. The peacocks were out on the terraces, the sails of the windmills hung motionless on the heights. Below the old sea-wall the Atlantic was heaving up its thin, curled edges of frothy breaker to the dazzling sun.

The terrors of the night slipped like a burden from me. The wholesome light, the salt, fresh air, cleared my brain of phantoms, and made me strong and fearless again. Little Bee, looking wistfully off to sea, murmured:

"I wish papa would come!"

I soon found that this absent father was the centre of all the child's thoughts and desires.

We came to a spot marked by two ancient sundials, half buried in flaming nasturtiums, one bearing the motto, "*Tempus fugit ut umbra*," the other, "The Night Cometh!" They may have stood there in Rochambeau's day, when the French officers, in stars and orders and powdered hair, were entertained at Tempest Island. Near by, under a row of enormous pear-trees, a gate, in the form of a horseshoe, opened toward the stables. Here I sat down in a garden-chair with the child. The dogs had followed us from the porch—a curious train, led by an immense mastiff, with a muzzle as black as a coal, and ending with an absurd terrier, that would scarcely fill a lady's pocket. Bee began to introduce the canines to me individually.

"This is Bob—he'll bite you whenever he gets a chance. This is Corsair—he can stand on his hind legs

and beg, but he growls just awful all the time. The nursemaid says he swears. Do you think dogs can swear, Miss Ravenel?"

She stopped, for something human, not canine, was swearing in a fearful way on the other side of the Horseshoe Gate. I heard two voices, one expostulating, the other threatening—both angry.

"Lord above! Mr. Vincent, you must be drunk or mad, sir, to ask me for money that's neither yours nor mine. I've been overseer of this island for many a year, and Mr. Basil has trusted me through thick and thin. I'll never give a dollar of his revenues to anybody without his full knowledge and consent, sir!"

"You old dunderhead!" the other voice shouted. "I must have the money, I say, and be back to Whithaven in an hour, and if you do not give it to me, I'll take the worth of it out of your ancient bones! Am I not a Hawkstone also, and Prince Lucifer's heir? What does it matter whether I receive my own now, or ten, twenty, forty years hence, you fossil? I dare say you have what I need about you at this moment. Give it up or take the consequences!"

"I can't give up that which isn't mine, sir. You'll come to yourself, by-and-by, I hope. Better mend your ways and quit bad company; that's my advice to you."

Then came the sound of a fall, and a feeble cry, "Help!"

I sprang up from the garden-chair and dashed through the Horseshoe Gate into a graveled walk beyond. There I saw Harris, prostrate on the ground, his gray head in the dust. Over him stood a man, with one foot planted on his breast, savagely belaboring the old overseer with a horsewhip.

In a white heat of anger I flew to the assailant.

"Stop!" I cried, grasping the arm that was plying the whip. "Stop, you coward! How dare you strike an old man?"

He turned and looked at me. The whip fell from his hand; he withdrew his foot from Harris's breast. It was Vincent Hawkstone, his eyes bloodshot from a night's debauch, his dress disordered, and with nothing of the gentleman left in his appearance. Bee had followed me through the gate. She raised a shrill cry at the pitiable plight of Harris.

"Oh, you wicked, wicked Vincent!" she said. "I will tell papa—I will, indeed! I wish you would never, never come to Tempest Island again!"

He did not seem to hear her—he stared only at me. I can never forget him as he stood there, with the red-gold hair tossed about his brows, his eyes blank and strange, his flushed, dissipated young face changing slowly to a gray, stony pallor.

I bent over Harris, and helped him to his unsteady old legs.

"Take my arm, Harris," I said, turning my back scornfully on Vincent Hawkstone, "and let me assist you to the house. You are hurt—you are faint."

"It's nothing, Miss Jetta—thank ye," faltered Harris—his loyalty to the house of Hawkstone would not let him complain, even then. "He don't know what he's doing—I'll be all right directly."

I wiped the blood from his face with my own handkerchief.

"If he does not know what he is doing, Harris," I answered, in my most withering tone, "he should be taught; as all brutes are taught—by that whip which he uses so freely on others!"

And still Vincent Hawkstone did not move or speak. I hurried Harris away.

"There has always been one wild Hawkstone in every generation," he muttered; "that boy Vincent grows madder and madder every day. Nothing can hold him. The Lord only knows what his end will be!"

Then he clapped his hat on his head and went off toward his own cottage.

"Why does Vincent always call himself papa's heir?" asked Bee, in an aggrieved tone; "how can he be that when I am here—I—papa's daughter?"

"It is very bad taste on his part, to say the least," I answered. "I hope he does not live on the island."

"No," said Bee, in a reassuring voice; "and he comes here only when he wants Harris to do things for him. He has a law-office at Whithaven. For my part, I wish he would never come!" added the ancient child.

Half an hour after, the breakfast-bell rang. As I entered the wainscoted hall with Bee, lo! Vincent Hawkstone himself advanced to meet me, no longer flushed and disordered, but pale, mortified, penitent, his dress decently arranged, his whole appearance changed.

"I dare not ask you to shake hands with me, Miss Ravenel," he stammered; "I am heartily ashamed of myself—indeed I am! All that you said out there was quite true—I am a brute—a fiend, when I have taken too much wine. There was a club dinner at Whithaven last night, and I lost at play—but I will not disgust you with details. How deuced unfortunate that we should have met like this!" he ended, with a groan.

"It is, indeed," I answered, coldly.

"You remember, do you not, that you did not like me six years ago?"

"Yes, I remember!"

"And now you will like me still less!"

"Without doubt."

He looked so dejected, so utterly chagrined and cast down, that I began to soften toward him, in spite of myself. All the Hawkstones seem to possess the fatal gift of beauty! This wild Vincent is wonderfully handsome, with his sleepy blue eyes and red-brown curls.

"What shall I do to win your forgiveness, Miss Ravenel?" he implored. "Name a penance and let me perform it. Here comes old Harris up the walk—shall I ask his pardon in your presence?—shall I?" eagerly.

"In common decency you can do no less?" I answered, with severity.

"Come, then!"

He dashed down the walk like a whirlwind, to the alarm of Harris, who braced himself as if in expectation of another assault.

"I apologize a thousand times over, old fellow!" Vincent fairly shouted. "I have turned over a new leaf—'pon my soul, I'll never do so again! Quick, absolve me, Harris!"

And he bent his knee, and bowed his red-brown curls with a mock-penitent air.

"Lord, sir," said Harris, "don't do that. I knew 'twas nothing but a prank—I forgive you fully, sir."

Back rushed the culprit to me, gay, eager, laughing.

"It's all right now, isn't it, Miss Ravenel?" he asked.

"I—I suppose it is," I answered, doubtfully.

And then we went in to breakfast.

Mrs. Otway presided at the meal. Vincent Hawkstone's conduct was irreproachable. Most people possess a dual nature. The ruffian in him had retired to the background and the gentleman was in the ascendant. His manner to me was deference itself.

"You have become a very princess-like person, Miss Ravenel," he said, as he watched me from the corners of his sleepy eyes. "I wonder what Prince Lucifer will say

when he sees you?—will you take his breath, as you did mine? Faith, I know scores of pretty girls, and I am usually brazen enough in their presence, but when you first looked at me this morning, I felt as though I had received an electric shock—anybody could have knocked me down with a feather. Now, it's rather odd, is it not, Miss Ravenel, that Fate should lead you back to this island? Depend upon it, your future destiny is hopelessly mixed up with that of the Hawkstones."

"I mean to keep Miss Ravenel here always!" cried little Bee.

"Do, my dear child!" he answered, with laugh, "and rely upon me to second with all your efforts in that direction!"

Mrs. Otway looked grave, and tried to converse.

"Mr. Vincent, when did you last see your cousin?" she asked.

His gay, boyish face changed.

"Let me see," he answered, carelessly be in New York a day or two ago, and Lucifer on Broadway, and lunched with monico's. He had arrived from Europe few hours before."

"Basil Hawkstone in New York?" cried amazement.

Vincent smiled, lazily.

"Yes; he has been winning laurels with Egypt—got a wound in the face from an arrow, then a fever, which laid him up in Cairo, and he has not come home for a few days. More of him, however, than if he was still pest Island abounds in unpleasant associations—told me himself that he had coming down here—means to play the longer—has already engaged passage on that sails in a few days—is going to go with a dragoman in a *dehabeek* on the Nile."

Bee set up a dismal wail.

"Papa shall not go away again!" she cried. "You must write to him, Miss Ravenel—you must take me to New York to find him. Ought he to go back to Egypt, and not come to see me once—just once?"

I had to bite my lips to keep back the unspoken sympathy which I felt for the child. Vincent looked greatly amused at this appeal to me.

"I fear that Miss Ravenel would find herself powerless in this case," he said. "Prince Lucifer has become a confirmed rover; nothing will hold him here."

"It is very unfortunate," sighed Mrs. Otway, "for his islanders love him dearly, and are more than anxious to have him with them again."

"I doubt," sneered Vincent, "if they ever see his face more. It is easier to turn the sea from this island than Prince Lucifer from any purpose to which he sets his mind. I am coming down here soon as his viceroy. The island folks may as well begin to get used to me, for the day is at hand when I shall be their master in good earnest."

"God forbid!" said Mrs. Otway, sharply.

I arose from the table and took little Bee's hand.

"Let us go," I said, "and find the schoolroom, dear."

Vincent sprang to open the door for me. As I passed through I heard him mutter:

"I know not what you have done to me this morning, Jetta Ravenel; but one thing I do comprehend with deadly certainty—my fate is for ever sealed. I am your slave from this hour!"

(To be continued.)

RHINE-SIDE.

BY HERMAN MERIVALE.

By queenly Aix to pretty Bonn,
And then athwart the river,
In sheer idleness we wandered on,
As fain to stray for ever.

With endless shift of light and shade
Fair Cloudland decked the scenery;
And, rain-refreshed, brown Autumn made
Herself new Summer greenery.

Anew leapt out the parched rills,
Anew the dry grass sprouted;
A second life was on the hills,
And 'twixt the seasons doubted.

In golden shine the royal Rhine
His dancing wave uplifted;
The rafts by Loreley's mountain-shrine
And song-famed reefs were drifted.

The glory fell on wood and dell,
On ruined shrine and fastness,
Where the Stream-Spirit weaves his spell
Of legendary vastness.

For still with murmur and with roar
Ran on the storied river,
As if each robber-haunted shore,
Should haunted be for ever.

Once more from his despairing height
Young Roland on his maiden
Gazed through the dim and mooking night,
Bereft and sorrow-laden—

While o'er the pale and broken nun,
With love-troth vainly plighted,
The Dragon-Rock frowned sadly down
On heart and passion blighted.

Once more the wild marauding bands
Broke law and fear asunder,
And wrought their death-work through the lands,
For vengeance or for plunder;

And foreign force and foreign hosts
Brought sword and fire to pillage
The restful homes, the peaceful coasts,
The ingle in the village.

The homes are gone—the hosts have passed
Into the Great Uncertain;
The fateful pall is o'er them cast,
The impenetrable curtain.

The harsh steam-whistle calls and wakes
Their echoes shrill and lonely;
The busy traveler, passing, takes
Note of the moment only.

But, storm or shine, the rushing Rhine
Flows on—the deathless river,
Whose harmonies, by grace divine,
Reverberate for ever.

THE SUBURBAN HOMES OF LONDON.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

WHEN the genial and observant Mr. Samuel Pepys rolled over London Bridge toward Kingston and Hampton Court in Mr. Cutler's coach, he found it "a very pleasant journey." So, also, as the Diary records, when he took his little excursions to many other grand old houses and gardens—such, for instance, as Lauderdale House, Highgate, and Evelyn's tasteful home—he found much that was "mighty fine" and very pretty. And how vast has been the increase, since his day, of those fair dwellings and picturesque retreats which form that lovely fringe—the suburban homes of London!

Wonderful London! No place on earth has more varied and beautiful surroundings than "that monstrous tuberosity of civilized life," as Thomas Carlyle has somewhat gruffly styled the capital of the world.

As a matter of fact, there are two Londons: the one circumscribed by the Temple Memorial (marking the site of Temple Bar, which was removed in 1878,) and Southampton Buildings on the west; by Holborn, Smithfield, Barbican and Finsbury Circus on the north;

Inns of Court, the Custom-house, the chief printing and publishing houses, the multitude of counting-houses and warehouses, bankers, and the docks with their immense marine interests; the other, the West End, the portion of the town lying west of the Temple Memorial, comprehending the quarters of state and fashion. The West End contains the palaces of Her Majesty; the town residences of the rest of the royal family; the homes of the nobility and aristocracy, the barracks, clubs, Houses of Parliament, Government offices, galleries of art, museums, theatres, fashionable parks, squares and gardens. The East End is devoted to money-making; the West, to spending it. The East End is redolent with the odors of wines and spices, noisy with the eternal grind of money-making machinery, the ceaseless clicking of golden pelf; the West End is the domain of luxury and ease, embodying the accomplishments of civilization wrought by centuries of gradual refinement.

The River Thames marks another line of demarkation, separating the Surrey and Kentish portion of "Modern

their silk-loom and weavers; Whitechapel, with its sugar factories and German operators; Clerkenwell, with its metalworkers and watchmakers; Smithfield, with its horde of butchers; and the Inns of Court, with their army of barristers, law-stationers and clerks.

On the Surrey side are Southwark and Lambeth, given over largely to potteries, glassworks, breweries and the fabrication of machinery; Bermondsey, with its glue factories, wool warehouses and extensive tanneries; and Rotherhithe, with its ever-shifting population of coal-heavers, sailors, stokers, ship-carpenters and bargemen.

The suburbs of London on the north are Agar Town, Camden Town, New Town, Canonbury, Kentish Town, Islington, Hampstead, Highgate, Highbury, Holloway, Hornsey, Pentonville and Muswell Hill, pronounced by cockneys "Mussil 'Ill."

On the northeast are Bethnal Green, Clapton, Hackney, Hoxton, Old Ford, Dalston, Kingsland and Stoke Newington. On the southeast we have Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Lewisham, Greenwich, Blackheath and Woolwich. The south boasts of Walworth, Camberwell, Newington, Kennington, Brixton, Streatham, Norwood, Dulwich, Sydenham and Peckham. On the southwest lie Lambeth, Vauxhall, Battersea, Chelsea, Wandsworth, Putney and Fulham. On the west, Kensington, Brompton, Bayswater, Notting Hill, Paddington, Westbourne, Hammersmith, Waltham Green; and on the northwest, Portland Town, St. John's Wood, Kilburn, Maida Vale and Brondesbury.

TRANSLATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

NOTEWORTHY is the number of translations of Shakespeare's works into other languages. Up to 1870 there were no less than twenty-seven translations, by as many translators, into German; three into the languages of Holland; three into Italian; two into Portuguese, and two into Spanish. Up to 1870 there were nine translations into French of "*Œuvres Complètes de Shakespeare*," and five translations of the chief works of the bard. Either the whole or part of Shakespeare's works has been translated into Danish, Swedish, Frisian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Russian, Wallachian, Romaine and Bengalee. In 1867 there was published in Hindostanee the complete works of the great dramatist. And this by no means exhausts the list, for since 1870 there have been other translations of the whole or of portions of his works into some of the dialects of Europe and into languages of Asia. Two translators have been crowned heads, and they have given the most plebeian patience and diligence to their labors.

PAPER DOORS.

HOW SURPRISED our forefathers would have been at the possibilities developed in paper! Doors, which one would think were polished mahogany but that they swing so lightly, and are free from swelling, cracking or warping, are composed each of two thick paper boards, stamped and molded into panels, glued together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. These doors are covered with a waterproof coating before being painted and varnished and hung in the usual way. Few persons can detect that they are not made of wood, particularly when used as sliding doors. Black walnut is said to be getting very scarce, but picture-frames are now made of paper and colored like walnut, and are so perfect that no one could detect them without cutting them.

Paper pulp, glue, linseed oil and carbonate of lime on whiting are mixed together and heated into a thick cream, which, on being allowed to cool, is run into molds and hardened.

In France, handsome pianos are manufactured from paper. A beautiful musical instrument of this kind has lately been an object of great curiosity to the connoisseurs and musical savans of Paris. The entire case is made of compressed paper, to which is given a hard surface and a cream-white, brilliant polish. The legs and sides are ornamented with arabesques and floral designs. The exterior, and as much of the interior as can be seen when the instrument is open, are covered with wreaths and medallions, painted in miniature by some of the leading artists of Paris. The tone of this instrument is said to be of excellent quality, though not loud. The broken, alternating character of piano music is replaced by a rich, full, continuous roll of sound resembling somewhat that of the organ. Only two of these instruments have been made.

MONT BLANC'S FIRST VISITOR.

At the end of August last, the centenary of the ascent of Mont Blanc by Jacques Balmat, the Chamounix guide, was celebrated by the French members of the Alpine Club.

A fine piece of ground at Chamounix has been granted by the French authorities for the erection of a statue to Balmat.

It is a striking piece of work in green bronze, and Balmat is shown attired as a mountain guide, pointing with pride to the "Monarch of Mountains" he was the first to ascend.

Balmat "Blanc," the Columbus of the Alps, lost his life by falling down a precipice when he had attained the ripe old age of seventy-one, and his first ascent of Mont Blanc was made in 1786, when he was only twenty-four.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

THE young chemist whom the German manufacturer attracts to his works ranks very high in the general scientific training which is essential to the successful cultivation of the habit of theoretical and experimental research, and in the consequent power of pursuing original investigations of a high order. Moreover, the research laboratory constitutes an integral part of the German factory, and the results of the work carried on by and under the eminent professors at the universities and technical colleges are closely followed and studied in their possible bearings upon the further development of the industry. The importance attached to high and well-organized technical education in Germany is demonstrated not only by the munificent way in which the scientific branches of the universities and the technical colleges are established and maintained, but also by the continuity which exists between the different grades of education.

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit of life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts made by successive generations of men—the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid.

She was an aristocratic-looking young woman, somewhat sallow, with a high-bred cast of countenance, and pale-blue eyes. Her ash-blond hair was piled up artistically on her graceful head, and her tea-gown, of pale-blue crape and cream-hued lace, was copied from a French picture.

"Suppose now, Dolly, as there is no possibility of going out, that you unpack the trunks to-day?" said the heiress, wearily.

Dolly looked out a moment longingly at the tops of the feathery palmettos in the distance. She was a slender young creature, her plain brown dress seeming to cling to the soft roundness of her lithe figure. Her skin was fair, but warmly tinted, as if with sunrays; her hair, a golden bronze, and her eyes, blue as Summer skies in Florida. But a mere catalogue of her charms would never convey the enchantment of expression, the irresistible sweetness of her face. The mere turn of her head, so prettily poised as it was upon the round, white neck, had been known to prove fatal to more than one young man's peace of mind. The full, delicately curved lips seemed made for laughter, and the vigor and fresh youthfulness of face and figure were in vivid contrast to the bored and languid air of the other, as she watched the piles of finery unfolded and arranged.

It was warm work for Dolly, but she was a poor orphan cousin, and not expected to be sensitive to the weather. Marcia did not pretend to consider other people's comfort. She was frankly selfish. She had never taken any trouble for others in her life, and had no aspirations for an angelic nature. She was thoroughly satisfied with herself and her belongings. She had always had things as she pleased, and she had no other expectation than that the future would shadow forth the past.

Dolly began to weary of the work, and her pretty face grew flushed. Marcia, too, found it monotonous, and sighed for a fresh sensation.

"This is lovely enough to charm the very alligators," said Dolly, holding up a wonderful confection of white gauze and silver embroidery. Something fell from it as she shook it out. "What's this?" cried the young girl, picking up the article from the floor.

"Guess!" said Marcia.

"It's too large for a bracelet, and too small for a necklace."

"The mystery deepens. Come, Dolly, get up a romance about it. You remember you have a talent in that line. I am ready to be amused."

The object on which Dolly's dark-blue eyes were fixed was a band of beaded work, somewhat worn and discolored.

"I can make out a monogram. The letters are M. A., and the flowers are *fleur-de-lis*, I think. M. A., Marie Antoinette."

"That's an inspiration," cried Marcia; "there's enough foundation for your fiction."

"But what is it in reality?" asked Dolly.

"It was given me by a German girl, who worked it for me one Christmas, and it's for the purpose of hanging a pair of scissors on to one's belt, made for notable German housewives, of course."

"And most useful, for, of all inanimate things, scissors are the most depraved," said Dolly. "They get out of the way when they are wanted, as if they had legs. I wish you'd give this to me."

"I will, if you'll make a story on it," said Marcia. "It looks as if it had been through the wars. Oh, do, Dolly, get up something to keep me from being bored to death. Anything to pass the time!"

"I have it!" cried Dolly, with a rippling laugh that seemed to fill the room with music, as she seized a sheet of paper and began to scribble. "Here," she cried, after an interval, "I flatter myself I have done it up neatly:

"MR. P. T. BARNUM, DEAR SIR: Although I am a foreigner, I am not a stranger to your efforts for the instruction and amusement of the American people. I have watched with sympathetic interest your efforts to collect curious and interesting articles from the past and present. Your countrymen are apt to forget, in the rush and hurry of business life, the interest that circles about the past and those famous in song and story; but you have done what you could to present it. I have read of the ancient nurse of your great Washington, of the woolly horse, and the wonders from all lands which you procure at immense expense, so that I regard you as a benefactor of your race. I hereby send you an interesting relic, which has been preserved as an heirloom in our family for years. I feel that I should not selfishly keep it to myself. I am an old woman now, and the time must soon come when I shall be called away from all my treasures. The place for this one is in a public collection, for it is a memento of the lovely and ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette. At the moment when the illustrious captive was led out to execution, and had parted, with that tenderness which distinguished her, with her attendants, my revered ancestor, Madame Campan, pressed near her. She wished to be the last to look on that lovely face, so marred by sorrow. Blinded by tears, she touched the beloved hand. The Queen looked at her with sorrowful eyes. "Oh, my friend," she said, "what can I give you for a token of my love? I have parted with all. I am poor indeed." It was a fact. This Queen, who had once had a realm at her command, had nothing left. Her last gift to a weeping attendant had been the little silk kerchief from her neck. Suddenly a faint smile illumined, like a pale ray, that face so wan with pain. Then she stooped and took off this garter, and laid it in Madame Campan's hand. That was her last gift. How it recalls to me ever the scene so oft described—which has been one of the cherished legends in our family—that tragedy of unquenchable sorrow! Madame Campan was my great-grandmother. The treasure has come down to me, but I feel that I am not false to the great trust when I give it to you for the benefit and instruction of this grand American people. Let them not, in their mighty and prosperous present, scorn the lessons of the past. I feel that in a great collection such as yours this touching memento will be safer than in my possession. I therefore present to you this inestimable relic of the past, with a sincere hope that it may prove as interesting to those who through your museum as it deserves, and that you may be prospered in your estimable ambition to elevate the tastes and inform the minds of your worthy countrymen. With sentiments of respect and esteem,

"EUGÉNIE DE MIREBORET."

Marcia listened with delight.

"What a delicious little humbug you are!" she cried. "Won't it be fun to guy the prince of humbugs! Let's send it off at once. Well! I never thought I'd get such fun out of the old thing. I imagined it was lost years and years ago."

And the languid young woman grew quite animated in procuring paper, pens, etc., for the document.

"Seal it with this ring," she said; "make it look very important. I'll send Manuel to post it at once. We'll be sure to hear from it."

"And I'm too far off for Mr. P. T. Barnum to find out that I am not Madame Campan's great-granddaughter," cried Dolly, her eyes luminous as stars, as she ran down to find Manuel. Having sent him on his errand, she strayed out of doors.

She did not mind the heat. It was pleasanter under the avenue of bitter-oranges than in the house. The light sifted through the leaves, yellow and green, and the fruit hung like lamps of gold on the boughs. Through the jungle of flowers Dolly next made her way, her palmetto hat protecting her face from the sun. She had twisted a bunch of the creamy roses in it with an artistic touch. The sunlight gave a depth to her even and a glow to her cheeks that deepened as she heard her voice calling her.

A young man holding a sun-umbrella advanced toward her from a giant tree.

"What luck," he cried; "but you are risking a sun-stroke. Come under this shade."

"Jack, how dare you haunt the neighborhood as you do?" said Dolly, with a petulant, altogether bewitching air. "Suppose Marcia should see us. Oh, I know, I am sure it will be an intensely disagreeable business to break the news to her. You know, sir, you were attentive to her at first; you misled her, and to this moment she believes you a captive. She never dreams of anything else, and it is most natural. She has always had everything she wants."

"All the more reason that she should learn a useful lesson," said Jack Treherne, stretching out a very manly figure on the grass and lifting a pair of mirthful black eyes to Dolly's lovely face. "It is not good for the soul's health always to have one's own way."

"I hate the deceit, though," said Dolly, casting down her eyes.

"So do I, my darling, and I propose she should know at once. It is too much of a trial to you, you are so candid and true in your nature. I could not love you else. It's that delightful sincerity that won me. Dolly, I think if I could know—but I never could be made to believe it—that you had perpetrated even one of the white lies that society excuses so readily, I should give you up. It is your absolute truthfulness that makes me worship you. You know I had no faith in woman till I saw you, because a false woman had wrecked it. You saved me from wrecking myself."

Dolly suddenly colored painfully. She had no words to reply. How would Jack regard her practical joke if he knew it. A sudden chill crept over her. It was all wrong. She saw it now, but it was too late. It could not be recalled. After all, it could do no harm, a little imaginary story, as it were.

"You feel it all as I do. Marcia must know to-night, my sweet," he said, as he fanned the pretty, flushed face with the palmetto hat. "Shall I tell her?"

"No; it will come better from me," said Dolly, nervously, "and I will not think any longer about it, but do it at once. I would rather go to meet unpleasant things than have them advance on me."

But when the lovers had parted, Dolly's return to the house was with no elastic step. She suddenly felt the sun's rays overpowering, and her heart beat fast and hard. What would Marcia say? Yet her fears could not quite cloud the subtle joy that transfigured the future for her. Life with Jack! What vistas of delight! What a glory diffused over the landscape!

Marcia was looking bored. Dolly felt like a culprit. It had so long been her duty to keep the heiress from being bored that it seemed as though she were guilty.

But Marcia's half-languid glance read something strange in Dolly's face.

"You look unusually alert for such a hot day," she said. "Have you had an adventure?"

"Would you call it an adventure to meet the man you were to marry?" said Dolly, with a nervous rush into the matter.

"What!" exclaimed Marcia, starting up, in excitement. "Have you been having your fortune told? Is Maum Jinsie here? That would pass an hour. Bring her up. Though I dare say I can see into my own future better than she," and a softer smile curled the proud lips. "I flatter myself I hold it in my own hands."

Dolly trembled and turned cold. She read the meaning of that smile.

"But it is not old Jinsie. She has nothing to do with it," she hurried on. "It is Jack—Jack Treherne—who says he will make the future bright as a dream to me. He loves me. I can't get over the strangeness of it. It seems too good to be true."

"Jack Treherne!—you are mad!" gasped Marcia, the cold eyes blazing as if with blue fire. A choking sensation rose in her throat, and a sudden chill seemed to freeze her blood. "This sort of fiction, I assure you, is not at all amusing."

"I know it must seem strange to you," said Dolly, in a sort of penitence, "because he might have looked higher."

Marcia recovered herself with a mighty effort. She felt cold and faint, but it would never do to let this chill read her heart.

"Higher! I don't know what you mean! Take care that he is not flirting with you. He has talents that way."

"I can trust him," said Dolly, proudly, a flush of indignation rising to her face.

"And you have been carrying on this little love affair in secret, eh? How charming!" said Marcia, bitterly. "More romantic by far than the stories you used to invent, for

"This is a living poem,
And all the rest are dead."

"It is only a week, Marcia," said Dolly, indignantly, "and why should I make it public till I chose? I have no one's consent to ask."

"Humph! This is gratitude. I have no claims, though you have not a rag that I have not given you!" cried Marcia, in fierce passion.

She did not dare to trust herself longer in Dolly's presence. Her heart was swelling with rage and bitterness. For the first time in her life she found herself baffled, and her wishes crossed. She hurried to her own room and locked the door. She could not bear that human eye should see her in her despair.

Dolly was relieved to see Marcia emerge, at last, as fair and cold and self-possessed as ever. But if she could have read the heart that seemed to beat as placidly as ever under the lace jabot, she would have trembled.

"Here's the *New York Tribune* with an editorial about the garter!" cried Dolly, in great glee, as she opened that paper, a few weeks after. "What fun! Just hear how gravely they take it:

"The lady who has thus given up an esteemed family relic confers a priceless boon upon the public. We hope that Mr. Barnum will give her admirable letter, which we publish above, a place of honor beside the precious memento of the past that she has confided to him. Here is a flourishing account of it all."

Dolly was so interested in her reading that she did not notice Jack Treherne, who had crossed the room quietly and stood near the window opening into the cage-like balcony where the ladies sat.

Dolly uttered a little cry as she saw him, and the color faded from her cheek.

"What is all that about?" he asked, idly.

Dolly was speechless, but Marcia found her opportunity.

"Some one has perpetrated a stupendous hoax on Barnum," she said. "Dolly, give him the paper and let him read for himself."

Dolly reached out the sheet with a trembling little hand.

Jack glanced over it, but did not seem the least amused.

framed, and her letter inclosed with it for public perusal. Jack could not understand his little sweetheart's abstraction. Was she growing indifferent? She listened to him with a far-away look, as if her soul were elsewhere. The Florida season was nearly over.

"What has come to you?" he asked, one day. "You have 'suffered a sea-change, into something new and strange.' I do not know this nervous, moody girl. Where be your quips and cranks? your rippling laugh that did my very soul good?"

"I will tell you—I am going to tell you all," said Dolly, with sudden resolution. "No, don't sit near me, don't hold my hand, else I cannot bear the moment when you'll drop it and move away!"

"Dolly!"

"Yes, it's a fact, Jack. I am going to confess a guilty secret."

Jack looked as if suddenly frozen. A *guilty secret*! Oh, that was impossible!

"I—I alone am the author of that hoax! The—the person whom you would not like to call a friend!—the originator of—the fiction about Marie Antoinette's—"

The girl suddenly stopped and crimsoned. It was a relief, after all.

Jack drew a long breath, something like a long whistle.

"You, my truthful little Dolly. Oh, that's it, is it! I see why you have grown so moody. It was a detestable trick!"

"I know I have forfeited your good opinion," said Dolly, with a little defiant air; "but, after all, I don't see the harm yet, and can't take your ridiculous view of the matter. It was a bit of harmless fun."

"The proper thing for you to do is to undeceive Mr. Barnum at once. It's the only thing."

"I will never do that—never!"

"Not if I ask it?"

"No; you ought not to ask it. You ought not to wish to humiliate me needlessly."

Whereupon there was as pretty a quarrel as Marcia could have wished. It quite reconciled her to having lost the pleasure of making the disclosure herself.

Only Jack kept away from the house, and the days were dreary. Poor Dolly grew pale and wan, and felt as though life were closed for her and the "Amen" said.

At last, after an hour or two spent in her room, one gray day she made her appearance with an ink-stain on her rosy finger-tips and a billet in her hand. She was surprised to meet Jack on the stairs.

"I—I have done it," she said, in a trembling voice.

"Here is the confession. I—I couldn't live any longer without seeing you, Jack!"

"My darling! I've been too hard—a regular prig!" said Jack, full of contrition, as he looked into his little love's pale face. "Forgive me!"

"But I shall send this."

"No, it's needless now," answered Jack, stealing an arm about the lithe figure. "Read this!"

He held the open newspaper before her eyes.

"Barnum's Museum consumed by fire! The valuable collection destroyed! Terror of the animals," etc.

"So that is an end of Marie Antoinette's Garter," he said; "but you must never do so again!"

ITALIAN SCHOOLDAYS.

ALL the world loves a schoolboy, and probably did centuries before Shakespeare placed him,

—“with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school,”

as the type of the second of the “seven ages” of man. The chronicles of English Tom Brown, at Rugby and Oxford, are the delight of readers, old and young, the world over; and we have a corresponding American juvenile classic in Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's “Story of a Bad Boy.” A rich addition to the literature of schools and schoolboys, to the chronicles of the youthful heart and mind, is the recent work of Edmondo de Amicis, an author whose brilliant pictures of travel have made him famous in quite a different branch of literature. “Cuore” is the journal of a young pupil of one of the great public schools in Turin. It is a book full of animation and tenderness, exquisite sensibility, and manly, chivalrous spirit. The typical Italian schoolboys, very different from their English or American cousins, are here; and all their friendships, rivalries, ambitions and quarrels are so graphically portrayed, that they become, for the time being, a part of the reader's own experience. Their relations with the great world outside the school-house walls—the new world of United Italy, where the democratic public school is itself a modern innovation—are conveyed in brief but vivid glimpses. “Cuore” is an ideal book for boys; and, as such, no less charming to their elders.

The diary of young Enrico covers an entire school

year of nine months, beginning in October and ending in July. After three months' vacation in the country, he reluctantly returns to his city home, and is conducted by his mother to the Baretti schoolhouse, where he is entered for the third elementary course. His master of the second class bids him an affectionate good-by, and he goes up-stairs to Signor Perboni—a tall, grave, gray-haired, beardless man with a big voice, who has a perpendicular wrinkle on his forehead, and who looks fixedly at his pupils, as if reading them through. There are fifty-four boys on the floor, fifteen or sixteen of whom were Enrico's companions in the second class—including the brilliant Derossi, who always got the first prize. The latter figures in a characteristic incident, soon after the opening. A dark-skinned, black-eyed lad from wild Calabria is shy and sullen amongst his new comrades. The master bids Derossi, as the head boy in the school, to welcome the young Calabrian, which he does with his usual grace. The other impulsively kissed him on the cheeks. All clapped their hands. “Silence!” cried the master; “no hand-clapping in school!” But it was easy to see that he was not displeased. “Bear well in mind what I have said to you,” he continued. “To bring about this very thing, that a Calabrian boy might feel at home in Turin, and a boy from Turin be at home in Calabria, this land of ours fought for fifty years, and 30,000 Italians died. You must all respect and love each other; any one of you who reproaches a comrade because he was not born in our province makes himself unfit ever again to raise his eyes from the ground when he passes the tricolored flag.”

The Calabrian had scarcely taken his seat when one of his neighbors presented him with pens and a picture, and another boy, from the last bench, sent him a Swiss postage-stamp.

"The boy who sent the postage-stamp to the Calabrian," continues Enrico, in his journal, "is the one I like best of all. His name is Garrone; he is the biggest boy in the class; he is about fourteen years old, with a large head and broad shoulders; he is a good fellow, as you can see when he smiles, but he always seems to think like a man. I know many of my comrades already. Another boy, named Coretti, suits me too. He wears chocolate-colored pantaloons and a catskin cap; he is always jolly; he is the son of a wood-peddler, who was a soldier in the war of 1866, in the squadron of Prince Humbert, and they say that he has three medals. There is little Nelli, a poor hunchback, a thin-faced, weak boy. There is one who is very well dressed, who always wears fine Florence plush, and is named Votini. On the bench in front of me there is a boy they call 'little mason' because his father is one. His face is as round as an apple, with a nose like a marble; he has one special talent; he knows how to make a hare's face, and they all get him to make a hare's face, and then they laugh. He wears a little ragged cap, which he rolls up and sticks in his pocket like a handkerchief. Beside the little mason there sits Garoffi, a long, thin, silly fellow, with nose and beak of a screech-owl, and very small eyes, who is always trafficking in little pens and pictures and match-boxes, and who writes the lesson on his nails, so as to read it on the sly. Then there is a young gentleman, Carlo Nobis, who seems very proud, and he sits between two boys that I like—the son of a notion-dealer, who comes in a jacket that reaches to his knees. He is pale, as if he had been sick; he always looks frightened, and never laughs; and there is one with red hair, who has a useless arm, and carries it in a sling; his father has gone to America, and his mother peddles vegetables. And there is another curious fellow—my left-hand neighbor—Stardi—small and thickset, with no neck—a gruff fellow, who speaks to no one, and seems not to understand much, but stands listening to the master without winking, his forehead wrinkled, and his teeth set; and if any one asks him anything when the master is speaking, he will not answer the first and second time, and the third time he gives you a kick. And next to him sits a bold, cunning-faced boy named Franti, who has already been expelled from another district school. There are, besides, two brothers who are dressed exactly alike, who resemble each other to a hair, and both wear Calabrian caps, with a peasant's plume. But handsomer than all the rest, the one who has the most talent, who will surely be the head this year again, is Derossi; and the master, who perceives this, always puts questions to him. But I like Precossi, the son of the notion-dealer, the one with the long jacket, who seems sickly. They say that his father beats him. He is very timid, and every time that he addresses or touches any one, he says, 'Excuse me,' and looks at them with his kind, sad eyes. But Garrone is the biggest and the nicest."

Garrone constantly reappears in the daily record, and we soon learn to love him. "The more I know him, the better I like him; and so it is with all the rest, except with the overbearing, who have nothing to say to him, because he does not permit them to exhibit their oppression. Every time that a big boy raises his hand against a little one, the little one shouts, 'Garrone!' and the big one stops striking him. His father is an engine-driver on the railway; he had begun school late, because he was ill

for two years. He is the tallest and the strongest of the class; he lifts a bench with one hand; he is always eating; and he is good. Whatever he is asked for—a pencil, rubber, paper, or penknife—he lends or gives it; and he neither talks nor laughs in school; he always sits perfectly motionless on a bench that is too narrow for him, with his spine curved forward, and his big head between his shoulders; and when I look at him, he smiles at me with his eyes half closed, as much as to say, 'Well, Enrico, are we friends?' He makes me laugh, because, tall and broad as he is, he has a jacket, trousers, and sleeves which are too small for him, and too short; a cap which will not stay on his head; a threadbare cloak; coarse shoes, and a necktie which is always twisted into a cord. Dear Garrone! it needs but one glance in thy face to inspire love for thee. All the little boys would like to be near his bench. He knows arithmetic well. He carries his books bound together with a strap of red leather. He has a knife, with a mother-of-pearl handle, which he found in the field for military manoeuvres, last year, and one day he cut his finger to the bone; but no one in school envies him it, and no one breathes a word about it at home, for fear of alarming his parents. He lets us say anything to him in jest, and he never takes it ill; but woe to any one who says to him, 'That is not true,' when he affirms a thing: then fire flashes from his eyes, and he hammers down blows enough to split the bench. Saturday morning he gave a soldo to one of the upper first class, who was crying in the middle of the street, because his own had been taken from him, and he could not buy his copybook. For the last three days he has been working over a letter of eight pages, with pen ornaments on the margin, for the saint's day of his mother, who often comes to get him, and who, like himself, is tall and large and sympathetic."

Walking on the Corso, one morning, Enrico runs across his schoolmate Coretti, he of the chocolate-colored clothes and catskin cap. Coretti is carrying wood into his father's shop, and reviewing his lesson at the same time. He is full of gayety and energy, and invites his friend into the shabby apartments behind the shop, where his mother is lying ill. Then, coming back to the shop, he begins sawing wood.

"This is gymnastics!" he exclaims, merrily. "I want father to see all this wood sawed when he gets home; how glad he will be! The worst part of it is that after I have been sawing, my T's and L's look like snakes, so teacher says. What am I to do? I will tell him that I have to move my arms about. The main thing is to get mamma well at once. She is better to-day, thank Heaven! I will study my grammar to-morrow morning at daybreak. Oh, here's the cart with the wood! To work!"

Enrico did not fail to take to heart the lesson of Coretti's cheerful industry.

"'Happy fellow!' he had said to me. Ah, no, Coretti, no; you are all the happier, because you study and work too, you are of use to your father and mother; because you are better—a hundred times better and braver than I, my dear chum."

As the days go on, the diverse characters of the schoolmates are developed more and more clearly in the record. There is Nelli, the poor little hunchback.

"He is good, and he studies, but he is puny and pale, and it hurts him to breathe. He always wears a long cloth blouse. His mother is a little, light-complexioned woman, who dresses in black, and always comes to get him when school is over, so that he may not get hurt in the rush with the others, and she kisses him. At first

many boys ridiculed him, and hit him on the back with their bags, because he is a hunchback ; but he never offered any resistance, and never told his mother, for he did not want her to know that her son was the laughing-stock of the other boys. They made fun of him, but he did not complain, though I have seen him cry, with his head against the bench.

"But one morning Garrone jumped up and said, 'The first person who touches Nelli will get a box on the ear that will make him spin round like a top!'

"Franti paid no attention to this, and he got his ear boxed well. The fellow spun round three times, and from that time forth no one ever touched Nelli."

One day a visitor called for Garrone, who came out on the threshold, puzzled to think what could be the matter. A woman rushed forward, threw her arms about him, and kissed him again and again, exclaiming :

"You are Garrone, my little son's friend and protector ; my dear, brave boy, it is you!" Then she searched all her pockets and her purse, and finding nothing, she took a chain off her neck, with a small cross, and put it on Garrone's neck under his necktie, and said to him : "Take it ! wear it in memory of me, my dear boy ; in memory of Nelli's mother, who thanks and blesses you."

The brilliant Derossi is admired almost as much as Garrone is loved.

"He took the first medal ; he will always be the first, this year too ; no one can come up to him ; all admit his superiority in each point. He is head in arithmetic, in grammar, in composition, in drawing ; he understands everything in a minute ; he has a wonderful memory ; he succeeds in everything without effort ; study seems play to him. Then he is so tall and handsome, with a great crown of golden curls ; he is so nimble that he can leap over a bench by resting one hand on it, and he is a good fencer already. He is twelve years old, and the son of a merchant ; he always wears blue, with gilt buttons ; he is always lively, merry, gracious to all, and helps all he can in examinations ; and no one has ever dared to do anything to displease him, or to say a rough word."

A very different character, but quite as interesting in his way, is Garofli, that long, lank boy, with the nose like an owl's beak, and small, cunning eyes, which seem to be ferreting everywhere. He is the grocer's son ; he is very eccentric : he is always counting the money in his pocket ; he counts on his fingers never so fast, and goes through some process of multiplication without any tables ; and he hoards his money, and already has a book in the Scholars' Savings Bank. He never spends anything, I am positive, and if he drops a cent under the benches he will hunt for it for a week. He is like a magpie, Derossi says. He picks up everything he finds, worm-eaten pens, canceled postage-stamps, pins, candle-ends. He has been collecting postage-stamps for more than two years, and he has hundreds of them from every country, in a large album, which he will sell to some bookseller when he gets it full. The bookseller gives him his copybooks for nothing, because he takes a great many boys to the store. In school he is always bartering ; he sells something every day, and has raffles and exchanges ; then he is sick of his bargain, and wants his article back. He buys for two cents and works it off for four ; he plays pitch-penny, and never loses ; he sells old newspapers to the tobacconist ; and he keeps a little blankbook, in which he sets down all his dealings. It is filled with sums and subtractions. At school he studies nothing but arithmetic, and if he tries to get the medal

it is only that he may have a free entrance to the show. But he pleases me ; he amuses me. We played at keeping market with weights and scales. He knows the exact price of everything ; he understands weighing, and rolls up paper to hold things just like a grocer. He declares that as soon as he gets through school he shall set up business—in a new business which he has invented himself. He was very much pleased when I gave him some foreign postage-stamps, and he informed me exactly the price each one sold for. My father pretended to be reading the newspaper, but he listened to him, and was greatly diverted. His pockets are bulging, full of his little wares, and he covers them up with a long black cloak, and always appears thoughtful and preoccupied with business, like a merchant. But the thing that he has nearest his heart is his collection of postage-stamps. This is his treasure, and he always speaks of it as though he were going to get a fortune out of it.

The first snowfall of the season, toward the middle of November, is the occasion of an episode in which Garofli and his postage-stamps figure. The boys are snowballing in the Corso, when a misdirected ball hits an old gentleman in the eye, wounding him quite severely. An indignant crowd gathers. Garofli, the culprit, is panic-stricken ; but Garrone urges him to present himself, so that no innocent person shall be arrested. He does so, and is pardoned. A day or two later the boys visit the old gentleman, who lives with his grandnephew. The diary records the scene :

"Garofli, who did not perceive us in his confusion, approached the bed, restraining himself so as not to cry ; and the old man embraced him, but could not speak.

"'Thanks,' said the old man ; 'go and tell your father and mother that all is going well, and that they are not to think any more about it.'

"But Garofli did not move, and seemed to have something to say which he dared not utter.

"'What have you to say to me ? What is it that you want ?'

"'I !—nothing.'

"'Well, good-by, until we meet again, my boy ; go with your heart in peace.'

"Garofli went as far as the door ; but there he halted, turned to the nephew, who was following him, and gazed curiously at him. All at once he pulled some object from beneath his cloak, put it in the boy's hand, and whispered hastily to him, 'It is for you,' and away he went like a flash."

The boy carried the object to his uncle. We saw that on it was written, *I give you this* ; we looked inside, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was the famous album, with his collection of postage-stamps, which poor Garofli had brought, the collection of which he was always talking, upon which he had founded so many hopes, and which had cost him so much trouble ; it was his treasure, poor boy ! it was the half of his heart's blood, which he had presented in exchange for his pardon.

The sequel to this incident appears in the entry of November 28th, which also gives a characteristic portrait of the indomitable young Stardi :

"This morning two events occurred at the school : Garofli, wild with delight, because his album had been returned to him, with the addition of three postage-stamps of the Republic of Guatemala, which he had been in search of for three months ; and Stardi, who took the second medal. Stardi the next in the class after Derossi ! All were amazed at it. Who could ever have foretold it, when, in October, his father brought him to school

bundled up in that big green coat, and said to the master, in presence of every one, 'You must have a great deal of patience with him, because he is very slow to understand!'

"Every one first thought him a blockhead. But he said, 'I will burst or I will succeed,' and he set to work, doggedly, studying day and night, at home, at school, while walking, with set teeth and clinched fists, patient as an ox, obstinate as a mule; and thus, by dint of trampling on every one, disregarding mockery, and dealing kicks to disturbers, this big thick-head got ahead of the rest. He did not understand the first thing of arithmetic, he filled his compositions with absurdities, he never succeeded in retaining a phrase in his mind; and now he solves problems, writes correctly, and sings his lessons like a song. And his iron will can be divined from the seeing how he is made, so very thickset and squat, with a square head and no neck, with short, thick hands, and coarse voice. He studies even on scraps of newspaper, and on theatre bills, and every time that he has any pocket-money he buys a book; he has already collected a little library, and in a moment of good-humor he let slip a promise to take me home and show it to me. He speaks to no one, he plays with no one, he is always on hand, on his bench, with his fists pressed to his temples, firm as a rock, listening to the teacher. How he must have toiled, poor Stardi! The master said to him, this morning, although he was impatient and in a bad humor, when he bestowed the medals, 'Bravo, Stardi! he who endures, conquers.' But the latter did not appear in the least puffed up with pride—he did not smile; and no sooner had he returned to his seat, with the medal, than he planted his fists on his temples again, and became more motionless and more attentive than before. But the finest thing happened when he went out of school; for his father, as big and squat as himself, with a huge face and a huge voice, was there waiting for him. He had not expected this medal, and he was not willing to believe in it, so that it was necessary for the master to reassure him, and then he began to laugh heartily, and tapped his son on the back of the neck, saying, energetically, 'Bravo! good! my dear pumpkin; you'll do!' and he stared at him, astonished and smiling. And all the boys around him smiled too, except Stardi. He was already ruminating the lesson for to-morrow morning in that huge head of his."

The "little mason," one day, visited Enrico at his home. "He came entirely dressed in clothes his father had cast off, which were still white with lime and plaster. My father was even more anxious than I that he should come. How much pleasure he gives us! No sooner had he entered than he pulled off his ragged cap, which was dripping wet with snow, and stuck it into one of his pockets; then he advanced with his listless gait, like a weary workman, turning his face, as smooth as an apple, with its ball-like nose, from side to side; and when he entered the dining-room, he cast a glance round at the furniture and fixed his eyes on a small picture of Rigoletto, a hunchbacked jester, and made a 'hare's face.'"

"It is impossible to refrain from laughing when one sees him make that hare's face. We went to playing with bits of wood; he possesses an extraordinary skill at making towers and bridges, which seem to stand as though by a miracle, and he works at it quite seriously, with the patience of a man. Between one tower and another he told me about his family; they live in a garret; his father goes to the evening school to learn to read, and his mother does washing. And they must love him, of course, for he is clad like a poor boy, but he is well

protected from the cold, with neatly mended clothes, and with his necktie tied neatly by his mother's hands. His father, he told me, is a fine man—a giant, who has trouble in getting through doors; but he is kind, and always calls his son 'hare's face'; the son, on the contrary, is rather small. At four o'clock we lunched on bread and cheese, as we sat on the sofa; and when we rose, I do not know why, but my father did not wish me to brush off the back, which the little mason had spotted with white, from his jacket; he restrained my hand, and then rubbed it off himself on the sly. While we were playing, the little mason lost a button from his jacket, and my mother sewed it on, and he grew quite red, and began to watch her sew, in perfect amazement and confusion, holding his breath the while. Then we gave him some books of caricatures to look at, and he, without being aware of it himself, imitated the grimaces of the faces there so well, that even my father laughed. He was so much pleased when he went away that he forgot to put on his tattered cap; and when we reached the landing, he made a hare's face at me once more in sign of his gratitude. His name is Antonio Rabucco, and he is eight years and eight months old."

Another schoolmate much esteemed by Ernesto is Precossi, the son of the notion-dealer—"that thin little fellow, who has kind, melancholy eyes and a frightened air; who is so timid that he says to every one, 'Excuse me.' He is always sickly, and yet he studies hard. His father comes home tipsy and beats him without any reason in the world. He flings the poor boy's books and his copybooks in the air with a jerk. The poor Precossi comes to school with his face all black and blue and swollen, and his eyes red with crying. But you can never get him to own that his father beats him."

Of course there is a bad boy in the school. He is indeed a hard case, and his redeeming traits, if he has any, are so effectually concealed that it is almost impossible to detect them. His name is Franti. "I detest that fellow," writes Ernesto. "He is wicked. When a father comes to the school to reprove his son, he enjoys it; when any one cries, he laughs. He troubles before Garrone, and he strikes the little mason because he is small; he torments Crossi because he has a helpless arm; he makes fun of Precossi, whom all the boys respect; he even jeers at Robetti, that boy in the second grade who walks on crutches, having injured himself trying to save a child. He provokes those who are weaker than himself, and when it comes to blows, he gets mad and tries to hurt. There is something under that low forehead, in those sullen eyes, which he keeps nearly concealed under the dash of his small cloth cap, which makes you shudder. He is afraid of no one; he laughs in the master's face; he steals when he gets a chance; he denies it without moving a muscle; he is always in a quarrel with some one; he brings big pins to school, to prick his neighbors; he tears buttons from his own jackets and from those of others, and plays with them; his papers, books and copybooks are all rumpled, torn and dirty; his ruler is jagged, his penhandles gnawed, his nails bitten to the quick, his clothes covered with stains and rents which he has got in his brawls. They say that his mother is ill from the trouble he gives her." Franti is finally expelled from school, for exploding a petard and then defying the master, who is compelled to put him out by main force. A week later, a poor woman comes to the school, weeping, and almost throws herself on her knees as she pleads with the director.

"Oh, if you only knew the trouble that this boy has caused me, you would have compassion! Do me this."

was to read the names of the winners of prizes, had already advanced to the front of the stage. The entrance of the twelve boys who were to present the certificates was what they were waiting for. The newspapers had already stated that there would be boys from all the provinces of Italy.

"All at once the whole twelve appeared on the stage at a run, and formed in line with a smile. The entire audience of three thousand sprang up as one man, breaking into applause which sounded like a clap of thunder. For a moment the boys stood as though disconcerted. 'Behold your Italy!' said a voice on the stage. All at once I recognized Coraci, the Calabrian, dressed as usual in black. A gentleman connected with the municipal government, who was with us, and who knew them all, pointed them out to my mother. 'That little blonde fellow is the representative of Venice. The Roman is that tall, curly-haired lad yonder.' Two or three of them were dressed like gentlemen; the others were sons of workmen, but all were neat and clean. The Florentine, who was the smallest, wore a blue scarf. They all passed in front of the mayor, who kissed them, one after the other, on the forehead, while a gentleman seated next to him smilingly told him the names of their cities: 'Florence, Naples, Bologna, Palermo.' And as each one passed, the immense audience clapped. Then they all hastened to the green table to receive the certificates. The master began to read the list, mentioning the school-house, the classes, the names; and the winners of the premiums began to mount the stage and to file past.

"The boys in the pit and the balconies applauded loudly every time that a very small lad passed, or one whose clothes showed poverty; and also for those who had curly hair or wore red or white. Some who filed past belonged to the upper primary, and once on the stage, they became confused and did not know where to turn, and the whole audience laughed. One passed, three spans high, with a big bow of pink ribbon on his back, so that he could scarcely walk, and he tripped in the carpet and fell. The prefect set him on his feet again, and all laughed and clapped. Another rolled headlong down the stairs as he was going down again to the pit. There was an outcry, but he had not hurt himself. Boys of all sorts passed—boys with roguish faces, with frightened faces, with faces as red as cherries; comical little fellows, who laughed in every one's face; and no sooner had they got back into the pit than they were seized upon by their fathers and mothers, who carried them away.

"When our school's turn came, how amused I was! Many whom I knew passed. Coretti filed by, dressed in new clothes from head to foot, with his fine, merry smile, showing all his white teeth; but who knows how many loads of wood he had already carried that morning! The mayor, on presenting him with his certificate, asked the meaning of a red mark on his forehead, and as he did so, laid one hand on his shoulder. I looked in the pit for his father and mother, and saw them laughing, while they covered their mouths with one hand. Then Derossi passed, all in bright blue, with shining buttons, with all those golden curls, slender, easy, with his head held high, so handsome, so sympathetic, that I could have blown him a kiss. Every gentleman wanted to speak to him and shake his hand.

"Then the master cried, 'Giulio Robetti!' and we saw the captain's son come forward on his crutches. Hundreds of boys knew what had happened. A rumor ran round in an instant. Then came a perfect roar of applause and shouts which made the theatre tremble: men

sprang to their feet, ladies began to wave their handkerchiefs, and the poor boy halted in the middle of the stage, amazed and trembling. The mayor drew him to him, gave him his premium and a kiss, and removing the two laurel crowns which were hanging from the back of the chair, he strung them on the crossbars of his crutches. Then he accompanied him to the proscenium-box, where his father, the captain, was seated; and the latter lifted him bodily and set him down inside, amid an indescribable tumult of cheers and hurrahs."

April brings a deep affliction for Garrone, whose sorrow casts a gloom over the whole class. He has been absent for some days; and one morning the teacher says:

"The greatest misfortune that can happen to a boy has happened to poor Garrone—his mother is dead. He will return to school to-morrow. I beseech you now, boys, to respect the terrible sorrow that is breaking his heart. When he enters, greet him with affection, and gravely; let no one jest, let no one laugh at him, I beg of you."

"And this morning," continues the journal, "poor Garrone came in, a little later than the rest. I felt my heart shrink to see him. His face was haggard, his eyes were red, and he tottered on his feet; he looked as if he had been ill a month. I scarcely recognized him; he was all in black; he excited our pity. No one even breathed; all looked at him. No sooner had he entered than at the first sight of that schoolroom whither his mother had come to get him nearly every day, of that bench over which she had bent on so many examination days to give him a last bit of advice, and where he had so many times thought of her, in his impatience to run out and meet her, he burst out into a fit of weeping he could not control. The teacher drew him aside to his own place, and pressed him to his breast, and said to him:

"Weep, weep, my poor boy; but take courage. Your mother is no longer here; but she sees you, she still loves you, she still lives by your side, and one day you will behold her once again, for you have a good and upright soul like her own. Take courage!"

And the dictation lesson which the good master reads to the class on that morning is as follows:

"Giuseppe Mazzini, born in Genoa in 1805, died in Pisa in 1872, a grand, patriotic soul, the mind of a great writer, the first inspirer and apostle of the Italian Revolution; who, out of love for his country, lived for forty years poor, exiled, persecuted, a fugitive heroically steadfast in his principles and in his resolutions. Giuseppe Mazzini, who adored his mother, and who derived from her all that there was noblest and purest in her strong and gentle soul, wrote as follows to a faithful friend, to console him in the greatest of misfortunes. These are almost his exact words:

"My friend, thou wilt never more behold thy mother on this earth. That is the terrible truth. I do not attempt to see thee, because thine is one of those solemn and sacred sorrows which each must suffer and conquer for himself. Dost thou understand what I mean to convey by these words, *It is necessary to conquer sorrow*—to conquer the least sacred, the least purifying part of sorrow, that which, instead of rendering the soul better, weakens and debases it? But the other part of sorrow, the noble part—that which enlarges and elevates the soul—that must remain with thee and never leave thee more. Nothing here below can take the place of a good mother. In the griefs, in the consolations which life may still bring to thee, thou wilt never forget her. But thou must recall her, love her, mourn her death, in a manner which is worthy of her. O my friend, hearken to me! Death

exists not ; it is nothing. It cannot even be understood. Life is life, and it follows the law of life—progress. Yesterday thou hadst a mother on earth ; to-day thou hast an angel elsewhere. All that is good will survive the life of earth with increased power. Hence, also, the love of thy mother. She loves thee now more than ever. And thou art responsible for thy actions to her more, even, than before. It depends upon thee, upon thy actions, to meet her once more, to see her in another existence. Thou must, therefore, out of love and reverence for thy mother, grow better and cause her joy for thee. Henceforth thou must say to thyself at every act of thine, "Would my mother approve this?" Her transformation has placed a guardian angel in the world for thee, to whom thou must refer in all thy affairs, in everything that pertains to thee. Be strong and brave ; fight against desperate and vulgar grief ; and have the tranquillity of great suffering in great souls, and that is what she would have."

"Garrone," added the teacher, "*be strong and tranquil, for that is what she would have.* Do you understand?"

Garrone nodded assent, while great and fast-flowing tears streamed over his hands, copybook and desk.

Grief or joy, time moves on at the same pace. It is Summer. The boys doze over their lessons, and wear clothes suited to the hot weather. Some wear a white gymnasium suit. There is one of Schoolmistress Delcati's boys who is red from head to foot, like a boiled crab. Several are dressed like sailors.

But the finest of all is the little mason, who has donned a big straw hat, which gives him the appearance of a candle with a shade over it ; and it is funny enough to see him make his bare face beneath it. Coretti, too, has given up his catskin cap, and wears an old gray silk traveling-cap. Votini has a sort of Scotch dress, all decorated ; Crossi shows his bare breast ; Precossi is lost in a blue blouse belonging to his father.

And Garoffi ? Now that he has been obliged to discard the cloak beneath which he concealed his wares, all his pockets are visible, bulging with all sorts of peddler's notions, and the lists of his raffles stick out. Now all his pockets allow their contents to be seen—fans made of half a newspaper, handles of canes, darts to fire at birds, plants and maybugs, which creep out of his pockets and crawl gradually over the jackets.

The schoolboys have lost their fine rosy color of Springtime ; necks and legs are growing thin, heads droop and eyes close. Poor Nelli, who suffers greatly from the heat, has turned wax in the face. He sometimes falls into a heavy sleep, with his head on his copybook ; but Garrone is always watchful, and places an open book upright in front of him, so that the master may not see him. Crossi rests his red head against the bench in a queer way, so that it looks as though it had been detached from his body and placed there separately.

And even in this respect, Derossi is at the head of all, for he suffers neither from heat nor drowsiness. He is always wide awake and cheery, with his golden curls, as he was in the Winter, and he studies without effort, and keeps all about him alert, as though he cooled the air with his voice.

And there are two others, also who are always awake and attentive : stubborn Stardi, who pricks his face to prevent himself from going to sleep, and the more weary and heated he is, the more he sets his teeth, and he opens his eyes so wide that you would think he wanted to eat our teacher ; and that swapping Garoffi, who is always busy manufacturing fans out of red paper, decorated

with little figures from matchboxes, which he sells at two centesimi apiece.

But the bravest of all is Coretti ; poor Coretti, who gets up at five o'clock to help his father carry wood ! In school, by eleven o'clock he can no longer keep his eyes open, and his head droops on his breast. And, nevertheless, he shakes himself, slaps himself on the back of the neck, asks permission to go out and wash his face, and makes his neighbors shake and pinch him. But this morning he could not resist, and he fell into a leaden sleep. The master called him loudly, "Coretti !" He did not hear. The master, irritated, repeated, "Coretti !" Then the son of the charcoal man, who lives next to him at home, rose and said : "He worked from five o'clock until seven carrying wood."

The teacher allowed him to sleep, and continued with the lesson for half an hour. Then he went to Coretti's seat, and wakened him very, very gently, by blowing in his face. On beholding the master in front of him, he started back in alarm. But the master took his head in his hands, and said, as he kissed him on the hair :

"I am not reproving you, my son. Your sleep is not at all that of laziness ; it is the sleep of fatigue."

Finally, in the early days of June, the examinations come—first the written ones, then the oral. Between the two, our schoolboy Enrico is ill at ease, about something which does not concern his progress in his studies.

"I had not yet told Garrone that I should not go through the fourth grade with him, that I was to leave Turin with my father. He knew nothing. And he sat there, doubled up together, with his big head reclining on the desk, making ornaments round the photograph of his father, who was dressed like a machinist, and who is a tall, large man, with a bull neck and a serious, honest look, like himself. And as he sat thus bent together, with his blouse a little open in front, I saw on his bare and robust breast the gold cross which Nelli's mother had presented to him, when she learned that he protected her son. But it was necessary to tell him some time that I was going away. I said to him :

"Garrone, my father is going away from Turin this Autumn, for good."

"He asked me if I were going, also. I replied that I was.

"You will not go through the fourth grade with us?" he said to me.

"I answered 'No.'"

"Then he did not speak to me for a while, but went on with his drawing. Then, without raising his head, he inquired :

"And you will remember your comrades of the third grade?"

"Yes," I told him, "all of them ; but you more than all the rest. Who can forget you?"

"He looked at me fixedly and seriously, with a gaze that said a thousand things, but he said nothing. He only offered me his left hand, pretending to continue his drawing with the other, and I pressed it between mine—that strong and loyal hand."

On the last day of school the street outside was thronged with parents, who had even invaded the big hall, and many had made their way into the classrooms, thrusting themselves even to the master's desk. "There were Garrone's father, Derossi's mother, the blacksmith Precossi, Coretti, Signora Nelli, the vegetable-vender, the father of the little mason, Stardi's father, and many others whom I had never seen ; and on all sides a whispering and a hum were audible, that seemed to proceed from the square outside."

(TWO WIDOWS AND A NECKLACE ; OR, THE ONE-ARMED TRAMPS.

CHAPTER I.

GARY SINCLAIR was that mysterious and delightful creature to women, a writer of plays. He knew, in his author-chrysalis state, all the actors (and the actresses); he could tell romantic, improbable and sad stories about them; he was intimate with Thorne, and had supped with Harry Beckett at The Lambs, and dined with Sothorn at least once a year. That he was rather young (not too much so), very good-looking, well born and well

dressed, of admirable manners, and with a society behavior which was as faultless as a monogram champagne-glass, was only of importance so far as that it might give him the clew out of the theatrical labyrinth, and bring him back to the *salon*—so thought his lady friends. He had thus a leg in two worlds—he was the colossus of the footlights.

Now, there were two lovely widows whom he knew, who were only to be seen behind the palings and through the latticework of a tremendous social position. They were guarded by tradition and by aunts. The families were religious—if the widows were not—and they unitedly regarded the stage, and stage-plays, and *play-actors* (as they always called them), with contempt, abhorrence and fear.

Mrs. Clairville was the blonde widow with the *retroussé* nose, and a doublet and hose in her disposition, who was the prize pattern *soubrette* of Sinclair's dreams, but she was deftly guarded. Very poor, she had to obey the two Misses Griggs, her rich aunts, or else give up that luxury, which was her life, and those Worth dresses, which were dearer than life!

The late Clairville had been but a poor match—had, in fact, been buried at the expense of the Misses Griggs. Indeed, he only left his wife one piece of property: it was a set of antique ornaments which he declared had belonged to Marie Antoinette.

The necklace was quaint; little landscape plaques painted in sepia, alternated with cupids, nymphs and groups of gay beauties—all touched in, one would think, by fairy fingers; these plaques were surrounded with pearls, and hung together with copper-colored chains. There were bracelets and long pendent earrings, belonging also to the set.

Very little did Mrs. Clairville care whether Marie Antoinette had worn it or not, as she clasped it about her plump white throat.

"This copper-colored gold is very becoming! But I wish I had an inch more length of throat! Now, Mrs. Percival!" she whispered.

For Mrs. Clairville had every belonging of a woman of energetic fashion—even a rival! And Mrs. Percival was a foeman worthy of her steel. She was her complete contrast—tall, dark, quiet. There were people who said that Mrs. Percival was less a woman than an angel. She went to balls, but did not dance; she looked cool and pale when other pretty women were flushed; she talked little, but mused a great deal. Her smile was eloquent; it spoke volumes, but she had in her dark beauty a certain brilliancy—something fearful; a light which cast its shadow before. Some people called her a "*prédestinée*."

Jem Hitchcock, who was in love with both these pretty widows, declared that books were injuring Mrs. Percival. To him books were simply black lines running after one another—something uncanny and cabalistic! No book but a betting-book had any health in it to Jem, and looking into Mrs. Percival's black eyes, as adorably soft as an Italian sky, he remarked:

"You mustn't read so much; it is ruining your eyes."

Mrs. Clairville needed no such advice. She read mankind, and her dinner-cards, her dancing-list, her visiting-book, and counted the beads of that long rosary on which her invitations were recorded. But this done, her devotions and her aspirations for literary renown and culture were appeased. She went to church regularly, but that she did not count as devotion; that was concession to a fashionable position, and done to please her aunts.

With her little "nose tip-tilted like a flower," in a fashionable bonnet, and in splendid velvet and furs, she

sat in the grand old family pew of the Griggses, and was not unhappy, particularly when she caught a view of the fine profile of Sinclair, half hidden by the neighboring pillar. Coming out of church was very pleasant indeed, and the walk up Fifth Avenue charming.

It was on one of these walks up Fifth Avenue that Sinclair joined her, and told her of his new play.

"I want you and Mrs. Percival to do it for charity," said he, looking sideways at the *retroussé* nose.

"Impossible! The Bacons, the Browns and the Smiths will keep *her* from playing, and the Palmers, the Russells and the Griggses will keep *me*," said Mrs. Clairville, regretfully, for she saw the long line of exciting footlights flash like Summer lightning. She saw herself in the tightest of bodices, the shortest of skirts, the cunningest of caps and neatest of slippers, doing *Suzanne* behind them.

"I have propitiated the Bacons, the Browns and the Smiths. I have got Mrs. Percival," said he.

"Oh, I see! The Home for the One-armed Tramps. You have promised to give the proceeds to that; well, come around and conquer the Palmers, the Russells and the Griggses for me."

"I will," said he.

It was after the first rehearsal (for the one-armed tramps had carried the day) that Mrs. Percival asked Mrs. Clairville to lend her the necklace.

"You have always been crazy about it," said Mrs. Clairville. "I will lend it with pleasure. But will you, who are so enviably rich, lend me diamonds as well, for you know I have none? And as Sinclair chooses to make *Suzanne* masquerade as a marquise, I must have some."

"Certainly; all my jewels. I will bring them over to-morrow. They are not, all told, so valuable as that *rococo* necklace."

So, in Mrs. Clairville's boudoir, while that little lady tried on the sparkling diamonds, the rich rubies, the flashing emeralds, the mysterious opals, and the prophetic amethysts which crowded Mrs. Percival's jewel-box, the latter sat down with the necklace on her lap, and studied it.

She saw, with her educated eye, that Jean Baptiste Vanloo had painted some of these plaques; that the cupids had fallen from the hands of Boucher; that, perhaps, Watteau had designed the gay groups of "*les fêtes galantes*." It was a little epitome of the eighteenth century. It whispered to her of the Guimard, Camargo, perhaps Dubarry, Pompadour. Some French marquis had ordered this necklace made out of many necklaces, before it had reached that neck which, half hidden by a white gauze fichu, was so superb that its glorious charm had become historical. She who owned it had once acted comedy at the Trianon.

As Mrs. Percival looked it over, pressing with delicate finger the plaque nearest the clasp, a little spring started, one of the settings flew back, and she read the words:

"Percival, 1802."

"Who owned this necklace, after the Queen?" she asked, shutting it instinctively, without telling Mrs. Clairville of her discovery.

"Oh! my husband's great-grandmother. She was a rich Englishwoman, who came to Paris after the Revolution, and I dare say she bought it at the sale of the Queen's jewels."

Mrs. Percival was rich, and independent in every sense but one. Her veiled nature, her quiet, studious tastes, her as yet unemancipated soul, made her the still easily

governed daughter of her haughty house. She had not been "born a widow"—she had been born a nun—but the tropical air of the footlights apparently opened this splendid flower, and brought it to its blossoming. The Bacons, the Browns and the Smiths were frightened to death when they saw her play. They said, tremulously:

"Why, she plays like a regular actress!"

That is a charge which but few of the friends of amateurs have, often, to prefer!

A beautiful rôle! yes! like some of those tender things which Alfred de Musset has written. A sort of *Louise La Valière*, such was the part which Sinclair had given her, and she played it well.

She looked so divinely lovely, in her Louis Quinze costume, with the antique necklace round her slender white throat, that Sinclair's heart swelled into inconvenient bumpiness; so he affected brutality—it is a common dodge with a lover.

"Your stage walk is very bad, Mrs. Percival," said he, at the last rehearsal.

"Is it?" said she, sending an inspired gleam out of her black eyes at him, across the footlights.

And so Sinclair got an opportunity to go on the stage, to take her arm, to show her how to walk, and to be thus lost for her. Mrs. Clairville saw through him, and swore vengeance. Not for this was she dancing the gavotte!

CHAPTER II.

THE one-armed tramps netted a handsome sum from these private theatricals, and at the third representation, when the two pretty widows played better than ever, the ingenuous objects of this beneficent charity were allowed to be present.

"I say, Lukes," said one of them to his neighbor, "I used to be a jeweler once, and I have seen that necklace the handsome black-eyed woman wears once before."

"So have I. It was pawned, wasn't it? I remember it, too, down at Potter's," said his chum.

"Before we fell into charity! Yes; queer place, Potter's. Let's get leave of absence and go down there tomorrow. These hospitals are pretty stupid."

Gilbert and Lukes were favorite old-men pensioners. They were often put in the front row, to be looked at as specimen charity cards, so they had no great difficulty in obtaining leave to take an outing.

Potter, a pawnbroker of wealth, was still not above welcoming his old comrades, who had fallen on their feet in the prosperous hospital. He mixed them a toddy in the back shop, and heard their description of the theatricals with pleasure.

"One great swell wore a necklace that I have seen here," said Gilbert.

"I dare say. They come and go," said Potter. "What sort of a one?"

"An antique, copper-colored gold chain, with plaques and pearls," said the old jeweler, sententiously.

"That is here now," said Potter.

"Saw it last night," said Gilbert, doubtfully.

"Hasn't left here for ten years."

Potter put down his glass of toddy and went to his safe. Taking from it an old box, he brought it to Gilbert; the very necklace, or a fac-simile of it, which Mrs. Percival had worn the night before.

"Now, ain't that queer?" said the old jeweler, passing his skilled fingers over the delicate settings.

"I could have sworn—couldn't you, Lukes?—that I see the tall, dark lady wear one like this."

"I dunno. She was a stunner, and I looked at her,

and not at her clothes. Acting like Jessie Jumpits, too," said the more romantic and chivalrous Lukes.

A loud ring at the shop-door bell sent Potter into the front shop, and presently a high, shrill but not unpleasant, voice penetrated to the two old men, and told them that Potter was so fortunate as to have a lady customer. He talked to her a long time, and Gilbert examined the weird ornaments.

Presently, waking Lukes out of a very good restorative nap, Potter came in hastily and gathered up the ornaments from Gilbert's trembling fingers.

"It's Jessie Jumpits, the actress," said he. "She has come down to take her jewels out of pawn, and says that she wants something *old-fashioned* for her neck. She is to play in Sinclair's new play. Come in and tell her how the swells played it. This will just do for her."

It ended in Jessie Jumpits being asked in to punch and toast in the back office, where she made herself very agreeable.

"Now, you see, this is all very nice," said Jessie, "about the ladies playing so well; but do you know I have coached them on the sly?"

"Have you, now? Well, that accounts for it," said Lukes, who in his young days had once played *Charles Marlowe*, and who had a great admiration for Jessie Jumpits, as he had had for that excellent actress, her mother before her.

"Yes, Sinclair is a friend of mine, and he arranged it all. They were polite and delightful, and the dark one made me a splendid present, and the light one was very chatty and nice, but they were dreadfully afraid; they used to come to my lodgings in green veils and aquascutum cloaks, poor things!" said Jessie, giving a hearty laugh. "They were so afraid of being seen with an actress."

"And so you coached them?" said old Lukes, admiringly.

"Yes," said Jessie, sipping her punch; "and they have talent. No wooden sticks there. Mrs. Percival would drive me off the stage if she chose to go on it."

"Did you ever see that before?" said Potter, holding up the necklace.

"No, I didn't," said Jessie, stretching out an exceedingly white hand to take it from him; "but it is just what I want for my costume."

"So you play the part which Mrs. Percival played, do you, Jessie?" asked Gilbert, in a paternal way. "And you didn't see her play for the Home of the One-armed Tramps, my dear?"

"No; I was professionally busy every evening, of course," said Jessie.

"Well, she wore a necklace exactly like this, and there's meaning in it; when things begin to work strange and into one another like a network, it means something. We ain't heard the end of this necklace yet, Jessie."

After which oracular utterance, Gilbert, who was a sort of Captain Cuttle, devoted himself to the remaining toddy, and though shaking his head violently from time to time, he spoke no more.

"Well, Potter," said Jessie, with some abruptness, "I'll hire this necklace of you for the season. Here's ten dollars in advance, more than the old thing is worth; but it hits my fancy."

"Miss Jumpits, I could not do it," reasoned Potter, true to his pawnbroker instinct.

"Oh, law!" said Jessie, dropping it into her pocket, forcing the bill into his gaping palm, and with a careless bow to the two old men, the leading lady of Bath's

Then, looking round furtively, and bending her head down, she whispered something in the ear of the pawn-broker.

There was the usual haggling and disputing, but it ended in the usual way. The man kept the necklace; the woman departed, muttering dissatisfaction.

"Well, the old gentleman is in this!" said Potter, looking up the newly arrived old necklace. "It came to me queerly at first. Do what I can, I can't get rid of it. It always comes back."

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. PERCIVAL and Mrs. Clairville had grown very intimate over their guilty secret—their stolen visits to Jessie Jumpits. That they found her a good, hardworking girl, who supported her mother, and her drunken old father, and a lame brother, appealed very much to their youthful sympathies; but they were quite sure that none of their relations would see things in the same light as they did. The Bacons, the Browns, the Smiths, the Palmers, the Russells and the Griggses belonged to that class of the respectable who considered certain minor observances, such as playing cards at home, knitting or visiting on a Sunday evening, knowing artists, dancing in Lent, playing certain tunes and not others, and going to see the opera-bouffe, as crimes quite equal to murder, theft, and arson. Raffling at fairs was also very wicked, but when *they* had a rug to dispose of—"well, that was different, you know." Such people are just as good, and perhaps much better, than the Bohemians or the respectable Liberals, but they are apt to be deceived by their young people. The nose of the teapot refuses to be stopped up.

But this violent friendship and its secret bond was destined to be disrupted by the furious jealousy of Mrs. Clairville, who saw that Sinclair had eyes and ears only for Mrs. Percival, and by an incident which came to her knowledge two days after the last representation of the play.

"Charlotte, have you put away the antique ornaments in their cases?" asked the eldest Miss Griggs, in an as-stringent tone. "I noticed everything came home very higgledy-piggledy from the play, including my old lace, *all* torn."

A DAY'S OUTING WITH THE KENTUCKY QUAIL.—"I FLATTERED MYSELF THAT I DID NOT CUT SO BAD AN EQUESTRIAN FIGURE AS I HAD ANTICIPATED."—SEE PAGE 103.

"Well, no," said Mrs. Clairville; "I gave Mrs. Percival her jewels, and she put them in her pocket. She put mine in a deep box and handed them to me. I gave them to Marie, who tied them up and brought them home, I suppose."

"Well, for a woman who has so few jewels as *you* have, that is rather good!" said Miss Griggs. "Marie, bring me the box."

Marie brought a common pasteboard box, which, on being opened, showed cotton and paper and jewels, rather tumbled in. The earrings, the bracelets came out, but the necklace—no!

"Why, how queer! How is this?" said Miss Griggs, shaking the box. "Just like you two thoughtless things! Go over at once and tell Mrs. Percival. Here, Marie! take this pasteboard thing, and bring me Mrs. Clairville's jewel-case. Lost, no doubt."

Marie took up the box and the cotton and discarded papers, and walked off. As she was about throwing the box away, she saw that an envelope, neatly folded, lay at the bottom of the box, looking exactly like the lining thereof.

To take it out, to feel with her long fingers the necklace within it, was her part of the performance, except that she quickly transferred it to her own pocket and placed the box ostentatiously on her bureau.

When she came back, with the serenely proper air of a French chambermaid, Mrs. Clairville was writing a note, which quickly brought Mrs. Percival to her side.

"The necklace missing?" said she; "how horrible! I distinctly remember taking it off my neck, and dropping it into the box. Let me see. What did I do in the greenroom? Yes, I am quite sure; I wrote two notes. I sent one with a little—yes—"

Here Mrs. Percival stopped short and blushed. She remembered that one of them was to Jessie Jumpits with the banknote inclosed, of which the actress had spoken so warmly.

"The other was to Mr. Sinclair, inclosing my part. You remember, he asked us to send up the manuscript that evening, so that no pirate should get hold of it. I am quite sure I put the necklace carefully in the bottom of the box."

A DAY'S OUTING WITH THE KENTUCKY QUAIL.—"THANKSGIVING DAY DAWNED SLOWLY ON MY SLEEPING SENSES THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF YOUNG JIM, A LITTLE DANKY."—SEE PAGE 133.

"No, you did not!" said Miss Griggs, fiercely, for she hated Mrs. Percival—first, for being young; second, for being beautiful; third, for being rich; and, fourth, for having played better than Mrs. Clairville. "No, you did not! for I emptied the box myself—an earring here, a bracelet there!"

"Where is the box, Marie?" said Mrs. Percival, turning pale.

The virtuous Marie brought it. Nothing could be more empty—not even Jem Hitchcock's head.

"I am very sorry. Can money replace it?" asked Mrs. Percival.

"I should *think* not!" said Miss Griggs.

"Would you accept my diamond necklace, Charlotte?" turning to Mrs. Clairville.

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Clairville, rising into unaccustomed dignity, and with a black cloud on her brow. "Perhaps you inclosed my necklace to Mr. Sinclair with the manuscript."

"That is possible!" said Mrs. Percival, jumping to her feet. "I seem to remember putting it in an envelope—the confusion was so great, we were all so excited—and I remember seeing it lying on the top of a heap of papers. Now I shall go and search the greenroom, and write to Mr. Sinclair at once, and—"

She did not finish the remark, for she meant to go at once also to the actress; but she remembered, with some confusion, that she was not now playing in New York, but at Ruth's Opera House, filling a provincial engagement.

Sinclair was trying his piece on the less critical air of the rural districts. The ladies watched her, as her face bore the expression of baffled distress.

"Your jewelry all reached home safely, I hope?" said Miss Griggs, bitterly.

"Oh, yes! I dare say!" said Mrs. Percival. "I think Charlotte put it in my pocket."

"You seem to have been very much preoccupied," said Miss Griggs.

"Yes! The excitement, the fatigue, the new sensation—I was absorbed in my part, and in one or two duties, so new to me, and in making up for some negligences of my own I was very much confused—but, Charlotte, I shall move heaven and earth to find your necklace. How horrible that I should have lost it!"

And poor Mrs. Percival went off to write to Sinclair, to search the greenroom, to follow up Jessie Jumpits, and to have a good cry.

"You may depend," said Miss Griggs, shaking her false front at Mrs. Clairville, "that she has stolen the necklace. She is a kleptomaniac; they are found in the best families, amongst the richest people. Did you see her turn red and pale?"

CHAPTER IV.

SINCLAIR had gone out of town. He had followed his play. Jessie Jumpits was a good actress, he knew that he could trust her, and he had been very much pleased at her readiness to help the amateur actresses. But he also knew that the amateur success told nothing as to the merits of his work. To take a back seat in the gallery at Ruth's Opera House, in a distant city, and to watch the effect on the man next to him, that was his way of thrusting a thermometer into the popular opinion.

It was a success. The man next to him approved. The first act went off glibly; the second was better; the audience clamored for more in the third act; in the fourth, women stood up, and Jessie Jumpits was called *before the curtain* thrice, while loud cries of "Author, author!" resounded through the house.

But the author sat, with bitterness in his soul. How poor was Jessie Jumpits, after the heroine of his heart! the woman who had revealed to him that henceforth success lay, not in the plaudits of an audience, but in one woman's. Yes; he was thinking of Mrs. Percival. However, he must go behind the scenes, thank Jessie, and accept congratulations. This success meant everything to her, and it meant money, power, fame to him.

He found the hardworking actress and her maid packing up her superb stage-dress in that dismal hole which answered to the brilliant appellation "Star Dressing-room," at Ruth's Opera House.

"Why, Jessie, what have you on your neck?" he asked, as, turning to speak to him, the light revealed the necklace, which was crowded up above her high-necked silk dress.

"Oh, a bit of antiquity which I found somewhere," she said, laughing lightly. "How did you like my third act?"

"Immensely, Jessie. You have done me more than justice. The public has indorsed you as the most lady-like actress of the day. Where have I seen it before?"—looking at the necklace.

Jessie Jumpits was not pleased with the playwright's enthusiasm. To ignore her, and to be so exercised over the tawdry old necklace which she had got at a pawnbroker's! What had happened to the dear Sinclair?

CHAPTER V.

THE letters of Mrs. Percival to Sinclair and to Jessie brought quick returns, but not until she had sought relief from her distress of mind by going, as was her wont, to read to the one-armed tramps.

Finding old Gilbert and Lukes alone, she indulged them by talking about the play, and narrated the distress she had felt at losing the necklace.

"I know where it is!" said old Gilbert, striking his knee. "It was stole, and took to a pawnbroker's named Potter. You go there, missis, and get it!"

At Potter's Mrs. Percival and Sinclair found the necklace, and it lay in an envelope still, addressed to Jessie Jumpits! It could not be touched without the pawn-ticket, however, although they were allowed, through old Gilbert's interposition, to see it.

"There are two of them, then," said he.

"I have it!" said Mrs. Percival. "I remember I blotted this envelope, paused a moment, saw the necklace, did it up in the rejected envelope, and pushed it into the box. Now, whom must we follow up?"

She then told Sinclair the story of her reception at Miss Griggs's, and of the woman Marie.

Perhaps as a writer of plays, Sinclair had remarkable intuitions. But, at any rate, a policeman scared Made-moiselle Marie out of a pawn-ticket, which the playwright secured.

All would have gone well, but that Jessie Jumpits, very much alarmed at her friend's distress and trouble, packed up the necklace which she had hired at the pawnbroker's and sent it to Mrs. Clairville, as Sinclair had foolishly advised her to do, before he had achieved the knowledge of the second necklace.

It was noised all over town that Mrs. Percival had stolen Mrs. Clairville's necklace in a moment of greed and temptation, and that a story of an actress and pawnbroker had been trumped up. Miss Griggs used the word "kleptomania" many times.

But Sinclair, like the dramatic genius that he was, prepared a gorgeous revenge.

He was the first to find out that two necklaces nearly alike had found their way to the same pawnbroker's. He then, after attending to some little business of his own, sat down with Mrs. Percival's hand in his, and asked her, just as if he had a right, a question.

"Was there any distinctive mark about Mrs. Clairville's necklace which you remember, dearest?" said he, and he reinforced her intellectual faculties by kissing her pale, low, Egyptian brow.

Mrs. Percival clapped her hands, and told him of the hidden clasp, the name Percival, the date, 1802.

They looked at each other without speaking, and Sinclair tapped the left side of his waistcoat knowingly.

"Let us go to Miss Griggs's," said he, and arm-in-arm they went, two happy lovers, toward that browstone mansion, as if on air.

Mrs. Clairville saw them coming along the pavement. She had heard of the engagement, and her throat filled up with bitterness.

"I wonder what story they have trumped up about the necklace?" said she to Miss Griggs.

"I don't know. Some falsehood, you may be sure."

"So glad to see you," said she to Mrs. Percival. "Allow me to congratulate you. The actress has disgorged. She has sent home *my necklace*."

"Stop a moment, Mrs. Clairville," said Sinclair; "I do not believe that she has. Was there any secret mark about your necklace, let us inquire? What, for instance, was Mr. Clairville's great-grandmother's name?"

"Percival," said Miss Griggs. "The Percivals have had great love for that necklace—hem!"

"What year was she in Paris?"

"Eighteen hundred and two," said Miss Griggs, who had questioned the late Clairville more than his wife had ever done.

Sinclair took a little box from his waistcoat-pocket, and gave it to Miss Griggs.

"This was deposited at a pawnbroker's by your maid, Marie. Press a spring under the second plaque and tell me what you read."

Mrs. Griggs and Mrs. Clairville turned red, pale, purple. They did so, and read:

"Percival, 1802."

"That is the necklace!" said Mrs. Clairville, hastily. "I recognize the little curly Cupid with one eye out."

"I don't know yet!" said Miss Griggs. "Bring me the other necklace."

It was brought, and differed in some unimportant particulars; there was certainly no secret clasp, no legend, no name, no date. That necklace was a mystery.

"This story will go with the charge of kleptomania—hey!" said Sinclair, forgetting his manners. "Now, ladies, apologize to my wife that is to be!"

"I am sure we are not to blame!" said Miss Griggs.

"Dear! dear! how much better this is than writing plays!" said Sinclair, pressing Mrs. Percival's arm to his side, as he walked away in the sunset.

She looked very happy and very quiet.

"It is a dreadful thing to be accused of stealing," said she, looking up in his face with her black eyes.

"Yes, and how much worse it is to be guilty! I charge you, not with petty larceny of a necklace, but with the grand larceny of me and my business connection. Just think, you have stolen a playwright! and that is worse, dear, even than stealing plays!"

"Let us go and see my poor old men at the 'One-armed Tramps,'" said Mrs. Percival.

Gilbert and Lukes were delighted with the visit, and with their connection with the two necklaces.

"I know how you feel, sir," said Lukes. "I was young once myself. Why, when I played——"

He attempted the gymnastic with the mustache, but failed, and the lovers bade him good-night for ever.

A DAY'S OUTING WITH THE KENTUCKY QUAIL.

By H. W. DE LONG.

THE *post-bellum* "Old Kentucky Home," while perhaps not quite so prodigal of entertainment as its predecessor of "befo' the wah," is still the centre of a quality of hospitality unknown in any other part of the country. Many of the old estates, with manor-house and negro quarters intact, may still be found all through the State, peopled by representative Kentuckians, in whom the old chivalrous instincts are as strong as when their fathers counted their bondmen by the score and dispensed their largesses with all the prodigality of a feudal baron.

In nearly every case these fine old mansions will be found located back from the highway or pike, in a grove of forest trees, with a winding road, barred possibly by two or three gates leading up to the friendly-looking portico. To get the *entrée* to one of these Blue-grass demesnes is to leave all care behind and rest content in the thought that one is welcome for a year and a day.

It was a great relief to me, after a long, tedious ride from my Northern home, to be set down at the door of one of these old manor-houses, one crisp November evening, and to have my welcome accentuated by the fact—brought out by a long correspondence—that a kinship, although far removed, existed between the inmates and myself. It was like coming home, and the sweet word "cousin" never sounded sweeter to my ears than it did that night.

The prime object of my visit to Kentucky was to beat the quail covers about Cousin Bob's plantation in company with himself and another cousin from the interior of the State, whom we will call Al. I had come prepared to do great execution among the birds, and the bottom of my trunk had been in constant jeopardy during my trip, due to the great load of gun-shells and other sporting paraphernalia packed therein. After supper, as we sat about the genial grate with pipes well going, Bob observed:

"You have struck an excellent time for partridges, Cousin H. They are more plenty this season than I have known them to be for several years. Why, there are no less than six bevers 'using' now within a thousand yards of the house."

"That is indeed good news," I answered; "for although I have owned and handled guns all my life, I have never yet been where I could try my skill to any extent on this finest of American game birds."

"You will find they will tax your skill pretty thoroughly too," spoke up Al, smiling. "A partridge or 'quail,' as you say, under full headway, is a mark requiring nerve and judgment to bring to grass, and to have a bevy rise suddenly all about you is, you will find, one of the most puzzling things in all your shooting experience."

"I am afraid I will make rather a poor showing with 'Bob White' after my limited practice on squirrels and an occasional grouse or woodcock at home," I remarked; but Bob comforted me by saying that "if I had shot grouse in cover I could certainly shoot quail in the open."

The day was all that could be desired, light fleecy clouds overhung the sky, and cushions of mist lay along the swales. That exhilarating, indescribable Autumn feeling, that exists nowhere but in America, pervaded everything, and we chatted and smoked as careless and fields are the rule, the method adopted is to spread as much as possible across the field, and ride slowly, where practicable, up-wind. A pair of good dogs, by ranging before each hunter in turn, will beat every inch of ground, and by moving up-wind, the scent of the game

A RUEFUL CHRISTMAS MORNING.

free as a trio of schoolboys. Even the dogs, Scott and Frank, our liver-and-white pointers, seemed to catch the spirit of the morning, and Young Jim was kept more than busy restraining them as they tugged at their leashes. In beating for quail in Kentucky, where hundred-acre will be more readily taken than if the reverse was the case. Immediately upon a bevy being scented, and the well-trained dogs draw on step by step toward the birds, the hunters dismount, and, handing their horses to the boy, advance to where the dogs, now rigid as marble

to be continued to-night before the grate. It's half-past one, looks like rain, Thanksgiving dinner at four, and a lot of birds to bag during the interval. 'To horse, my brave boys, and away!'

We had beaten about half way through a very promising-looking grass lot, when the rain, that had been threatening for the last hour, began to come down in a fine drizzle, that was very discouraging, and we had about decided to give up and go home, when both dogs pointed at once in a corner of the worm fence. What are a wet jacket and dripping skies when your dogs are standing on game? Perish the sportsman in whose make-up the element of sugar enters so largely that fear of dissolution follows the first drop of rain and immediate shelter is a necessity. Such is not fit to woo nature through the medium of the gun and rod, but shines far better at the trap and in the shooting-gallery. So long as any possibility of raising a feather remains the born sportsman will stick to the heath. Come rain, come snow, come anything that's bad, he will plod after the dogs all day, and if, as a reward for his faithfulness, the good Diana, as the night comes down, gives him a clean right and left at a brace of birds that he drops artistically, he will pick them up with a joyful heart, and trudge home through the gloaming feeling that the day has been a red-letter one indeed.

Dropping to the ground, we started up the little hill-lock, at the crest of which the dogs were standing. I think it must have been the snapping of the guns as we closed them, after slipping in the shells, that caused the young dog Frank, at this juncture, to do a most unsportsmanlike thing, for no sooner had we closed our pieces than the impetuous fellow broke his point and leaped directly into the midst of the bevy, putting them to flight, and so exciting Old Scott that he also lost his head, and, like Jill of the nursery rhyme, "came tumbling after," and the rout was complete. We were all taken by surprise, and, although we poured in six barrels, the range was so long and the sight so hurried, that only one bird came to grass. Rushing to the top of the knoll, we could see the dogs careering over the plain in hot pursuit, flushing another bevy at the edge of the field, and stopping only, in spite of Bob's halloas, when an eight-rail fence presented an impassable barrier. The first bevy was marked down on the side of a small hill in the next field, and the second, strange to say, followed suit and settled exactly in the same place, making a pack of more than fifty partridges in a clear, open spot where there would be no impediment to perfect shooting.

"Come in here, you beggars!" shouted Bob, as the damp, crestfallen pointers, with drooping sterns and a general air of having put their foot in it, made their way toward us. "You knew better, you rascals, than to flush those birds. Take that! and that!" and the dogwhip cracked smartly. "Now to heel, and don't let us have any more such foolishness!" And back they slunk, keeping their eyes on their master, although Bob's rating they well knew was sharper with the tongue than the whip. "Now, boys," said Bob, "there are fifty quail packed on that hillside, and, if we work it right, we will have some sport worthy the name, in spite of the rain. I have an idea that the birds will lie well in the wet grass—they often do—and we will get the benefit of single shots, which means more than if they all rise in a huddle. Now let us get the dogs over the fence, and see what we can do."

So we hoisted the pointers over, and, with many a caution to "go careful," they began beating toward the hillside where we had marked our birds. Spreading out in

an irregular row, a hundred yards in extent, with Al and Bob on the flanks, and myself at the post of honor in the centre, we hurried along after, our hats dripping and the brown barrels of our guns guttered with the drops that were falling faster every moment. But no one thought of the wet, and I verily believe that a waterspout would have scarcely drawn our attention from the dogs before us. Old Scott was the first to make game. He was not certain of it at once, but drew on for fully ten yards before he settled down to a steady point. Frank backed the old dog beautifully, and we were morally certain as we stepped in that, with the veteran on the lead, there would be no danger of a break this time.

"Walk them up, Al," called out Bob; "you are the nearest."

And, as he spoke, a quail jumped up from under his feet, almost grazing his gun as it took wing. "Bang!" Down it came at ten yards, badly riddled. Whirr! up went the bird before Scott, and down it came to Al's right barrel. Still Old Scott held his point.

"There's another over there, Cousin H.; walk him up."

Nothing loath, I stepped in, and up he went, and down he came again as my twelve-bore sang out mightily. Still the old dog stood staunch as ever, and up went another, that I missed beautifully, and not until then did the pointer move on, and then as carefully and gingerly as a cat on a sparrow.

There were more birds ahead of him, sure, and as he drew on and pointed, followed by his companion, we would walk up the birds and cut them down right and left. For a full half-hour we enjoyed most glorious sport, missing some, but killing more, and when the last remnant of the two harassed bevs disappeared in a neighboring thicket we counted up thirty-seven fine birds as the result of our day's sport, and declared ourselves "satisfied."

"Not a bad showing, indeed!" said Bob, as he tied the last russet beauty on the string, and hung the heavy bunch across his saddle-bow. "A very good Thanksgiving Day's work, eh, Cousin H.? And now for home as soon as possible. I am wet to the skin. You, H., take Young Jim behind you, as you have the largest horse, and we will soon have the odor of that Thanksgiving dinner in our nostrils."

So away we went: the Kentuckians on their thoroughbreds on either side, and Young Jim and I on Old Jane in the centre. My mount was old, but she was ambitious, and as the younger horses sped along, she, not wishing to be outdone, strained every nerve to keep up, and I had an excellent opportunity of testing that "rocking-chair gait" that Bob spoke about at breakfast. We had not gone far before I became thoroughly convinced that the rockers must be broken, or, at least, sadly out of repair, for I never received such a jouncing in my life. But not wishing to interfere with the movements of the procession, I handed my gun to Young Jim, and bent all my energies to the difficult task of holding on, much to the amusement of my partners, who, instead of reining in as I suggested, only went the harder; while Young Jim added impulse to my steed by digging his long heels into her ribs, singing the while:

"I went to do ribber and I couldn't git across,
Gib a half-dollar for an ole blind hoss."

And so, like the heroes of that famous ride from Aix to Ghent, Al galloped, Bob galloped, we galloped all three, until at last, to my weary eyes arose the grateful view of the walls of the old manor-house shining friendly through the rain, and as we dismounted at the door, and

of the organs of sight or hearing, no prodigious length of arm or unsight, preponderance of jaw, because the brain takes its proper share in the work of self-preservation. To call any one of the organs which compose this last triumph of creative power either the rudiment of what might be, or the vestige of what has been, seems an insult to the dignity of the creature that was made in the image of God.

FALADA.

THERE was once an old queen who had been for several years a widow. She had a daughter beautiful as the day. As she was growing up she was betrothed to the son of a king far, far away. When the time for the marriage came, she prepared to go to the bridegroom's court.

The mother, who doted on her daughter, could not give her gold and jewelry and rich clothes enough. She gave her a maid to go by her side, and to present her to the king safely. Each rode a beautiful mare; the princess's mare was called Falada, and could talk.

Before her daughter set out, the old queen gave her a drop of her heart's blood as a talisman, telling her that it would preserve her from all harm on the way. Then, with many tears, the loving mother and daughter took leave of each other.

One day, as they passed near a beautiful crystal brook, the princess asked her servant to get down and give her a drink of the cool, pure water in her golden goblet, for she was thirsty.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said her maid. "If you are thirsty, get down and help yourself. I will not be your servant any more."

The princess was so thirsty that she alighted, and kneeling, drank, shedding many tears, for she was mild, timid and simple of heart. Then she heard the drop of blood sing:

"Ah, child, if this thy mother knew,
Her heart with grief were broken too."

Then she remounted Falada, and they traveled. At last it became so fearfully hot that the princess was dying of thirst, and, forgetting her maid's disobedience, she again asked her to dismount and get her a drink in her golden cup.

But the maid answered, more insolently than before, "Help yourself, if you are so thirsty. I was not made to serve you?"

The poor princess alighted and drank, saying, with tears: "Oh, dear! oh, dear! what is to become of me?" And the drop of her mother's heart's blood answered:

"Ah, child, if this thy mother knew,
Her heart with grief were broken too."

As the princess leaned over, the drop fell in the water, without her perceiving it, but the wicked servant saw it, and was glad enough, for she knew that the princess had lost her charm.

"Now," she said, "she is in my power." When the princess rose, the servant said: "Here, take my mare—I will take Falada."

And the princess had to give up her horse, and soon after the servant took all her dowry and fine clothes, even those she wore, and made her ride by her side as if she were the servant.

As they approached the king's domain, the wicked woman drew a dagger, and, putting it to the princess's throat, she made her swear a terrible oath that she would never tell any one what she had done.

Falada did not like all this, so he began to prance and to curvet and to rear, till at last the wicked servant was rolling in the dust. The good princess, forgetting her wickedness, ran to help her, then she soothed and patted Falada. When they reached the palace, the young king came down to meet his bride, and he helped the wicked servant down from her saddle and she was taken with great pomp to the apartments prepared for the new queen, and all the time the real princess was left alone in the court.

The old king looked out, saw her trying to warm her fingers and, noticing her beauty, went and asked the false princess who the maid was.

"Oh," she replied, "she is a little thing who came with me. I hope you will set her to work. I do not wish her to grow lazy."

The old king could not think of putting such a beautiful and delicate girl to hard work, so he said:

"I will let her help the boy watch the geese."

This boy's name was Dindonnet. He was a great, clumsy clown.

Soon after the false princess asked the young king:

"My dear love, would you do me a great service?"

"Of course," he replied.

"Then send and have the head of the mare I rode cut off. She is a treacherous beast, and, I am afraid, may injure some one."

She was afraid that Falada would tell what she had done.

So good Falada was killed. The real princess asked them to hang the head up over a great arch where she had to pass every day. "Then," she said to herself, "I shall see her every day." The man who killed Falada, liking the gentle girl, did as she wished.

The next morning, as she passed, the princess said:

"Falada, Falada! Do I see you hung so?"

And the head answered:

"Princess, dear princess, do I see you so low?
Ah, child, if this thy mother knew,
Her heart with grief were broken too."

Then she went out to the fields with Dindonnet to tend the geese.

After a time she sat down to arrange her beautiful golden hair, but Dindonnet saw it was so beautiful that he wanted to take the tresses in his hand, but she called the winds to carry off his cap. And away it blew off his stupid head, and he was kept running after it till she had finished her toilet.

Dindonnet was very sulky all day and cross to the princess.

The next day, as she passed the head, she again spoke to Falada, and it answered her as before. And in the field, when she went to arrange her hair, Dindonnet again attempted to be rude to her, and again she called the winds to help her.

That night the boy went to the king and said he did not want to be bothered with that girl any more.

"What is the matter?" said the old king.

"Because she torments me all day."

Then the king began to question him, and he told about the horse's head, and how it talked and called the girl a princess, and talked about her mother, and how she got the wind to carry off his cap.

You may be sure the old king's eyes opened, and he wanted to know what all this meant. So the next morning he was up bright and early and hid himself near the great archway. He heard the girl speak to the horse's head and call it by name; and heard the head address

A closed carriage comes to a sudden standstill before the *maisonnelle* opposite—a carriage whose brown silk curtains are drawn half-way down. A man, young and rather handsome, dressed in the extreme of the *mode*, alights and runs quickly up some stone steps and rings the bell, closing the coach-door carefully behind him.

Algy is about to turn back to his selection of trousers, when his eyes are drawn to the interior of the coach by a vision of white that suddenly comes into relief there. He sees draperies of white, creamy and soft as of wool, with heavy golden fringes and tassels—the figure of a woman; but the face, be it fair or the reverse, is turned from him, and, moreover, concealed not alone by the lowered curtains, but by a loose hood or mantilla of the same soft, creamy stuff, with gold lace bordering its length; and he sees her hand, so white, so perfect, so beautiful, as no hand that Algernon Byngham has ever seen before in the thirty odd years he has lived. It is not especially small, but it is gemless, fleckless, flawless as must have been the lost hand of the Venus of Milo. It is now raised apparently to her head; now picks up a gold, carved fan from the seat beside her, and taps impatiently on the window-frame with it; now lies listless amid the creamy folds of cloth, a whiter thing than they.

Meantime the door of the little mansion had been opened by a maid servant. The gentleman exchanged some words with her, then the door was closed somewhat unceremoniously in his face, and he descended once more to his companion. Standing on the sidewalk, they converse together for some moments, the white hand fluttering back and forth in nervous gesticulation all the while. Then the door is shut with a snap that resounds through the dull *strasse*. Directions are given to the coachman, the gentleman walks away toward the suburbs by himself, and the carriage, with its occupant, who has now drawn down the curtains completely, whisks off in a cloud of dust to the cracking of the whip and the regret—shall it be said?—of Lieutenant Byngham.

Algy is secretly, unreasonably and unconsciously glad that the handsome man did not re-enter the coach—did not take a seat beside the woman whose face is a sealed mystery to him, but whose fair white hand already exercises a species of fascination over his imagination and emotions such as he never has experienced before.

In fifteen minutes, and without the aid of James, that gentleman's master is out stalking about the city in an aimless fashion, but determined perfectly in his own mind to discover, know—ay, possess—the owner of the white hand that has beguiled him by its subtle grace, its indescribable character and irresistible charm.

It was in the "good old days," as many of the inhabitants style them—the days when the green cloth was not prohibited in B——, when nightly huge sums were lost and won at *rouge et noir* and *roulette*, and when the scene about the tables was one of interest, frequently of splendor side by side with squalor, of misery jostling *insouciance*, but where generally upon every face was written the easily read story of anxiety and eager hope.

Late one night—past twelve, in fact, Algy Byngham chanced to saunter in—and more from habit than anything else—from his place among the throng always crowding about the bank, in response to the final cry of the *croupier*, "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs; faites vos jeux!*" he tossed down a couple of pieces of gold on the red. At almost the same instant he beheld from amid the group at the side of the table a white hand—the one white hand in the world for him—extend and lay down on the black a superb bracelet of rubies and diamonds. This stake was not an extraordinary, but it was an

unusual, one; therefore most people stared—all, save those hardened by years of such scenes to anything like an exhibition of astonishment.

The young lieutenant started and glanced across. A face of the most exquisite and aristocratic beauty, eyes of the most superb brown, met his own, but for an instant. A touch on her arm from the gentleman whom he had seen with her a week since in the little Hilda Strasse caused her to withdraw her glance, and to draw very closely about her head and face a rich mantle of white lace. A few, perhaps, had remarked her singular loveliness, but at that hour of the night the players were mostly in earnest, and with the exception of a few British and American tourists, intent on seeing what they are pleased to call "the lion," no one paid the smallest attention to the player or her stake, and they rather sleepily. But Lieutenant Byngham watched her with the intensest interest. Upon his memory was indelibly imprinted the sweetness of the face, the matchless charm and grace of every movement, the perfection of the white hand that had first attracted him, and, acting on a sudden impulse, he determined to purchase, at any cost, the bracelet that had once clasped that fair and rounded arm.

After a few moments' parley with the director behind his baize screen, the coveted gem-starred band was Algy's own.

"And now," he thought, "to restore it to her, and so perchance win my way to knowing her!"

Steadfast Briton that he was, he was fast losing his senses beneath the light of those wonderful eyes.

"Madame," the young and valorous lieutenant spoke, "will you permit me to restore your bracelet to you?"

No sooner have the words passed his lips than Algy Byngham realizes the absolutely untenable and indefensible nature of his position! To offer a lady, even an ordinary poor and unknown woman, a rich gift! What demon had possessed him?

"You must excuse me, sir," she replied, in a low, musical English voice, which surprised him, for he had unconsciously fancied his *incognita* to be a foreigner; "the bracelet was mine, but I no longer own it. You have made some unintentional blunder."

And then, covering her face with her veil, she is hurried away by her handsome escort, who wears an expression of mingled disgust and anger, as he mutters:

"It seems we are not to be unknown anywhere on the face of the earth! I wish to Heaven you had not broken your engagement with——"

Algy hears no more; but this is something.

"Engagement!" Then she is not married to this confounded man with the dark eyes! He hears no more and sees no more, and is unable to glean the slightest morsel of information regarding the owner of the bracelet, which he carries always in his pocket, although he remains in B—— for a whole fortnight longer.

* * * * *

"Sunbeams," says little Lady Georgie Lesley, glancing up a long way into Lieutenant Byngham's face, as they waltz together one night at a great ball at the Countess of Windermere's, "you've changed since that last trip of yours to the Continent; 'you're not the same fellow at all! If I didn't know you hadn't a heart, I should say you were in love with—a Rhine lorelei, perchance! You always seem to be looking for some one!'"

"I am," he returns, laconically, with a laugh. "By Jove!" Algy turns as white as his partner's gown, did she but know it, as he catches a glimpse of a hand—a white, faultless hand—lying on a man's shoulder, off

there in the crush of dancers ! It is the white hand of the woman whose bracelet lies next his heart, he is sure. "I beg your pardon ! I thought we were going to come to grief over Miss Stafford's train !"

Yes, she has turned her head ! The same imperial grace, the superb eyes, the perfect face ; and yet there was a difference in her from that first time months ago in B—. What, he could not tell !

Lady Georgie's waltz was at last ended, and ten minutes later Lieutenant Byngham was being presented to "Miss Gwendoline d'Estrey," the new *débutante*, the beauty, the sensation of the opening season.

They dance together. She is charming ! She gives Algy Byngham more than the ordinary share of the coveted "round dances." The men who have known Gwendoline d'Estrey best and longest say that she is "hit"—as they elegantly term it—"at last."

And is she ? As the girl looks into Sunbeam's blue eyes she knows that she has met her lord ; that, coquet and play *la capricieuse* as long as she may, in the end she will surrender to the strength and passion she reads there in that face so near her own.

"We have met somewhere, I cannot tell exactly where?"—the lieutenant uses a tone of polite inquiry and a white lie at the same time—"but your face is so familiar to me !"

"Indeed ?"

A shadow crosses her brow, which he does not fail to note.

"What sort of strange romance is there," he wonders, "back in the past of this girl, who is surely not above two-and-twenty, and avowedly enjoying her first London season ?"

"You are the third man, Lieutenant Byngham, who has made that speech to me to-night—the third man whom *I am positive* I never saw before in my life !"

"Are you sure, quite sure ?" he asks, and there is a torrent of entreaty in his low voice. On the innocent purity and honesty of that face he would stake his life ! It cannot be that she will lie to him in the very teeth of the night they both must remember.

"Perfectly. I hope no one more will tell me they must have met me before—it is very annoying !"

"But we have met !" They are waltzing, but Algy has skillfully guided his partner into the deserted conservatory, and brings her to a sudden standstill. "We have met ! For God's sake do not lie to me ! I ask no explanations, no reasons ! I have not the shadow of a right, but do not deny it to me like that !"

"What do you mean ?" Gwendoline d'Estrey cries, the hot blood flushing her pallid face.

"Miss d'Estrey—Gwendoline ! we met at B— eight months ago—do you not remember ? We looked at each other across the gaming-table ? You lost a great deal, you staked at last this bracelet ! I bought it of the proprietor of the place—see ! Since the hour you refused to take it back from me it has lain here next my heart. Ah, you must not deny that *to me* ! I am mad to torture you with recollections that, perhaps, you wish to bury for ever out of sight ; but only say a word of truth to me—only say that you remember it !" He stares with wild, haggard eyes at the beautiful, immovable face of the woman he loves. "If it goes too hard with you to speak the words, take this jewel, keep it, fling it away, only accept it at my hand now in token that you are a true-hearted woman !"

But the beautiful face is as motionless as that of some perfect statue. Gradually it assumes a haughty expression as she waves the bracelet away from her.

"Lieutenant Byngham, I never met you before to-night ! I was never at B—in my life ! This bracelet was never mine ! Will you have the kindness to take me back into the ballroom."

He falters, he almost staggers, as he replaces the jewel in his breast-pocket, his blue eyes fastened upon her face ! Surely that face has lost a something of its warmth and witchery since the night so long ago, but what ? He glances down at the exquisite hand.

"Gwendoline !" cries the young man, catching it firmly in both of his, "it is I who am in the wrong ! I who have dreamed that I knew you, met you once ! Forgive me, and let me love you, my darling ! my darling !"

His two arms are about her, and proud, beautiful Gwendoline d'Estrey has met her master.

Lieutenant Byngham, one morning at his rooms, is inveighing mightily against the hapless James when his letters are brought to him. Among them is a note from Gwendoline, saying that she has changed her mind and would go with him that night to the — Theatre, to see the new American actress's *début* as *Frœu-Frou* ; and another daintily perfumed *billet*, which he tears open—he knows not why—impatiently. Only these words are written evenly and legibly on the violet-scented sheet :

"18 ST. —'S STREET, MONDAY: Will Lieutenant Byngham bring me my bracelet this afternoon, and accept its value and my thanks ?
C. C."

The sheet fell from Algy's hand as though he had been shot in his chair. He answered Gwendoline's two notes.

"Poor child !" he said to himself ; "she is going to tell me all about it at last !" But there was a soreness about his heart, as, indeed, there always was. "Why could she not trust me ?" was the eternal refrain that rang through his thoughts, his dreams, even.

At four o'clock he drove as rapidly as possible to the number given in Gwendoline's note. The door was at once opened by a tiny page in a dark-blue livery, who ushered him into a superb drawing-room—a mass of dark, soft warmth of color—with rare antiques, modern pictures, subdued rose-colored lights, a stream of sunshine through a tiny conservatory filled with flowers yonder, and Gwendoline d'Estrey advancing to meet him in the white and golden draperies that she had worn when first her white hand smote his sight—Gwendoline, with a half-smile, eager, tremulous, shy, on her soft lips.

"My darling !" he cries, rising and throwing his arms about her.

"What !" she says, drawing away from him, in an agony of shame ; "it is not possible that you love me, as I have loved you since that night so long ago !"

"Not love you ? My heart—my heart ! See here, there are no secrets betwixt us now, though why you should want this pretty masquerading I cannot tell. Look, there is your bracelet ! It has never left my breast-pocket since the hour you refused it ! I ask nothing, seek to know nothing !" He has slipped down on his knees before her, his arms clasped about her still. "So only you say to me that you remember ! Only let me clasp this bracelet around your arm—that is all, my darling ! and tell me again that you love me !"

Algy Byngham fastens the bracelet together, and as he looks up into her face—it has the warmth and witchery in it of the olden time—he is satisfied.

"I love you !" she whispers, bending shyly. "Shall I tell you all about it myself ? Shall—"

"Not a syllable ! I trust you ! I have trusted you from the first. Let it remain so, dear ! When you are

this adventure, I confess that a warmth of feeling akin to pity and regard for the fate of the old she-bear steals over me ; but whether the same arises from gratitude for my escape, or admiration of her desperate prowess, I am unable to determine.

AFTERWARDS.

BY SARA.

FAREWELL. Good-by. Once more before we part,
Hands clasped in hands, heart answers back to heart.
A few pale smiles—grim phantoms and forlorn—
Creep out like sun-gleams through the rainy morn.
Erratic question, and as vague reply,
Show love's rebellion 'gainst philosophy.
Light words fall quickly, as the steady play
Of rifle-shot, to keep the foe at bay,
While Memory's drum-beat summons to review
Those few sweet months—alas, how sweet and few!
How much there is, had our souls had the power
To weigh the anguish of this parting hour,
Had been unsaid, undone! Ah, now we feel
How much a day may hold of woe or weal;
And wonder if that hour will ever be
Which to past time shall pay no usury.
Yet who would slay his memory, even though
Regret were stricken by the self-same blow?

Farewell. Good-by. And now we may not meet
O'er all the world, in pleasant homes or street;
Or in those happy vales where we have strayed,
Or loitered 'long the purling stream or glade;
Or on yon cliff, from whose bare, craggy steep
We've watched the sun slow down the mountain creep;
Or where, when faded from the western sky
The last faint gleam of that sweet Summer day,
We watched the full moon from her quiver throw
Her silver arrows, like a mist of snow.
We sat with Nature at her harvest feast,
And sound of bird or burr of insect ceased.
This golden Summer holds a golden key,
And locked her storehouse, save to you and me,
For we, throughout the dreary Winter hours,
May taste the honey from these perfumed flowers,
And feed upon these garnered fruits that fold
All warmth and sunshine in their hearts of gold.

Farewell. Good-by. The hour holds no regret—
Glad, though the parting leave our eyelids wet;
Glad for the smiles the perished Summer wore;
Glad for it all, though all is now no more.
For it were something, when we're sad or lone,
Thus to recall the sweetest Summer known;
Something, for one short, happy hour to hold,
This pure, pale blossom, with its heart of gold.
Ah, yes! So glad—more glad than I can tell—
Thus to have known. Oh, friend—my friend, farewell.

A FOSSIL CONTINENT.

If an intelligent Australian colonist were suddenly to be translated backward from Collins Street, Melbourne, into the flourishing woods of the secondary geological period—say about the precise moment of time when the English chalk downs were slowly accumulating, speck by speck, on the silent floor of some long-forgotten Mediterranean—the intelligent colonist would look around him with a sweet smile of cheerful recognition, and say to himself in some surprise, "Why, this is just like Australia." The animals, the trees, the plants, the insects, would all more or less vividly remind him of those he had left behind him in his happy home of the southern seas and the nineteenth century. The sun would have moved back on the dial of ages for a few million Summers or so, indefinitely (in geology we refuse to be bound by dates), and would have landed him at last,

to his immense astonishment, pretty much at the exact point whence he first started.

In other words, with a few needful qualifications, to be made hereafter, Australia is, so to speak, a fossil continent, a country still in its secondary age, a surviving fragment of the primitive world of the chalk period or earlier ages. Isolated from all the remainder of the earth about the beginning of the tertiary epoch, long before the mammoth and the mastodon had yet dreamt of appearing upon the stage of existence, long before the first shadowy ancestor of the horse had turned tail on nature's rough draft of the still undeveloped and unspecialized lion, long before the extinct dinotheriums and gigantic Irish elks and colossal giraffes of late tertiary times had even begun to run their race on the broad plains of Europe and America, the Australian continent found itself at an early period of its development cut off entirely from all social intercourse with the remainder of our planet, and turned upon itself, like the German philosopher, to evolve its own plants and animals out of its own inner consciousness. The natural consequence was, that progress in Australia has been absurdly slow, and that the country as a whole has fallen most woefully behind the times in all matters pertaining to the existence of life upon its surface. Everybody knows that Australia, as a whole, is a very peculiar and original continent; its peculiarity, however, consists at bottom, for the most part, in the fact that it still remains at nearly the same early point of development which Europe had attained a couple of million years ago or thereabouts. "Advance, Australia," says the national motto; and, indeed, it is quite time, nowadays, that Australia should advance; for, so far, she has been left out of the running for some four mundane ages or so at a rough computation.

Example, says the wisdom of our ancestors, is better than precept; so perhaps, if I take a single example to start with, I shall make the principle I wish to illustrate a trifle clearer to the comprehension of my readers. In Australia, when Cook or Van Diemen first visited it, there were no horses, cows, or sheep; no rabbits, weasels, or cats; no indigenous quadrupeds of any sort except the pouched mammals or marsupials, which carry their young about, neatly deposited in the sac or pouch which nature has provided for them instead of a cradle. To this rough generalization, to be sure, two special exceptions must needs be made; namely, the noble Australian black fellow himself, and the dingo or wild dog, whose ancestors no doubt came to the country in the same ship with him, as the brown rat came to England with George I., of blessed memory. But of these two solitary representatives of the later and higher Asiatic fauna "more anon"; for the present we may regard it as approximately true that aboriginal and unsophisticated Australia in the lump was wholly given over, on its first discovery, to kangaroos, phalangiers, dasyures, wombats, and other quaint marsupial animals, with names as strange and clumsy as their forms.

Now, who and what are the marsupials as a family, viewed in the dry light of modern science? Well, they are simply one of the very oldest mammalian families, and therefore, I need scarcely say, in the leveling and topsy-turvy view of evolutionary biology, the least entitled to consideration or respect from rational observers. For of course in the kingdom of science the last shall be first, and the first last; it is the oldest families that are accounted the worst, while the best families mean always the newest. Now, the earliest mammals to appear on earth were creatures of distinctly marsupial type

THE APTERYX AUSTRALIS.

As long ago as the time when the red marl of Devonshire and the blue lias of Lyme Regis were laid down on the bed of the muddy sea that once covered the surface of Dorset and the English Channel, a little creature like the kangaroo rats of Southern Australia lived among the plains of what is now the South of England. In the ages succeeding the deposition of the red marl Europe seems to have been broken up into an archipelago of coral reefs and atolls; and the islands of this ancient eolitic ocean were tenanted by numbers of tiny ancestral marsupials, some of which approached in their appearance the pouched ant-eaters of Western Australia, while others resembled rather the phalangiers and wombats, or turned into excellent imitation carnivores, like our modern friend the Tasmanian devil. Up to the end of the time when the chalk deposits of Surrey, Kent, and Sussex were laid down, indeed, there is no evidence of the existence anywhere in the world of any mammals differing in type from those which now inhabit Australia. In other words, so far as regards mammalian life, the whole of the world had then already reached pretty nearly the same point of evolution that poor Australia still sticks at.

About the beginning of the tertiary period, however, just after the chalk was all deposited, and just before the comparatively modern clays and sandstones began to be laid down, an arm of the sea broke up the connection which once subsisted between Australia and the rest of the world, probably by a land bridge, *vid* Java, Sumatra, the Malay peninsula, and Asia generally. "But how do you know," asks the candid inquirer, "that such a connection ever existed at all?"

Simply thus, most laudable investigator—because there are large land mammals in Australia. Now, large land mammals do not swim across a broad ocean. There are none in New Zealand, none in the Azores, none in Fiji, none in Tahiti, none in Madeira, none in Teneriffe—none, in short, in any oceanic island which never at any time formed part of a great continent. How could there be, indeed? The mammals must necessarily have got there from somewhere; and whenever we find islands like Britain, or Japan, or Newfoundland, or Sicily, possessing large and abundant indigenous quadrupeds of the same general type as adjacent continents, we see at once that the island must formerly have been a mere peninsula, like Italy or Nova Scotia at the present day. The very fact that Australia incloses a large group of biggish quadrupeds, whose congeners once inhabited Europe and America, suffices in

[illegible]

kangaroo), the opossums of America were the only pouched mammals known to the European world in any part of the explored continents. Australia, severed from all the rest of the earth—*penitus loto orbe divisa*—ever since the end of the secondary period, remained as yet, so to speak, in the secondary age so far as its larger life-elements were concerned, and presented to the first comers a certain vague and indefinite picture of what "the world before the flood" must have looked like. Only it was a very remote flood; an antediluvian age separated from our own not by thousands, but by millions, of seasons.

To this rough approximate statement, however, sundry needful qualifications must be made at the very outset. No statement is ever quite correct until you have contradicted in minute detail about two-thirds of it.

In the first place, there are a good many modern elements in the indigenous population of Australia; but then they are elements of the stray and casual sort one always finds even in remote oceanic islands. They are waifs wafted by accident from other places. For example, the flora is by no means exclusively an ancient flora, for a considerable number of seeds and fruits and spores of ferns always get blown by the wind, or washed by the sea, or carried on the feet or feathers of birds, from one part of the world to another. In all these various ways, no doubt, modern plants from the Asiatic region have invaded Australia at different times, and altered to some extent the character and aspect of its original native vegetation. Nevertheless, even in the matter of its plants and trees, Australia must still be considered a very old-fashioned and stick-in-the-mud continent. The strange puzzle-monkeys, the quaint-jointed casuarinas (like horsetails grown into big willows), and the park-like forests of blue gum-trees, with their smooth stems robbed of their outer bark, impart a marvelously antiquated and unfamiliar tone to the general appearance of Australian woodland. All these types belong by birth to classes long since extinct in the larger continents. The scrub shows no turfy greensward; grasses, which elsewhere carpet the ground, were almost unknown till introduced from Europe; in the wild lands, bushes and underscrubs of ancient aspect cover the soil, remarkable for their stiff, dry, wiry foliage, their vertically instead of horizontally flattened leaves, and their general dead blue-green or glaucous color. Altogether, the vegetation itself, though it contains a few more modern forms than the animal world, is still essentially antique in type, a strange survival from the forgotten flora of the chalk age, the oolite, and even the lias.

Again, to winged animals, such as birds and bats and flying insects, the ocean forms far less of a barrier than it does to quadrupeds, to reptiles, and to fresh-water fishes. Hence Australia has, to some extent, been invaded by later types of birds and other flying creatures, which live on there side by side with the ancient animals of the secondary pattern. Warblers, thrushes, flycatchers, shrikes and crows must all be comparatively recent immigrants from the Asiatic mainland. Even in this respect, however, the Australian life-region still bears an antiquated and undeveloped aspect. Nowhere else in the world do we find those very oldest types of birds represented by the cassowaries, the emus, and the mooruk of New Britain. The extreme term in this exceedingly ancient set of creatures is given us by the wingless bird, the apteryx or kiwi of New Zealand, whose feathers nearly resemble hair, and whose grotesque appearance makes it as much a wonder in its own class as the puzzle-monkey and the casuarina are among forest trees. No feathered creatures so closely approach the lizard-tailed

birds of the oolite or the toothed birds of the cretaceous period as do these Australian and New Zealand emus and apteryxes. Again, while many characteristic Oriental families are quite absent, like the vultures, woodpeckers, pheasants, and bulbuls, the Australian region has many other fairly ancient birds, found nowhere else on the surface of our modern planet. Such are the so-called brush turkeys and mound-builders, the only feathered things that never sit upon their own eggs, but allow them to be hatched after the fashion of reptiles, by the heat of the sand or of fermenting vegetable matter. The piping crows, the honeysuckers, the lyre-birds, and the more-porks are all peculiar to the Australian region. So are the wonderful and æsthetic bower-birds. Brush-tongued lorries, black cockatoos, and gorgeously colored pigeons, though somewhat less antique, perhaps, in type, give a special character to the bird-life of the country. And in New Guinea, an isolated bit of the same old continent, the birds-of-paradise, found nowhere else in the whole world, seem to recall some forgotten Eden of the remote past, some golden age of Saturnian splendor. Poetry apart, into which I have dropped for a moment like Mr. Silas Wegg, the birds-of-paradise are, in fact, gorgeously dressed crows, specially adapted to forest life in a rich fruit-bearing tropical country, where food is abundant and enemies unknown.

Last of all, a certain small number of modern mammals have passed over to Australia at various times by pure chance. They fall into two classes—the rats and mice, who doubtless got transported across on floating logs or barks of timber; and the human importations, including the dog, who came, perhaps, on their own canoes, perhaps on the wrecks and fragments of inundations. Yet even in these cases, again, Australia still maintains its proud pre-eminence as the most antiquated and unprogressive of continents. For the Australian black fellow must have got there a very long time ago indeed; he belongs to an extremely ancient human type, and strikingly recalls in his jaws and skull the Neanderthal savage and other early prehistoric races; while the woolly-headed Tasmanian, a member of a totally distinct human family, and perhaps the very lowest sample of humanity that has survived to modern times, must have crossed over to Tasmania even earlier still; his brethren on the mainland having no doubt been exterminated later on, when the stone-age Australian black fellows first got cast ashore upon the continent inhabited by the yet more barbaric and helpless negrito race. As for the dingo, or Australian wild dog, only half domesticated by the savage natives, he represents a low ancestral dog type, half wolf and half jackal, incapable of the higher canine traits, and with a suspicious, ferocious, glaring eye that betrays at once his uncivilizable tendencies.

Omitting these later importations, however—the modern plants, birds and human beings—it may be fairly said that Australia is still in its secondary stage, while the rest of the world has reached the tertiary and quaternary periods. Here again, however, a deduction must be made, in order to obtain the necessary accuracy. Even in Australia the world never stands still. Though the Australian animals are still at bottom the European and Asiatic animals of the secondary age, they are those animals with a difference. They have undergone an evolution of their own. It has not been the evolution of the great continents, but it has been evolution all the same; slower, more local, narrower, more restricted, yet evolution in the truest sense. One might compare the difference to the difference between the civilization of Europe and the civilization of Mexico or Peru. The

though we were now to discover somewhere in an unknown island or an African oasis some surviving mammoth, some belated megatherium, or some gigantic and misshapen liassic saurian. Imagine the extinct animals about which we read suddenly appearing to our dazzled eyes in a tropical ramble, and one can faintly conceive the delight and astonishment of naturalists at large when the barramunda first "swam into their ken" in the rivers of Queensland. To be sure, in size and shape this "extinct fish," still living and grunting quietly in our midst, is comparatively insignificant beside the "dragons of the prime" immortalized in a famous stanza by Tennyson; but to the true enthusiast, size is nothing; and the barramunda is just as much a marvel and a monster as the *Atlantosaurus* himself would have been if he had suddenly walked upon the stage of time, dragging fifty feet of lizard-like tail in a train behind him. And this is the plain story of that marvelous discovery of a "missing link" in our own pedigree which Australia has preserved for us.

In the oldest secondary rocks of Britain and elsewhere there occur in abundance the teeth of a genus of ganoid fishes known as the *Ceratodi*. (I apologize for ganoid, though it is not a swear-word.) These teeth reappear from time to time in several subsequent formations, but at last slowly die out altogether; and, of course, all naturalists naturally concluded that the creature to which they belonged had died out also, and was long since numbered with the dodo and the mastodon. The idea that a *Ceratodus* could still be living, far less that it formed an important link in the development of all the higher animals, could never for a moment have occurred to anybody. As well expect to find a paleolithic man quietly chipping flints on a Pacific atoll, or to discover the ancestor of all horses on the isolated and crag-encircled summit of Roraima, as to unearth a real live *Ceratodus* from a modern estuary.

In 1870, however, Mr. Krefft took away the breath of scientific Europe by informing it that he had found the extinct ganoid swimming about as large as life, and six feet long, without the faintest consciousness of its own scientific importance, in a river of Queensland at the present day. The unsophisticated aborigines knew it as barramunda; the almost equally ignorant white settlers called it, with irreverent and unfilial contempt, the flat-head. On further examination, however, the despised barramunda proved to be a connecting link of primary rank between the oldest surviving group of fishes and the lowest air-breathing animals like the frogs and salamanders. Though a true fish, it leaves its native streams at night, and sets out on a foraging expedition after vegetable food in the neighboring woodlands. There it browses on myrtle-leaves and grasses, and otherwise behaves itself in a manner wholly unbecoming its piscine antecedents and aquatic education. To fit it for this strange amphibious life, the barramunda has both lungs and gills; it can breathe either air or water at will, or, if it chooses, the two together. Though covered with scales, and most fishlike in outline, it presents points of anatomical resemblance both to salamanders and lizards; and, as a connecting bond between the North American mudfish on the one hand and the wonderful lepidosiren on the other, it forms a true member of the long series by which the higher animals generally trace their descent from a remote race of marine ancestors. It is very interesting, therefore, to find that this living fossil link between fish and reptiles should have survived only in the fossil continent, Australia. Everywhere else it has long ago been beaten out of the field by its own more

developed amphibian descendants; in Australia alone it still drags on a lonely existence as the last relic of an otherwise long-forgotten and extinct family.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE *Colonist*, of Victoria, British Columbia, publishes a letter from the Kootenay Valley, a fine region between the two main ranges of the Rocky Mountains, on the southern border of that territory, giving the particulars of the discovery of coal there. The deposits thus far brought to light are in the Crow's Nest Pass, which leads from the valley over eastward to the great plains. Traces of coal were found in this district several years back by Dr. Dawson, in the course of his geological survey, but as there was no prospect at the time of railroad communication being likely to be furnished, no efforts were made to develop the veins. As the Kootenay Railway is likely soon to be completed to the place, Mr. William Fornie started a systematic exploration of the ground, and succeeded in laying bare several veins of coal of a remarkably good quality, and very clear of impurities. The coal is described as being very black and shining, with a brilliant, resinous appearance; does not soil the fingers; brittle, but becomes harder as depth is reached; powder jet black; scarcely acted upon by nitric acid; no appearance of sulphur; burns with a bright, clear glow and little smoke, and leaves very little ash. It has been used for pointing and tempering the "picks" with excellent effect. This region can be reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and steamboats up the Columbia.

THE Society of Arts, in London, recently listened to a paper read by the eminent electrician, W. H. Preece, on Fifty Years' Progress in Telephony, in which some most interesting statistics were enumerated. "In London alone," he said, "we have 225 miles of pipe, containing 10,212 miles of wire. In fact, all our great trunk lines are out of danger of stoppage from storms. We have 868 miles of open wire included within the metropolitan area, but these are chiefly in the suburbs, and include long, outlying sections, used either for police or fire-brigade wires or for private persons. There are 213 offices in London now served wholly by buried wires." It appears that in 1886 there were in the United Kingdom 26,425 miles of overhead telegraph lines, embracing 150,590 miles of wire, and 677 miles of underground lines, with 19,605 miles of wire. It is estimated that to connect only the more important towns by underground wires, and "uniting those towns by less than half the existing number of overhead wires, would cost something like £2,500,000." Of submarine cable there are now 112,673 nautical miles, which have absorbed a capital of £37,000,000. The larger part of this, or 102,531 miles, is owned by 27 private companies, having from 1 to 53 cables each.

SOME of the most recent advances in both theoretical and practical chemistry have been in the direction of nitrogen, one of the most elusive of the elements. The character of nitrogen is a challenge to chemical skill. Mocking us by its abundance in its free state, the compounds of this element are so sparingly obtained, that they set the rate of value in supplies for the nourishment of life. The agent chosen and trusted for projectile force in arts of war and peace, yet the manufacture of its most simple and stable compound has been a vain attempt, and it is one urged anew by the chemical industries. Moreover, nitrogen holds the structure of the aniline dyes, and governs the constitution of the vegetable alkaloids. In research, the nearest approaches to the molecule, as a chemical centre, have been reached through organic chemistry. Carbon was the first, and hydrogen has been the second element to give to organic chemistry a definition. At present carbon is looked upon as the member for fixed position, and hydrogen as the member for exchange, in organic families. Nitrogen comes next in turn to receive attention. The study of the carbonaceous compounds of nitrogen promises to do for organic chemistry what the latter has done for general science.

PARIS papers are giving accounts of the Eiffel 1,000-foot tower, which is being erected in the Champs Elysees. It is now 66 feet above the surface of the ground, and about 220,000 pounds of iron are in place, secured by 60,000 rivets. The report says that 206 men are engaged in erection and about 300 more on the work in the shops. Over 143,000,000 pounds (7,150 short tons) of iron will be consumed in the erection of the tower, and over one-half of this is said to be finished at the shops ready to be put up. *Le Matin* says that on the two piers nearest the Seine the vertical pressure is 3,320 French tons, distributed over a surface 90 meters square; this amounts to a load of nearly 3,000 pounds per square foot. The load on the other foundations is not quite so great. The two anchor-bolts in each pier are each 25.6 feet long and 44 inches in diameter. M. Eiffel hopes that some time in January of next year the first stage of the tower, 229.6 feet high, will be completed.

THE age and individuality of the American aborigines have been the subject of hard study and much writing. The latest man to sum up the conclusions of scholars is Dr. D. G. Brinton, who is an authority upon such discussions. The American race, he assures us, is as distinctively a race by itself as the African or white race. "It has a marked fixedness of ethnic anatomy and always had." The oldest remains are thoroughly American in type. There are now about 200 radically different languages spoken by native races in North and South America. Such a confusion of tongues could only have arisen in the course of hundreds of centuries.

But much direct evidence of the antiquity of the red men is at hand. Legends point to this, though savage tribes really remember nothing which happened more than two centuries ago. The semi-civilized Mexicans, Mayas of Yucatan, and Peruvians, had ancient records, but these really go back only about 500 years before the discovery of the Continent by Columbus. The same limited antiquity belongs to the famous ruined cities and monuments of Central America, to which a quite absurd age and origin are often attributed. But a calm weighing of the testimony places all of them well within our era, and most of them within a few centuries of Columbus. Much more ancient are some of the artificial shell-heaps along the coast. These contain bones and shells of extinct animals of the land and seashore, in intimate connection with stone implements and pottery, furnishing data to prove that the land was inhabited several thousand years ago. In most of these and other deposits of prehistoric relics the shape and polish of the stone and bone work testify to a reasonably developed skill. But in the gravels near Trenton, N. J., and at a few other localities, genuine paleolithic remains have been found, putting man in America at a date coeval with the close of the glacial epoch, if not earlier. The vast antiquity of the American race is further proved by the extensive dissemination of maize and tobacco, tropical plants of Southern Mexico, which were cultivated in remote ages from Canada to Patagonia. Though the evidence of the gravels carries man on this continent back to the close of the glacial period, now estimated as about 35,000 years ago, there is no certainty that he came into being on this continent. He could not have developed from any of the known fossil mammals which dwell here. More probably some colonies first navigated along the pre-glacial land-bridge which connected Northern America with Western Europe. Later, others came from Asia.

Errors are making merry over a "perfectly diabolical" explosive announced by the London Times on information from Russia. This is called *sleetover*. The Times correspondent says it is equal in strength to pyroxylene, and "has the immense advantage of being ten times cheaper than ordinary villainous saltpetre," and the further immeasurable superiority "that when fired its force does not strike downward, but entirely in a forward direction," so that "it can be used without any damage whatever to the weapon from which it is discharged," and it is stated, in fact, that "ball cartridges loaded with it have been fired out of cardboard barrels as a test without the least injury to the latter." The composition of this diabolical explosive is a deep secret. "We have a very pronounced suspicion," says one editor, "that the Russian correspondent of the Times has been sadly gulled, and as he gives no directions for picking out the 'business end' of the *sleetover*, we would advise our readers to be careful in their experiments, else lamentable results might follow from getting the cartridge in the 'paper barrel' wrong-side up."

If the managers of the "Centennial Exhibition," or World's Fair, in Paris, in 1889, carry out their plans, the Machinery Hall will be one of the greatest of the wonders. Its roof is designed to have a clear span far ahead of St. Pancras Station in London, which has, until lately, been unrivaled in that respect, having a clear span of 239 feet between supports. But according to the plans which have been accepted for the Paris structure, the centre span of the Machinery Palace will be 362 feet between supports, thus leaving all previous efforts far in the rear. It is to be built of steel, and it is claimed that this will enable the builder to secure a great advance in lightness of structure without in the least sacrificing strength, the steel trusses only weighing about three-fourths of what iron trusses of the same strength would.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A HAPPY medium.—The one whose sciences are never attended by over-inquisitive skeptics.

"Doctor, I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?" "I think you had better roost," was the reply.

Young men are respectfully informed that when the young lady's father stamps his foot it is ready to go to the mail (male).

WHAT is the difference between apothecaries and lawyers? The chief difference is said to consist in the fact that apothecaries always deal in scruples, while lawyers are sometimes unscrupulous.

THE milkmaid known in former days,

If plain was not unbearable,

And often won the poet's praise;

But the milk made now is terrible!

"GERTY, did I show you this engagement-ring of emeralds and diamonds that Charlie Brown gave me?" "Oh, I have seen it before!" "Seen it before?" "Yes, I was engaged to him the first part of July!"

WE LIKE to HEAR OURSELVES.—Although we often hear of this one's or that one's "interesting conversation," the most interesting persons we meet are those who listen while we manage the conversation.

An optimist is a woman with a new Summer bonnet. A pessimist is a woman without a new Summer bonnet. An optimist is a man with a baby one day old. A pessimist is a man with a baby one hundred and eighty-three nights old, and teething.

A WOMAN who growls at a herring having so many bones about it should look at home.

A GIBSON girl, being asked what kind of noun *kiss* was, responded, with a blush, that it was both common and proper.

A PHYSICIAN having bought an interest in a milk route, derives a greater income from the well than he formerly did from the ill.

A YOUNG woman went into a library and asked for "Man as He Is." "That is out," said the librarian; "but we have 'Woman as She Should Be'."

It was very ungallant in the old bachelor, who was told that a certain lady had "one foot in the grave," to ask "if there wasn't room for both feet?"

"PAPA," said a boy, "I know what makes folks laugh in their sleeves!" "Well, my son, what makes them?" "Cause that's where their funny bone is."

"You are plotting rather a gloomy future for me, madam," he said to the fortune-teller. "Yes, sir," she replied; "but it is the best I can do for fifty cents."

FLORIAN (to young man).—"Do you notice the blush upon those roses, sir?" Young Man (feeling for his pocket-book).—"Yes, They are probably blushing at the price."

HE—"You know, dearest, that an accident sometimes happens without warning. Supposing that I were killed, would you marry again?" SHE—"Oh, not immediately!"

A LITTLE girl, whose father was a merchant tailor, said to her mother: "Mother, I can always tell when pa makes a misfit, because he always gives you and me fits when he comes home."

A MATHEMATICIAN, being asked by a stout fellow, "If two pigs weigh twenty pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?" replied: "Jump into the scales, and I will tell you immediately!"

WIFE—"I don't see how you can say that Mr. Whitechoker has an effeminate way of talking. He has a very loud voice." HUSBAND—"I mean by an effeminate way of talking, my dear, that he talks all the time."

THE worst case of absence of mind we ever read of was that described in an exchange the other day, when a man, hurrying for the train, thought he had forgotten his watch at home, and took it out to see if he had time to go back for it.

A MOTHER with her little lad

(Just see the youngster poke her,

Buya bakers' buns, it is too bad,

They're dyed with yellow ochre.

'T is night; the dame is sleeping, till

Unwonted sounds provoke her.

Again those cries; her boy is ill;

It was his yell awake her.

MRS. LEE—"Good gracious! Why, Burette, what have you been doing with the chair?" SEVERAL MAIDS—"You see, ma'am, the cat keeps going on it and tearing the plush, so I put some mustard on the seat, and now she let's it alone."

A CHANGE OF LUCK. Bachelor (to Benedict).—"You bellow in luck, don't you?" Bachelor. "Not much." Bachelor.—"Why, my dear fellow, you surprise me! You used to believe in it firmly." Benedict.—"That was before I got married, my boy."

A HEDGE-SPARROW has hatched a brood of young birds in a country letter-box. The only nestling that died was one who was injudiciously fed on a tit-bitous post-card by the anxious mother. The tiny chirpers fed on post-office orders give forth beautiful notes.

WANTED.—A LADY NEPHEW.

A LADY help wanted—gentle and refined,

Obliging and cheerful, industrious, kind;

To take charge of six children—the eldest eleven,

The youngest a baby a little help given.

The requirements are English and music and Latin,

French, German and painting on canvases and satin.

One expert at her needle it's hoped, too, to gain,

In all kinds of work, whether fancy or plain.

An orphan or destitute lady would find,

In return for her services, *love and most kind*.

With ten pounds per annum, if equal to fill

The above-mentioned station "with competent skill."

Reply by return, as so many would come

Without any pay, for "A Christian Home."

A GENTLEMAN once called on Henry Ward Beecher for advice on a business matter. Beecher told him he did not know anything about business, and began to pour out a stream of witty nonsense. The gentleman, somewhat nettled, exclaimed, petulantly: "I do wish you would talk a little common sense!" "But wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?" meekly suggested Beecher, with an irresistible twinkle in his eyes.

AN American joke sometimes loses itself through translation into another language. A native humorist wrote: "Notwithstanding that a lady should always be quiet and self-contained, she cannot even enter a place of worship without a tremendous bustle." A French writer reproduces it in this form: "According to an American author, the ladies of that country are so greedy of notoriety that they cannot enter the holy sanctuary without disturbing the kneeling worshippers with their vulgar and unseemly ado."

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J. Q. A. WARD.

LAUNT THOMPSON.

THE SCULPTORS OF NEW YORK.

BY ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH.

SCULPTURE in the United States never had a more inviting or happier outlook than now. Statues, pedestrian, sitting, and equestrian, and elaborately ornamented monuments, are rising on every hand, and all are to commemorate the intellectual attainments or military or civic virtues of Americans, or those famous in the modern world abroad.

before the doorway of the Fifth Avenue mansion in which the distinguished publisher died, was besieged, and from hour to hour was darkened by a horde of agents of marble-yard firms, demanding an interview with the widow in order to obtain precedence in submitting plans for an elaborate and costly memorial to the dead. But after the interment they came in greater swarms. One had a mortuary chapel; another, a design not unlike that of the tomb of Titian; another, a mausoleum fit for Sesostris; a third, a photographic copy of the Column Vendôme; and still another, a portfolio of drawings from the tombs of the cemeteries of the Old World. This is only a common experience with the wealthy, and has been so since sculpture took form in the early days of Frazer, Palmer, and H. K. Browne. This tendency has by no means been confined to mere mortuary memorials; for these companies, backed by large capital, have controlled, either openly or indirectly, nearly all of the public monuments of the country, and not a few of the important bronze statues, whence, in the latter case, their profit comes from immense and disproportionate pedestals. Thus, having a monopoly, and keen to watch the demand, the majority of sculptors, for sheer sustenance alone, have been forced to work as laborers at day's wages for these concerns; and this is true of every one of them who to-day bears a distinguished name or artistic reputation in the United States. Only a milder kind of slavery, in which the American sculptor has been held for over a generation, is that of the architect. He plans the façade, decides upon the character of the decoration, but in farming out the sculptor's work, he makes of him a mere mechanic at mechanic's wages, stifling by ill-paid services whatever conception or execution the artist may have. But now all of this is changing somewhat. Builders are dealing directly with the sculptors, as in the case of the Trustees of the Lick Estate of San Francisco, in inviting them to compete for the execution of three groups to be placed on the City Hall of that capital, to cost \$100,000.

But, happily, the causes which have operated to retard the growth of sculpture in this Western World, or in the United States—for there is absolutely nothing of modern plastic art in Mexico, Central and South America, nor among our neighbors of the Canadian Dominion—are passing away. The sculptors themselves, heretofore separated by the jealousies engendered by the struggle of life, are having a friendlier feeling one to another because they see the flowing tide coming in. In fact, this promise of a great popular uprising for monuments and statuary is enough to make any sculptor feel ambitious. Said a very successful painter, the other day, when talking of this subject, "A sculptor is the most enviable man in the arts if he be good at his *métier*. It is a constant toss-up whether he will rise from poverty to comparative independence, for once a large statue or monument is ordered, he cannot go backward in his fortune."

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MacDonald, J. S. Hartley, John M. Moffit, Plassmann, G. Turini, Crawford, Clark Mills, Greenough, French, Calder, and a few others. Some of these, it is true, have only modeled the bronze-work, while architects and granite companies have supplied the shafts and pedestals, but this does not change the fact that the art belongs to the sculptor. It is not, however, a great showing, and I agree with many others that there are very bad statues in New York and elsewhere; atrocious, if you please; but, observed Mr. Launt Thompson, recently, to the writer: "People speak constantly of the bad statuary defacing our parks and public places as if we were alone in that monopoly. You may put this in your pipe and smoke it, that there are a great many more bad statues in Europe, in proportion to the number standing, than you can find in the United States."

However, what we have in our leading cities has been accomplished in spite of the purely business houses which have antagonized the professional sculptors; and about this conflict, a writer in the *Century* magazine, not long since, pertinently said: "There can be no doubt that this system is a dangerous one. . . The public, and especially committees, ought to bear in mind that the very best artistic talent can seldom be obtained through middle men, and that business men not composed of trained artists are as little likely to produce masterpieces of monumental art as literary bureaux would be likely to furnish on demand, and at most for your money prices, first-class novels or inspired poems."

If the idea suggested in this paragraph be carried out, then, indeed, shall we get something original, artistic and worthy of us as a nation, instead of following the old-time designs found in the illustrated catalogues of mortuary agents. And, in fact, throughout Europe the designing and building of memorials to the dead is recognized as one of the noblest branches of sculpture, and, as such, professional sculptors are always employed in their production. The result is seen in the beautiful works to be found in the great cemeteries of Europe, in such marked contrast to those of our own.

Yet the outlook for artistic work was never better than now, and the older sculptors of New York are feeling that the time is ripe for a vigorous and distinct national school, as witness the following sentiment promulgated by Mr. Caspar Buberl, the sculptor of the Garfield bas-reliefs for the monument at Cleveland, and whose professional career in New York covers a period of thirty-three years: "*The breadth, purity and truth of modeling is that of an artist who does not fear his own conception.*" Ambition in art may be of the most exalted character, and in searching for an ideal in this field, the dividing line between success and failure is so exact as to render the ground treacherous and the undertaking dangerous. Great results, therefore, are not to be achieved to-day in American sculpture by a servile following of the mediæval or

has covered a wider field of modeling than any sculptor working in America, ranging from "The Indian Hunter" in the Park, which first gave him fame, to the "Washington Taking the Oath," on the steps of the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street. It has been said that Mr. Ward has been very uneven in the merits of his productions; but this is true of all men who indulge in creative work. He has covered a rich field, amazing in extent. It would seem, in the later years of his life, as if he were making a race against time, and wished to fill all of the cities of the Union with granite and bronze of his own fashioning. He has no less than five important productions set up in the City of New York alone, and these need no enumeration. The gem of this quintuplet is the "Shakespeare" in the Park, and belongs to his masterpieces. For its graceful, thoughtful and scholarly pose, for the exquisite modeling of the details of the figure, the refined treatment of the face, the wonderfully exact yet easy and natural handling of the drapery, and the portrait outline, from whatever point of view, we are taught to believe, belonged to the form of the Bard of Avon. There is a curious history, too, as to how Mr. Ward came to make this statue. The funds for its erection were mainly the product of the joint efforts of Edwin Booth and Lester Wallack, and the order was intended to be given to Mr. Launt Thompson, as the intimate and lifelong friend of the tragedian, who, of course, was the prime mover in the enterprise, and without whom it would not have come to successful fruition. But, owing to one of those peculiarly constructed committees in which American art has long rejoiced, Mr. Thompson was beaten in the house of his friends, although of the merit of his model and his capacity to execute a statue of sculpture fully equal to that of Ward's, no one doubted at the time, nor does any one doubt now.

But, however one may pick flaws either in the works or the career of this eminent artist, it is not to be denied that in all respects the professional life of Mr. Ward is full of interesting and significant truths. He was educated in medicine, but abandoned his adopted calling in 1850, to become the pupil of H. K. Browne, who modeled, in conjunction with young Ward, the horse and figure in Union Square—that of Washington—and to-day considered by nearly a unanimous critical verdict the best equestrian statue in the United States. "The first time I ever saw Ward," said an art friend the other day, "was in the belly of that horse, riveting the parts together." His rise came through painstaking effort, the turning to account of his knowledge of anatomy, and perhaps aided by a mysterious luck that never fails the Ohio boy, it would seem. At any rate, it came to be in recent years, when a public statue was proposed, the projectors would say, "We will get Ward to do it," the same as the *maestro* would light on Patti as his favorite soprano. It was so when there was a competition for the Thomas equestrian statue at Washington, and all models were thrown out—the lightning struck Ward, and the result has been variously judged. But during all of these years of unceasing, of almost breathless, activity, Mr. Ward has never had any of the advantages of European culture like many others working in this city. A brief Summer's holiday on the Continent has been all; and this self-isolation from the schools and monuments and great artists of the Old World has enabled him to treat American subjects with fidelity to the American type; and there is no one, however long instructed in European studios or academies, denies his title to the position of being the leading sculptor of this hemisphere.

LAUNT THOMPSON.

Probably no man who has ever flourished in American art, either as painter or sculptor, presents a more interesting figure than Mr. Launt Thompson. All in the academies, schools, in every branch of the arts and art trade, consent to his genius, to the almost unvarying perfection of his works, and to a recognition of the high art standards prevailing in his professional methods. Mr. Thompson, recently, asked about the variations of a sculptor's work, said, "As for me, whatever goes out of my studio is the best I can do, whatever the price paid me, and as to whatever success I may have attained, I attribute it to a close study of the Greek fathers." Above all other sculptors, and possibly above all other artists in the country, Mr. Thompson has enjoyed a very extensive intellectual acquaintance, one too, quite to his tastes, and in a company of whatever renown he has never been a cipher. He was a friend of Emerson and Longfellow and the lesser lights of the Cambridge coterie; a brilliant and companionable member of the old Bohemian Club in Broadway, near Bleecker Street, where such jolly good fellows and erratic spirits as Fitzjames O'Brien, George Arnold, Henry Clapp, William Henry Hurlbut and others were wont to quaff and chaff and laugh in chorus. Then, after he had risen to fame, he became a great society and club man in New York, and later, his houses in Paris and Florence, as well as his studios in the three cities, have been the places where may have been seen some of the most celebrated men in all walks of life. Mr. Thompson owes his success, in the eyes of his brother-artists, to the refinement of method, and correctness and poetry of conception with which he treats his subjects, and also to thoroughness, at whatever cost. His artistic growth, too, was broadened and strengthened by his varied associations, and also by the fact that while he began under Palmer in the mere mechanical branch of sculpture and became a cameo-cutter, he plunged into every intellectual stream whose banks he sought, and there are few more brilliant men at a *conversazione*, in the *salon*, or about the punch-bowl at the club, than he. His works are well known, and need hardly be recapitulated here, as these monographs are not designed as catalogues, but simply to introduce, by light touches, some of the leading artists who have been and are now engaged in decorating the broad acreage of the United States with granite and bronze. Yet his notable works are models of finish, variety of treatment and independence of the conventional. His first statue was that of Napoleon, now owned by Amos R. Eno, standing in that gentleman's parlor on Fifth Avenue at Twenty-seventh Street. The statue of Abraham Pierson, first President of Yale College, standing in the college grounds, is just now being assailed by an unsuccessful stone-smasher, in the *American Architect*. It was a difficult subject for Mr. Thompson or any sculptor to treat, which this young man should know; but the Faculty appreciated Mr. Thompson's high aims and thoroughness, and made no unfavorable comments. Mr. Thompson's last two colossal public works are the statue of Admiral Dupont, which he was commissioned to do by the United States Government, and a noble monument it is, to use Admirable Porter's own words, "to the finest officer who ever trod a ship's deck;" and the other, an equestrian statue of General Burnside, ordered by the Army of the Potomac, and to model which, Mr. Thompson was obliged to purchase many horses, and make almost countless changes before he was satisfied with the execution. It stands on four feet, with the General in

future be a large beneficiary. That he had the patience and feeling to do this important work is a proof not only of his title to rank high in the art world, but also that he may be quoted as an example to those who aspire to eminence in the plastic arts."

ALEXANDER DOYLE.

At the age of thirty Mr. Alexander Doyle has executed more public monuments and statues in the United States than any other sculptor, and he is, moreover, the author of more than one-fifth now standing in the Union; and to those who know the facts the reason is not hard to understand. Born with a clear and vigorous personality, eighteen years ago his art education began at Corona, in Italy, and in one of the best schools known to modern sculpture, where the instruction is fundamental and thorough. The result of his training was that this boy, at the age of seventeen, took a prize for a design of a public monument, under the very vigorous conditions that govern Italian competition. There, and subsequently elsewhere in Europe, Doyle became proficient as a linguist, and learned the sister arts of music and painting, besides evincing a decided taste for the philosophy of politics and the modern movement of great events. If such a mental equipment, added to a strong physique, a practical knowledge of the world and of affairs, and a happy temperament, but an independent disposition as well, will not make an impression in the plastic arts, then indeed it would be strange. But Mr. Doyle has made a very distinct and surprising impression. Within a period of six weeks he erected three imposing monuments in different parts of the country—the equestrian statue in bronze of Albert Sydney Johnston at New Orleans, the monument to General Steedman at Toledo, and the great architectural and decorative monument to the soldiers and sailors at Hartford, Conn., in association with the late John M. Moffit.

There are some, however, who sharply criticize these works and Mr. Doyle's standing. Yet in Italy, ten years ago, his merit was so recognized that he was made an honorary member of the Royal Raphael Academy of Urbino.

JOHN M. MOFFIT.*

Among those who have worked in a field singularly neglected by those of skilled craftsmanship and tried artistic feeling in this country—that known distinctively as cemetery sculpture—is Mr. John M. Moffit, who, nearly a generation ago, came to this country with a transatlantic experience acquired in the exterior decoration of some of the most important of modern edifices. It was as long ago as 1855, during the early part of the Third Empire, when Napoleon was endeavoring to signalize his accession to power by trying to make Paris what it subsequently became, the most beautiful capital of the Old World, that Mr. Moffit was called to France to work on the Tuileries. That which he then and there did in almost the beginning of his career is lost to mankind; for when, in the dying days of the Commune, in May,

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perish, what every artist likes to see remain, the works of his earlier years, particularly those connected with events or situations of lasting renown. When he came to the United States he found sculpture in general still flourishing in the old imitative schools. The conventional everywhere prevailed, and there were few pieces of modeling to be seen in exterior display that were not senile copies, or slight deviations from the classic figures which can still be found in the third-rate studios of almost any Italian town, or, for that matter, in the marble-yards, to-day, of New York and vicinity. Mr. Moffit, with that feeling which he brought with him from across the water, then began as pioneer—in other words, to eschew the old-timers and come out in a bold, original feeling and artistic style of his own, and to rescue our great American "cities of the dead" from the dull and monotonous agglomeration of unsightly shafts, figures, and reliefs, representing on the outskirts of every considerable population not only millions of wasted money, but terrible parodies on what were intended to be the most refined and tender of human sentiments. And it is proper to say, right here, that there is not in the Old World schools any higher form of effort in the plastic arts than that found in the cemeteries, from those of the oldest dynasties of kings, to where men of mere brain and courage were given sepulture and remembered for their deeds. But in the United States, it was and is still largely the habit to go and order a monument for one's wife, child, friend, hero, or what not, with an illustrated catalogue in hand; precisely as a man, goes to his tailor armed with a batch of samples from which to select a suit of clothes. As the author of the finest piece of cemetery work on this continent—the sculptures on the gates of Greenwood Cemetery—Moffit exhibited a true feeling. This important work on these splendid gothic façades has been viewed by more people than any other sculpture in the United States; and the figures themselves, of an average height of seven feet, are in *alto-relievo*, and in the four large panels tell the story of the four leading miracles of Christ. To the successful interpretations of these designs Mr. Moffit owes many of the large orders which he has executed, and which are phenomenal in the history and progress of American sculpture. For example, he designed and modeled the thirteen figures on the Yorktown monument, typifying the thirteen original States, and each of these was eight feet high, and all received the approval of such critical official experts as Richard M. Hunt and J. Q. A. Ward. But, aside from this, Mr. Moffit was the designer of the New Haven monument, 125 feet in height, conceived in a dignity and purity of style, unique in its way and built of granite and bronze. It has a base line 50 feet square, and rests on East Rock, 400 feet above the Sound; which in reality gives the apex the highest elevation of any monumental structure yet erected by man, if the natural foundations be computed. A winding staircase ascends within, and four huge sitting figures in bronze—"War,"

Colts, of Hartford, and a notable series of sculptures for the Asa Packer memorial, at Mauch Chunk.

Mr. Moffit, in person, was of medium stature, of genial and suave manners, always making a friend at the first grip of the hand. His almost uninterrupted success was due, primarily, to his thorough early training in correct handiwork, and subsequently to his intelligent and close study of the subject under treatment, reaching every authority possible to obtain.

OLIN D. WARNER.

Through many trials, patient struggles, and with a brave spirit, Mr. Warner has risen to an enviable position in the art of the country. It is not the purpose of this article to define the consecutive rank of the sculptors considered here. Even if it were desirable to do so in the usual dogmatic fashion, it would be wide of the mark; for in the case of nearly all of the artists portrayed, each has some artistic or mechanical excellence in sculpture not found in the others. But it may be truly said that, in any important work projected in the country, Mr. Warner would be entitled to be considered on a par with the best, and his model would be sure to be a highly creditable performance, just as the same may be said of his public statues of Governor Buckingham at Hartford, Conn., and of his William Lloyd Garrison in Boston. Let us look at his life's history, for it is not unlike that of many artists who have risen to fame. He began his instinctive feeling for sculpture when, as a boy of fifteen, he would carve heads in chalk and then crush them under foot as unworthy of his art ambition. When he approached his majority, and without any knowledge of how busts were produced in the studio, he bought some powdered plaster, solidified it into a block, and then proceeded to make a bust of his father by the laborious process of cutting; and it was pronounced a good likeness. This settled his future, and he resolved to become a sculptor. But he had no modest idea of beginning with a stonecutter; rather, he would study his art in the great schools of Europe. But he had no money, nor did his friends; and besides, times were hard, for the Civil War was in full blast; so he studied telegraphy, and for three years was an operator in Augusta, Ga., his idea being to save enough money to seek Europe and to realize his life's dream. Six years of economy, and he found himself with \$1,500. To Europe he went in 1869. It was not long before he formed a friendship with such great sculptors as Falguir, Mercier and Carpeaux. The last named modeled the group on the Grand Opera House, Paris, and employed Warner as one of his studio assistants. But his life was one of great privation during the siege and Commune. In 1872 he returned to the United States. But he was unknown in New York, and the years rolled by, and the sculptor was all but starving in his garret studio, when a benevolent gentleman, aware of his position, gave him an order for a bust. It was a success, and one for his wife was ordered, and there was no diminution in the art qualities. Commissions began to multiply, and his rank was soon established. He was sent to Columbus to execute a bust of Rutherford B. Hayes, then Republican Presidential nominee. A colossal alto-relievo portrait of Edwin Forrest followed. Then the colossal heads and panels on the Long Island Historical Society Building in Brooklyn, and a variety of portraits, as well as a series of classic groups and figures, showing a keen and delicate appreciation of grace and beauty. Mr. Warner identified himself with the younger element in the art of his country on his return from Europe, and in his aesthetic methods he

has always avoided the meretricious devices of the weak, and has been faithful to his long-trying and well-conceived idea of what a true sculptor should be.

GIOVANNI TURINI.

Mr. Turini has been eighteen years in the United States, and among his compatriots is better known, both by his works and personality, than any other Italian who has ever dwelt in the United States, with the single exception of Garibaldi, whose colossal bronze statue he has recently completed. It is now at the foundry awaiting erection in Central Park on the site opposite Mazzini, which was also modeled by Turini, the Park Commissioners having completed all the details for the formal transfer of this important work. It represents the old heroic patriot in action, clad in his familiar martial garb, with his sword partially drawn and eager for the fray, inclined forward, and with the stern, determined face of the chieftain, presenting a portraiture at once confident and triumphant. In sculpture, Garibaldi is not an easy warrior to enshrine artistically, as has been found in the many Italian memorials erected to his memory. But in this case the artist has made the treatment very lifelike and spirited, having himself fought under Garibaldi in 1866, and with whose habits of costume and action he was as closely familiar as an old campaigner artist could be. This statue will certainly be unique in the Central Park collection. It was ordered and paid for by the Italians of New York, in contributions ranging from ten cents to a hundred dollars. The Italians are perfectly satisfied with the work as it stands, and in the course of the Summer an imposing demonstration will mark its unveiling in the Park. Beyond this work, Mr. Turini has made many busts of distinguished men at home and abroad: those of Leo XIII., Dr. Marion Sims, General Grant, Dr. Shredy, and a double medallion of Chief-justice Daly and his wife. In allegorical work he has been surprisingly successful, owing his reputation to his original force as an artist, to felicity in conception, thoroughness in execution, and a knack for hitting on popular subjects. Besides, there is no more rapid modeler in clay or worker in marble in the United States. He has been known to finish a portrait life-size bust in plaster in a single day. His allegorical works command a large price, and are found all over the Union in the parlors of our wealthiest citizens, and in this department of his art he is without a rival. His chief works—life-size figures in marble—are: "The Bathing Girl," now at the Hoffman House; "The Croquet Girl," a most charming figure, showing a beautiful and jaunty damsel, mallet in hand, with ball under the foot, the pose showing her under drapery and ankle, while she is about to score a triumph at the play; "The First Step," a young mother teaching her first-born how to toddle, a composition which has attained wide celebrity; a bust of "Liberty"; a "Roman Girl," and many others of equal merit and importance. Mr. Turini, beyond his achievements as an artist, is a jolly good fellow, a patriotic American citizen, and makes his studio welcome to all artists, critics and connoisseurs. He is in middle age, and will yet get a commission worthy of his industry and genius.

HENRY BAERER.

Mr. Baerer has been for over a generation in the United States. He is an accomplished modeler, one of poetic conceptions and sympathies, and wedded to a love of music, folk-lore, mythology and allegory. His life has been a long poem in marble and bronze. He was

excellent sculptors whose merits will be treated of at a future day. These are Augustus St. Gaudens, the favorite sculptor of the day, with his host of friends, and a host of critics; Charles Calverly, whose busts and medallions are among the best in this city; John S. Hartley, who produces a great variety of work of a high order, and whose smaller figures are simply unrivaled; Dennis Sheehan, the author of the admirable bust of Thomas Moore in Central Park; Mr. O'Donovan, in charge of the artistic work of Maurice Power, the founder; Theodore Bauer, a genius in his way; John Koowan, the designer of the Cooper Monument at Cooperstown; and Joseph Sibbel, who has done work of a superior order in the great cathedrals of the United States. Other meritorious names could be added, but these must here suffice.

In what has been written above there has been no attempt to be critical, but rather to give a fair and open exposition of the plastic art of New York, which is substantially that of the entire Union. And it must be apparent to the reader that there is ample genius among the sculptors themselves to meet the rising demand for public statuary, a high order of technical skill to foster an improved popular taste, and a vast field in stone and bronze for the selection of emblematic memorials now provided for by private and official generosity. The people are doing their duty; let the sculptors do theirs.

THE CAMPHOR-TREE.

WHY do we continue to depend on certain parts of the world for our supply of what have become necessities? Some of them are vegetable products that with due care ought to be naturalized on some part of our continent, in which there is every variety of soil and climate. Why cannot the camphor-tree be grown?

The tree is of the laurel family, and grows in China, Japan and several of the East India countries. It is a tree of considerable size, straight, towering, elegant. The leaves are oval, inclining to the lancehead shape, as they are pointed at each end. They are glossy and leathery, smelling strongly of camphor when rubbed in the hand. The blossoms of the tree are very small; the fruit is a berry about the size of a pea, of a deep-purple color when ripe. The camphor does not exude from the tree, even when the bark is cut, but is found in little bunches in the pores of the wood. To obtain it, the trunk, branches, and even the roots, are cut into small bits and distilled. The camphor, volatilized by the heat, deposits on the cover of the vessel as it cools, and to remove it easily, the inside of the cover is lined with a matting of rice-straw. The crude camphor is exported, and in Europe and this country prepared for the market in the form under which we know it. The preparation of camphor originated with the Venetians, and was jealously guarded, but the Dutch in time obtained the secret, and succeeded to an almost complete monopoly of the trade. The wood of the tree is used for trunks and boxes, in which to preserve valuable vestments and garments, as the powerful odor repels most insects.

THE SCHOLAR.

CHARMING to many a reader, charming yet ever slightly droll, will remain Emerson's frequent invocation of the "scholar": there is such a friendly vagueness and convenience in it. It is of the scholar that he expects all the

heroic and uncomfortable things, the concentrations and the relinquishments, that make up the noble life. We fancy this personage looking up from his book and arm-chair a little ruefully and saying, "Ah, but why *me* always and only? Why so much of me, and is there no one else to share the responsibility?" "Neither year nor books have yet availed to extirpate a prejudice then rooted in me (when as a boy he first saw the graduates of his college assembled at their anniversary), that scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men."

In truth, by this term he means simply the cultivated man, the man who has a liberal education, and there is a voluntary plainness in his use of it—speaking of such people as the rustic, or the vulgar, speak of those who have a tincture of books. This is characteristic of his humility—that humility which was nine-tenths a plain fact (for it is easy for persons who have at bottom a great fund of indifference to be humble), and the remaining tenth a literary habit. Moreover an American reader may be excused for finding in it a pleasant sign of that *prestige*, often so quaintly and indeed so extravagantly acknowledged, which a connection with literature carries with it among the people of the United States. There is no country in which it is more freely admitted to be a distinction—the distinction; or in which so many persons have become eminent for showing it even in a slight degree. Gentlemen and ladies are celebrated here on this ground who would not on the same ground, though they might on another, be celebrated anywhere else. Emerson's own tone is an echo of that, when he speaks of the scholar—not of the banker, the great merchant, the legislator, the artist—as the most distinguished figure in the society about him. It is because he has most to give up that he is appealed to for efforts and sacrifices. "Meantime I know that a very different estimate of the scholar's profession prevails in this country," he goes on to say in the address from which I last quoted ("Literary Ethics"), "and the importunity with which society presses its claim upon young men tends to pervert the views of the youth in respect to the culture of the intellect." The manner in which that is said represents, surely, a serious mistake; with the estimate of the scholar's profession which then prevailed in New England, Emerson could have had no quarrel; the ground of his lamentation was another side of the matter. It was not a question of estimate, but of accidental practice. In 1838 there were still so many things of prime material necessity to be done, that reading was driven to the wall; but the reader was still thought the cleverest, for he found time as well as intelligence. Emerson's own situation sufficiently indicates it. In what other country, on sleety Winter nights, would provincial and bucolic populations have gone forth in hundreds for the cold comfort of a literary discourse? The distillation anywhere else would certainly have appeared too thin, the appeal too special. But for many years the American people of the middle regions, outside of a few cities, had in the most rigorous seasons no other recreation. A gentleman, grave or gay, in a bare room, with a manuscript, before a desk, offered the reward of toil, the refreshment of pleasure, to the young, the middle-aged and the old of both sexes. The hour was brightest, doubtless, when the gentleman was gay, like Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes. But Emerson's gravity never sapped his career, any more than it chilled the regard in which he was held among those who were particularly his own people. It was impossible to be more honored and cherished, far and near, than he was during his long residence in

the dining-room," said she, "but, Ned, it's very queer, I never heard any one going down-stairs when the bell rings. Now, did you ever see anything like the alacrity with which the average boarder rushes when he hears the dinner-bell? How can you explain the absence of it here?"

"They are all too well bred to show their feelings," said I, trying to change the subject.

Mrs. Pidgin was quite sociable with her new lodgers on account of the resemblance she fancied to her angel child, as she called her.

She rushed in, one afternoon, in some trepidation.

"Have you got any hartshorn?" she gasped. "Mrs. Stone is in a dead faint."

"Let me go with you!" cried Tessie, as she produced the bottle.

"Oh, that would frighten her to death," said Mrs. Pidgin, nervously. "We're old chums, and she says, always, 'Pidgy, no one but you must lay me out,' and I'm afraid the time's not far off. She's been a-agin' fast the last year. She's got the room right over your'n, and I'll lay you never hear her no more than a cat."

"No, I never did," said Tessie, feeling a sense of relief; "but can't I be of some help?"

"No, no, child. Sarah and I will manage," and the good woman hurried off.

The next moment Tessie did hear steps in the room above, and felt a strange delight in noticing actual sounds of life in the silent chamber. As it drew near dinner-time she stood by the window watching for my return. I was looking up at her sweet face when I was conscious of a tap on my arm. I turned, and beheld "one of the finest."

"I say, I belave you do be livin' in the house yander," he said, with the usual rich brogue.

"I do—yes," I replied.

"Is there mony in it, I d'know?"

"I can't tell you. I just mind my own business, and let every one else mind theirs," I answered, feeling sure then Tessie was suffering agonies of wonder and fright as she watched our colloquy.

"Sure I've been kapin' a watch on the house for a wake, and do yez know there's moighty little goin' in an' out? Yit I hear that it's full of boorders, do ye moind? I belave I have hoults av the tale ind av a conspiracy. It's Ann-ark-ists, the bloody spalpeens, the avil-minded galoots. I'm thinkin', that do be hidin' there, or perhaps dynamiters—it's so sacret."

"All right," I said, impatiently; "I'd like to get my dinner while it's hot."

"An' yez niver saw nothin'?"

"Never."

"Be jabbers, maybe yer wan av them yirself," said the policeman, evidently disappointed at my reticence; "but it's no use givin' the wurrud to the gang, for me garruds are on ivery side."

"I'm agreeable," said I, as I hurried across, having noticed that Tessie's face had disappeared from the window. I found her at the front door, for she had determined to brave the minion of the law and see, what was the matter.

The man in blue improved his opportunity, and silently glided in behind me as I opened the door with my key. Tessie grew pale and c'ung to me.

"What is it, Ned?" she cried.

"Nothing that concerns me, darling," I hastened to whisper.

At that moment Mrs. Pidgin's voice sounded from the dining-room.

"There is no more gravy, Mr. Gaunt. The amount to be obtained, even from the best joint, is, as you must know, limited."

"Ha! The Anarchists are doin'ing," said the cop, rubbing his hands. "I shall catch them all together, the bastes!"

With one bound he sprang forward and threw open the dining-room door. I held Tessie fast, but I felt her shudder.

How could we choose but look! The table was set, the gas was lighted; but where were the guests? My blood seemed to freeze in my veins. *There was not a human being in the room but Mrs. Pidgin.*

Tessie uttered a cry.

The policeman looked like one paralyzed. He could not speak. Then he suspected a trap, and looked about for a sliding panel.

"Where are they?" he gasped, with a face growing purple. "Where's the bloody Anarchists!"

Mrs. Pidgin rose in a cool and collected way from her seat at the head of the table.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Where's the people that wor atin' that dinner a minute ago?" cried the man.

"The people—my boarders—why, there they are," she replied, calmly, with a majestic wave toward the empty seats. "And I should like to know your business in disturbing their meal!"

"Oh, come now, ould lady, what are you givin' us? It's in hidin' they are, and O'll let ye know I'll sarch the house. I'm up to yer games."

Mrs. Pidgin threw up her hands, and a strange gleam kindled like fire in her pale-blue eyes.

"Gentlemen," she said, with an appealing glance at the empty seats, "will you see a poor widow insulted like this? Is there one who will not defend me?"

I moved forward at the touching words.

"Don't you understand?" I whispered to the policeman.

"Divil a bit."

"Look at her face—her eyes."

"Well, thin, now moind, ye can't be cajolin' me. I—"

"She's mad, I tell you—the woman's mad. I understand it all now. There are no other boarders in the house."

"Arrah! what are yez given' us," said Mike Darrow, still unconvinced. "I'll have a sarch before I lave."

"Search then—go to the d—l!" I cried, in desperation, as I sprang to Mrs. Pidgin's side in time to prevent her falling to the floor.

No one was found in the house, of course, and the mystery was explained. Mrs. Pidgin had been left a widow with one child—a beautiful and idolized girl. For her sake she had led the most laborious life, keeping a large boarding-house, denying herself everything, and actually putting money in the bank for her darling. The sudden blow that took her child away in the full bloom of her beauty shattered the mother's reason. But she was so mild a maniac that she seemed to need no keeper. She still imagined that she was laboring on at her old business, and that those who had been with her when the blow fell still had their home in the house. It seemed a harmless craze; but the visit of the policeman had finished it. She was conveyed, a raving maniac, to an asylum.

I am glad to say Mr. Carrol relented, and we were received into Tessie's old home with rejoicing. So we were not obliged to seek another boarding-house.

I, and as to his other greatness I doubt whether he would ever have had a chance of sleeping in the best bed of Versailles if he had begun life as I did." Shortly after this, M. Miguet, meeting Victor Hugo, spoke to him in a deprecating way about the fuss which had been made over this question of the royal apartments. "I don't know," answered the poet—"Des idées de dictature doivent germer sous ce ciel-là." (Ideas of dictatorship would be likely to sprout under that tester.) This was reported to Thiers, who at once cried: "I like that! If Victor Hugo were in my place, he would sleep in the king's bed, but he would think the dais too low and have it raised."

M. Thiers went to reside at the Préfecture of Versailles; and soon the outbreak of the Communist rebellion caused the chateau to be filled with a very motley collection of lodgers. For weeks the superb Galerie des Glaces, where the kings had held their revels, and where, latterly, William I. of Prussia had been proclaimed Emperor of Germany, was used as a dormitory for Deputies who could not afford to pay the high prices that were then being asked for rooms in Versailles. Some of the lower apartments were converted into ambulance wards. M. Grévy, appropriating only a small suite for his own use, left Louis XIV.'s bedroom to the sittings of the Finance Committee. Versailles so overflowed with refugees from Paris that every spare room in every house was requisitioned. M. Thiers lodged more than twenty of his own friends at the Préfecture, and gave them a daily breakfast of *café au lait* or chocolate. For their other meals they had to go to hotels, as Madame Thiers would not be put to the trouble and expense of providing a *table d'hôte* for her lodgers, while on the other hand she could not with propriety ask them to pay for their board.

During this miserable period of the second siege of Paris there was of course no attempt at display in M. Thiers's household, and very little etiquette. M. Feuillet de Conces, who had been Master of the Ceremonies to Napoleon III., was allowed to retain his post as introducer of ambassadors, but it was a sinecure; for when ambassadors or other great people wanted to see the Chief of the Executive they introduced themselves. M. Thiers, who had done not a little to aggravate the Communist outbreak by his obstinate blundering in dealing with the first demands of the insurgents, and afterward by his error in abandoning some of the best forts round Paris to them, was occupied every day, and all day, in conferring with generals and giving explanations to Parliamentary Committees. The rapidity with which he organized an army for the attack on Paris was certainly admirable, but it must not be forgotten that he kept his place at the head of the Government only by appealing to the support of Conservatives of all shades, and while so doing he played a double game. He gave the Conservatives to understand that when he had put down the Communist insurrection he would join in setting up such a Government as might be desired by the majority in the Assembly; meantime he assured the emissaries of the Commune that he would not suffer the Monarchist factions to overthrow the Republic.

There is this much to be said, that if he had not professed this pledge to the Communists, he would have left them the appearance of a justification for their rebellion; while, on the other hand, if he had not misled the Conservatives they would have forced him to resign, and setting an avowed Royalist—probably General Changarnier—in his place, they would have arrayed the whole of the Republican party on the side of the Commune, and, widening the issues of the civil war, would have made it spread all over France.

General Changarnier was deeply disgusted at not being appointed to the command of the Versailles Army. A vain little coxcomb and intriguer, who, on the strength of a few Algerian victories, was not ashamed to brag of his victorious sword, he brought to bear on Thiers all the weight of lobby plots and drawing-room influence, and it is a wonder how Thiers resisted this formidable pressure. He did so by giving the supreme command to Marshal MacMahon, and the hero of Magenta was deeply touched at this proof of confidence. MacMahon had been taken prisoner at Sedan, but fortunately for his fame he had been severely wounded, and he had, also, the splendid charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichshofen to his credit. Nevertheless he had come back from Germany, limping, haggard and almost heartbroken to think that all the reputation he had won as a soldier in his earlier years was gone; so that when Thiers sent for him and made him Commander-in-Chief he burst into tears. Thiers himself was much affected.

"I thank you from the depth of my heart," said MacMahon, "for giving me this opportunity of retrieving my military honor."

The appointment of MacMahon, who, though a Marshal of the Second Empire, was an ex-Royal Guardsman of Charles X., and a Legitimist by education and family connections, both on his own and his wife's side—this appointment was satisfactory to all sections of the Conservative party. It moreover rallied the entire army, and from the moment when it was made, the doom of the Commune was settled. But, relieved of his fears as to the possible triumph of the crew of ruffians and madmen who had got possession of Paris, M. Thiers became distracted by personal anxieties about the fate of his mansion in the Place St. Georges, and all the books and art treasures which he had collected in it. Those who saw him at this period will remember his pathetic consternation when the Commune issued its decree for the demolition of his favorite house, and the dispersal of its collections. As for Madame Thiers and Mademoiselle Dosne, they tried everything that feminine energy and despair could suggest to avert the threatened calamity. All persons who were believed to hold any tittle of influence over members of the Commune were adjured to bestir themselves to prevent an act of vandalism which these devoted ladies feared might shorten M. Thiers's life. Nothing came of this activity, for the house was razed to the ground, its contents were stolen and scattered right and left; but when the mischief had been consummated, M. Thiers bore his loss with a stoicism which had scarcely been expected.

His collections were very fine, and it is to be noted that he had always been most chary of showing them to strangers. He would never lend them to public exhibitions lest they should get damaged, and when persons unknown to him applied for permission to view them, a polite letter of excuse, signed by a secretary, was the invariable reply. The painter Courbet, who acted as Fine Art Minister to the Commune, was astounded when he made his first survey of M. Thiers's treasures, and he valued the bronzes alone at \$300,000. There was among them a horseman on a galloping steed, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci; and two bronze mules' heads, found in a vineyard of Dauphiné, and supposed to be the ornaments of a Roman armchair, were wonderful specimens of Greek art as it was believed. But M. Thiers's assemblage of rare Persian, Chinese and Japanese specimens was also nearly unique. His lac cabinets were only rivaled by those in the Apollo Gallery of the Louvre, presented to Marie Antoinette by the Jesuit missionaries. After

the overthrow of the Commune, Madame Thiers and her sister spent months in driving about to all the *bric-à-brac* shops in Paris, and identifying the curiosities which had been looted from their house. As they prudently paid all that the dealers demanded, and asked no questions, they were pretty successful in their searches, and most of the stolen articles gradually found their way back to M. Thiers's new mansion, which was built at a cost of \$200,000, voted by the National Assembly.

The horrible year 1871 was followed by one of perfect peace and great prosperity. The Royalists by their divisions—and thanks, also, to the Comte de Chambord's obduracy—had lost the chance of restoring the Throne, which presented itself to them after the Commune, when the whole country was sick of civil war. The Republic remained standing because its enemies could not agree as to how it should be suppressed. M. Thiers assumed the title of President; he was the undisputed master of France, and to those who had no knowledge of his restless character and incapacity for governing quietly, it looked as if he would maintain his ascendancy to his life's end. In that year 1872, the enormous war indemnity exacted by Germany was paid off by the raising of a loan which might have been covered ten times over if all the applications for scrip had been accepted. Money seemed to gush from every pocket. The Germans, who commenced their evacuation of the French territory, left behind them a nation that was re-flowering like a huge plantation in the Spring which follows a hard Winter. Trade revived. The traces of war and civil strife were effaced with amazing promptness from the streets of Paris; the army and all the public services were reorganized, and to crown these blessings, the land yielded such a harvest as had not been seen for a half a century. M. Thiers was never much addicted to religious emotion, but when, on a Sunday in July, the news came to him by telegram of the glorious gathering in of corn throughout the South of France, he was quite overcome.

"*Remercions Dieu !*" he cried, clasping his hands. "*Il nous a entendu, notre deuil est fini.*"

M. Thiers was then living at the Elysée. He continued to reside at the Préfecture of Versailles during the sessions of the Assembly, but he came to the Elysée during the recess, and he kept a certain kind of state there. It was quite impossible, however, for such a man to submit to any of the restraints of etiquette. He was a *bourgeois* to the finger-tips. His character was a curious effervescing mixture of talent, learning, vanity, childish petulance, inquisitiveness, sagacity, ecstatic patriotism, and self-seeking ambition. He was a splendid orator, with the shrill voice of an old costerwoman; a *savant*, with the presumption of a schoolboy; a kind-hearted man, with the irritability of a monkey; a masterly administrator, with that irrepressible tendency to meddle with everything which worries subordinates, and makes good administration impossible. He was a shrewd judge of men, and knew well how they were to be handled, but his impatience prevented him from acting up to his knowledge. He had a sincere love of liberty, with all the instincts of a despot. He was most charming with women, understood their power, and yet took so little account of it in his serious calculations that he often offended, by his Napoleonic brusqueness, ladies who were in a position to do him harm, and did it.

M. Feuilleton de Conches had to give up M. Thiers as hopeless. What was to be done with a President who, at a ceremonious dinner to Ambassadors and Ministers, would get up from table after the first course and walk round the room, discussing politics, pictures, the art of

war, or the dishes of the *menu*? M. Thiers's own dinner always consisted of a little clear soup, a plate of roast meat—veal was that which he preferred—some white beans, peas, or lentils, and a glass saucer of jam—generally apricot. He got through his repast, with two glasses of Bordeaux, in about a quarter of an hour, and then would grow fidgety. "*Est-ce bon ce que vous mangez là ?*" he would say to one of his guests, and thence start off on to a disquisition about cookery. Telegrams were brought to him at table, and he would open them, saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but the affairs of France must pass before everything." If he got disquieting news he would sit pensive for a few moments, then call for a sheet of paper and scribble off instructions to somebody, whispering directions to his major-domo about the destination of the missive.

But if he received glad tidings, he would start from his chair and frisk about, making jokes, his bright gray eyes twinkling merrily as lamps through his gold-rimmed spectacles. After dinner there was always a discussion, *coram hospitibus*, between him and Madame Thiers as to whether he might take some black coffee. Permission to excite his nerves being invariably refused, he would wink, laughing, to his friends, to call their attention to the state of uxorious bondage in which he lived, and then retire to a high armchair near the fire, where he soon dropped off to sleep. Upon this, Madame Thiers would lay a forefinger on her lips, saying, "*Monsieur Thiers dort*;" and with the help of her sister she would clear the guests into the next room, where they conversed in whispers while the President dozed—a droll little figure with his chin resting on the broad red ribbon of his Legion of Honor, and his short legs dangling about an inch above the floor. It was always very touching to see the care with which M. Thiers's wife and sister-in-law ministered to him. The story has been often told of how M. Thiers having been forbidden by doctors to eat his favorite Provençal dish of *brandade* (fish cooked with garlic), M. Mignet, the historian, used to smuggle some of this mess inclosed in a tin box into his friend's study, and what a pretty scene there was one day when Madame Thiers detected these two *frères Provençaux* enjoying the contraband together.

M. Thiers had naturally a great notion of his dignity as President of the Republic, and he was anxious to appear impressively on all state occasions; but the arrangements made to hedge him about with majesty were always being disconcerted by his doing whatever it came into his head to do. His servants were dressed in black, and he had a major-domo who wore a silver chain and tried to usher morning visitors into the President's room in the order of their rank; but every now and then M. Thiers used to pop out of his room, take stock of his visitors for himself, and make his choice of those whom he wished to see first. Then the most astonishing and uncourtly dialogues would ensue: "Monsieur le Président, this is the third time I have come here, and I have waited two hours each time."

"My friend, if you had come to see me about the affairs of France, and not about your own business, we should have had a conversation long ago."

At the Elysée, M. Thiers's study was the Salle des Souverains, formerly the Salon de Travail, where Napoleon I. planned his Waterloo campaign, and where he signed his abdication. It is furnished in Louis XV. style, with Beauvais tapestry; the adjoining room was Napoleon's *dépot de cartes géographiques*. Here Louis Napoleon, Generals St. Arnaud and Magan arranged, with a large map of Paris before them, the military

Republican Guard, and his friends—he never called them a suite—followed behind in vehicles according to their liking or means. Marshal MacMahon with the Duchess and their suite were always enough to fill three dashing landaus. These were painted in three or four shades of green, and lined with pearl-gray satin; each would be drawn by four grays with postilions in gray jackets and red velvet caps; and the whole cavalcade was preceded and followed by outriders. Going to reviews, however, the Marshal, of course, rode, and this enabled him to make a grand display with his staff of *aides-de camp*. M. Thiers had a military household, of which his cousin General Charlemagne was the head; but this warrior never had much to do, and it was no part of his business to receive visitors. Anybody who had business with M. Thiers could see him without a letter of audience by simply sending up a card to M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire. Marshal MacMahon, on the contrary, was as inaccessible as any king. Visitors to the Elysée, in his time, were passed from one resplendent officer to another till they entered the smiling presence of Vicomte Emmanuel d'Harcourt, the President's secretary, and this was the *ne plus ultra*. Against journalists in particular the Marshal's doors were inexorably locked. So far as a man of his good-natured temper could be said to hate anybody, the Duke of Magenta hated persons connected with the Press.

For all that, he did not object altogether to newspaper tattle, for whilst he read the *Journal des Débats* every evening from a feeling of duty, he perused the *Figaro* every morning for his own pleasure.

The sumptuous ordinance of Marshal MacMahon's household was rendered necessary in a manner by the Shah of Persia's visit to Paris in 1873. It is a pity that M. Thiers was not in office when this constellated savage came to ravish the courts of civilized Europe by his diamonds and his haughtily brutish manners, for it would have been curious to see the little man instructing the Shah, through an interpreter, as to Persian history or the etymology of Oriental languages. In the Marshal, however, Nasr-ed-Din found a host who exhibited just the right sort of dignity; and all the hospitalities given to the Shah both at Versailles and Paris—the torchlight procession of soldiers, the gala performance at the Opera, the banquet at the Galerie des Glaces—were carried out on a scale that could not have been excelled if there had been an Emperor on the throne. In the course of the banquet at Versailles the Shah turned to the Duchess of Magenta and asked her in a few words of French, which he must have carefully rehearsed beforehand, why her husband did not set up as Emperor? The Duchess parried the question with a smile; but, perhaps, the idea was not so far from her thoughts as she would have had people imagine.

Throughout the Autumn of 1873 the restoration of Henri V. seemed so imminent that the Republican weavers of Lyons were employed in executing immense orders from Parisian mercers, for silks with lilies embroidered on them; and a famous carriage-builder was commissioned to make three state coaches, that were to be used for the new King's triumphant entry into Paris. A day came when the royal orb lay like a ball at the Comte de Chambord's feet. His friends had decided, after long plotting, that the best thing he could do would be to present himself in the hall of the Assembly and be there saluted King by acclamation. Everything was to be in readiness for this *coup de théâtre*. The Minister of War, the Prefect of Police, the President himself, were all *prîty to the scheme*. There would be guards on duty

to crush any Republican resistance; and a whole army of bill-stickers would be sent forth to placard the King's proclamations on the walls of Paris. The Comte de Chambord had come privately to Versailles, and one evening he paced in mental agony to and fro in the dining-room of his friend, M. de la Rochette, asking himself whether he should do what his friends desired. But he was always Henry the Unready. He took flight in the night, and three days later issued that queer manifesto in which, boasting of his attachment to his faith and flag, he called the White flag "*le drapeau d'Arques et d'Ivry*"—forgetting that these battles were Protestant victories.

When Henri V. had committed political suicide, there was no more chance of a Royalist restoration; and Marshal MacMahon had to ask the Assembly to confirm him in the Presidency for a fixed term of seven years. He was not a happy man after this, for between the Republicans, who abused him for never mentioning the word "republic" in his speeches and messages, and the Royalists, who reproached him for not striking a *coup d'état* on their behalf, he was sorely harassed. He hated politics, and his perceptions as to political necessities were always hazy. For instance, he declared that, happen what might, he would never accept M. Gambetta for his Minister; and this vow naturally forced the leader of the Opportunists into a position of irreconcilable enmity. Gambetta, nevertheless, evinced considerable tact in never agitating for the Marshal's overthrow. When he pronounced his famous ultimatum, *Il faut se soumettre ou se démettre*, just before the general election of 1877, he was only laying down the constitutional proposition that an elected President must yield to the wishes of the nation or retire; but he was not anxious that the Marshal should retire. He often said that it was highly desirable that the first Republican President should serve out his full term, so that there might be a regular constitutional transmission of power to his successor; and when the Marshal had, after all, surrendered to the Liberal party by accepting M. Dufaure as his Prime Minister, M. Gambetta testified his approval by attending a party at the Elysée. But this did little good. The Duchess of Magenta made her stateliest courtesy to the Republican leader; the Marshal gave him a civil but smileless bow, and Gambetta was glad to make a rapid exit from a house where he perceived that his presence caused more astonishment than pleasure.

The Marshal was asked, after this, whether he still persisted in refusing any political alliance with Gambetta. "Unquestionably," he said; "we should not agree for an hour, then why meet at all?" On another occasion he said: "I don't expect my Ministers to go to Mass with me, or even to shoot with me—but they must be men with whom I can have some common ground of conversation, and I shall have none with *ce monsieur*."

This connection of Mass and shooting was quite in the style of Charles X. At the Elysée the Marshal attended Mass every Sunday, and on all great festivals, in the handsome subterranean chapel built by M. Eugène Lacroix, the architect of the palace. He was always escorted by the officers of his household, sometimes by one or two of his Ministers. The Duchess of Magenta went to Mass every day, and appointed eloquent bishops, priests and monks to preach Lenten and Advent sermons before her, just like a queen. As for sport, the Marshal's circumstances did not allow of his inviting great shooting parties to Compiègne and Fontainebleau as Napoleon III. used to do, but he often had small parties to shoot in the forest of Rambouillet, and through

his military secretary permission was given to a good many of his friends, principally general officers, to shoot in the other state forests by themselves. The Marshal always wore his military kepi when shooting, but he did not require those of his guests who were in the army to do the same. At the Rambouillet shooting parties there was no etiquette beyond this; that precedence was given to the *invités* according to their nobiliary rank. Dukes had the *pas* over everybody.

The Marshal eventually resigned in consequence of a disagreement with his Liberal Ministers on the subject of military appointments. Throughout his Presidency, there were two points on which he was always intractable—army questions, and the granting of decorations to civilians. His Cabinet Councils used to be held in the Salon des Souverains at the Elysée, and generally he sat at the head of the table saying nothing, whilst his Ministers talked. But whenever they touched on the army, he took the leading part in the discussions, expressing his opinions in the most peremptory language, and he did the same as regards decorations. He did not object to let civilians have the Cross of the Legion of Honor, but he was determined to know all about the antecedents of the gentlemen whom his Ministers recommended for this distinction. It was of no use to ask his signature for the decoration of any man known to be a freethinker. His never-failing reply was: "A man who is not a Christian does not want a cross."

It was a really comical freak of fortune that brought M. Jules Grévy to succeed Marshal MacMahon. The story goes that, during the street-fighting of the Revolution of 1830, a law-student was kicked by one of the King's officers, for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on the wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away and lived to fight another day. For the officer, as it is said, was Patrice de MacMahon, and the law-student Jules Grévy. After this affair, M. Grévy became a barrister, won reputation and money by defending journalists in state prosecutions, and upon the downfall of Louis Philippe was immediately appointed to something equivalent to a prefecture by the Provisional Government of the Second Republic. Next, his countrymen in the Jura sent him to sit in the Constituent Assembly, and here M. Grévy distinguished himself by proposing that the new Republic, which this Assembly was deputed to found, should have no President—or, rather, that the President should be a mere Prime Minister, liable to be dismissed at any moment. M. Grévy had not his wisdom teeth in those days. He has since learnt to think that it is good for a Republic to have a President not amenable to sudden dismissal.

No part of France is more healthily situated than the Department of the Jura. Planted there, on a pleasant spot in the village of Mont-sous-Vaudrey, is the Chateau de la Grangerie, where, in 1813, Jules Grévy was born. The father of the future President of the Third Republic had been an enthusiastic soldier of the First Republic; and it is hardly necessary to hesitate in assuming that he imparted a democratic tone and direction to many of the early thoughts, and probably to many a dawning aspiration, of his children. Devoted to the pleasures of the chase himself, he was pleased at the propensity shown by his sons to partake in active sports, though their predilection for such diversions was never permitted to interfere with the due course of their education. Intending to follow the legal profession, young Grévy repaired to Paris, and whilst diligently occupied in suitable studies, he witnessed the Revolution which overthrew

Charles X. He is said by one of his biographers to have participated in the tumults which took place on that occasion; but as other authorities deny his active interference, and as violence in the advocacy of any cause is altogether alien to the spirit which has always inspired M. Grévy, the assertion may be dismissed as at least very doubtful. Nevertheless, M. Grévy, animated by the democratic example and precepts of his father, was ever ready to plead the cause, not only of those whom arbitrary power sought to crush, but, at times, even to throw the shield of extenuation over a really culpable fomentor of political disorder. As an instance of this leniency, we may point to the argumentative ability he displayed in his defense of the conspirator Phillippe, arraigned as an accomplice of Barbès, who for a mad attempt at insurrection in 1839 was condemned to death.

Unlike Berryer or Jules Favre, M. Grévy was never favored by Fortune with propitious opportunities for the display of the higher forms and ambitions of forensic eloquence. In the Law Courts the style and characteristics of his address and demeanor were strikingly different—it would hardly be too much to say, striking contrasts—to those displayed by the great mass of French advocates.

It was not until the Revolution of 1848 that M. Grévy became conspicuous in the arena of politics. During the July Monarchy he belonged to the group of Liberals represented by the *National*, a journal founded in 1830 by Thiers, Mignet, and Armand Carrel. The Provisional Government appointed him to act as *Commissaire* in the Department of the Jura; and a few weeks later he was elected—in preference to a candidate supported by Lamartine—to represent that Department in the Constituent Assembly. He took a prominent part in the numerous debates that occupied the Assembly for many weeks relative to the clauses and details with which it was sought to build up a Republican Constitution. These protracted labors were drawing to a close; there remained the vital question, Who was to elect the President of the Republic—the Nation or the Assembly? With a foresight which almost amounted to prophecy, M. Grévy proposed the following celebrated amendment: "The National Assembly delegates the executive power to a citizen who will be known as President of the Council of Ministers. The President is to be elected for an indefinite term, the Assembly retaining unrestricted power to revoke its mandate." A few abridged sentences from M. Grévy's speeches on this memorable occasion are worthy of notice: "Are you sure that among the series of persons elected may not intrude one who will try to perpetuate his power—some scion, for instance, of a family that has reigned over France? Are you sure that if commerce languishes and the people suffer, such a one may not at some critical moment, by fair promises and cajolery, hoodwink the nation, and succeed in undermining liberty and destroying the Republic?" His reference to the English form of government shows a political acumen which is especially noteworthy at the present time. "The British Constitution is said to be composed of Royalty, Aristocracy and Democracy. The error consists in supposing that these three elements form an equilibrium, and present a stable and definite government. The attention is engrossed by the present, the past and the future being unheeded. It seems to be forgotten that the popular component of the Constitution has been established at the expense of the two others; that it pushes slowly, but incessantly, its conquests, and that there results a stealthy struggle, the inevitable issue of which will be the triumph of the Democratic element."

to the Legislature. When a Member of the Assembly, in 1848, he had protested against the election of the President by universal suffrage, and had demanded that the Executive should be held to a close responsibility to the law-makers. The result of Louis Napoleon's election to the Presidency of the Republic of that day seemed to justify Grévy's theory, and very likely strengthened the disposition to bind down the Executive, to which he at last fell a victim.

The resignation of President Grévy closed in disappointment, but not in dishonor, a long, honorable and illustrious career. We say not in dishonor, for no suspicion of corruption attaches to the venerable ex-President. The most that can be said against him in connection with recent events is that he labored not wisely but too well to shield his daughter's scampish husband, Wilson, from the consequences of his acts. M. Grévy is eighty years old, and for more than fifty years he has been well-known to his countrymen, though it has been only within the last twenty years that his name has become in any degree familiar to the people of the United States.

The resignation was received in silence, and on December 4th, 1887, Carnot was elected the fourth President of the French Republic.

Marie François Sadi-Carnot was born at Limoges, in 1837. His grandfather was Minister of War for the Republic from 1793 to 1797, and from his extraordinary vigor in that office was known as the "organizer of victory." Probably no War Minister ever had greater genius than Lazare Nicolas Carnot, and the success of the Republic in defending its frontiers against foreign invasion was due largely to his indomitable will and inexhaustible resources of character. He was one of the great figures in the National Convention, but disappeared from view under the Empire and was proscribed after the Bourbon restoration. His son, Lazare Hippolyte Carnot, inheriting Republicanism of the stoutest fibre, became interested in his youth in the philosophy of the St. Simonists, but, like Brissot, recoiled from his social school when *Enfantin's* repulsive views of marriage were disclosed. He published in 1830 a treatise on the doctrines of the St. Simonians which was very widely read. From 1839 to 1848 he was a Liberal Deputy in the Chamber and voted with the Extreme Left, and after the Revolution was Minister of Education. He was one of three Republican Deputies elected after the *coup d'état*, but was compelled to retire from political life until 1863, when he was again elected Deputy. After the downfall of the Empire he acted with the Extreme Left until 1875, when he was elected Senator for life.

Sadi-Carnot has shown administrative ability in the engineer department. His staff included seventy-two chief engineers, 240 ordinary engineers and 1,500 assistant engineers. Only a very strong administration could have handled such a department as this, and such an executive head Carnot proved himself to be. As Minister of Finance he has twice been in office, first in 1882 and again in 1886, under M. de Freycinet. While holding this office he was unable to induce the Budget Committee to agree to his general recommendations; but that was not surprising, since no recent Finance Minister has had better luck in this respect, the Deputies not being willing to deal with serious financial questions.

Madame Carnot herself is a charming woman, with good taste. Their life has been simple. Both are devoted to their children, who have been brought up as practical Catholics. Carnot spends his evenings at home. He does not care for the fashionable world, and

goes to bed before midnight. He has a large fortune, partly inherited, mostly increased by clever management.

They now take up their abode in the Elysée Palace, the official residence of France's Presidents. This palace is about half way between the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de Triomphe, and is one square back from the Champs Elysées itself. The grounds of the palace reach to the Champs Elysées. They are encircled by massive stone walls fully 15 feet in height. Above these walls there is a green lattice woodwork extending 5 or 6 feet higher. The interlacing of this latticework and the tall shrubbery make it impossible for any curious sightseer from the top of the highest omnibus to secure the slightest glimpse of the closely trimmed and carefully laid-out grounds of the palace. This building was erected in 1718 by the Count d'Evreux. Under the reign of Louis XV. it was the residence of Madame de Pompadour. Its next occupant was the Duchess of Bourbon, and during her stay it was known as the Palais Bourbon. The house has had a most eventful history. To-day it looks as solid and substantial as if it had been built within the last five years. During the Revolution it was used as a Government printing-office. Under the Directory it was given up to the people for public dancing and gambling-rooms. It was in this building that Napoleon III. planned his *coup d'état*. Napoleon I. once occupied it as a residence. Murat, Louis Bonaparte, Queen Hortense and the Emperor Alexander have been occupants, also, of this famous house. But the strangest occupant who ever held the palace was the present German Emperor, who remained here a tenant for three days during his visit to Paris after the surrender. It is now the official residence of the President of the French Republic, in the same way as is the White House at Washington the official residence of our President. A part is given up to the executive offices, and the other part is occupied as the private residence of the President, as at Washington.

OLD-TIME POOR RELATIONS.

Down to the end of the last century it was by no means uncommon to find in a country house a cousin of the Squire, who lived at the Hall as a permanent guest, in a position between that of an equal and that of a superior servant. He sat at table with the family, but he would have thought himself guilty of base ingratitude if he had permitted himself to lift his eyes to a daughter of the house. If he was inclined to book-learning, he undertook the duties of tutor to the children; if he had no abilities in that direction, he could at least teach the boys to ride, to fence, and to throw a fly. He was expected, in return for his board and lodging, to sell the Squire's horses, laugh at his jokes, and do all the little jobs which were disagreeable to the head of the house, and yet of too delicate a nature to be intrusted to a servant. The poor relation was, in fact, the unsalaried companion of the rich man, bound to his patron for life by the consideration that if he lost his situation it would be impossible for him to find another.

THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

Those who are competent to give an opinion on the subject maintain that an Antarctic expedition is much less risky than one to the other Pole. There would be no difficulty in a party wintering on some part of the Antarctic Continent; a vessel could cruise round the verge of the ice during the Winter and watch a favorable

opening, of which immediate notice could be given to the exploring party, while a third vessel could leave New Zealand at a suitable time with additional supplies. No doubt the subject will again be brought up at the next meeting of the British Association, when it is to be hoped a strong and active committee will be appointed. Baron Nordenskjöld will be among the distinguished foreigners invited to the meeting, and we hope he will accept the invitation.

BEYOND.

By G. A. DAVIS.

WHERE the trampling breakers thunder,
Mocked by the wild wind's glee,
Washed by the white spray's shower,
I dream in your song, O sea!

Ever drifting and dreaming,
My thoughts float far and wide,
Far out from the wet rocks gleaming
With the ebb of the falling tide.

And they rest, where the restless ocean
Melts in the great calm sky;
Where the ripples of endless motion
Break on eternity.

Sweet from the daisted meadows,
Cool from the cloud-swept down—
Over the fields of England,
O'er tower and wall and town,

Comes the swift sea-wind rushing,
From lanes where far away
The tangled hedges are flushing
With rosy wreaths of May.

And it sings of white waves dashing
Against the cliff's white wall,
Where wide-winged sea-gulls flashing
Send far their wailing call.

Rest?—but my wild thoughts wander
Still further, o'er stream and hill,
Into the purple of twilight,
When the west is smoldering still;

Deep in the river gleaming
I see the faint stars shine,
And hear through all my dreaming,
The rushing of the Rhine.

I see the lines of the vineyards
Climb up the terraced wall;
From far cathedral spires
I hear the wild chimes call.

The red-roofed town slopes upward,
Girdled with moat and towers:
Across the gray walls wafted,
I smell the linden-flowers.

And with all my soul uplifted
In joy that is half a pain,
Through the gate of dreams I wander
Into the past again.

* * * * *
The trampling breakers thunder
Back from the iron shore,
And the slow swell moaning under,
Answers for evermore;

The ocean plains spread lonely
Between that world and me—
And I tread its dim ways only
As I dream in your song, O sea!

PELTIER'S CASE.

AFTER the peace of Amiens had been trumped up in April, 1802, it became the policy of the Addington Government to keep on good terms with Bonaparte, but it was not able to restrain the abusive language that it had hitherto encouraged in the Press, and there was much angry correspondence between the French Directory and the English Administration on the subject during the ensuing months, rendered all the more embarrassing because at this time there were a good many French republicans in England, who had come over to escape from and to denounce the new tyranny that was being shaped out of the liberating forces they had set in motion, and because many English reformers to whom the confusing term Jacobin had been applied were, for a while and in this respect, in substantial agreement with many of the Tories who loathed them. There were at least two French papers published in London which made it their special business to attack the First Consul—*L'Ambigu*, edited by Jean Peltier, and *Le Courrier Français de Londres*—and about these the French ambassador made formal complaint in July, including in his charges "Cobbett and other writers who resemble them." The British Government began by answering the complaints in terms that would have been dignified if they had been consistent. "His Majesty's Government neither can nor will, in consequence of any menace from a foreign power," wrote Lord Hawkesbury in August, "make any concessions which may be in the smallest degree dangerous to the liberty of the Press, as secured by the Constitution of this country," and he refused to take any action on Bonaparte's behalf against obnoxious writers. The Government afterward yielded so far, however, as to prosecute Peltier, who was brought up for trial in February, 1803, before Lord Ellenborough, with Spencer Perceval, the Attorney-general, as his accuser, and Mackintosh to defend him. Mackintosh's speech, which even Ellenborough declared to be "eloquence almost unparalleled," was a noble argument not only in justification of Peltier, but also for the liberty of the Press in general, but it was unsuccessful. Peltier was found guilty, though before the time came for the deferred sentence to be passed war had been renewed between France and England, and he consequently escaped punishment. It ultimately transpired that he had actually been receiving pay from the English Government for writing as he had done, and his employment was continued till 1815, when, in explanation of the grants made to him and other French journalists in London, Lord Castlereagh averred that "these grants were made for public and not for private services, and for conveying instruction to the Continent when no other mode could be found."

Cobbett's connection with Peltier's case was noteworthy as illustrating the difference between such "libels" as the Government tolerated, or only made a pretense of punishing, and such others as it seriously resented. Though Cobbett was quite as outspoken as Peltier in his condemnation, he was not prosecuted for it; but he was soon attacked for his interference with English officials. In May, 1804, he was tried for two offenses, one of them the insertion in the *Register* of two letters by an Irish judge, ridiculing Lord Hardwicke, who was Viceroy of Ireland, "as a very eminent sheep-feeder from Cambridgeshire," with "a wooden head," and Lord Chancellor Redeale as "a very able and strong-built chancery pleader from Lincoln's Inn," the other using language of his own in disparagement of the Solicitor-General.

A SPIRIT of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity who never looked backward to their ancestors.

Shef's atelier," this gentleman hastily threw a dark cloth over his picture and opened the door to the new-comer.

The visitor proved to be the much-speculated-about Russian. He was a large, splendidly handsome man, of thirty-five or forty, with the bearing of a soldier, brusque and imperious, the face of a scholar, and the manner of a diplomat.

"Will monsieur permit an inspection of the picture?" the gentleman asked, politely and immediately.

The artist took a tablet from his pocket, and, with a coolness which matched the Russian's, replied:

"This is Saturday, I grant, monsieur, but it is exactly one week in advance of the Saturday determined upon at our last interview. Will monsieur satisfy himself?"

And King Shef handed the tiny morocco diary to his guest.

"N'importe," said the latter, calmly. "I chanced to be in the vicinity, and I thought it not amiss to call. But my great desire for the picture must be my excuse for this very evident intrusion."

"Oh, that's all right," the artist replied, his dignity succumbing, as usual, to the very first hint of an apology, "but I am really not ready to exhibit to-day. Please come in Thursday—that's two days ahead of time—and I will promise to be obliging."

"Has monsieur any more hope of success than at first?" the visitor inquired, with considerable interest.

"I have no faith in the picture whatever," was the perplexed answer; "it's contrary to common sense. If monsieur would condescend to call it something else—say, 'The Russian's Ideal,' or something of that kind, I should work with far more inspiration. But an original Cleopatra is as impossible as original sin."

The Russian's laughter was most pleasant to hear, and seemed to his companion to bespeak an honest nature.

"Ah, monsieur," he said, "we have original sin with every child that is born into the world, so I shall hail your very bad comparison as an excellent omen for my picture. It is this way, my friend: I have a conception of Cleopatra quite different from the accepted one. I cannot work out my thoughts on canvas, and so I apply to one who can."

King Shef shook his handsome blonde head and his visitor's hand at the same time.

"Monsieur must feel no responsibility," the Russian added, as with a cheery *au revoir* he left the studio.

And now King Shef turned the key, uncovered the picture, and rapped lightly on the door of the retiring-room.

"We are all ready, mademoiselle," he said. "I will pray for inspiration while you get on your gewgaws."

The figure that presented itself a few moments later was of a character to stir the pulses of any man who worshiped the beautiful. The fair, rounded arms, that neither painter nor sculptor could ever hope to do justice to; the white, symmetrical throat and classic head, covered with a wealth of soft, wavy chestnut hair; the beautiful, great dark *dark* eyes, with their long, sweeping lashes and low, delicately arched brows; the pale, oval face, that could be proud and tender at the same moment; the gorgeous apparel—all conspired to make an irresistible harmony.

"Grand Dieu!" exclaimed King Shef; "you have taken my breath away. What has happened, that you are so much lovelier than ever before, mademoiselle? And yet you are paler, and your eyes have a depth and a glitter that would bring to his knees the oldest *habitué* of the Théâtre Français. You might be the Queen of

Sheba, only Sheba was naughty; and you may be a successful Cleopatra, but I fear your present expression will be far too conventional. Great Heavens! how beautiful the Lord has made some women! Don't be alarmed, mademoiselle"—as his companion drew back with an added *hauteur*—"I am not going to attack the rôle of Antony. Have no fear; but—but—Marie, Mademoiselle Marie, I fell in love with you the first time I saw you. Tell me, dear, that it is not quite hopeless."

"Everything is hopeless, monsieur," the model replied, in an agitated voice; "and if you persist in such annoyance, I shall call upon Monsieur Vincent for protection."

"The deuce you will!" said King Shef, brought to his senses, and his temper also, by this most unexpected threat. "Monsieur Vincent?" he repeated. "So that's the way the wind blows! All right. I might have known. How deep the still waters do run, though!"

There was no reply to this. The artist took up his brush with a hand that trembled slightly in spite of himself, and essayed to work. But the task was beyond his power.

"I shall be obliged to ask mademoiselle to excuse me," he said at last, politely. "I am not in the humor. But Monsieur Vincent will doubtless be glad to profit by my inability."

"It is too late to commence another sitting this morning, and I am myself indisposed," the model replied, quite coolly and naturally, "so I will leave you to make my excuses to your friend."

"Very well; as you please," said King Shef, who, between anger, mortification and jealousy had quite lost his head.

A few moments later the beautiful woman, in a modest street costume, her face carefully veiled, passed out of the studio with a simple "*Au revoir, monsieur!*" which she did not wait to hear answered. And not long after this, King Shef, who was the most miserable of human beings when out of temper, turned Cleopatra to the wall, seized his hat, secured his door by simply turning the key and leaving it, and hurried down into the highways of busy, bustling, beautiful Paris, to "walk it off." As he turned the second corner, on his way to the nearest *café* for a cup of coffee, he saw, half a square ahead of him, the queenly figure of his model, and by her side, apparently in the most earnest conversation, his brother-artist, Leonardo Vincent. With an oath, which he knew was foolish as soon as he had uttered it, King Shef turned quickly and walked as fast as possible in an opposite direction.

Half an hour later, Mademoiselle Marie passed again, this time very swiftly, excitedly and breathlessly, up the stairs leading to the studio she had so recently left. Like some wild animal endowed with human intelligence, she unlocked the door, closing it noiselessly behind her. Then, turning the glorious face of Cleopatra to the light, she seized the artist's brush and palette, and, standing on tiptoe, commenced to rub the heterogeneous colors into the radiant countenance of the Russian's ideal. With a fierceness which could only have been born of temporary madness, she daubed the picture in every part, and then, with one diagonal smutch from the left temple to the hem of the robe, as a parting witness to her thirst for destruction, she turned the canvas again to the wall and passed swiftly and quietly to the street.

It was late in the afternoon when Kingsley Sheffield returned to the studio; and a very different man he seemed from the unreasonable, hot-headed fellow who

had befallen the picture. To a nature like his, such a mystery was hard to bear, and the inexplicable cloud between him and his friend had cut him off most effectually from that source of sympathy.

That night King Shef did not return to his studio quarters, and the next morning, before Vincent was up, an *agent de police* conveyed the information to this gentleman that Monsieur Kingsley Sheffield was thought to be dying from the effects of a pistol-shot wound in the chest. He had been found bleeding and insensible in an unfrequented avenue, and removed to the hospital.

Monsieur Vincent was not under arrest, but everything that related to the history of this unfortunate gentleman must, for the purposes of justice, be at once discovered. Leonardo, his face white and drawn with agony, immediately led the way to King Shef's studio, and turned, for the officer's inspection, the bedaubed Cleopatra.

"That is the only mystery in the life of my friend," he said at last, with quivering lip. I show you this because, of course, it is only a matter of time before it is discovered."

Then followed an account of the strange occurrence.

A few hours after Vincent's story at the Tribunal, Mademoiselle Marie was in prison, charged with the attempted murder of Kingsley Sheffield, so swift is justice in *La Belle France*. The artist and the model had been seen together between eleven and twelve o'clock, and conversing excitedly, and further inquiry at the studio building disclosed the fact of the model's hasty visit to the studio. The *femme de famille* had not thought it necessary to mention this hurried call before, knowing that the lady was regularly employed, and at liberty to go and come as she pleased. To the detective's mind it seemed a foregone conclusion that the hand which had struck the fatal blows at Cleopatra had committed the subsequent deed of blood.

At the appointed time the Russian presented himself at the studio. Leonardo, who had grown ten years older in this awful interim, and who seemed to be simply living on the bulletins which came daily from the hospital, received him. The patient had not returned to consciousness; at least no *ante-mortem* statement had been possible. The ball had been successfully probed for, and stimulants, and even some nourishment, had been partaken of, but still the strange coma lasted.

Mademoiselle Marie could not be induced to open her lips. To kind words and threatening words she was equally indifferent. And just at this critical point came the Russian to look at his new Cleopatra.

Like the artist when he first beheld the wreck of his

so ill that it was impossible for him to leave his room. He neither slept nor ate, and the suspense seemed to be killing him. Another week of supreme torture, and then, one evening, the Russian's carriage again drew up to the studio, and from it alighted, first the Russian, next Mademoiselle Marie, and then King Shef and his hospital nurse. The invalid, "clothed and in his right mind," but still very weak, was carefully conveyed to his apartments.

"And now I must surprise Vincent," he said, immediately. "I'll go in alone, please," as the nurse sprang to assist him. "Poor old boy, he must have had a rough time. Hallo, Nardo!" he sang out, blithely, as he opened the door, and closed it again behind him.

Vincent rose and came toward his friend, first with arms outstretched, but in a second they had dropped heavily to his side.

"Brace up, Nardo!" said King Shef, in a trembling, eager voice. "For God's sake don't give it away," he continued. "I'm as right as a trivet, and I kept shady so as not to have to talk. You ought to have finished me, for I was as insulting as the devil, Nardo. Forgive me if you can, old boy, and now come in and see our dear mademoiselle and Prince Duvatsky—her husband, Nardo. Think of that. They were married in secret, and she became jealous and ran away from him. He tracked her here, and was determined to have her picture, so he ordered the new Cleopatra. That's why she spoiled the picture, because that morning she found him out. Come, Nardo, dear old boy, and offer your congratulations;" and so, arm-in-arm, the two artists walked into King Shef's studio.

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"Wordsworth and myself," relates Rogers the poet, "had walked to Highgate to call on Coleridge, when he was living at Gilman's. We sat with him two hours, he talking the whole time without intermission. When we left the house, we walked for some time without speaking. 'What a wonderful man he is!' exclaimed Wordsworth. 'Wonderful indeed,' said I. 'What depth of thought—what richness of expression!' continued Wordsworth. 'There's nothing like him that ever I heard,' rejoined I. Another pause. 'Pray,' inquired Wordsworth, 'did you precisely understand what he said about the Kantian philosophy?' Rogers—'Not precisely.' Wordsworth—'Or about the plurality of worlds?' Rogers—'I can't say that I did. In fact, if the truth must be confessed, I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to the other.' Wordsworth—'No

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A PEEP INTO PORTUGAL.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

THE only personage of my very extensive acquaintance all over the globe who ever, to my knowledge, visited Portugal, is Miss Lee, the charming daughter of the late General Robert E. Lee, the great Confederate captain. She is, to be sure, a sturdy traveler, who has gone around the world twice, ay, and means to "go it again." Hence her sojourn in this romantic and beautiful *terra incognita*.

If, according to Alexander Dumas, Africa begins with the Pyrenees, Portugal should occupy a somewhat central position, and here is a chance for the author of "She." Madrid is but six and thirty hours from Paris, yet the tide of travel sets toward Switzerland, Italy, Germany and Austria, while for one adventurous traveler who enters Sunny Spain one hundred thousand deliberately turn their backs upon it. When the land of Cervantes and the Cid is treated after this contemptuous fashion, the wonder ceases that Portugal remains unexplored, and the individual who has reveled in the glorious beauties of Cintra, or the quaint fascinations of Coimbra, becomes more or less of a "traveled Thane."

Portugal is situated at the extremity of the Iberian Peninsula, and consequently of the European Continent, and covers an area of 34,500 square miles. On the north and east, the Spanish provinces of Galicia, Valladolid, Zamora, Salamanca, Estremadura and Seville form a limit; on the west, the broad Atlantic.

Its most striking physical feature is displayed in its mountainous appearance, mountains towering skyward in every portion of the country. The ranges rise in Spain, and, for the most part, run parallel to the Pyrenees, terminating at the Atlantic. Its rivers flow in the same direction. The mountains, which are chiefly composed of the Monteshino, Estrella, Cintra and Monchique, present incontestable proofs of their volcanic origin. They are exceeding rich in gold, silver, iron, copper and lead, while their marbles rival the Pentelican. Mineral springs, which the advertising fiend has not yet pounced upon, abound; that surly customer, rheumatism, being summarily dealt with. The climate of Portugal is variable, according to the districts, but it is, upon the whole, one of the finest in Europe. In the interior there are heat and drought; snow and ice are regarded as curiosities, and the rivers are never frozen over. There are two Springs in the year. The first commences in February. During the next three months a dry heat alternates with stormy weather. The harvest takes place in June. At the end of September the equinoctial rains commence, being followed in October by the second Spring. The leaves burst forth, and flowers, especially those of the orange, blossom luxuriantly. Heavy rains fall in November and December, and the coldest month is January.

Portugal has always desired to live in amity with its neighbor, Spain; but the student of history will find that the two kingdoms of the Iberian Peninsula have, up to the present, pursued two paths as distinct from each other as their customs, natures and aspirations. There are in Portugal all the conditions befitting a truly independent nation. The Portuguese, firm in their love of country, and inspired by their traditions, could not even suppose that their right to exist in an independent state would be questioned. Portugal, in their eyes, is complete mistress of her destinies, and exercises fully

her dominion. "We live, and we have always lived, having our political interests completely distinct from Spain."

With a large population, and possessing one of the best seaports in the world; having islands admirably situated in the road to the two Americas; sovereigns of vast colonies in Western and Eastern Africa, India, China and Oceanica, Portugal ought to take a prominent place in the Powers of the second rank.

The history of Portugal is full of color. Rome subdued her, after a fierce and protracted struggle. The Aqueduct at Evora, the Temple of Diana, the Baths at Cintra, and the Amphitheatre of Lisbon, tell the wondrous story. The Arabs held Portugal (Lusitania) from 711 to the eleventh century. The victory of Aljubarrota, gained over the Castilians by John I. in 1383, flung aside the yoke of Castile. To Henry the Navigator, son of John, Portugal owes an ineffaceable debt. He discovered Madeira, the Azores and Cape Verd. It was during the reign of John the Perfect that the Portuguese monarchy entered into full enjoyment of power. In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope. On a certain day in 1493 John II. was greatly exercised over the appearance of two vessels in the port of Lisbon flying the pennants of Castile. They were those of Christopher Columbus, who carried with him the most striking proofs of his wondrous success. "A hurricane of grief" smote the breast of John, who had rejected the proposals of Columbus, and had thereby lost a new world. He, however, behaved right royally to the intrepid navigator, consoling himself with the thought that, although Portugal had missed the honor of discovering America, to her the merit belonged of preparing the way. John resolved upon making up for the loss of America by vast conquests in Asia; but he did not live to taste the rich and golden fruit plucked by the daring and successful Vasco de Gama, who stepped upon the shore of India on the 20th of May, 1498, to plant the seeds of a mighty empire.

Few nations can present such a bold front to History as Portugal offered at this time. Out of the midst of an insignificant people, intrepid navigators and doughty captains sprang as if by magic. Their hardihood mapped out Africa, attached the East Indies to Europe, discovered the southern portion of America, subdued Oceanica, changed the routes to India, ruined the Italian Republics, and made Lisbon the capital of commerce, whilst they advanced Christianity to the regeneration of the entire world. The history of Portugal at this period is a veritable history of heroism.

Anon came the decline. During the reign of Dom Sebastian, at a time when Portugal retained with difficulty the precious relics of her colonial empire, a project was organized for renewing on the coast of Africa the great expeditions of former times. The decisive battle fought on the plains of Alcazar, on the 4th of August, 1578, against the Moors, sealed the fate of fair Lusitania, and she bade a long farewell to glory. Followed a period of anarchy and servitude. Spanish gold did its fateful work, and, in 1583, Portugal and all her colonies were compelled to acknowledge the power of Spain. The destruction of her navy in the famous Armada handed Portuguese supremacy on the sea over to England, and the Dutch and the English gathered the spoils of her

to exchange it for Lisbon, and adopted the title, King of Portugal, Brazil and Algarvos. The absence of the Regent handed Portugal over to England. Later on, John VI. came to Europe, and an attempt having been made to reduce Brazil to the rank of a colony, the Brazilians, on the 12th of October, 1822, declared for independence. Brazil then became an Empire, under Dom Pedro. With the later history of Portugal we are all acquainted. At present she is, to use a familiar vulgarism, of "no particular account."

"Portugal," says Branco, "is not a country one visits simply for pleasure. The Tagus may be compared to a beautiful gauzy veil that hides the face of an ugly woman. For Lisbon is a disappointment. It has neither monuments nor magnificence, neither civilization nor society, and the country remains just as Byron left it—a land of barbarians in frock-coats and beaver hats."

"Poor little Portugal!" says Lady Jackson. "How is it that a country so lovely, whose

A DOOR OF THE CONVENT AT SELEM.

colonial empire. In 1640, backed by Cardinal Richelieu, Portugal revolted and flung aside the yoke of Spain. England now stepped in, and, under the pretext of uniting the Houses of Stuart and Braganza, pocketed 2,000,000 cruzados, and annexed Tangiers in Africa, and Bombay in India. Portugal now turned her eyes to the East, but the ground was already occupied by France, England and Holland. From the West came a ray of sunshine in the discovery of gold. A truly great Minister, Pombal, caused a halt in the rapid decadence of the kingdom, and for a brief space Portugal raised her drooping head. After the re-

capital is second in beauty to none of the cities of Europe, whose people are so courteous, so kind-hearted, so hospitable, so free from the gloom and bigotry of the Spaniard, is pooh-poohed, as it were, by the rest of the world, and accounted the least important and interesting of European kingdoms?"

With the opinions of these two traveling writers as finger-posts, we will start on our journey into fair Lusitania.

Portugal should be approached by sea, and Lisbon reached by the Tagus. If the weather be fine, a gauzy

The statue is about 15 feet high, and stands on an octagonal pedestal of 23 feet. At each of the eight angles is a plinth, on which is placed a smaller statue of the height of 7 feet. There are statues of eight of the principal early Portuguese—writers, poets and historians.

Close by is a fountain, where the Galician *aguadeiro* (water-carrier) fills his now leaden-colored barrel. Time was when his costume had something characteristic in it; when a group of *aguadeiros*, resting on their parti-colored barrels, or reclining on the steps of some public fountain, formed a picture cool and refreshing to gaze upon. Now he is as colorless as his barrel. Lisbon is supplied with water at high pressure, but the "old-timers" clinging fondly to the barrel, will none of the stale stuff passing through leaden and poisonous pipes. One set of pipes, laid down in Lisbon some years since, was entirely destroyed, though never used, so great was the prejudice against water passed through street pipes. The Alcantara Aqueduct, one of the great st, if not the greatest, piece of bridge-building in the world, was completed in 1743, and supplies all the public wells and fountains of Lisbon with water. It is 18 miles in length, and in one place 260 feet high. Strange to say, it remained uninjured during the earthquake.

Beggars are as rife in Portugal as in Spain, but they will take "No" for an answer. The invariable response to a mendicant is, "*Paciencia; nao pode ser agora*"—"Patience; it cannot be now". One of the dodges of genteel beggars is to bow, open an empty snuff-box, shake the head mournfully, and thrust the box under your nose. A small coin closes the lid, exacts another bow, and a wish that the next world will find your heavenly harp in tune for you.

Churches are numerous in Lisbon, the most fashionable being that of the Loreto, twice destroyed by fire. Its next door neighbor is the Encarnação. The Martyrs is the oldest church in the city. The famous "conqueror," Dom Affonso Henriquez, the first King of Portugal, founded it in commemoration of his conquest of Lisbon. The martyrs to whom it is dedicated, and who were buried within its grim, gray walls, are the foreign knights, crusaders, who, having put into the port of Lisbon on the voyage to the Holy Land, fought under Affonso's banner against the Moors, and fell in the taking of the city. All the churches close at noon. Up to that hour from 5 A.M. a man stands outside attired in a long, loose garment, a cut between a coat and a cloak. It is composed of red serge, and has a green cotton cape. He

dresses, the graceful comb and mantilla being only worn by "country dowdies." The national male costume, black cloak and white muslin necktie, is never seen save on mendicants. The Rua Nova de Carmo is approached by steps only, and contains some very quaint old glove-shops, the gloves being of the finest quality and cut. The Praça del Rocio, or Square of Dom Pedro IV., is on level ground. It is one of the largest in Europe, its length being 270 yards and its breadth 165. The statue of the "Soldier King" was erected here in 1870. It is of bronze, on a lofty column of white marble placed on a granite pedestal. At the base are four allegorical statues representing Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance. Above are the arms of the sixteen principal cities of Portugal.

The stores on this square are good, and here the unwary purchase glassware. The Theatre of Donna Maria Segunda forms the north side of the Rocio. Of the nine theatres in Lisbon this is the principal one. The Dom Carlos or Opera House is somewhat larger, and the six months' opera season begins on the 29th of October. The picturesque ruin of the ancient Gothic Church of Senhora do Carmo towers at a short distance over the square. It is in the same condition as the great earthquake left it—the earthquake that wrecked it. This church was founded by the great Constable of Portugal, Dom Nuno Alvaro Pereira, to commemorate the victory of Aljubarrotta, already mentioned, and in accordance with a vow made before going into the fight. The Lisbon Club is on this square, up in the clouds, and a crack military band plays under the remains of the ponderous walls on Summer nights. Women and 'girls, attractive but forward, sell water on the Passeio during the warm portion of the day; and these ladies are peripatetic post-offices, used by lovers honorable and dishonorable.

Gold Street, Silver Street, Blackhorse Square and Rua Augusta are the finest in the business part of the city. The Delmonico of Lisbon is in the Rua do Oro, the "Aurea Peninsular." The markets are exceptionally good, that of the Figueria being the best. It is here that the curious old custom is kept up of giving a bountiful breakfast of corn to all tame pigeons that come for it on Christmas morning, and hundreds of birds do come who never put in an appearance on any other day.

This market is built on a spot where the earth opened wide on All Saints' Day, 1755, to swallow up streets and houses and churches, and 15,000 people. About nine o'clock, a strange rumbling, as of thunder, was heard—

The principal suburbs of Lisbon are Belem and Olivares, and, with their inhabitants, the population of the capital numbers 233,390. The drive to Belem is along a fine embankment, flched from the river-mudbanks.

The royal palaces are the Ajuda, Nossa Senhora das Necessidades and Bemposta. The Necessidades, since the mysterious death of the young King Dom Pedro V. and his two brothers, has not been inhabited. The principal façade is modern. There are many objects of interest and value in the private museum, and the library contains some rare books and MSS. Close by is San Beute, in the spacious halls of which the Cortes hold their sessions. The Chamber of the House of Peers is simply magnificent. The famous Jeronymite Bible is here. It is in seven volumes, written on vellum and illuminated. Marshal Junot "annexed" it during the occupation of Lisbon by the French. His widow surrendered it to the Portuguese Government for 80,000 francs, or \$16,000. Junot, be it said, did not attempt to plunder the Church of St. Roque; the massive candelabra, 7 feet high, of solid gold, together with altar and other "fixin's" being about the richest loot on the Iberian Peninsula. The earthquake, too, spared the magnificent church.

The beauties of Cintra have been immortalized in song and story. You leave Lisbon not by rail, nor, as did Lady Jackson, by the *lunajut*, a description of cable car, but by a two-horse carriage, and you enjoy the most charming of drives, through orchards, vineyards, gardens, past palaces buried in orange and citron groves, till you come to Cintra, the "Portal of Paradise," nestling beneath a range of sheer rocky mountains.

Lord Lytton's ode to Cintra word-paints this "place of utter loveliness":

"Low lemon boughs under
My garden-wall,
In the *quinta* yonder
By fits let fall
Here an emerald-leaf, there a pale-gold ball.

"On the black earth, studded
With droplets bright,
From the fruit trees, budded,
Some pink, some white,
And now overflowed with watery light.

"The chestnuts shiver,
The olive-trees
Recoil and quiver,
Stung by the breeze,
Like sleepers awakened by a swarm of bees.

"Down glimmering lanes
The gray oxen go;
And the grumbling wains
They drag onward slow
Wail as they wind in a woful row!

"With fruit and casks
To the seaside land,
Where Colares basks
In a glory bland,
And from gardens o'erhanging the scented sand,

"Great aloes glisten,
And roses dangle;
But listen! listen!
The mule-bells jangle,
Rounding the rock-hewn path's sharp angle,

"As their chime dies out
The dim woods among,
With the ghostly shout,
And the distant song
Of the muleteers that have pass'd along."

Estephania is now part and parcel of Cintra. It is three-quarters of a mile from Cintra proper, on the Mafra road. Its situation is most lovely, and quintas and

picturesque little villas are scattered about amidst groves and gardens traversed by streamlets, whose pure, crystalline waters nourish on their banks a herbage so fragrant that at any footprint a sweet odor exhales from it. Cintra has several hotels, none of them A1, nor B2 for that matter. Donkeys are used for climbing the hills, the lazy Spanish and Portuguese ladies refusing to walk at any price. The first visit is to the Castello da Penha, perched on the summit of a precipitous mountain. Some parts of the ascent are thickly shaded by lofty forest trees, and at intervals there are grottoes and fountains, with large drinking-troughs, and seats where weary pilgrims may rest a while under the waving branches of the graceful trees. Upon the right are the lofty and jagged mountain-peaks; beneath them that wondrous *mêlange* of massive gray stones, clusters of pines, hanging shrubs, sparkling waterfalls and luxuriant vegetation, through which is traced the castellated wall leading to the Castello de Mouros. On the left, a vast stretch of undulating ground lies below, fertilized by many a streamlet that has foamed down the mountain side, and covered with a succession of gardens and orange groves; forming a picture less wildly romantic than the first, yet not yielding to it in poetic beauty.

A vast leafy bower, formed by stately forest trees, that unite their branches overhead, leads to the castellated Palace of the Rock—the Castello da Penha—the mountain home of the *rei artista*, Dom Fernando. A drawbridge guards the principal entrance. On the gates are the arms of Portugal and Saxony, and surmounting them is the effigy of an armed knight. A guide takes charge of you—not a bawling, brassy talking-machine, but a modest individual in bare feet, and carrying his red cap in his hand. What a view this guide can lead you to! Plains and valleys stretching miles away; the mountains of Alemtejo and Estremadura; the Estrella and other buildings on the heights of Lisbon, and, most sublime of all, the bold cliffs and crags of the Cintra range; and beyond them, the broad, boundless expanse of the Atlantic.

The Norman Gothic castle is partly constructed from the ruins of the old convent founded in 1503. The high tower, from which Dom Manoel, the Jeronymite monk, used to watch for the return of Vasco de Gama's fleet, has been rebuilt, and is intensely picturesque. The church and cloister are in their original state, the *sacra-rio* of the high altar being of transparent alabaster exquisitely sculptured. The Castello de Mouros, with its Moorish vaulted bath, is on a lower eminence.

The *quinta* or mansion of the Marque de Vianna is another of the sights of Cintra. In the Marialva Palace spots of ink on the floor are shown, scattered from Marshal Junot's pen, thrown down by him in anger after signing his name to the famous Cintra Convention. The tiny Convent of Santa Cruz is another bourn to which the fresh and frisky *burinhos* turn their elongated ears and pretty little feet. The Palacio Real commends a visit, if only to peep into the *Sala das Pegas*, or Magpie Saloon. This *sala* was decorated with pictures of magpies by Dom Joao I., whose wife caught him in the act of kissing one of her maids-of-honor. It was a mere passing act of gallantry, but the women of the court got to wagging their tongues, and the *sala* was closed for a time. When it was reopened the Queen and the Senhoras were led in by the King in person, and the magpie decorations laughingly pointed out to them by the merry monarch.

The *Sala das Armas* is a splendid hall, added to the building in 1515. There is in the Palace a magnificent

Convent de Cristo, once inhabited by the Brothers of the Military Order of Christ. At Coimbra the train makes a long stoppage.

Coimbra lies a mile and a half from the railway station, at the foot of a steep hill. The silvery stream of the classic Mondego glides over golden sands. The vast Convent of Santa Clara towers over the city. On the right of the convent is the *Quinta das Lagrimas*—("Villa of Tears"). Dom Pedro I. married the beautiful Ignez de Castro. A conspiracy was gotten up to besmirch her good name. She died of a broken heart. Pedro, later on, learned that she was innocent and pure. He hunted down the conspirators, putting them to death with hideous and fantastic torture. Then he disinterred the dead and putrid body of Ignez, placed it upon a throne, and compelled his subjects to do it ghastly honor.

Close by the Villa of Tears is the *Fonte dos Amores*, whose waters carried down, concealed in cork, the messages of love from the prince to his bride. On a rough stone are engraven the lines in which Camoens has immortalized the tragic story of the lovely, loving and unhappy Donna Ignez. Coimbra was the seat of Government until the conqueror of the Castilians, Dom Joao I., transferred the seat of Government to Lisbon. The old *Sé* is a very singular Gothic building, of a date anterior, it is said, to the establishment of the Portuguese monarchy. The pulpit in the Moorish-towered Church of Santa Cruz is of a single block of alabaster, and the carving is most masterful. The famous University stands "so high on the hilltops" that it is worth the trouble of the ascent to obtain the magnificent view. The Library contains some very rare MSS., formerly in the possession of convents now suppressed.

The Batalha Monastery is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the world, and is a source of immense attraction to the wandering poor, since dole is freely bestowed at a certain hour upon every day in the year save Good Friday.

Between Coimbra and Esterreja, en route to Oporto, the scenery is magnificent. The custom-house officers attack you most viciously as you cross the Douro, but one and all are open to what may be politely termed "conviction."

Oporto is as decidedly coquettish as it is quaintly picturesque. Even in the narrow streets the high-storied houses are decorated with elegant balconies, their rails painted of a reddish brown, green, blue or dust color, and many of them are gilded. The Camera Municipal, or City Hall, is in the Praça. The centre of the Praça is adorned with an equestrian statue of "the Soldier King," Dom Pedro IV., whose memory is almost worshiped by the Portuguese. This square, which is in the very heart of the city, with its *cafés*, its loungers, its

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Tagus. It is narrower and more curving and winding, especially as it nears Oporto. The hills on its left bank are green as those of the Tyrol, odoriferous with lavender and myrtle, clothed with thick woods at their summits, and fringed with shrubs and plants to the water's edge. The Douro, too, boasts a great variety of boats—the ancient *barco*, with curved-up point at each end; the round Dutch-built boat, with an awning, and, by way of contrast, the neat little skiff, with its graceful lateen sail. Women, too, take the place of men, and are seen rowing with sturdy vigor, timing their strokes to some air that in the distance savors of the melodious—distance lending enchantment to the sound. Women, bronzed to blackness, work on the roads and break the pink stones with pickax and hammer, their attire, without being immodest, as scanty as may be. Oporto's chief suburb is S. Joao da Foz, two miles distant, to which there are horse-cars. The environs of Oporto are exceedingly beautiful, the drives on either side of the Douro being most charming—unsurpassed for river scenery—all the finest sites along the river ornamented by monasteries and convents; that of St. Agostinho of the Serra commanding one of the most entrancing views it is possible to conceive. In the village of Avintes, the *broa*, or Indian-corn bread, of which the inhabitants of Oporto are so fond, is made. It is brought down to the city in boats rowed by women—the women of Avintes, who, amongst the many handsome daughters of Portugal, are the most distinguished. Everybody goes to visit the Serra Convent and the miraculous picture of "Our Lady" of the Serra do Pillur. The *fête* day is the 15th of August, and on this occasion the people wear the national costume. The convent is one of the principal fortresses of the kingdom, and had Marshal Soult, who occupied it during Lord Wellington's passage of the Douro, only fortified it, who knows what might have happened?

It is in Oporto that you meet the *velha cunha*, the old stamp, the Portuguese of the *puro sangue*, with, however, a very decided flavor of the Moor. Two other "spots of beauty" adorning Oporto are Mathozinhos and Leca, built on green slopes curving gracefully round a little bay, and nestling amid orange and lemon trees, roses and myrtles, and vine-covered bowers, the houses painted every color in the rainbow.

The *Sé* or Cathedral of Oporto possesses an altar of pure silver, and a Virgin and Child attributed to Raphael. The most gorgeous church is that of San Francisco, founded in 1233 and called the "Gold Church." The *Bolsa*, or Exchange, is a superb building, which occupied twenty years in building. Oporto boasts 110,000 inhabitants, and sends all over the world that "fine old port" which the degenerate mankind of to-day shirk on account of that dreaded of human ailments—the gout. In addition to being the principal seaport of Portugal,

and the body found in the state of preservation it still continues in, though never embalmed.

Busaco is a city of which the Portuguese are extremely proud since the famous battle of 1810, when 11,000 Portuguese, aided by 23,000 English, gained a complete victory over Masséna, and thus gave the first blow to the power of Bonaparte, and which, followed up, led to his ultimate downfall.

Busaco is celebrated for its woods, and the avenue of gigantic Lebanon cedars leading up to the monastery situated in their midst. There are six fountains in the grounds, the most famous of which is the *Fonte Fria*, whose waters are of icy coldness in Summer and temperate in Winter. The water descends through a covered canal, under several short flights of steps, inclosed by stone parapets.

Batalha is visited on account of the magnificent *Mosteiro Real de Santa Maria de Victoria*. This splendid temple is built on the field of Aljubarrota. The gorgeous edifice is unsurpassed in architectural splendor by any in Europe. The Chapter-house in itself is considered a marvel. This hall was twice roofed, and twice the graceful arching gave way on the removal of the supports. A third time it was completed, and the architect vowed he would die beneath the ruins if again it should fail. It did not fail, however, and he lived to enjoy his bravado and his triumph. There is, also, the wonderful *Capella Imperfecta*—unfinished, because no architect was found capable of carrying out the magnificent plans of the first one.

Alcobaca is another superb monastery, close to Aljubarrota, under the *régime* of the Monks of St. Bernard. This abbey is founded to commemorate a victory over the Moors. The French despoiled it, even to the tombs. Here lies Dom Pedro the Just, his beloved Queen Inez opposite to him, the soles of her feet touching the soles of his feet, in order that upon the Day of Judgment they may rise face to face and greet each other at the resurrection.

Leira is a very pretty little town, watered by the River Lys, and the ruins of a Moorish castle, crowning a hill, are singularly perfect as ruins. Leira has its season, as it is somewhat giddy for a certain period of each year.

This peep into Portugal will give the readers of the *POPULAR MONTHLY* an outside idea of a very beautiful and interesting country, but one for which it is to be feared a very third-rate future.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT DINNER.

Or the formalities observed at the laying of the royal table in Greenwich Palace, during Queen Elizabeth's reign. Paul Hentzner gives the following account in the "Itinerarium," freely Englished by Horace Walpole: "A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a tablecloth, which, after they had both knelt three times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a saltcellar, a plate, and bread; when they had knelt, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a *tasting-knife*; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the

plates with bread and salt, with as much care as if the Queen had been present; when they had waited there a little time, the Yeomen of the Guard entered bareheaded, clothed in scarlet with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each guard a mouthful to eat, for fear of poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service—were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she has chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court. The Queen sups and dines alone, with very few attendants, and it is very seldom anybody, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of some one in power."

DIVERS THAT FALL ASLEEP.

Do you ever know what is the greatest danger to those who dive into the sea for valuables that have been sunk? It is falling asleep. The following story, told by a diver, an Englishman, is interesting:

"What does a diver's outfit consist of?"

"A boat, a pump, hose, lines and dress. The dress consists of layers of duck and india-rubber. The shoes weigh twenty pounds each. On his chest and back he carries forty-pound weights. The helmet, when it has been placed over the diver's head, is firmly screwed into a copper collar that is attached to his dress. A weighted line is sunk to the spot which he is to reach, and down that line he goes with the life-line round his waist and attached to his helmet. Those who have charge of the life-line and hose must regulate them as the diver moves about below.

"What are a diver's working day and his wages?"

"Four hours and £1. If he furnishes his own apparatus his wages are higher—£3 to £10 a day. For getting a bawser out of a steamer's screw I'd charge £10 if I furnished my own apparatus."

"I suppose that a part of the charge is for the risks you run?"

"Yes; a diver is exposed to a good many dangers. One of them, you'll be surprised to learn, is falling asleep. On a hot day the contrast between the heat above and the delicious coolness below water is apt to make a diver sleepy. I once slept an hour and a half at the bottom of a wreck, where I was laying a pipe. Suppose that that had happened in a channel where the tide runs so swiftly that a diver can work only during the one hour of slack water. If I'd slept over that one hour the deadly rush of the tide would have snapped the life-line and hose. Then, in working wrecks, there is the danger of getting jammed in between freight or of getting the hose or line entangled. When the hose snaps at a great depth the frightful pressure kills the diver. He is sickeningly distorted by it."

KNOWLEDGE always desires increase: it is like fire, which must be first kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself.

A QUAKER MASQUERADE.

By F. E. H. RAYMOND.

"Will thee read thy son's letter, Eleanor?"

With an exasperating deliberation the old Friend produced his horn-rimmed spectacles and sat down to comply.

Eleanor crossed her hands in her lap and tried to be patient, but it seemed to her that her husband laid aside the plainly

During the pause that
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"DOES THEE LIKE MY GOWN? IT IS OF A GOODLY QUALITY, AND, VERILY, THE SEWINGWOMAN HATH SHAPED IT COMELY TO MY BODY." DOROTHY LEANED BACK IN HER ROCKER, LAUGHING AND ADMIRING.

ensued the pretty old wife smoothed her cap and fidgeted with her kerchief, and the other paid no heed; but when the ominous sound of the lady's common-sense shoe came tapping on the chamber-floor, he spoke.

"Reuben has left us no choice in the matter. If he must go, it is natural that he should desire his wife's companionship. Thee would go with me, under like circumstances, I trust."

"If I had not so long looked forward to the meeting the disappointment would not be so great," she sighed.

Eleazer meditated, but Rebecca's impatience had vanished. She had used her bit of leaven; that soft-drawn breath spoke volumes.

The Lord had bestowed upon this dear old Quaker lady, along with her peach-colored face and her trim figure, the gift of a fluent tongue. This was the wonder and the pride of the silent Eleazer. It had won his heart that day when he first saw her sitting upon the high seats, and she had opened her lips to speak the words of wisdom. He longed to see and hear her beside him on his widowed hearth, and he asked her to be his wife.

The gentle preacher listened to his pertinent pleading, reviewed his broad acres, and said "Yes."

And now came yearly meeting. Ah, indeed! it would be wrong to "hide her light under a bushel."

Rebecca followed up her advantage.

"Our serving-woman is now well trained and able to administer the household affairs. Thy son's daughters can come even as if we were at home, for it is not fitting that thee and I should deny ourselves of a godly pleasure because of this slight hindrance."

"Thee is right, dear wife. I like not that Oretta, thy servant; her very name hath a heathenish sound, and it is well that the children should be here to keep her to her duty. Thee and I will go to the meeting at the set time."

"Oh! what a darling she is! the quaint, little, old-mew grandmother! Grandfather was 'no fool' when he fell in love with her."

"Ruth, your adjectives and your slang! But she is indeed very lovely."

"Isn't she vain, though? Did you notice how perfectly her rich silken gown fitted her? You and I, Dolly, never had anything half so fine, even for best. And that cap, a dainty, filmy, soft little nothing, that shows the hair right through. I'm a birthright Quaker, and I'd wear the plain dress quick enough if 'twould make me half so bewitching."

"It would be a charming garb for tennis and boating, and the other violent things you affect."

"For shame, you great, ungainly, 'gallery-greenery' girl! You don't tennis because your feet—"

"Are made for use."

"Well, never mind. You'd be a pretty good kind of a sister if you were not engaged. That spoils you."

"Tea is ready, and grandfather used to think promptness a cardinal virtue."

It was a very pleasant room in which the supper-table was spread, with long windows opening upon a vine-shaded gallery. The house stood on a little point jutting out from the mainland, and its grassy lawn sloped downward to the Hudson's bank. One of the loveliest but loneliest of the romantic spots of the famous Highlands, it well deserved its name, "Land's End."

In the twilight Dorothy wandered down over the little peninsula, and though the spot was familiar to her from her childhood, its extreme isolation from "the rest of the world" struck her anew with a sort of nervous dread.

"Pshaw!" she murmured, "I'm getting sentimental. Saying good-by to father and mother and lover all in one day has shaken me up. I'd better leave romance and malaria and go indoors."

Although only half-past eight, grandfather was already locking up the house for the night. The sisters looked at each other. There seemed to be nothing for it but to go to bed, or to their rooms, at least.

"I say, Dolly! don't secondhand grandma stick to the rudiments well?—'Early to bed,' etc. But I warn you that when she departs, and you hold the reins of government, I sha'n't go into 'retiracy' before—a quarter to nine, sure. What a delicious bed!" In she plunged to the middle of it.

"Trust me, these humble Friends know how to take good care of themselves. If there's one material blessing I prize above another—hear, Dorothy?—it's a great, snowy-sheeted, clover-scented, room-for-stretching couch. Put that down in your housekeeping list, 'gainst I come a-visitin'."

No response coming from her sister's room, Ruth sprang up and tiptoed into it, and found that young woman writing a love letter.

"Already! Shades of Cupid, if I wouldn't be ashamed! A charming Summer lies before me! Tell John that I think that a girl with a bean and one without hadn't never oughter abeen jined in the bonds of sisterhood. Dolly, kiss me. I'm lonesome; I'm homesick; I haven't any pa and ma; I'm—going—to—cry."

She did, and the elder sister soothed her. The outburst had been expected. Spoiled pet and darling of the household, whimsical, tender-hearted and merry, of course this quietude would make her "homesick."

In a moment the little shower of tears was over. There was a spasmodic hug of the "blessed Dorothy," and then—"puff, puff!"—that much-enduring damsel's candle was out.

"Dorothy, I trust thee to take good care of the house, and deal out the supplies with prudence. It will be profitable experience for thee. Watch well the butcher's and the grocer's bills; they are sharp upon the deal, and prone to give short weight."

"What can I do, grandma?"

"Thee, Ruth? Can thee do aught well? Well, we will see. Thee care for the poultry, and see that the young calves are fed. Abram, the colored man, is a good servant, but not averse to frequent rests from labor. Thee keep thy eye on him somewhat."

"All right. We'll take splendid care of everything. You just have a jolly good time a-preaching and a-visitin' the spiritual quality, and say some lovely things to make grandpa as 'proud as Punch.'"

"Ruth! thy giddy tongue will bring thee to harm."

"Not while I have thee to preach to me, thou serene little grandmother. Don't you worry. I'll punch up Abram with a sharp stick every time he loitereth by the way."

"Nay, child; I did not—"

"Rebecca, Rebecca! come. We shall be left by the boat. Good-by, children. Go faithfully to meeting."

The first day of the sisters' house-keeping dragged heavily to restless Ruth. She sought Oretta, but found that "heathenish woman" so incisive in her conversation that she withdrew from her precincts to "punch up" Abram. He was provokingly diligent.

Dorothy seemed supremely content over her everlasting sewing, and the idle one left her to wander aimlessly over the great empty house. She brought up, finally, in her grandmother's closet, where inspiration seized her.

"The vain little preacher! What rows of handsome, prim dresses! and oh, what a spotless coalscuttle of a bonnet!"

She tore the cherished headgear from its calico-covered bandbox and tried it on, courtesying to herself before the little mirror. A bewitching, dimpled face, with merry brown eyes and a fringe of fluffy hair, smiled back to her from the depths of the white satin-lined "poke."

"Birthright Quaker, howdy? It's as becoming as a Gainsborough. Here goes for the rest of the garb and a call on Dorothy. My! I didn't think 'Becca and I were so near of a size. Now for a kerchief. Ah, how refreshingly cool and clean these lawn affairs are, and fine! bishops' robes aren't a circumstance. But what will I do with my hair? Oh, I know!"

Seizing a brush, she straightened out the rebellious curls, and twisted them up in a severe little knot at the back of her head. The style was not unbecoming.

"Secondhand G. wears a cap. I'd like to, but maybe for a girl it wouldn't be orthodox. Perhaps 'twould be Hicksite. Odd, that these saintly peace-lovers should have divisions! Cap—no cap. Dear me, I don't know. Yes, I do. I'm the first full-fledged young Friend-ess I ever saw, so I'll just go bareheaded and set the fashion for the rest to follow. Now I'm going down."

"Ruthy Cromwell, how cunning you look! But do not, I beg, let the least thing happen to grandmother's clothes."

"Thee surprises me, Dorothea. Thee knows me to be a great caretaker. Does thee like my gown? It is of a goodly quality, and, verily, the sewingwoman hath shaped it comely to my body."

Dorothy leaned back in her rocker, laughing and admiring. She was glad "the child" (Ruth was seventeen, and the other had reached the mature age of twenty-three) had found something to amuse her. She laid aside her work.

"I was going to ask you to help me gather some strawberries for supper, but it would never do in that dress, so I'll go alone."

Ruth went on pacing up and down the gallery-floor, practising walking in the full skirt and watching her "little feet peep in and out" from its hem. With downcast eyes she turned at last and walked, unobservant, almost into the very arms of somebody—a tall, fine-looking young man, with a costume as rigidly Quakerish in its cut as her own—or her grandmother's.

"Thee will pardon me, please."

"Thee has no need to ask my pardon; it was naught. Rebecca Cromwell is my aunt; is she at home?"

"And Eleazer is my grandfather. They have gone to yearly meeting. Dorothy and I are Reuben's daughters, and we are keeping house."

The whim seized her to carry on the masquerade, and, with most primitive simplicity, she asked, sweetly: "What is thy name?"

"Ephraim Sutherland."

She led the way indoors.

"Do thee sit down and rest while I seek Dorothy."

"There is no haste."

Ephraim found the situation pleasant as it was, and the pair entered into a conversation which became deeply interesting as it proceeded, for the guest was well-read and most intelligent. Finally, he said, as if asking a question:

"I had purposed to remain with my aunt for a while, but I am loath to be a trouble to strangers."

This guileless six-footer had blundered into a dilemma which a man of the world would have avoided.

Ruth knitted her pretty brows, and shot him a scruti- nizing glance.

"Connections can scarcely be strangers. But, excuse me, please, I must call my sister."

Ephraim gazed dreamily after this diminutive person in gray. He was an anomaly in his generation, keeping strictly to the faith of his fathers. He belonged to Utopia, but had suffered the mistake of being born at Berwick, in the nineteenth century. The lad's mother idolized and laughed at him.

"Thee will never find thee a wife, my son. Thee is the only one left among us to wear the plain garb and use the plain speech. When I die, thee will be alone," she sighed.

And the tender-hearted fellow put his arms about her, and called her "Sweetheart!"

"Only a woman like thee, mother, can sit beside thee on thy son's hearthstone. A house divided is never a home. For life and death I am a Friend, and if the Lord wills me to wed, He will send the helpmeet."

And now, had he found her?—this spiritual woman of whom he had dreamed under his orchard boughs, who was worthy to sit beside the saintly mother and to be his mate?

"Oh, Dolly, there's a splendid-looking fellow in the parlor, who says he is Rebecca's nephew. He 'thees' and 'thous,' and keeps his hat on all correct. Why do they use such bad grammar and do such rude things? And he's come to tarry."

"Nonsense! He can't stay here, with only two girls and a servant. He must know better than that."

"He doesn't."

"Then I must enlighten him."

"You won't dare—see if you do! It's his aunt's house. He may dislike to give us trouble, but he is ignorant of any impropriety in the matter."

"He must be a fool!"

"He's not half as big an one as your old John Barlow. But say, Dolly, I want you to promise something!"

"No time for coaxing now. Stop choking me, and go change your dress, while I settle Sir Innocent Stupid."

"Not till you promise. Don't you tell him I'm your kind of a girl. Let him think I'm an Orthodox Friend. He won't stay long, you say, and it will be such fun. I'll take back what I said about John."

"You can't keep it up, and you'd feel so silly to be found out. Besides, if he is sincere, it is insulting his religion to masquerade in it."

"I won't insult him, don't you think that. You won't 'give me away,' now will you, Dots?"

"There, let me go. No, I'll not expose your nonsense if you'll give up slang?"

"All right. From this instant I'm a reformed young woman."

Dorothy was confident that she could (so delicately as to avoid giving offense) send the odd guest about his business, but she could not. Against innocence the wiles of the diplomat are powerless.

So Ephraim staid, and Ruth "played Quaker," and complications deepened, till the elder sister sought relief in writing to her legal lover.

She told him of the freak, begun in fun and ending in earnest—for it was evident enough to her experienced eye that these two young creatures had "fallen dead in love," and how was the matter to be set right? That the "Widow" Oretta had resurrected her husband, and he was now living at the farm, and of her terror of the pair, whom she believed to be professional burglars; that daily she missed some article of value from the house,

The deep voice was inexpressibly sorrowful, but how Ruth loved it! She knew that in a moment she should see the tenderness in those dear eyes turn to scorn, and the sadness of the low tones change to anger.

Quite free now, she held herself erect and gazed at him, hungrily, eagerly, as one watches the last of all precious things.

"I do love thee, Ephraim, with all my broken heart. But thee is the living truth, and I—a living lie. *You*—cannot wed a falsehood."

Long after the rustle of her gown had died upon the silence, he stood with bowed head and empty, folded arms.

"*You* cannot——"

He understood.

Still the pure moonlight shone, and the tide flowed in with its dreary plish-plash, sad as a widow's sigh.

He turned, at last, to go away from them all, alone with his sorrow, to his own place—to the hearthstone which must be for ever desolate now. No one should take her place, for unworthy as she was, and fallen from that angelic height on which his pure romance had placed her, still Ruth was dear and sacred—the one woman whom God had made, and Satan marred, for him.

Just then he heard John Barlow's voice. After all, he must be practical, and he went with the lawyer to their lodging.

In the middle of the night there came a knocking at his bedroom.

"Are you asleep, Sutherland?"

For answer, he opened the door. He was fully dressed. He had not been in bed.

"I'm glad you're up. I expect it's confounded nonsense, but I can't sleep for thinking of those two girls. They're worse off than alone with Oretta and that man, and Abram is further away than we are. I'll sleep better for a look around."

Ephraim readily consented.

They found the farmhouse apparently undisturbed, its whiteness strikingly clear in the light of the full moon. On the second floor, in the passage between the sisters' rooms, a night-lamp was dimly burning, but the blinds were all closed, and evidently no one was either wakeful or astir.

The young men sat down in the vine-shaded summer-house to watch for a while. They did not talk, lest they should disturb those whom they had come to guard. John Barlow went to sleep. After an hour he was roused by a light touch on his arm. Ephraim was bending forward, and looking earnestly toward the rear of the house. He motioned silence, and his startled companion rubbed his eyes and gazed where the other pointed.

A figure crept from the kitchen-entrance to the wood-house, a few yards in the rear. It was bent over, as if hiding something in its dress. Presently it emerged from the outbuilding, and stood waiting. By the moonlight, the watchers recognized Oretta. Soon her husband left the house and joined her. He had an uncovered basket on his arm, and in it some shining, glistening metal; probably the family plate, for he bent as he walked, as if the burden were heavy.

Barlow now sprang forward, but the other held him back.

"Wait!" he whispered. "They will try to get away with all they have stolen. Then we will seize them both together. Take the woman, and I will the man."

Oretta spread a blanket on the ground, and into this the pair piled their plunder: silver, linen, the sisters' dresses and jewels; even a loaf of bread and a flask they

brought from some secret hiding-place in the wood-house.

John fumed with impatience, but still the other restrained him.

The blanket was tied up pack-fashion, and hoisted upon the man's back. Oretta stopped to tuck up her skirts well—woman-like, she hated the dew—then took up her basket. They followed the footpath which ran directly by the summer-house, only keeping, noiselessly, upon the grass along its edge. They came abreast the little structure.

"Now!"

With a spring the volunteer policemen were upon their victims, and had knocked them down. Even Ephraim forgot that he was a man of peace.

Oretta screamed, and the man struggled to bite or kick his captor, but the stalwart Quaker handled him with perfect ease.

"Hold the woman till I get the clothes-line, yonder."

He dragged his belligerent captive to the drying-yard, and held him with his right hand while with his left he tore down the rope.

In a few moments, the burglar lay raving helplessly, with his arms and ankles bound as if in a vise.

Ephraim would have treated the woman more leniently, but John said, "No! The Jezebel! She is the worst of the two. She has nearly bitten my thumb off!"

They bound her, also, and left her on the summer-house floor.

All this time, not a sound from the house. Oretta's captor had been too excited to notice this, although the woman's shrieks might well have roused the heaviest sleeper; but when Ephraim spoke of the strange silence, a horrible dread came over him. He rushed through the kitchen, calling, in a voice that vainly struggled to be calm, "Dorothy! Dorothy!"

No answer.

Up the stairs, and to the lamplighted hall, away he flew. Then a sickening, strange odor came upon him.

"Ephraim, come quick!"

They reached Dorothy's chamber first. She was lying as if asleep, but breathing heavily. She roused up when John spoke to her and shook her, and seemed so natural that he would have retreated but for the burdened air. He threw open the tightly closed sashes, and the fresh night-wind swept in.

It revived the half-stupefied girl, and she asked what was the matter.

"Get up, dear, as soon as you can, and come out in the hall."

He lighted her candle and left her. In reality, less than a moment elapsed before she had slipped on her wrapper and joined them, but to the young men it seemed ages.

She was thoroughly frightened and awake!

"Where's Ruth?"

"We hope she is safe. We waited for you."

She sped to her sister's room, and a cry of horror rang out to them.

"She's dead!—she's dead! Oh, Ruthy, my darling! my sweet little sister!"

She raised the slight form, whose arms hung limp and motionless. John threw open the windows, for here the fumes of chloroform were stifling, but Ephraim bent over and lifted the girl in his strong arms, and bore her swiftly down and out into the open, straight to the low-curved well. There he laid her down and chafed the lifeless flesh, and Love and he fought desperately and long with Death for this precious life.

By-and-by a shuddering chill crept through the senseless frame, and the heavy lids upraised.

He wrapped her in the blanket Dorothy brought.

"Ephraim, is it thee?"

"Yea, sweetheart!"

A long, anxious silence. Then the voice was stronger, but the words were sadly broken and faltering.

"I must have dreamed. I thought thee was angry—and hated me. I did wear the plain dress—and I didn't know why. Now I do. *It was to meet thee!*"

"I understand it all, sweet little one. Dorothy hath told me. Thee must not talk, but rest."

A brighter look came over the wan face, a waxen hand was raised in piteous supplication.

"The truth cannot wed the lie. But if I wore the gray gown *always*, it would be the truth, and I should be——"

"My wife, sweetheart!—my beloved wife!"

THE JOURNEY TO "SLUMBERTOWN."

CLOSE up your peepers, my darling so beautiful,
Mamma will guard you, most tender and true;
Sing of Red Riding Hood, charming and dutiful,
Pretty B.-Peep, and brave Billy Boy Blue.

Kind angel watchers, say how far to Slumbertown?

"Twenty sweet kisses and minutes a score;"

Mamma will pay them—please tally the number down,
Till they arrive at bright Fairyland shore.

Through Wedding-cake Valley, 'round Sugar-plum Mountain,
Soon Santa Claus' sleighbells will merrily ring;
There the talking-bird dwells, beside youth's golden fountain,
And the tree ever blooms on which all the leaves sing.

Kind angel watchers, say how far to Slumbertown?

"Only ten kisses and minutes to spare;"

[Mamma will pay them—please tally the number down,
She will sing for them until they get there.

There dwells the sweet "Princess" with golden locks flowing,
And good "Cinderella," the belle of the ball,
With "Cherry and Fair Star," to "Calm Delights" going
To find Robin Hood and his merry men all.

The gardens of dreamland are now shining clearly,
Where good children gather with joy and delight,
To sing, dance and play, with my darling loved dearly,
Until rosy dawn crowns the brow of the night.

METEOROLOGICAL INSTINCT.

PROFESSOR CLEVELAND ABBE has done good service to science and common sense in refuting (in a lecture delivered before the Franklin Institute) the popular errors—I may call them *superstitions*—concerning the power of animals to predict the weather some time in advance. He attributes their migrations and hibernating habits to the inherited result of experience of many past ages, or to natural causes beyond their control.

Our own theory of the southward flying swallow is shamefully unpoetical. He feeds on flying insects, chiefly gnats. A little observation will show that as the cold weather advances from the north, these creatures cease to develop to the perfect form but remain dormant in their pupa and larva stages. The swallow simply follows its food, proceeding onward and southward, if necessary, across straits, such as the English Channel, where the opposite coast is visible to the birds in high flight. Some that find warm quarters and sufficient supplies on this side of the Channel do not all go across. Gilbert *White speaks of those seen in such localities as the*

month of the Lewes River, near Newhaven, coming forth from holes on mild days in the Winter. On such days in such places gnats may commonly be seen.

Changes of weather preceded by variations of the hygrometric condition of the air are undoubtedly indicated a few hours in advance by both animals and plants. Thus, swallows fly low before rain, because the humidity of the air damps the wings and bodies of the gnats, and disables them from soaring far above the ground. The swallows feed accordingly.

A QUID PRO QUO.

A VERY quaint *quid pro quo* has been offered by a lady and requited by a fisherman. We know not whether the fisherman was a reveler beyond all other fishermen. In any case the lady was peculiarly anxious that he should don that azure ribbon which marks the abstainers in their less lucid intervals from alcoholic refreshment. Long the maiden sued, long the briny swain denied. It was as if Galatea had beseeched the Cyclops to abstain from the juice of Ismarian vineyards, for the lady is a sea nymph in her accomplishments. At last the fisherman vowed that he would drink only with his eyes if the lady would perform a certain athletic feat. Quoth he:

"If you will swim the bay, from far Black Rock to Ballintrae—it is, I deem, a measured mile—I will obey you with a smile. I will put on the ribbon blue, and will forswear the barley brew. No more, if safe ashore you come, I'll taste of whisky, gin or rum; no more, if once you cross the main, tamper with claret or champagne."

The maiden leaped into the brine, and lo! in minutes thirty-nine, she boldly measured out the way of that inhospitable bay, from far Black Rock to Ballintrae.

"And now that fisherman goes no more staggering along the shore; the only port he does not hate is that where wife and children wait; no more he taints the ambient air with odor of the Talisker! His ribbon rivals with the skies, there's honest pride within his eyes, each member of his household vies in Irish cottage industries. If Erin's sons would doff the green, and wear the badge of blue, we ween, a happier island ne'er were seen.

WELSH SAYINGS.

THREE things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue. Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, and to please all in every thing that is done. Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well-water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold. Three things as good as their betters—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward. Three warnings from the grave—"Thou knowest what I was, thou seest what I am, remember what thou art to be." Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook flood. Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the housewife. Three essentials to a false story-teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience. Three things that are seen in a peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil. Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse. Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

challenges, giving him a momentary start that almost causes him to repeat the dear one's name instead of the countersign ; but the sentinel hears the magic word, turns over his orders, and the officer of the day passes on. In the morning he will be the old officer of the day at guard-mounting, a new officer of the day relieving him. He then makes a report to the commanding officer of all events which have transpired during his tour, and returns to duty with his company.

There are company drills and battalion drills, which all officers not on special duty are required to attend. During the Winter battalion drills are dispensed with, but the opportunity is seized to perfect the men in the manual of arms, bayonet exercise and soldierly carriage, and to generally improve the *morale* of the companies. In addition to these routine duties, company officers are detailed as members, judge-advocates and recorders of military courts and boards, which are of constant recurrence, and require more or less writing to be done.

The field officers, or officers of a regiment above the rank of captain, take command of the battalion (which is any part of a regiment composed of two or more companies) for drills, dress parades, inspections and reviews, when so directed by the colonel. They are also subject to court-martial duty, field service with a battalion, etc.

Staff officers, who conduct the affairs of the various departments at each post, are of two classes—the personal staff is composed of the adjutant, quartermaster, acting commissary of subsistence, engineer officer, ordnance officer, provost-marshal, receiving officer, instructor of musketry and signal officer ; the paymaster and two surgeons are officers of the general staff assigned to duty at the post.

The adjutant is the medium for all communications addressed to the commanding officer by his juniors, and *vice versa* ; is the custodian of the records of the post, and commands the non-commissioned staff and board. He forms the guard daily, and the battalion for all occasions of ceremony. All official business at the adjutant's office is usually transacted between nine and twelve o'clock, but the numerous reports, requisitions, proceedings and indorsements that are received in that short time would start a very respectable circumlocution office.

The quartermaster is in charge of the stores for repairing, heating and lighting the post, foraging the public animals, and disbursing the funds necessary for the purchase of such supplies, the wages of the employés in the workshops, stables and storehouses, and in settlement of multitudinous accounts. He also issues to the proper officer, upon requisitions approved by the commanding officer, clothing, camp and garrison equipage, tools and a host of articles "too numerous to mention," for the use and comfort of the troops. The position of post quartermaster is not an enviable one, for he has not the power to do more than one-quarter of the work he is asked to do. If he has nothing but white and green paint for interior use, the rage is sure to be for red ; and yet the good people who prefer that color imagine they are as easily pleased as the Bowery boy who settled a dispute referred to him, as to what color the "masheen" should be painted, in these immortal words : "I don't care *what color* you paint her, so you paint her *R-Red !*" In a moment of forgetfulness of consequences, he promises a lady to have the rooms in her house calcimined a pale cream-color ; the rooms are admired by the lady's friends, and they too want cream-color ; but, alas ! *the poor quartermaster has expended the last packages in the storehouse, so he spends the evening in kicking himself for making such promises.*

The acting commissary of subsistence issues rations to the troops at the post, and sells stores to officers and enlisted men, for the use of themselves or their families, at cost price. "The commissary" of the present day is a well-stocked grocery store, placed within reach of all residents on the military reservation who can pay cash. The post bakery, where the flour of the rations is baked into bread for the troops, is in charge of this officer. The duties of the remaining members of the personal staff are intimated by their titles, and require only cursory explanation.

The engineer officer preserves the reservation-lines from obliteration and trespass, by frequent surveys, repairs, monuments, corners, etc., runs levels for irrigation and drainage systems, and makes such maps and drawings as may be required to accompany official reports.

The ordnance officer has charge of the fieldpieces and the magazine for storing ammunition ; the necessary supplies for target-practice and for field-service are issued as required.

The provost-marshal superintends the work performed by prisoners, who are enlisted men deprived of their liberty, in punishment for offenses against military law and discipline. The working parties are each in charge of a sentinel of the post-guard, with orders to police the post—that is, remove offal, sweep walks, remove snow from roofs, and keep the post in a cleanly condition. Other parties saw and split wood, carry water and perform many kinds of "hard labor" as their sentences require prisoners to undergo. This officer is also required to keep all improper persons off the reservation and prevent the grazing of private animals thereon.

The receiving officer inspects all supplies of the quartermaster's department, purchases by contract, and, if equal in quantity and quality to the requirements, receives them for the Government, giving his certificate to that effect.

The instructor of musketry has control of the target range and the arrangement of details in preparing it for use, so that each company may be provided with a target in good order to shoot at during the allotted period. Great care is necessary in the government of this imaginary battle-ground, for the least misunderstanding of orders or signals may lead to fatal results, as two deaths and numerous narrow escapes at this post sadly testify. Disputed points regarding scores, positions in firing, etc., are settled by this officer, who also gives such information or instruction as circumstances or his duty require. In skirmish-firing, his presence is necessary to legalize the score.

The signal officer instructs a class of officers and enlisted men in signaling with flags and the heliograph by day, and with torches and lanterns by night. The principles of telegraphy are also taught.

Of the foregoing staff officers, the adjutant and quartermaster hold dual positions, they being also regimental adjutant and regimental quartermaster of the Fifth Infantry. The remainder are company officers specially detailed for the performance of the various important duties enumerated above while their companies remain at the post.

The paymaster, besides paying the troops at this post, is charged with payments at four other posts in the Department, necessitating travel by ambulance, with an armed escort to guard his funds, of 600 miles every alternate month of the year. The present incumbent has been attacked by road-agents, who riddled his ambulance with bullets, killing a sergeant on the driver's seat.

and wounding the driver, but the paymaster and his money were quickly carried off the scene by a runaway team of mules; has been lost in a blizzard, when life was preserved only by his clerk and himself pounding each other to keep awake; and crossed the treacherous Yellowstone and Missouri many times under circumstances that were extremely perilous. He is a major in his corps, but the position would go begging with many if the title of general were added.

Then the surgeons, besides attending the sick and wounded of the command, practice their professions in the families of officers, through custom and the universal courtesy of their corps. It is a fact that army people get sick oftener and require more medicine than they would if doctors' bills and druggists' accounts had to be paid. Our surgeons appreciate this, but they are, nevertheless, as attentive as the most exacting patient could desire.

With this plain statement of facts regarding the official duties of army officers, we leave it to the reader to judge whether their lives, even in time of peace, are "aimless" or not, and pass on to the domestic and social features of garrison life.

The great majority of our citizens cannot imagine a soldier having a home and family—it is a soldier's business to fight! An officer in the United States Army is a soldier for life. His childhood's home is dear to him in memory, but opportunities for returning to it are few; duty keeps him at the front, ready for a "soldier's business" at any moment. Must his life, until he is sixty-four years of age, be devoid of the refining influences of woman's society? He is none the less brave, or prepared to defend the homes and families of the settlers in this wild Western country, for being a happy husband and father, and knowing that his dear ones at home are praying for his safe return.

The Officers' Row is a small community where the families are all in the same social scale, each household being as separate and distinct as city homes on the same street. Nineteen families and eight single officers are thus domiciled at Fort Keogh. The location is decided by selection "according to rank," and "hereby hangs a tale" of woe to the junior lieutenants, for in the event of so many officers having selected quarters that there is but one set (eight rooms) left for two lieutenants, they must "double up" by occupying it together, and if both are married it is quite a puzzle to know how to manage. As a rule, however, a family and a bachelor are "doubled," through the courtesy of the latter, with a mutual arrangement of rooms to suit the convenience of all concerned.

The officers are domestic in their habits to a great extent. Most of them have some favorite pursuit, which they follow in leisure moments. They keep up with current events, as well as with their profession, and still find time to help their wives by sharing her responsibilities. They visit the club-room, and play "dot leedle game," billiards, or chess, and some "indulge," if they feel like it; but it is very seldom that an officer is seen under the influence of liquor at this post.

The ladies, besides overseeing the domestic affairs of their households, entertain largely and elegantly. One of their dinner parties presents a scene pleasant to look upon, as well as to participate in. The table, with its snowy linen, rich china, cut glass, silver, and cpergne of fruit in the centre; the ladies in evening toilets of various hues, but all blending so perfectly that the most fastidious could find no fault, their bright faces more pleasant to scan than the pretty dresses; the gentlemen in

evening-dress or full-dress uniforms: the bright lights, gay laughter and good cheer, make it also a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. The hostess deserves the praise bestowed upon her, for it is not an easy matter to provide for such a dinner party. She has no city market to visit and order just what she requires sent home to her; she must send her orders weeks ahead, to St. Paul and Portland, to insure the completeness of her *menu* of ten courses. But the dinner is a success, and she is well pleased.

Ladies' luncheons are frequently given, from which the sterner sex are rigidly excluded. On one occasion an officer slipped past the drawingroom-door after lunch, followed by the cry of "Man in the house!" He finally succeeded in recovering his breath sufficiently to join in a pick-up lunch with the man of the house, but he said he would never try again to penetrate the mysteries of a ladies' luncheon.

Progressive euchre parties, with from six to eight tables, both four-hand and six-hand, occur weekly, and, to the surprise of some, have continued through three Winters.

During the Summer and Fall months progressive croquet parties are much in vogue. The players are ladies, with officers to act as umpires. Three sets are used on grounds specially prepared, and kept in good order. At the finish, refreshments are served at the house of the lady giving the party.

Besides the private entertainments already described, there are others more public in their nature, inasmuch as they include the whole garrison—officers and ladies.

On Friday evening of each week there is a concert and hop at the hop-room, which affords the opportunity to hear choice music well rendered by the Fifth Infantry band, and to enjoy a few dances afterward. The music is scarcely appreciated to the extent it would be in civilian life, yet the band adds very much to the pleasures and attractions of the post.

Receptions are either regimental or garrison, as circumstances may dictate. Promotions, new arrivals, departures on long leaves of absence, and similar events, are made occasions for receptions, which are held in the hop-room. A generous order of dances, with an intermission for supper, generally causes "Home! Sweet Home!" to sound in the wee sma' hours.

The hop-room is provided with a complete table service for fifty plates, which is a great convenience to the lady members of supper committees, while the room itself is spacious, and finished in white and red to correspond with the flags used for decorations. The floor is kept in good order, and you are inclined to "drive dull care away" as you join in the merry dance. This room is also used for garrison parties given by an officer and his wife, or by a bachelor, the supper being served at their own house.

Army ladies keep up with all these entertainments as hostesses and guests, and still you find one engaged on a piece of fancy-work when you call; that painting you admire is her handiwork, like many other gems of art about the tastefully furnished room.

It is quite common for them to make their own dresses, do quantities of plain sewing, and, when a worthless servant has been discharged, to do the cooking for a family of six until another can be obtained.

There are about thirty officers' children now at the post, and a dozen more at schools in the East. It is a hardship to parents who are anxious to educate their children properly to be obliged to send them from home so young, but the sacrifice of love is laid upon

cowboy deftly ties the prostrate animal and applies the brand. This done, the rope is thrown off, and the vanquished Texan steer scampers back to the herd, while the cowboy proudly rides to the judges' stand and reads the record—"Fifteen seconds."

Every available vehicle—officers' road-wagons and government ambulances—is pressed into service by the post people, to witness this characteristic scene.

Such is army life in the Far West—a life of dangers bravely faced, hardships cheerfully borne, sorrows un-murmuringly accepted, home comforts and responsibilities, duty and pleasure. The days are not all halcyon, for human nature is the same the world over; but to those who really love army life it is beyond comparison with any other.

W. H. C.

FORKS.

"FINGERS were made before forks," says the familiar adage that had its origin in the warm disdain with which our ancestors of the seventeenth century repudiated the Italian table-fork as a fantastic and even impious contrivance. The ancient people of the world fingered their cooked meat, and it was only at a quite recent date that the modern peoples adopted the pronged tool by which we convey food to the mouth without soiling the hand.

Products of necessity, the first culinary forks were devised for the benefit of artistes bent on withdrawing sodden flesh from a boiling caldron. The Greek *creagra*—a staff, fitted at the lower end with a hook, or with prongs that bore a distant resemblance to human fingers—was a rude pot-fork, which, though greatly serviceable to cooks, would have been of no convenience to a reclining gourmand. Possessing several varieties of this kitchen tool, the Romans, notwithstanding their care for the caprice as well as for the comfort of epicurean feasters, never produced a table-fork, though it was more needed by the ancient, whose recumbent posture deprived him of the use of one arm, than by the mediævalist, who, sitting at meat, could serve his mouth with both hands. Caylus and Grignon, indeed, maintain that table-forks were not absolutely unknown to the imperial gastronomers; but their opinion, which never had the testimony of sufficient facts, has been altogether discredited. Had the luxurious Romans been users of forks, some specimens of the implement would certainly have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

But though they fed themselves with their fingers, it must not be imagined that the mediævalists were altogether forkless. Forty years since, a fork of Anglo-Saxon manufacture was discovered in Wiltshire, under circumstances which leave no

room for doubt that it was made as early as the ninth century. Another Anglo-Saxon fork, described in Akerman's "Pagan Saxondom," is a bone-handled implement that some foppish Thane may have used, to the mingled surprise and contempt of his simpler acquaintances. And from that period to the close of the Tudor time, there is evidence that our ancestors had a few forks, long before they were commonly placed on the English table, and regarded as necessary articles of furniture. Queen Elizabeth had at least three forks, one of "crystal, garnished with gold, and sparks of garnets; another, of coral, slightly garnished with gold; and a third, of gold garnished with two little rubies, two little pearls pendent, and a little coral." But it is obvious that these daintily set and jeweled tools were never meant for serious use. Presents from courtiers who sought her royal smile with gifts curious for their costly whimsicalness, Her Highness regarded them as toys for the casket, or cabinet, rather than as tools for the table. She may have used one of them to pick a sweetmeat or a candied fruit from a dish of syrup; but it certainly never occurred to her to put them into gobbets of venison, or the breast of a Michaelmas goose. To the last, whether eating in public or private, the virgin queen fingered her victuals, and would have imputed sheer madness to any courtier who had prophesied that, ere another century had passed, no Queen of England would be able to do likewise without rousing the disgust of all beholders of her incivility. As for her fair cousin, Mary of Scotland—the paragon of feminine delicacy and winsomeness to manufacturers of historical romance—it is probable that her little head fell from her neck ere her eyes had seen even a toy fork.

MODERN TUNNELING.

MODERN tunneling may be classed under three heads: Tunneling through soft ground or loose rock, tunneling through solid rock without machinery, and tunneling through solid rock with machinery. Under the head of soft ground, the miner includes all material that, if tunneled through, requires a temporary timber arch to hold it in place till the permanent arch of brick or stone is

built. The first step in driving a tunnel through such ground is to open out a small bottom heading, or adit, for the purpose of draining the ground above and also getting a passageway for carrying away the excavated earth and bringing the materials for arching. The enlarging and arching of a tunnel are generally done in sections. Some fifteen feet of an advanced heading are excavated at the top of the proposed work. Heavy longitudinal bars of timber are then put in, and the miners gradually work down, putting in a temporary arch of timber as they go. When this has been done, and foundations have been dug along the sides, the masons take the place of the miners, and run up an arch under the timber, which is withdrawn during the excavation of the next section, and the space left securely filled in with stone.

In digging a large tunnel, shafts or slopes are often sunk, so that the work can be attacked from several points at once. In tunneling through loose rock much the same plan is followed as in the work through soft ground. In driving a tunnel through solid rock an advanced heading is first driven at bottom or top. Holes are then drilled in the sides or in front of this, and the rock loosened by the use of blasting powder. An inside archway is then built, usually of boards.

Tunneling by machinery is done by the use of drills driven by compressed air or water-power. The rate of driving in tunnel-work has been greatly increased by the use of machinery; but it is thought that in making short tunnels hand labor is still the more economical method. Machine drills were invented about the time that the Mont Cenis Tunnel was begun, being, in fact, born of the necessity for some more rapid method of executing that enormous work.

PALMISTRY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY ROSA BAUGHAN.

OF all the Old World sciences which have of late become the rage, palmistry (perhaps on account of the scope it affords for flirtation) is decidedly the most popular. People shut themselves up for a few hours with one or other of the many books on this subject with which the market is, just now, flooded, and issue from this temporary retirement fully prepared, as they fondly believe, to read the hand. As regards the three principal lines—those of life, heart and head—they get along fairly well; they flounder a little amongst the mounts, and, having nearly exhausted their stock of knowledge when they come to the line of fate and the chance lines, they give the reins to their imaginations and deal out to their consultants shipwrecks, wounds on the head, carriage accidents and all the sins of the decalogue with appalling prodigality. When asked the meaning of some line which has, perhaps, no signification in palmistry, rather than confess ignorance they boldly announce it as an indication of some event in the life of their victim, of the existence of which they have already some knowledge, or which they think is very likely to occur; this often proves a good hit, and then these modern prophets dignify this mere guesswork by the name of "intuition." Now, intuition, even where it really exists, is a dangerous guide in the matter of palmistry, and it is far wiser to keep entirely to what the old writers have handed down to us. It takes years of patient study of these works, and a very tenacious memory, before any one is really competent to read the hand with any degree of accuracy; and, even then, onrions complications of the lines will occasionally present themselves which require

a good deal of research before the true meaning of them can be arrived at. To those who are really interested in this mystical study, the slap-dash drawing-room palmistry is, of course, an abomination; but, perhaps, the worst injury which this Old World science suffers nowadays is at the hands of the modern writers on the subject, who all, or nearly all, seem disposed to deny its affinity to astrology, with which it really is inseparably connected.

M. Desbarolles, in his first book on the subject of chiromancy, "*Les Mystères de la Main*" (which was written when he was under the influence of the mystic Eliphas Levi, and published nearly thirty years ago), produced what is really the best modern book on the subject of palmistry; but in his "*Dernières Révélation*," published just before his death, he, with the view, probably, of making his book more widely salable, pandered to the realistic tendencies of the present day by recanting a great part of the astrological matter advanced in his earlier, and far better, work. Craig and other modern writers have followed in this track, thus rendering their works comparatively worthless. One well-known writer, whilst producing a book full of the wisdom of the ancients, boldly disavows astrology in the following sentence: "The names assigned to the mounts, which are those of the principal seven planets, are not given them by reason of any astrological significations which they were supposed to bear, but because we have been accustomed to connect certain characteristics with certain gods of the pagan mythology." This is, of course, contrary to the views of every ancient writer—Greek, Latin, German, Spanish, Italian, French and English—on this subject, who one and all base the whole theory of palmistry on planetary influences. Dr. Saunders, in the preface to his exhaustive work on palmistry and physiognomy, published in 1671, and dedicated to his friend Lilly, the great astrologer, says: "For our more orderly proceeding with the body of this work, it is in the first place necessary to be observed, that there are seven planets, called *Stellæ Errantes*—wandering stars—which have each of them its separate character as they are used in astrology; the which stars have great power over inferior bodies, and do each of them govern some part or other of man's body, and they especially have their married existence in the hand."

These astrological teachings of the old masters in palmistry are not only interesting, but very useful in the matter of reading the hand. For instance, in determining the mounts—those terrible stumbling-blocks to all amateurs—a regard to the type of hand given by each planet would often set at rest that doubtful matter. A hand will often appear to have the mounts of the Moon and that of Venus equally developed; but, in order to determine which planet is really dominant, we must look to the shape and texture of the whole hand, and if we find it presents most forcibly the type given by Venus, then this planet would be dominant; this, of course, also applies to all the other mounts, and is also a great guide when the mounts appear—as they frequently do—to be misplaced. These types are as follows: The hands of those born under the dominant influence of Venus are small, dimpled and rather plump, with smooth fingers, rather short than long, and with pointed tips; the thumb is small, but the root of it—the mount of Venus—is, of course, very well developed; the palm of the hand is rose-tinted, and the hand itself of a delicate pinky white. The Jupiterian hand is large, fleshy and not very white, with square-tipped fingers, thick at the base, and rather long than short; the thumb is large, and the first pha-

lanx of it—that next the nail—is longer than the second. The Saturnian hand is a long, bony hand with spatulated, long and large jointed fingers; the texture of the hand is hard, and the skin dry and of a yellow color. The hand of those born under the dominant influence of the Sun has smooth fingers of the same length as the palm of the hand, and with square tips, except the third finger, which is generally pointed; the thumb is of medium size, with the first and second phalanx of equal length; the hand is firm but not hard in texture, and of a marble whiteness. The Mercurian hand is long, with thin and supple fingers, generally all pointed, but the fourth finger in these hands is always so; the thumb is long; the hand is delicate in texture and of a soft, yellowish white. The hand typical of the dominance of Mars is thick and strong, with short fingers, very thick at the

quoted, says, "Without astrologie, palmistry could not subsist and be subservient to true wisdom." Now, why, in the face of this and many other equally forcible words among the Old World authorities, do the modern writers try to force their own crude theories upon us? To drag the time-honored study of palmistry into the turmoil of nineteenth-century existence, to "flip and strain it to unison with the deadly realism of present-day thought, strikes one with the same sense of incongruity as would a carnival mask slung over the mystically calm features of an antique statue.

A GALLANT SPEECH.

It is not difficult to concoct a pretty speech, but true gallantry combined with wit is needed in making one which shall contain as much delicacy as flattery.

"You forget that I am an old woman," said a lady, in response to an admiring remark from "one of the old school."

"Madam," was the reply, "when my eyes are dazzled by a diamond it never occurs to me to ask a mineralogist for its history."

Horace Walpole, in dining with the Duchess of Queensborough, on her eightieth birthday, said, in proposing her health: "May you live, my Lady Duchess, until you begin to grow ugly!"

Her ladyship's tongue was as ready as his own.

"I thank you, Mr. Walpole," she replied; "and may you long continue your taste for antiquities."

SOME ANECDOTES OF ROSSINI.

In 1807, when Rossini was only fifteen years of age, he told his father that he would no longer sing tenor in church, because he would not lose his voice; and he would not blow the horn in an orchestra, because he did not like it.

"And what will you do, then?" asked his father.

"I mean to write operas," said Rossini.

"Then you will most certainly starve!" declared his father, angrily.

"You are not such a good prophet as a player of the horn," said Rossini.

Rossini's father thought himself a very good horn-player, though, in reality, he was only an inferior player.

When Rossini first went to Paris, his enemies called him in mockery Monsieur Vicarme—Mr Noise and Mr. Crescendo.

But Rossini laughed at the nicknames, saying, "My enemies would be only too pleased to deserve the names they give me, and to make as much noise as I have made."

When rehearsing "William Tell" at the French Opera, Dacoste, a distinguished clarionette-player, frequently played a *fa* sharp for a *fa* natural. At the end of the piece Rossini went up to Dacoste and offered him a pinch of snuff. Dacoste, who felt ashamed of himself, began to weep.

"No, no," said Rossini; "go on playing the *fa* sharp—I'll put the *fa* natural somewhere else."

Being asked his opinion of Prince Pomatowski's opera "Pietro del Medici," Rossini said that it was not to be judged at one hearing.

"Then you think——"

"I shall not try to hear it again," said Rossini.

When asked why he no longer wrote for the theatre, he said: "When the heart is silent, the pen also is silent."

THE HUMAN HAND AS DIVIDED OFF BY PALMISTRY.

base, and with spatulated tips; the thumb is short, and with a broad and spatulated tip, the first phalanx of it is much longer than the second; the texture of the hand is hard, it is red in color, and the backs of the fingers are often covered with hairs. The hand of those born under the Moon have soft, large hands, dimpled at the back like those of people born under Venus, but the color is of a blue white, not roseate like the Venus hand; the fingers are spatulated and the thumb is relatively short, with the first phalanx much shorter than the second. Now, as all these hands have the distinctive character of the planet influencing them, it stands to reason that a knowledge of these types is of great service in determining that difficult question of the mounts; a knowledge, too, of astrological physiognomy, into which all the old works on the subject of palmistry enter, is equally useful, and no one can be a very efficient reader of the hand without considering these planetary influences, for as Dr. Saunders, in another part of the preface already

FAIR CRITICS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. R. HICKS.

There I donned my outer garments, and creeping out of the house by a side door, I started for the beach, to find the sketch-book which I had dropped there at the time of Bee's mishap. That book was one of my few treasures—I felt that I must recover it at all hazards. I hurried over the sand dunes toward the Inlet. Night had fallen, and a storm was rising. Wild clouds raced across the haggard face of the young moon; the surf roared on an outer reef. Around the island a schooner came gliding under short sail to make a lee. I heard the rattle of a cable, and caught the gleam of an anchor-light.

On I went, till I reached the Inlet. There I searched everywhere, but could not find my sketch-book. A cloud had passed over the moon. I knelt down, in my eager, anxious quest, groping with both hands along the wet shingle. While doing this, I heard an approaching step, and a man burst out of the forest path by the border of the creek and almost stumbled over me. I started to my feet, with my heart in my throat.

"I beg your pardon!" he said; "are you looking for anything?"

"Yes," I answered; "for a book that was dropped here this afternoon."

"Allow me to restore it," and he held out my missing treasure. "I picked it up as I was crossing this beach an hour ago."

I looked up at him in the moonlight, and became aware of two things—first, that I was standing in the presence of an extraordinary person; next, that his eyes had gone over me, like a flash of hot Summer lightning. Yes, an uncommon person, certainly, with a profile cut as if from gray stone. There was a scar on one cheek. He had a lordly, soldierly bearing—the look of one born to authority and power. Before I could gather voice to thank him, he said, quietly:

"I see; you are Miss Ravenel. Your name is written in your book—I took the liberty to read it there. Are servants no longer employed at Tempest Hall, that you come alone to the Inlet at this hour?"

I drew back, my heart beating furiously.

"There is nothing at Tempest Island," I answered, coldly, "to harm any one, at any time."

"Do not believe it," he sneered; "fearful crimes have been committed here. The trail of the serpent is over it all."

Then he lifted a voice like a bugle, and gave a curious call. It was answered somewhere from the wood, and that wild woman, Peg Patton, came running down the path and out upon the beach, barefooted and with a red handkerchief knotted over her gray hair.

"What's your will, sir?" she cried, breathlessly; "shall I row you back to Whithaven? I can do it better than any man of them all—"

"No," he interrupted, with a gesture toward me; "my boatmen are waiting just around the point. You see this young lady: take her back to Tempest Hall, Peg, and let no harm happen to her on the way."

Peg stared hard at me in the moonlight.

"She came hunting for the book, eh?" she said, dryly.

"Yes," answered the man. "Can I trust her to your care?"

"That you can!" answered Peg Patton. "Good-night, sir—it will be many long days, I s'pose, afore I see you again?"

"Years, Peggy; not days," he corrected.

"Well, sir," said Peg, sadly, "I'm glad you came down to the Inlet, to see her to-night—she won't last much longer. You will go your own way, sir, and nobody can

keep you; but roaming over the world never yet cured trouble. Now, make haste, Miss Ravenel," turning sharply to me.

I needed no urging. She strode off, like a grenadier, and I followed. When we reached the sand dunes, she asked:

"Did you recognize that man, miss?"

"Yes," I answered, calmly; "he was Basil Hawkstone. You need not go with me further, Peggy. I am not in the least afraid."

"I shall do as he bade me," she answered, crossly; "his word is my law. You have a good memory, miss. He is going across seas again, and he came down to the island to-night to see a friend, afore he should sail. You'd better not speak of his visit to anybody at Tempest Hall."

"I will not," I answered.

She tramped on before me to the very door of the house.

"Now, you are safe," she muttered; "he told me to take care of you, and I have done it;" and she turned and left me.

CHAPTER XV.

JETTA SPEAKS ON.

ONCE inside my own room, I wondered greatly at the secret visit of the island sovereign to his little sea-girt kingdom. His stony face, with the lightning eyes, and the scar on the cheek, seemed staring at me from every corner of the chamber. The sketch-book, which had been at the bottom of the night's adventure, I threw impatiently into a drawer. As I did so, my eyes fell upon a letter which had arrived in the evening mail, and been laid on my toilet-table by Mrs. Otway. It was from Gabriel, and ran as follows:

"I wonder how you are getting on at that absurd island? Tolerably well, I hope, as my prospects for helping you have diminished, rather than increased, since our interview in New York. A strange thing has befallen me, Jetta—I might truthfully call it a terrible thing, for I fear it will destroy all my hopes of inheriting old Hypo's money. In short, I have been smitten by a thunder-bolt. But let me explain:

"I went down to Newport with old Hypo and Doris Rokewood, as I told you I was about to do. It was like traveling with a caravan, for old Hypo's liver was upset, as it usually is, and he must needs bury himself in wraps and rugs, and medicine-chests and other infernal paraphernalia, besides taking two valets along to attend him. Strange to say, Miss Rokewood seems really fond of the old dyspeptic, and her patience with his whims is something marvelous. I have already described her to you as a blonde of the Juno type—rather too stately to suit my fancy, for I have a penchant for diminutive women. But society men call Miss Rokewood a deuced fine girl, and she has a fortune in her own right.

"The night before we started for Newport I offered her my heart and hand, in the library of old Hypo's Fifth Avenue palace—a superb room, by-the-way, full of choice *bric-à-brac*. Sutton made his money in the Far East, and his house abounds in rich stuffs of Turkestan, velvets heavy with gold and silver thread, inlaid cabinets full of gems and antique coins, engraved with verses from Hafiz and the Koran, tiger-skins, silver filigree, and old porcelain of fabulous price. Well, as I was saying, Miss Rokewood and I met in the library, under an ancient silver lamp; and near by, on a pedestal, a little diabolic Chinese god-seat grinning at us. Miss Rokewood wore a Worth dinner dress of dull blue, with diamond ornaments, and she looked more subdued and less manish than usual. I swore that I loved her to distraction, and begged her to marry me.

"Are you quite sure of your own heart, Mr. Ravenel?" she said, looking me straight in the eye, though her color came and went in an alarming way.

"I am sure that it has passed from my own keeping into yours," I cried; "I cannot live without you, Doris, and your guardian approves of my passion."

"She gave me her large, swarthy hand, blushing the while like a schoolgirl.

girl and boy together on the island. I rejoiced in my soul when Prince Lucifer lost you by his mad marriage; and I then swore to myself that you should take me for a husband some day, in place of him. That oath I still mean to keep! You cruel little demon, how can you stand here, with those ardent Southern eyes, and that mouth made only for kisses, and repulse me without mercy? I intend to make you my wife, Jetta, and at once! To-morrow I shall go to New York to find Basil, and ask him, in view of our impending marriage, to increase my allowance, and put me in old Harris's place here on the island."

At this extraordinary announcement by Vincent my wrath blazed up.

"Let go my dress, Vincent Hawkstone!" I commanded; "the most charitable interpretation that I can put upon your conduct is that you have certainly been drinking again."

His wicked eyes flashed.

"You *know* I am not drunk!" he cried, hoarsely; "this is all silly coquetry, cruel pretense! You love me, but you will not own it. You love me, or you could not have been so kind to me."

"Kind to you!" I stormed. "I have shown you common civility—nothing more."

"It is true that your tongue has remained silent, Jetta, but your splendid eyes have made me no end of promises, and you shall not recall them—by Heaven, you shall not! You are mine—you shall never belong to any other man. You are mine, and have you I will, whether you are willing or unwilling."

It came to me at that moment that Vincent Hawkstone was a totally reckless and unscrupulous person. Bee, attracted by his loud voice, came limping back to me over the old graves, with her hands full of daisies. At sight of her, Vincent leaped to his feet.

"Remember my words, Jetta," he said, hurriedly. "I go to make all necessary arrangements; in a few days I shall return to the island, and marry you, in spite of yourself, for I am not the man to stop at trifles—as you will discover, all in good time!"

With that he leaped across the low mounds, and went off through the churchyard-gate, never looking back—went, as he had himself declared, to make preparations for our marriage. I first laughed at the utter absurdity of the thing, and then cried from pure vexation. Verily, he is unscrupulous—this wild Hawkstone—a person to be feared. One consolation remains to me, however—if he annoys me further, I am free to leave Tempest Island at once, and seek a situation elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVI.

MADemoiselle ZEPHYR.

TWO MEN descended the steps of a handsome hotel, and strolled away down the broad, elm-shaded streets of Whithaven. Twilight had fallen. A full moon was rising over the harbor, and the spires and roofs of the busy Yankee city. Stars flashed through the feathery tree-tops. Already the long rows of shop-windows blazed with light. Every reliable clock in Whithaven was pointing to the hour of seven.

The taller and elder of the two men puffed carelessly at an after-dinner cigar; the younger and smaller held his own weed unlighted, forgotten—he was engaged exclusively in watching his companion.

"I feared you might sail, Basil, before I reached New York," he said, airily, "so I took the liberty to telegraph to you."

"And your message puzzled me so much," answered the other, "that I concluded to run down to Whithaven, and ask you to explain yourself."

Time, trouble, years of wandering and adventure, had left their marks on Basil Hawkstone. The golden tan of a tropic sun was on his face; the early fairness of his hair and beard had darkened to a deep, rich bronze. One cheek bore the scar of an Arab lance. He towered head and shoulders over his cousin. His Greek profile, his iron-gray eyes, had grown cold and stern and forbidding. But at thirty Basil Hawkstone was a superbly handsome man.

"I asked you to increase my allowance," said Vincent, sulkily, "and give me the place of overseer at Tempest Island."

"Yes," assented Hawkstone, "that's the very thing puzzled me. *Why* should I increase your allowance—'pon my soul, the request is getting monotonous—it has been made again and again, and granted as often. Is your law business good for anything here at Whithaven? As for making you overseer in Harris's place, that's out of the question, you know. From all that I hear of you, Vincent, I conclude that you are not the person with whom I care to trust my revenues."

Vincent colored.

"Oh, but I've mended my ways, Prince Lucifer," he answered, with an uneasy laugh. "Law is very quiet in Whithaven just now, and I'm not successful at the trade, anyway. I dare say I've mistaken my vocation. At present my desires all set toward Tempest Island—in fact, I like the place quite as much as you detest it. Then, too, I'm going to marry."

Basil Hawkstone took the cigar from his lips, and stared hard at the other.

"Married!" he echoed, in a tone of mingled horror and disgust.

"Yes; I know you hate matrimony yourself, but you can't expect that your ill-luck will deter others from making the same venture."

"True!" said Hawkstone, coldly; "and, after all, you ought to marry, Vincent—you are the future ruler of the island—indeed, there is only Bee's life, and that a frail one, betwixt you and the entire Hawkstone fortune. I am not particularly pleased with you, but you are my male heir notwithstanding. No doubt matrimony will be a good thing for your morals, also—that is," with sharp suspicion, "if you have made the right choice."

Vincent shrugged his shoulders.

"Be at ease, Prince Lucifer—I did not think it wise to follow in *your* footsteps!"—the elder man winced, and tossed away his half-consumed Havana. "The lady I mean to marry is your former ward—your late mother's Southern *protégée*, and at present date, your daughter's governess—Jetta Ravenel."

Hawkstone stopped short in his walk and stared at his cousin.

"Ah!" he said, in a strange tone.

"Perhaps you don't know that Miss Ravenel is now living at Tempest Hall?" volunteered Vincent.

"Yes, I know."

"Who told you?" sharply, suspiciously.

"I must decline to say."

"Very well. Mrs. Otway brought her down to us several weeks ago. Seeing that she was your step-mamma's especial pet, I hope you will give her a liberal dowry, Prince Lucifer?"

Hawkstone gnawed his lip.

"I will," he answered, very gravely, "for I have neglected her in an unpardonable manner in the last six

years—in fact, left her entirely to others. I fear my poor mother would scarcely think that I had fulfilled the promise which I made her on her deathbed. In Heaven's name, Vincent, how did Jetta Ravenel come to choose you for a husband? You are not the man to make any woman happy; then, too, she is still very young—too young to be caught in the cursed trap of matrimony!"

Vincent laughed, uneasily.

"No woman is too young to love, and your reflections upon me, Prince Lucifer, are deucedly unjust, for I have turned over a new leaf—I am a reformed man—that girl possesses no end of influence over me. If you really wish to keep me from going altogether to the dogs, don't attempt to thwart me in this matter of marriage."

But Basil Hawkstone's conscience, so long dormant, seemed suddenly awake.

"I'm not sure that I ought to allow Miss Ravenel to throw herself away," he answered, dryly. "In spite of your protestations, Vincent, I do not quite believe in you. My mother would never approve of such a match. With her beauty and education, the girl ought to do better."

"Beauty!" repeated Vincent, in a stifled voice; "how do you know that she is a beauty?"

"As a child, she was one. It is safe to infer that she has not greatly changed."

"Deuce take you, Basil! What right have you, anyway, to interfere betwixt us? Jetta is eighteen, and her own mistress. You have been no sort of a guardian to her—never looked after her half decently. She has a brother. Of course he is her natural protector, and if he doesn't complain, you need not. What legal right have you over her?"

"None whatever!" replied Hawkstone, coldly. "You advance an argument that I cannot refute. Without doubt her brother is the person to look after her. I should not dream of disputing his authority. Heaven knows I do not care to meddle in any woman's love affairs. You adore her. I dare say?"

"Yes, by my soul, I do!" answered Vincent Hawkstone, hoarsely.

"And she adores you?" with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"We will not talk about *that*," said Vincent, drawing his breath hard. "In view of the change which I contemplate, both in morals and other things, Prince Lucifer, I fancied you might be glad to extend me a helping hand."

"Very well," assented Hawkstone, in a bored tone. "I will see what can be done for you. I will also instruct my lawyer to furnish Miss Ravenel's *dot*. Perhaps I ought to run down to Tempest Island, before I go abroad again, and take one look at my daughter. There is no telling when I may return to America—"

Vincent grew pale with alarm. Now would his bold, bad plans miscarry surely!

"You go down to the island!" he sneered. "I thought nothing could tempt you to revisit the scene of your matrimonial infelicities. Bee is growing up, happy and contented. She gets on very well without you—has forgotten, in fact, that she has a parent. Your appearance at Tempest Hall would cause as great a sensation as your father's ghost."

Hawkstone's cold face grew sombre.

"Poor little Bee!" he said, sadly. "It is but natural that she should cease to remember the father who has lived afar from her so long. I surely have no hankering for Tempest Island, or anything upon it. You may conduct your affairs without any meddling of mine, Vincent.

Of course I wish you joy. See that you make Miss Ravenel a good husband."

They had come to a great open square, twinkling with many lights, and resounding with music. In the centre of the place an immense tent was pitched, flanked by others of smaller dimensions, and surrounded by a multitude of noisy hawkers, sight-seers and pestiferous small boys.

"By Jove!" cried Vincent, with sudden excitement, "there's something to see here, Prince Lucifer—let's go in."

"What's to see?" demanded Hawkstone, in a disgusted tone—a circus-tent was always an offense to his eyes.

"Oh, Egyptian jugglers and Arab dervishes—perhaps you may recognize them as some of your Cairo friends. Come along, old fellow! As well pass an hour here as elsewhere. You can't go back to New York till ten o'clock, you know."

They passed through the opening in the canvas walls, and found themselves in an immense tent, brilliantly lighted, and resounding with a band of many and vastly echoing pieces. The night's performance had just commenced as the two Hawkstones entered. Tiers of seats, reaching almost to the canvas roof, were literally packed with people. Only two or three chairs on the platform, reserved for the swell element of the multitude, remained unoccupied. To these the pair made their way, and Vincent Hawkstone, who was well known at Whithaven, immediately found himself in a circle of friends.

"Deuced vulgar place—a circus!" said a pale youth with an eyeglass—Vincent's law partner; "but that little *equestrienne*, Mademoiselle Zephyr, will richly repay you for any contamination with the great unwashed—eh, colonel?"

"She will, indeed," answered the person addressed—a man of distinguished appearance, who had a bald spot on his crown, and wore a diamond-pin in his shirt-front.

"Little Zephyr is a blazing beauty—a genuine Circe. She has only to smile once upon a man, and he is her slave for life. Do you see that fellow in the front row?"—directing attention to a young man with a Spanish cast of face, who occupied a chair a little in advance of Basil Hawkstone. He was in evening dress, and held an immense bouquet of hothouse exotics in his hand.

"Looks no end of a swell," muttered Vincent Hawkstone; "who may he be?"

"A Southerner from Louisiana," answered Colonel Latimer, "and the private secretary and presumptive heir of some rich New Yorker. His name is Ravenel, and he's awfully far gone on little Zephyr—quite off his head, in fact. Gossip says his employer will be sure to throw him out, neck and heels, if he gets wind of this *affaire d'amour*, but the youngster is too infatuated to think of dollars and cents now."

For the first time since his unlucky marriage Basil Hawkstone was inside a circus-tent. He wondered at his own stupidity in following Vincent to such a place. The talk of the others drifted, of course, to his ears. He fixed his gray eyes sharply on the Spanish-faced youth in the front row. Ravenel! He could never hear that name without a thrill of interest. Was this Jetta's brother? Yea, it must be! And he was in love with a circus-riders. Basil Hawkstone drew his breath hard.

"Poor devil!" he said to himself; "you have my profound pity. How human experience repeats itself, to be sure!"

Down there in the big rings, some skillful hurdle-jumping was going on, and a trick-horse delighted the audience with a variety of graceful feats. Whirling

dervishes appeared, and brown jugglers, whose doings simply provoked a smile from Basil Hawkstone.

These retired in turn, and a hush of expectancy fell ; then a girl, mounted on a coal-black horse, rode out into the arena alone. It was Mademoiselle Zephyr.

She was small in figure and exquisitely rounded. Her face was as white and pure as a snowdrop, flawless, too, in feature, and lighted by velvety violet eyes, softly shining under night-black lashes. Her hair fell to her slight waist in a yellow torrent—angelic hair, rippling and flying in countless waves and curls. She was dressed in a gay little Spanish jacket and short, fluffy skirts of rose-colored gauze, bright with spangles, and at sight of her beauty the crowded tiers broke into vociferous applause.

All but Basil Hawkstone. He sat as if turning to stone. Of course he knew her instantly, for six years had changed her not a whit. That fatal beauty, so innocent, so infantile, was the same, the very same, that had wrecked his life.

Vincent Hawkstone recognized her, too. He gave a start, a smothered exclamation, and looked sharply at his cousin ; but Prince Lucifer's magnificently cold, stern face betrayed nothing. He might have been that Sphinx from whose land he had just come. Dudley, the lawyer with the eyeglass, went on talking.

"Look at the Southerner *now*," he said ; "eyes all aflame—passion-pale face, like a spectre's—oh, he's quite cracked for that little beauty ! And a nice race she'll lead him, you may be sure—she's a heartless flirt, is Zephyr—numbers her victims by the dozens, and has no pity for any of them."

As silent, as motionless as a graven image, Basil Hawkstone, the ex-husband, sat in his chair just behind Gabriel Ravenel, the lover, and gazed steadily down into the ring below. He saw her dash, like a little whirlwind, around it—saw her burst through scores of paper balloons, alighting squarely, every time, on the back of the night-black horse—saw her execute some exquisite ballet steps, her artistic pose emphasizing still further her delicate beauty. How the tiny feet twinkled in the double *pirouette* ! How the soft eyes shone and the red lips smiled. The applause became deafening. Mademoiselle blew a kiss from her white finger-tips to the audience. As she did so, Gabriel Ravenel, in the front row, leaned and flung his hothouse exotics in a perfumed shower on the lovely rider.

She looked up, smiling, at the unexpected deluge ; her eyes met first the impassioned face of her lover, and then, by some unhappy fatality, traveled over Ravenel's head and alighted on Basil Hawkstone, sitting in the next chair, stony, forbidding, gazing down at her in unmoved recognition.

The change that swept mademoiselle's face was appalling. Instantly the glow of triumph and pleasure died out of it. She uttered a sharp cry, pitched forward, and fell under her horse's feet, prone in the sawdust of the ring.

All was hubbub and confusion in a moment. Up rose the great audience *en masse*. Gabriel Ravenel leaped down into the arena, but was pushed back by a painted clown, who lifted the girl hastily and carried her into the dressing-tent. A moment or two after, a man mounted the platform where stood the reserved chairs, and twitched Basil Hawkstone's sleeve.

"Come with me," he said. "Her horse stepped upon her—she is dying—she wants to speak to you."

Dying ! An appalling word at all times, and under all circumstances ! Hawkstone arose without a word, and followed the man to the dressing-tent.

There, on a sofa, lay the star of the ring, her blue eyes wild and glassy, the blood oozing over her lips, her breath coming fitful and difficult. She was surrounded by fellow-riders and various persons attached to the show. The painted face of the clown peered grotesquely over her shoulder. As Hawkstone approached she waved them all back.

"Leave us alone !" she gasped.

They vanished every one. Hawkstone was alone with his divorced wife. Then, presto, what a change was there ! Mademoiselle Zephyr leaped from the sofa and stood before her former husband, not dying, not even injured, but full of wild, palpitating, turbulent life.

"At last we meet again !" she cried ; "at last—after six weary years !"

"The meeting is not of my seeking," he answered, drawing coldly back. "When I entered this tent to-night I had not the faintest suspicion that you were riding here."

Her white bosom heaved under its vail of yellow curls. She was gazing up at him with great, fevered eyes.

"How stern, how unapproachable you look !" she said, in a breathless way. "You are not the same—I scarcely know you. Ah, you have traveled everywhere since we parted—you wear the scar of a hero. Women admire heroism, even in divorced husbands. I have followed your movements in all lands. There has rarely been a time when I quite lost track of you."

"What trick is this ?" he demanded. "I was told that you were hurt—dying. What do you wish of me ?"

"I wish to look once more in your face," she panted, "you who were once my lover—my own ! Can you begrudge me so small a privilege ?"

"Madam, you have a hundred lovers in the audience yonder !" he sneered.

The color flew into her cheek and out again.

"I shall not resent your gibes to-night, Basil—I am too wretched. Indeed, there is little of the old temper left in me. I have wept it away, perhaps. Oh, Basil, I want to hear something about my child—*our* child—my own baby Bee ! It is cruel, is it not, to keep a mother so long from her little one ? Sometimes"—with a sudden sob in her voice—"it seems as if my heart would break with the misery of it."

He stood as unmoved as granite.

"There can be little cruelty in keeping a child from the mother who deliberately forsakes it," he answered. "It is not possible that you have forgotten the circumstances under which you parted from your 'little one.' I can tell you nothing about Bee—I would not, if I could."

"Oh, Basil, you cannot mean that I shall never see my child again ?"

"Madam, you are a superior actress, as well as an accomplished *equestrienne*," he sneered. "In your best days you did not love the child ; to-day, through your agency, she is a cripple. Whence comes this sudden affection for Bee ? I mean that the taint of the circus-ring shall never defile my daughter—she shall not see you until her character is formed—until she is old enough to pass judgment for herself upon the mother who deserted home, husband and child for—*this* !" with a scathing glance around the canvas walls.

The tears shone on her lashes. She was very pale, and her lips had a grieved curve. She disconcerted him a little. He would rather have seen her in one of her old fiery moods.

"Basil !" she pleaded, softly, "I want Bee—give me back my child !"

"Impossible! You are no fit person to have her!"

"And you—are you a better guardian than I would be? For years you have left her to hirelings, it seems—you have wandered away from her to every land under the sun. I told you just now that I had managed to keep trace of your movements. I even know that you lately secured a governess for my child in the person of one whom I hated six years ago—whom I still hate—that Southern girl, Jetta Ravenel!"

"Madam," he answered, coldly, "I know very little about the domestic arrangements at Tempest Hall. I left the place long ago, to return to it, as I trust, no more. Bee is in good hands there, and all my orders concerning her are strictly enforced—that is quite enough for me. Now, since you are neither hurt nor dying, and since all further conversation between us, must to say the least, be unprofitable, I will leave you."

"Wait, Basil!" she implored, throwing herself before him. "Look at me one moment—do you find me changed?"

He let his reluctant eyes rest for an instant on the exquisite figure and the snowdrop face, in its shimmer of yellow hair; then he turned coldly away.

"Not in the least."

"Am I still beautiful, then?"

"There are thousands of tongues to tell you that without asking me."

Before he was aware she had fallen at his feet—she was clasping him wildly in her white arms.

"Basil, forgive me! I was only a child when I fled from you—I am now a woman, penitent, full of remorse for past follies—longing for my lost paradise in your heart! I hate my triumphs, I hate my fame, I hate everything that lured me from you! When I went away, I meant to come back, after a little space—I did, indeed! Then I heard that you were determined to free yourself from me legally—next, that the courts had given you absolute divorce and the custody of Bee. The night the news came I was in Berlin—in the midst of such success, such adulation as quite frightened me. Ah, in that land, the circus ranks with the opera. I was *fêted* and caressed by the noblest—"

"I heard of it all," he interrupted, dryly, "even to the adoring students who unhitched the horses from your carriage, and dragged you to your hotel, and the young count, well known in diplomatic circles, who shot himself for love of you."

She writhed at his feet, a little heap of spangles and yellow hair, and palpitating white flesh.

"They asked for my heart," she sobbed, "when I had none to give them; you had crushed—killed it! All that night the terrible word, Divorce, danced before my eyes in letters of fire. You had cast me out for ever, even as your father, Philip Hawkstone, cast out your mother, years ago. Now listen! Can man put asunder what God hath joined? You are still my husband, Basil Hawkstone—I claim you as such!—and I am still your wife, and all the courts on earth cannot make it otherwise. Whatever our follies have been, this fact remains. Death only can part us! Take me back to your heart, Basil!—I have had enough of ambition, triumph, fame. Think how I have suffered when you can wring such words as these from me! I want nothing now, but to creep back to your arms, and live or die there, as you yourself may determine."

It was a piteous appeal, made with all the fervor and passion of a heartbroken woman; but the hard, cold lines of his face relaxed not a whit. He quietly shook off the beautiful arms that held him

"You will pardon me, Mademoiselle Zephyr, if I decline to believe in your newly awakened love," he said. "I find such a stretch of imagination quite beyond me. And even were it so, I should be forced to tell you that your regrets come too late. You forsook your child, you disgraced and deserted me, and the choice which you then made you must abide by. If you have grown older and wiser, so, too, have I, Mademoiselle Zephyr. I distrust you and all your kind, and my love for you is dead—killed by yourself and buried beyond resurrection. I wish you well—I can do no less—for you are Bee's mother; but Heaven knows I never wish to see your face or hear your voice again."

She leaped to her feet, pale as ashes, trembling in every limb.

"You mean this, Basil Hawkstone? My penitence and love are as nothing to you now? You will accept neither—you scorn and reject me—the mother of your child? You have learned to hate, where you once loved—to despise the beauty you once adored. Is that it?"

With cruel candor, he answered:

"That is it!"

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

For a moment her face was convulsed with rage, then her hand went up to her breast. She snatched something from the bosom of the gay Spanish jacket—a vial, full of pale liquid. It was well for Basil Hawkstone that he had not forgotten the past—that he understood the woman with whom he had to deal. Like lightning his iron hand fell on her white wrist, holding it powerless. In vain she strove with desperate strength to free herself—to fling the terrible fluid full in his face. In the struggle it spirted out on Hawkstone's hand, burning its way deep into his flesh; but he tore the vial from her, and ground it under his heel.

"And this is the way in which you would show your newly revived love, Mademoiselle Zephyr?" he said, dryly; "there is nothing more diabolic in life than vitriol-throwing!"

Baffled, furious, she faced him.

"From this hour, Basil Hawkstone, I am your deadly foe!" she hissed. "Since you will have no more of my love, you shall know, instead, what my hate means! I will torment you till the last day of your life! I will haunt you ceaselessly—I will come betwixt you and your dearest wishes everywhere—I will be your curse—your utter destruction, if I can! You shall never escape me till one of us be dead."

"Mademoiselle Zephyr, I have had enough of scenes," answered Hawkstone, coldly; "the next time you attempt to depart this life, pray do not send for me—I must decline to be present. I dare say it is now time for you to appear again in the ring—farewell, I will not detain you longer."

With a polite bow, he walked quietly out of the dressing-tent. At the entrance a man was waiting, pale of face, excited of aspect.

Hawkstone recognized Gabriel Ravenel.

"Is she better?—will she live?" he cried, wildly.

"Who?" queried Hawkstone, in a frigid tone.

"How can you ask that, sir?" panted Ravenel. "Do you want to drive me insane? I mean Mademoiselle Zephyr."

"Yes, she is likely to live, so far as I can see," answered Hawkstone, dryly. "Poor fool! take my advice, and do not waste your heart on that little fiend!"

And he passed out 'twixt the gray canvas walls, and walked away through the moonlit night.

you from the island.

It was after lessons, and she had climbed up to the schoolroom, and there, by direct questions, won from me the story of my troubles with Vincent Hawkstone. Bee, perched on a stool at the far end of the room, was watching through a glass a fleet of fishing-boats flitting, dream-like, around a point of the island.

"His infatuation for you is *very* unfortunate," sighed Mrs. Otway, "for he is reckless, ungovernable—he stops at nothing. But courage, my dear; you are under my protection, and I shall take care that no harm comes to you. If you talk again of leaving the island you will break all our hearts—"

Bee dashed down the glass, sprang off her stool, and cast herself on my breast.

"I will write to papa!" she declared, "and tell him all the wicked things that Vincent said to you in the graveyard, Miss Ravenel. You shall never leave the island unless you take me with you. I love you so well, that I couldn't stay here—no, I couldn't," piteously, "if you went away!"

"Miss Bee," said Mrs. Otway, severely, "it is not good for little pitchers to have such big ears."

But the poor child was sobbing about my neck, and I hastened to soothe her with such promises as I could conscientiously make.

"I will not leave the island, Bee, so long as it is possible for me to remain here," I said. And then I put away my books, and we descended to the garden, and sat down together by the ancient sun-dials. The afternoon sun lay fierce and sultry on the sea. Beds of velvety carnations and spotted lilies filled the air with odors, the hot whirr of locusts sounded in the grass. Bee began to talk of a schooner which had once been wrecked on the beach below the old seawall. I was listening dreamily when the horseshoe gate creaked. I heard a stop, I looked up, and saw a woman standing at my shoulder, staring in a curious, intent way at little Bee.

She was dressed in a red cotton gown, with a handkerchief of the same material knotted over her black hair. Her face and hands were as brown as a nut. She wore huge gold hoops in her ears, and carried a string of wicker baskets.

"Pretty lady," she began, in a soft, wheedling tone, "buy something for the little one, and help a poor gypsy. I've come all the way from Whithaven to sell my wares."

"How in the world did you get here?" I cried, involuntarily. "Persons like you do not find access to the island an easy matter."

"I begged a fisherman to take me in his boat, lady," answered the gypsy, meekly. "I've baskets to sell and fortunes to tell. Let me see your hand. Ah, how white it is—how lovely! I ought to find good luck in its lines."

I drew quickly back.

"I have no wish to hear my fortune," I answered, coldly, "and if you want to dispose of your baskets, you had better go to the housekeeper's room in the rear of the Hall."

She flashed me a strange glance. Being naturally obtuse, I saw that her eyes were of a soft violet color,

she detached a tiny basket from her neck and held it out to Bee, who was staring at the *bizarre* creature with wide eyes.

"Take it," she coaxed, softly, "and show me the way to the housekeeper, little one. Is this pretty lady your mother?"

"No," answered Bee; "I have no mother."

She limped out into the walk without waiting for any sign either of assent or dissent from me.

"I am lame," she said to the gypsy; "I cannot go very fast."

The woman nodded.

"Yes, I know, little dear! Somebody dropped you long ago, and you never were the same after it. Don't hurry for me."

They vanished around a corner of the stone porch. Assailed by a sudden premonition of danger, I leaped to my feet.

"Come back, Bee!" I shouted, and flew after them, stumbling over the string of baskets which the gypsy had thrown down in the first turn of the path. I looked and saw a red gown disappearing down the wooded terrace. Fear lent me wings. Swift as she was, I was swifter. I grasped the cotton dress, and as I did so, I saw that she was clasping Bee in a suffocating embrace, and that one hand was pressed tight upon the little helpless mouth.

"Stop!" I commanded. "What are you doing with that child?"

"I am taking her away!" she hissed. "Don't attempt to interfere. She is mine—my own flesh and blood, Jetta Ravenel!"

And then I knew who this basket-vender was.

"I *must* interfere," I said, "for she is in my charge—I am answerable for her safety. You cannot go a step further. Give her back to me at once. See! you are choking her cruelly!" Then I raised a loud cry of "Help! help!" which I knew would be heard by some of the workmen always at hand. She struggled to free herself, but I held the red skirts like a vise.

"Let go, you serpent!" panted my blue-eyed gypsy, and out from her bosom flashed a long, sharp blade, like a stiletto. She tried to strike at me, but I snatched the weapon from her, and threw it into the shrubbery. We could hear feet running down the terrace.

"I will never forgive you for this!" hissed the gypsy. "A moment ago I told you that you were in danger on the island—you shall see that I spoke truly. Well, take the child now, but there will come another time and another chance, and then—then look to yourself, Jetta Ravenel!"

She dropped Bee and fled, just as Harris and the assistant gardener appeared at my side.

"Don't pursue her, Harris!" I cried, incoherently; "don't try to overtake her!" And I seized Bee and ran to the house, where I told my story to Mrs. Otway. She grew very grave.

"You must go over to Whithaven, Harris," she said to the overseer, "and telegraph the affair to Basil Hawkstone. He ought to know of it before he starts for Egypt. This first attempt to abduct the child may be followed by others."

Harris departed on his errand, and the outcome of the whole matter was this: The next day the lord of Tempest Island, after an absence of six years, returned again to his sea-girt kingdom.

Bee had been sent to bed. The hour was waxing late. I sat in my own room adjoining the nursery, reading the "Idyls of the King," when a servant rapped at the door.

"Mr. Hawkstone has come, Miss Ravenel," she announced, "and Mrs. Otway says will you please step down-stairs?"

I arose at once. It was Bee's birthday, and in her honor I had donned one of the few smart gowns which I possessed—a trailing, white wool, embroidered in pale roses, and clasped at the waist with an antique silver girdle. A silver dagger pinned the coils of my tar-black hair, and I still wore in my corsage an opulent cluster of jacqueminot roses which Bee had placed there at dinner. It was a wild night, with an east wind blowing, and the rain sweeping in torrents by the windows. Mrs. Otway had lighted a wood fire in the hall, and the two were standing before it as I descended the shallow stair. Basil Hawkstone turned and looked up at me. I, quite as curious, looked down at him. Yes, it was the same person that I had seen on the beach at Peg's Inlet. There was the face, carved as if from stone, the scar on the cheek, the eyes of hard, cold, iron-gray, the bronzed, soldierly look. One hand seemed to be injured—he wore it in a sling. As I approached the fire he made me a profound bow, and Mrs. Otway said, simply:

"Surely you two remember each other. I have sent for you, Miss Ravenel, to tell Mr. Hawkstone the story of yesterday. As you were the heroine of the affair, he wants to hear it from your lips."

"I am no heroine," I protested, and briefly related the incident of the previous day.

Hawkstone leaned against the mantel, and moved his injured hand as though in pain.

"Pray sit down, sir," urged Mrs. Otway; "you are hurt."

"I met with a slight accident a few nights ago," he answered; "it is nothing—don't mind me. I know not which to admire more in this precious business"—and he gave an unpleasant laugh—"the effrontery of the basket-vender, or Miss Ravenel's prompt and courageous action. One thing is certain—you did well to telegraph to me, Mrs. Otway. To-morrow I should have been on the sea. Now"—he took a turn across the hearth—"it is necessary to change all my plans." Then, stopping suddenly, he looked at me in a way that took my breath. "It seems that my cousin Vincent has, for once, made a wise choice. Shall I congratulate you, Miss Ravenel, upon your prospective entrance into a family whose closets abound in skeletons? I scarcely think I ought. The past records of the house prove that I should not. There is a curse upon us, and it seems to fall heaviest upon the women who take the Hawkstone name."

I felt the blood rise to my face.

"You are laboring under some mistake," I said, haughtily. "Who has dared to tell you that your cousin is—is anything to me?"

He stared.

"No less a person than Vincent himself."

"It is a falsehood," I said, dryly; "you have been well duped."

"What! Are you not about to marry that boy?" he demanded, sharply.

"Certainly not—emphatically not!"

He looked thoroughly annoyed.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Ravenel. Ah!"—under his breath—"it is the same old Vincent!" Then he turned to his housekeeper: "Mrs. Otway, has my cousin been much at the island of late?"

"Yes, sir; every day in the week since Miss Ravenel came. He has tormented her a great deal, and, sir," speaking hurriedly, as though she did not mean to miss her opportunity, "if something is not done about it, I am sure we shall lose her, which will break Miss Bee's heart."

He gave me a lightning glance. I bore it steadily, determined, first of all, to escape from the false position in which Vincent Hawkstone had placed me.

"It is quite true," I said, in a firm voice; "if your cousin is permitted to annoy me further, I cannot remain at Tempest Island."

He bent his brows in an unpleasant way.

"Be at ease, Miss Ravenel. I will see that Vincent is properly suppressed. He shall trouble you no more. You are, or have been, a ward of mine, remember. I promised my stepmother to look after your welfare—in future I shall certainly do so."

"You are very kind," I answered, coldly, "but I have reached an age when I no longer need a guardian."

"I think you err," he replied; "you need one now more than ever before!"

I crept back to my own room, taking with me the memory of his formidable eyes and authoritative manner. My sleep that night was troubled and fitful. When I descended to breakfast next morning Basil Hawkstone was walking on the porch with his daughter.

"Oh!" cried Bee, wild with delight at the sudden appearance of her father, "come and see my papa, Miss Ravenel. I want you to love him as I do. You must love papa, for my sake."

"What an irrational and enormous demand!" answered Hawkstone. "Let us go in to breakfast. The mail has arrived, Miss Ravenel. You will find your portion of it on the hall-table."

There were several letters from former schoolmates, and one from my brother Gabriel, brief and mysterious.

"Meet me at sunset to-night on the shore at Peg Patton's Inlet"—it said—"and be secret and silent about it. Bring your pupil, Beatrice Hawkstone, with you. Will explain everything at the meeting. Fail on no account to fetch the child, as much—very much depends upon my seeing her. I am in a sore strait—I need your sisterly counsel. In God's name, bring the child!"

This letter filled me with amazement. What did Gabriel want—what *could* he want with little Bee? How I got through that breakfast I do not know. Hawkstone talked mostly to Mrs. Otway.

"I have sent to New York for my traps," I heard him say. "I shall not go abroad again. I see that I am needed at Tempest Island more than at Cairo. For years this old Hall has been like a tomb. Engage an extra corps of servants, and open all the vacant rooms. In a week or two I shall fill them with guests."

We were just rising from table when a step sounded on the porch, and Vincent Hawkstone pushed back the door of the breakfast-room, and stood before us. At sight of his cousin he recoiled, changing color violently.

"Heaven above! Prince Lucifer," he stammered.

"You here—at Tempest Island!"

Hawkstone laid his sound hand on the intruder's shoulder.

"Come into the library, boy," he commanded, sternly.

"I have something to say to you."

Vincent flashed me a fierce, questioning glance. I felt

four large red tiles, around which were placed flat, which formed a second covering to this sort of chagus. As the excavations continue, new objects discovered.

"WITH AN AMETHYST."

(Suggested by a Persian Fable.)

By HERMAN MERIVALE.

WHITE lie the February snows,
By wooing sunbeams softly kissed,
And at thy white breast, lady, glows
My amethyst.

The magic hues that lurk beneath
The surface of the purple wine,
Fall on the snowdrift's rippling breath,
And upon thine.

Then as an emblem wear my gem,
As sun to snow, dear, let it be:
So may this radiant mystery lift
Thine heart to me.

Not mine the parable, fair child;
'Twas whispered to the air along
The ages, in the music wild
Of Persian song.

Of all the months whose jeweled round
The circling year doth diadem,
Each one, the poet fabled, found
Its special gem.

The wealth of shifting hues that lies
In Eastern Earth's unfathomed heart,
For every season's change supplies
A counterpart.

The red heat of the torrid zone—
The frozen Arctic's iron cold,
In strange symbolic meaning known,
Those gems enfold.

Lead by this light, our birthdays tell
A lesson of his own to each;
And Autumn's wane, or Summer's spell,
Their moral teach.

To thee, the February days,
That lengthen out to herald Spring,
The amethyst's imprisoned rays
For token bring.

Then let Spring's diamond light thine hair,
And Summer's pearl entwine thy wrist;
But on thy snow-bright bosom wear
My amethyst.

THE CROCUS AND ITS USES.

THE CROCUS, the beloved friend of Smilax, fell before Mercury's murderous quoit, the blood which shed from the wounded boy moistened the turf, and after his death, brought forth a bell-shaped blue withered dish-yellow stigmata—the *Crocus sativus* anista. Poetry declared that the lad was changed to saffron plant. Prose admitted that the flower grew on the ground where he was said to have received his death-blow. Skepticism remarked that probably the plant had grown there long before the incident, whatever it was, that occasioned the fable. One of the utterers of this skeptical sentiment was an Elizabethan scholar, William Harrison, author of the Introduction to Holinshed's Chronicles, who remarked, quaintly:

"A certain young gentleman called Crocus went to plough at scotts in the field with Mercuria, and being harden-

with ornaments and these fibules, carry us back to remote antiquity, even to the first cycle of the Christian era. It was, in fact, the custom of the Romans to place in earthen urns the coins of the reigning emperor, and Nero died from the year 54 to 68.

The most of these vases contained remnants of bones, ashes, and were buried in the earth, without any flag or case. Yet there was found one urn inclosed

and the religion in B——, is coming to Commencement to hear him speak his piece. I hope he hasn't been writing that piece on Indian meal and peanuts. Fancy, their complaining of his joking!—if a fellow can joke on Indian meal and theology!"

"Henry Augustus," interrupted his father, again, "Luther is not sound, I am afraid! Not sound!" he added, mournfully, shaking his head. "The seminary has been happily free from heresy, but I fear there are a few who are tainted now."

"He seems spiritual. He is very fervent when he leads a prayer-meeting," said Mrs. Gerrish, a little woman, who, sitting meagre and graceless among her handsome sons and daughters, looked as if she had bestowed upon them the last vestige of her comeliness."

"What can be expected of a man who allows himself to be called Sammy, and is little and red-haired?" said Malvina, with a sidelong glance at her sister Kate.

Malvina was pert and sixteen.

Aunt Cordelia clasped her be-ringed hands—of how many country parishes had those rings been the scandal!—and bent her head pensively over them.

"I am very much interested in young Luther," she said. "His father was—well, if it had not been for dear Jeremiah, one can scarcely say what might have happened!"

Aunt Cordelia had been a seminary belle in her day, and, seen through the mist of years, her triumphs constantly increased and multiplied. The sentimental associations in which she reveled when she came each year to Commencement were severely scorned by the youthful Gerrishes as products of a frivolous fancy, but they were very real to Aunt Cordelia.

"Poor John Luther! He was very talented. He wrote an acrostic on Cordelia, which was copied all over the country, and thought to be quite equal to Byron. And Lucy Bray and I were always friends, although she knew that I was John's first choice. When beau-catchers came in, we were the first to wear them, and we had sprigged muslin dresses, exactly alike, the year that John and Jeremiah graduated. And so the young man is to be called to a B—— church. He must be brilliant if he is like his father. I have often thought, if I had a daughter, how sweetly romantic it would be— And if I haven't a daughter, I have a niece."

The arch glance which Aunt Cordelia cast in her niece Kate's direction was intercepted by the deacon's heavy frown.

"He won't be called to the B—— church," he said. "It's a stanch church, sound to the core. And if the young man hasn't shown them his colors, he will at Commencement. These young sprigs can't resist that opportunity to show how far they've got beyond the faith once delivered to the saints. I hear that his subject is to be 'Christianity and Evolution.' He'll make it quite clear, no doubt, that when the Scriptures say Adam was made of the dust of the earth, they really mean that he was evolved from a long-tailed monkey."

"Dear! dear! If I remember rightly, his father was not quite discreet about expressing his opinions," said Aunt Cordelia.

"People shouldn't have such opinions," said the deacon.

"Oh, no; of course not. It's quite sad," said Aunt Cordelia, who had always steered clear of theology, as necessary, doubtless, but not diverting.

She allowed her reminiscences to wander to other fellow-students of Jeremiah who had also fallen victims to her own id Sammy Luther, with his insignificant

person, his unsound theology, and his frugal diet, slipped out of the conversation.

Not out of Aunt Cordelia's mind, however, where sentimentality reigned supreme. A love affair, spiced with an obdurate father and a frowning world, would have been a godsend without the additional flavor of its connection with her old lover. She resolved to visit Kate that very night in her maiden bower, and assure herself that she had not misunderstood her confusion and her blushes. Kate was her favorite niece. She was pretty; she was said to look like her Aunt Cordelia, and she loved pretty clothes, and had nice, soft ways; she was not like Malvina, who was sharply critical, nor like Lauretta, who affected metaphysics.

Aunt Cordelia flattered herself that she could be astute when it was desirable to call such a quality into play. She talked to Kate about Allan Wales and Malvina's pertness, and hinted gently at the desirability of choosing one's ways according to one's own lights, rather than one's father's, and then, finding Kate quite airy and impalpable, she descended to Commencement festivities and gowns, even to Commencement weather, but allowing tears to gradually gather weight and slip down her cheeks.

"Dear Aunt Cordelia!" said soft Kate.

"I'm sure—I don't wish to force—your confidence," "Kate!" said Aunt Cordelia, wiping her eyes.

After that it was all plain sailing. Although no names were spoken, and Kate was quite sure that she was not betraying herself, Aunt Cordelia went away satisfied that she had a real romance in her hands, and that the hour and the woman had met.

It was to Henry Augustus that she applied, in an off-hand manner, for further information concerning the hero of her romance, and learned that he lived in the old First Church, on L—— Street, which residence he obtained rent-free, did his own cooking (so far as Indian meal required it), and slept either in a pew or the pulpit (on this point Henry Augustus was forced to acknowledge uncertainty). And these rigid economies, unusual even among B—— theological students, who were famous for mortifying the flesh, were due to the fact that the income which he derived from teaching in the vacations was shared with a lazie and lazy brother.

"How charming! but the brother really ought to be put a stop to," said Aunt Cordelia, somewhat vaguely.

Before the interview ended it was definitely understood that Mr. Samuel Luther was to be made to call the next day. The subject of family prejudices was not ignored, but Henry Augustus, alas! had his price.

B—— was a hospitable town at any time, and of a decorous gayety that effervesced in tea-drinkings and musicales, and now and then a half-surreptitious dance or amateur play. Now its pulses were all astir with June and Commencement. Every one kept open house, and each train and stage brought visitors, some coming as pilgrims to a Mecca, some to make holiday, some—parents, uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, whose toils and self-denials had brought about this day—to witness the triumphs of the "boy" who, wondrous thought, was almost a minister.

Five o'clock tea was in progress in the Gerrishes' big square parlor when Samuel Luther made his appearance in his old-fashioned best coat, and looking ten times barbered. There were a dozen visitors, the seminary being largely represented, and goddess Kate was dispensing nectar and ambrosia in the shape of Souchong tea, and crackers spread with deviled ham, which latter refreshment enjoyed great popularity in seminary circles, as

combining lightness with staying qualities in a most happy manner.

Aunt Cordelia's effusive greeting took off something of the frosty edge of Kate's surprise. (He had not crossed the threshold before for three months).

Allan Wales was there, irritatingly languid and at home, and Kate's sweetness, shed moderately upon others, overflowed upon him. Samuel Luther wished that he had resisted the temptation to come, and called himself less than a man both because he had not staid away and because he was miserable in coming.

He took himself away as soon as possible, and in the street he laughed aloud in self-contempt that he should be jealous, like a lovesick boy; he whose soul was set upon a lofty purpose which took no account of foolish human longings; he, moreover, who was engaged to be married to Sarah Abby Clisby, who lived at Price's Mills, and had snapping black eyes and a profusion of ringlets, and was slightly unstable in the matter of grammar. The engagement had been formed when he was twenty, and Sarah Abby's mother, as poor almost as himself, had given him homely succor in the shape of "doing up" his shirts, and darning his stockings, and sending him boxes of doughnuts and dried-apple pies. Now she was the wife of the prosperous proprietor of Price's Mills, and had risen to quite magnificent social life. But love's tide had fallen as fortune's rose, at least with Samuel Luther; or had he only become conscious of Sarah Abby's uncongeniality since he had met Miss Kate Gerrish? Certain it was that he set his teeth whenever he thought of her, and he thought of her as little as possible, although he faithfully read and answered her crossed and recrossed letters, and had urged her to set a day for their marriage soon as he should be settled in the ministry.

It was probable that Kate Gerrish had never heard of Sarah Abby. If she had, she might not have thought it worth the while to wait even her coldness upon him. But what had that glance meant that she gave him with her hand at parting?—half sad and reproachful! And how sweet and frank her eyes were! If he had been a monk, with a hundred let and a score, as they would have been brought into requisition, he would be a student in the B—— Theological Seminary. He repaired to his lodgings in the old church, and steadily set a dish of cold beans upon his kerosene stove (he had declined the crackers *au jambon*), and while it warmed he attempted to assimilate a profound theological work, but in the most abstruse reasonings Kate's smile was tangled, and deeper than the deepest problem Kate's eyes looked up at him.

The beans burned with a most unpleasant odor, and he threw them out, and devoted himself to putting the finishing touches to "Christianity and Evolution," which was the next day to be given to the world.

He understood as well as Deacon Gerrish that this would seal his fate so far as the city church was concerned, but nothing—he said to himself—should hinder him from preaching the truth as it was revealed to him—from helping to let God's daylight into the world.

There was East Orland; they were looking to the seminary for a minister for East Orland, with its French-Canadian mill hands, and its "back folks," who were little better than savages.

East Orland was but a narrow field, yet even the birds of the air would carry the seed. And he had not set himself to do the King's business with any thought of worldly advantage.

Just as the cracked bell in the tower over his head rang out nine o'clock he wrote the final word of his

essay, and folded it in the brand-new sermon-case, which he had bought with a kind of shamefaced pleasure.

And just at that time Aunt Cordelia slipped silently out from the group that sat upon Deacon Gerrish's hospitable porch, unobserved, except by Henry Augustus.

"If the old doll isn't going to keep an appointment with the ghost of one of her admirers in Seminary Lane!" murmured that irreverent youth, as he watched her trip down a side street.

Nine o'clock was late in primitive B——.

With wonder Samuel Luther opened the basement-door of his spacious lodgings in answer to a gentle tapping, that suggested Poe's "Raven." Quite unraven-like, however, were Aunt Cordelia's smiling wrinkles under a canopy of coquettish yellow (dyed) curls, and a filmy white wool "fascinator." In spite of a sense of humor and a ready wit, which made the graver members of the Faculty shake their heads over him, he took Aunt Cordelia seriously. She was so near the rose that he regarded her with a kind of reverence. He could not be insensible to her follies, but it would have seemed a sacrilege to laugh at them.

With her finger on her lip Aunt Cordelia murmured of times when conventionalities were not to be thought of, and gently but firmly she descended the two rickety steps, beating back, as it were, her host, whose consternation at the thought of the unseemliness of his *intérieur* impelled him to bar the way.

The air was still redolent of burnt beans. He hastily thrust some cooking utensils, including a blackened and malodorous kerosene stove, under the desk, which evidently served him as a pantry, and took his coat down from the motto, "Consider the Lilies of the Field," where it hung.

Such evidences of poverty might have deterred a practical woman, but even the burnt beans were as a sweet savor in Aunt Cordelia's romantic nostrils. In the imaginary romances in which she herself rejuvenated, figured as heroine, and with which she beguiled many dull hours, there was always poor, and she sacrificed untold wealth for his sake. She *could* have wished that Samuel Luther were better-looking. In her secret soul she deplored his nearsightedness (although she had declared to Kate that she considered it scholarly and engaging), but she had learned that even the rose of romance has its thorn.

She revealed her mission as soon as he had, still in perturbation of spirit, seat her upon a broken settee, and himself on the edge of the platform. Her words, doubtless, were foolish—Aunt Cordelia could not well be otherwise—but they went to Samuel Luther's head like wine. They were incredible, but he could not resist their intoxication.

"She had no right to betray her niece's confidence," Aunt Cordelia said; "but, then, there had really been no confidence. She had discovered for herself, by unmistakable signs, that Kate's heart was his."

Samuel Luther was conscious of making unintelligible, semi-idiotic murmurs of incredulity, such as seemed called for from a man in such a position; but the fitful kerosene showed Aunt Cordelia his face, and she was quite satisfied.

He was also conscious of uttering general conversational imbecilities as she arose to go; and of seizing the blackened kerosene lamp, at her bidding, to show her the old church, although it seemed to him a somewhat inconsequent and inappropriate proceeding; and of her being a long time in following him up the cobwebbed staircase—the light was feeble and the stairs creaked

agitated, and — could it be — reproachful? She might look like that if she knew! Whether it was her look or the church representative's that caused a sudden revulsion of feeling in him, Samuel Luther could never quite determine, but he came all at once to himself.

He turned toward the Faculty, and a flutter of apprehension was perceptible through their solemnity.

"The essay that I have been reading is not my own," he said, "with almost unnecessary distinctness. 'It was written by some one else, and substituted for mine, I do not know how.'"

"And have you just discovered it, sir?" said the president, severely. "If this is a jest, it is a most unseemly one, truly!"

"It is not a jest, sir. I yielded to the temptation to read it because I thought it would be for my worldly advantage to do so," said Samuel.

Sensations were rare at the B—— Seminary Commencement exercises. The president promptly suppressed the rising murmur in the audience, by saying:

"Will you be so good as to give place to the next, Mr. Luther!"

And Samuel Luther stepped out through the ante-room, pushing back the friendly hands of fellow-students that were extended to him, and wishing that the earth were friendly enough to open and swallow him up.

Sarah Abby awoke her mother, whose red feathers had been bobbing about this way and that, all through the exercises.

"Oh, mother, Sam has done something dreadful. I don't know what it is, but I always knew he would. We must go and find him, for I can't wait to know what is the matter!"

"Dear! dear! He was speaking a beautiful piece," said good old Mrs. Clisby, who was accustomed to judge of such efforts by their commendable effects.

"Did you hear how they were all talking about him, and not listening to the other one at all? And that girl in the white bonnet behind us looked as if she was going to faint," said Sarah Abby, in the porch.

They proceeded directly to the church where Samuel lodged; but, owing to Mrs. Clisby's extreme *emboupoint*, he had a few minutes' grace.

"I don't see why you needed to make such a fuss," Sarah Abby said, in an aggrieved tone. "It was a real good sermon, and probably they wouldn't have known that somebody else wrote it if you hadn't told. I hope it won't prevent your getting a call to that city church. They told us at the house where we stopped that you were about sure of getting it, and I've set my heart on living in the city."

"I don't understand what it's all about, Sammy, though nobody can say I wa'n't attendin'," said Mrs. Clisby, plaintively.

"I did a base and foolish thing! I don't know how I could have — but there is no excuse," said Samuel Luther.

"La! there's always excuses for poor human bein's, and things turns out better'n you think if you jest give 'em time," said Mrs. Clisby, comfortably. "And, Sar' Abby, you jest keep still, for there's more sores fretted than there is healed by talkin'. And we'll jest go back to the boardin'-house."

She would have declined his escort, but Samuel insisted upon accompanying them. He bore with desperate courage Sarah Abby's clinging to his arm, which rasped his irritated nerves. The crowd had streamed out of the church, and was overflowing the street through which they had to pass. They came directly upon Aunt Cordelia and Kate; the former tearful behind her veil,

declaring, somewhat inconsequently, that this world was a vale of tears, but she was glad she had married Jeremiah, after all, because there was an odd streak in the Luthers.

Kate stopped him with an outstretched hand and a kindling face.

"I want to congratulate you. I think it was splendidly brave — what you did," she said, somewhat incoherently.

"You are very good," said Samuel, stiffly. "I should like to present my friends to you. I should like to have you know my future wife," he added, with the air of leading a forlorn hope.

Afterward he said to himself that he had done what was unnecessary, and even ridiculous. But just then he was desperately determined upon all the punishment he could get for himself.

The color in Kate's cheek may have wavered, but she did not flinch. She clung for a moment tightly to Aunt Cordelia, after she had said the proper thing, quite naturally and sweetly, and her hero, with his prospective bride and mother-in-law, had passed along.

"And I had meant to leave that misguided young man in my will the copyright of dear Jeremiah's sermons," said Aunt Cordelia, in a stifled voice.

* * * * *

"And, after all, he has received a call to the B—— church," announced Deacon Gerrish, one evening when the nine days' comments had begun to die out. "They persist in treating the matter lightly. Say he must have read it to screen a fellow-student who put it there for a jest, although he distinctly said he did it for his own advantage. Well, if they want to risk it, let them; but I should be afraid of a young man who made such a slip at the start."

Meanwhile, with labor dire and weary woe, Samuel Luther was inditing an epistle to Sarah Abby to convey to her this same information concerning his call to B——, with the additional fact that he had declined it. Explanations of this course were necessary, and he offered them as fully and lucidly as possible, but with the depressing consciousness that they would be to Sarah Abby as an unknown tongue.

There came to him in due season the following reply:

"DEAR SAM: In answer to yours, I would say that I don't think you had ought to ask me to be a country minister's wife, for now I know what it is to live in the world and see folks, I couldn't stand it, anyhow. If I was odd, I should think something of what other folks liked, and you don't seem to. Mother says it's a duty, besides being genteel, to marry a minister, but there's duty other ways, I say, and Joe Price that never would have married Huldah French, that wasn't what she ought to be, if I hadn't given him the mitten on account of you, has come home a widower with a little girl that needs a mother's care. And Joe is just like other folks, and I know what to make of him, and there wouldn't be no comfort in marriage without that. Mother, she's taking on because I'm going to hurt your feelings so, but I tell her it ain't so bad to be fretting because you ain't married to somebody as 'tis because you are. That's the way I look at it, and I hope you won't have no bad feelings."

"P.S. — That girl that gets red and white so easy, that you introduced me to, she sets more by ministers than I do, in my opinion. And so no more from yours affectionately,

"SARAH ABBY CLISBY."

* * * * *

"Is this true that I hear, that Kate is going to marry young Luther, after all?" demanded Aunt Cordelia, as soon as she entered the house on her Autumn visit the same year.

"Well, the deacon talked with him, and found he was sounder than he thought," admitted Mrs. Gerrish. "And Kate's heart was so set upon him. It seemed to begin

with her pitying him so when he made that—that mistake at Commencement. The ways of Providence are not ours."

"Sometimes they are," said Aunt Cordelia, with mysterious triumph (which she never explained). "Well, he is very odd," she continued, "but being at the head of a great city church——"

"A city church? We are going to East Orland!" said Kate, radiantly.

JACK FROST.

BY WALTON HOOK.

Ha! Ha! Jack Frost,
Is the frontier crossed
That divides us from Autumn's domain?
Are we far on the road
To your icy abode
O'er the track of your wintry plain?
Whose leafless trees
All elbows and knees,
All crooked, and crank, and cropt,
Seem struck of a heap in the act of a leap,
Surprised by your breath in a dance of death,
And all fast glued in the gaunt attitude—
They last had chanced to adopt!

Ho! Ho! Jack Frost,
Have you rudely tossed
To the winds our sylvan fleece?
Bold thief of the wood
You shall make it good
With the folds of your snow pelisse.
For the gold and bronze
Of the Autumn fronds,
Whose tints you would not spare,
You shall pay full score of snowflakes hoar.
Compound for the crime with glist'ning rime,
You shall trim the meads with crystal beads—
And crisp the morning air.

Our gable-heights
Your stalactites
In fringes shall festoon,
You shall lay the lake—
Or I much mistake—
With a polished floor full soon;
Each bough you stripped
Shall be bravely 'quipped
In a coat of sparkling cold—
Each hedge you scour a fairy bow'r,
Your morning breath a silver wreath,
Your starlit night a crown of light—
You shall pay us back fourfold!

THE CITY OF ROCHESTER, N. Y. SOME OF ITS FEATURES OF INTEREST AND BEAUTY.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MRS. C. INGERSOLL GARA.

THE past Summer was peculiarly adapted to the enjoyment of the tourist and sketcher, with seldom a day too warm or too cold for an "outing" on land or water.

A visit to Rochester in the balmy month of June was replete with interest and pleasure. Accepting an invitation from a dear relative, my friend and I were enabled to see to advantage this beautiful inland city, containing about 140,000 inhabitants. The first idea naturally is, from what sources come all this wealth, culture and refinement? The answer is, from her vast manufactures, rating, commercially, from twenty to thirty millions annually; and from her schools, her colleges, museums, musical institutions, picture galleries, etc. It is worthy of mention that Rochester has the largest and best

collection of paintings in this country. Mr. D. W. Powers entered upon this commendable enterprise in 1876, soon after the completion of the imposing block bearing his name. Five stories of the immense structure have been converted into permanent galleries, finished and furnished in Oriental style, and filled with works of art, many of rare excellence. Mr. Powers visits the art centres of Europe frequently, in company with a competent *connoisseur*, bringing back additional treasures for his collection. This gallery is his special pride, and the citizens of Rochester, and Western New York generally, feel that he is entitled to their sincerest gratitude. It may be stated in this connection that many prominent artists of the present day are of Rochester origin, receiving therein their first inspirations. Forty years ago Rochester gave art exhibitions, long before any suitable place had been provided for such purposes. In 1843 a fine collection of European paintings, including a full-length portrait of George IV., by Sir Thomas Lawrence, was exhibited in the Court House; Page's "Venus," in a hotel ballroom; Powers's "Greek Slave," "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi," and Peale's "Court of Death," in inappropriate rooms; but they nevertheless helped to develop a love for the beautiful.

To Rochester belongs the honor of introducing the modern free high school. In 1820 the first young ladies' academy was established, its founder and principal teacher being Miss Maria Allyn, whose brother commanded the good ship *Bellerophon*, in which Lafayette sailed to America.

Among Rochester's many attractive resorts may be mentioned the Genesee River. Accompanied by a small party, with well-filled lunch-baskets, we take a little steam-yacht at the foot of the falls for a trip down to Charlotte, on Lake Ontario, four miles distant, and a stopping-place for lake boats. While waiting for passengers, before starting, we take our pencil and make a picture of the Lower Genesee Falls. At the same time a friend at our side tells an oft-told, touching legend concerning the cliff above, a simple, pathetic tale. "'Tis said a pale-faced wanderer paddled up the river one Summer's day, long years ago. He reached the camp on the riverside and made his home with the tribe. Ere long his native country and his people were forgotten in the happiness of loving and being loved by a beautiful forest maiden. They were married in the Indian fashion, and the days, passed away like moments in their wigwam by the 'singing cataract.' One day a strange canoe, filled with white men, came up the Genesee in search of the pale-faced wanderer, who proved to be an exiled chieftain, or nobleman, of France. His friends came to carry him back to honor and fortune; but his heart was in the wild woods, and he refused to go. Then they sought to compel him; but, clasping his wife in his arms, the exile rushed to the brink of the great cliff, which rose straight up above the water, and springing far out over the precipice, the two were crushed and mangled on the rocks below. Tradition has failed to preserve the name of the white brave and his dusky bride." A sigh and a tear are our only response.

It was from this precipice that Sam Patch made his last fatal leap. Sam had acquired quite a reputation before his final plunge by making an aquatic descent at Paterson, N. J., and by jumping into Niagara River. He had a habit of saying, "Some things could be done as well as others," and devotion to this idea cost him his life. On the 8th of November, 1829, he leaped over the precipice close to the Genesee Falls, a distance of ninety-six feet, accompanied in his plunge by a tame

bear. Both came to the surface apparently as well satisfied with the performance as were the crowd of spectators. Not content with this success, Sam announced that he would exceed it, and on the 13th of the same month ascended a scaffolding twenty-nine feet higher, from which he made the terrific leap, striking the water on one side. He did not rise to view, and no trace of the foolish adventurer was found until the following Spring, when his mangled body and broken limbs were discovered at the mouth of the river, and buried in the little cemetery at Charlotte.

At last the boat was filled with a rollicking party of schoolgirls, chaperoned by a sweet-faced young woman dressed in the garb of the *religieuse*, and now we steam away down the river, stopping a few minutes below Rattlesnake Point, at the top of which are the remains of immense Indian fortifications. Reaching Charlotte, we find it a most charming resort on the shore of Lake Ontario, with hotels, restaurants, dancing-halls, parks, and many beautiful private cottages. This point is Rochester's only outlet by water to the St. Lawrence River and the great chain of northern lakes, with no harbor to protect the mariner from destructive storms.

Irondequoit Bay, or, as it was originally called by the Mohawks, Tan-ia-tare-on-te-quat, which means *an opening into*, is an arm of Lake Ontario nearly five miles in length, and an attractive body of water. The mouth of this bay is spanned by a bridge on the Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad. Throughout the pleasant Summer days may be seen recreation parties sailing up and down on all kinds of craft, and along the shores are hotels and inviting cottages. Among the latter Seth Green's stands out on a bold wooded cliff, and as the sun sinks down behind the Western hills, it sets the scene all aglow with prismatic colors, making a picture not soon forgotten. The departing rays touch the genial face and rotund form of the man who sits on the porch in a big armchair, and whose name is intimately associated with fish-culture. Admonished by the coming shades of evening, we hasten back to our starting-point, well satisfied with a few hours' experience amid scenes of interest and beauty near the City of Rochester.

STORIES OF PARROTS.

BREHM, the author of a German work, called "The History of Animals," affirms that parrots of the more intelligent Indian and African varieties have not only been taught many phrases which they repeat by rote, but that they have come to understand the meaning of what they say, and use words independently, in their proper sense.

He cites the case of an East Indian parrot who learned a number of Dutch words in his native country. Brought to Europe, he learned a number of German and French words in succession. He asked for water, for food, for playthings, and for a chance to get out of his cage, which was regularly allowed him. He did not always use the German word for what he wanted, in speaking to Germans, but sometimes substituted the Dutch words, in their proper sense. No doubt a good many of his native speeches and jabberings were put down as "Dutch" by his German masters.

Scaliger tells of a parrot who imitated the calls used in the dances of the Savoyards, and repeated parts of their songs; and Jacques Brunot, a French writer, tells of an African parrot who danced as he had seen the people do, repeating as he did so the words of their song, "A little step! A little jump! Ion! Ion!"

Menault, another Frenchman of science, tells of a famous parrot, for which Cardinal Bossa paid a hundred gold crowns, because he recited without a blunder the Apostles' Creed and chanted the Magnificat correctly.

The story is recorded in English anecdotal collections, if not in grave histories, that a parrot belonging to Henry VIII. once fell into the Thames, and summoned passers-by to the rescue by calling out "Help! help!"

The Indian parrot of whom the account is given by Brehm was deprived of its mistress by death. It refused to eat, and cried, repeatedly, "Where is madame? Where is madame?" One of the friends of the family, an elderly major, once patronized the parrot by saying to him, "Jump on to your perch, Jacko, there's a good bird; jump on to your perch!" Jacko looked at him an instant, contemptuously, and then exclaimed, "Jump on to the perch, major, jump on to the perch!"

MEXICAN PEDDLERS.

Among the established institutions of Mexico are the itinerant merchants, who continually perambulate the streets; for if the mountain can't come to Mohammed, it naturally follows that Mohammed goes to the mountain. Besides his little tray of goods, and the ribbons, laces, scarfs and embroideries hung over his arms and shoulders, the peddler carries a camp-table, which he spreads upon the pavement, and deposits his tray thereon while conducting business between the bars of the windows; for, being "a horrid man," of course he must not go inside.

Apparently the female heart is the same the wide world over, and the great delight which these dark-eyed women take in purchasing all manner of trumpery, from silk dresses to gingerbread horses, is identical with that of their European cousins.

At all hours of every day, but especially on Sundays, in every city and hamlet of Mexico, these perambulating merchants swarm the streets, offering all imaginable commodities, from a lunch of hot tamales or sweet potatoes, to hair-puffs and tresses. They push into your windows and insist upon your purchasing, not only notions innumerable, but the goods of tailors and hardware merchants, milliners and grocers, shoes, jewelry, saddles and harness, pigs, alive and dead; pieces of meat, goats and poultry, young kids that cry like babies, cages of birds, opals fresh from the mines and pearls from Pacific fisheries, antiquities from ruined pyramids and buried cities, sometimes of priceless value, which they sell for a few cents because they are old; in short, everything the imagination can conceive.

The fruit-peddler bears his figs, bananas, grapes, onions, peppers and potatoes, all mixed together, in the huge wooden bowl upon his head. The dulce (sweet-stuff) vender carries his sweets on a tray, slung around his neck with a rope of maguey; the milk-seller bears his cans upon his back; the water-carrier has two enormous jars, one hanging behind, the other before, both upheld by a leathern strap around his forehead; while the petroleum man carries his well-watered stock in a tin box and retails it by the gill, or wholesales it at the rate of fifty cents a gallon. The baker comes round twice a day, at early morn and dewy eve, with his bread, which would make excellent cannon-balls, in a basket balanced upon his head. He always carries his precious sombrero, which probably cost him a year's earnings, in the basket among the loaves, and, if a thrifty fellow, he economizes his shoes in the same manner. Meanwhile the air is

vocal with other cries. The cake-vender shouts in soft-voweled Castilian, "Fat little cakes! Fat little cakes! Here are good fat little cakes!" "Curd cakes!" cries another. "*Mantequilla! Mantequilla!*" croaks the half-naked creature who suddenly thrusts under your nose a pot of odoriferous grease; while the vender of poultry, sauntering along in the sun with his cane cage on his shoulders, sings, in sleepy monotone, "Ducks and chickens! Oh, my soul! Good ducks and chickens!"

CONVENTS IN THE AIR.

SIMILAR conditions lead to similar results all the world over. A few years ago people were struck by photographs made of groups of houses and little villages on almost inaccessible rocks, or on cliffs on the side of rocky mountains. The Moqui territory in the United States shows several such.

M. de Drée, a French traveler, visiting lately the Meteores, or Greek monasteries, in Turkey, shows an almost identical system of selecting places of abode. In places resembling our Bad Lands, where convulsions of nature had left rocks standing isolated, varying in form and bulk, Greek monks in the olden time, flying from the world, had reared homes on the summits. Religious exaltation, a spirit of St. Simon Stylites, had doubtless some part in the selection of these strangely isolated abodes, but the more human desire of being able to live in peace and quiet had doubtless its influence also.

At the time this system was adopted the land was overrun with armed bands, which lived by pillage, and considered the Christians especially given up to them by the connivance of Government. Even now they are not free from danger, and the few convents which are still inhabited are compelled to resort to many precautions in order to insure their safety from the brigands who still defy the authorities.

In Albania, near Tricala, are situated the far-famed Meteor Monasteries. Their name may be interpreted as describing their position, high in the air, or as expressing the elevated and religious ideas of their ascetic occupants. A manuscript dating from the early part of the sixteenth century relates that in 1356 two monks of Mount Athos, Athanasios and Gregorios, left their convents, which had been pillaged by corsairs, and journeyed to Doupiani, attracted thither by the report of the charms of the Meteor rocks, and of the virtuous life of their brethren of Stagi. This portion of the country is mountainous, abounding in ridges of high hills, varying from 2,500 to 8,500 feet above the sea. The outline of these hills is jagged and irregular; cliffs high and precipitous are seen on every side. Sometimes the rocks ascend like perpendicular columns into the air; then again they broaden out at base and summit, while the sides and contour all about are rugged and indented. At times they sink to the depth of hundreds of feet, then again they slope out and away in almost equal proportion, presenting perhaps the oddest, most irregularly fashioned monuments of nature in the world.

Upon one of these high rocks—Stylos, the column—the two monks settled, but Gregorios suffered so much from the extreme cold of this high altitude that he soon withdrew to Constantinople. Athanasios, a man of indomitable will and iron constitution, obtained permission of the Bishop of Stagi to ascend the "large rock." On its summit he discovered an extended plateau admirably suited for his purpose, where he might devote himself to prayer and the contemplation of God, far removed from

the haunts of men, and safe, especially from the incursions of the bands of brigands, who contended among themselves for the possession of the country, and preyed upon the inhabitants. Here he founded a little church, which afterward became the Meteor. He was soon joined by another monk of Mount Athos, Joasaph Paléologue, whose wealthy sister sent them goats and buffaloes, and furnished them with means to enlarge the church. But although Athanasios owed the beginning of his prosperity to a woman, he was an ardent misogynist. In his will not only does he repeat the decree that women should not be allowed to pass the prescribed limits, but he orders the monks never to give food to a woman, even if she be dying of starvation. A mural painting of 1484 represents him clad in a long white robe, tied at the waist by a cord passed through an iron ring, and a brown mantle. He was an enthusiast and a prophet, and several of his predictions are quoted, which, it is claimed, were fulfilled several years after their utterance.

The first of the eerie convents was that of Doupiana, recognized as the head and centre by hermits who gathered around in smaller monasteries, hermitages, or in the natural caverns. In time they erected churches, as the robber bands made it sometimes dangerous to attempt even to visit those at a distance. Ere long they became known as seats where piety and learning flourished, and many, whose convents elsewhere were pillaged or ruined, withdrew to these rocky fastnesses. With better times they began to decline, as the necessity for their maintenance no longer was so great; moreover, their prosperity brought worldly goods, and though other people may with impunity lay up the fruits of their industry, a government always feels bound to convince religious communities that industry and thrift are something very wicked, by depriving them of the fruit of such iniquitous theories.

The traveler found the route to these monasteries no easy matter. It was enough to test the endurance of a Whymper or the whole Alpine Club. The path led through woods and brambles, over cliffs and ravines; the guide enlivening the journey by accounts of famous murders committed at points they passed.

At last they reached a perpendicular rock, rising from the plain. Here a call or blast of a horn brought a monk, who was gradually lowered in a network bag from an opening in the cliff. If the visitors were recognized, he descended, ascertained their purpose, and then returned to report. When the papers presented are satisfactory, the net is lowered for the traveler. In this dizzy way you ascend till you reach the opening, and by the aid of a hook step into the doorway.

The Monastery of St. Varlaam is approached by means of ladders, which are drawn up from terrace to terrace by the monks. This monastery has a fine church, dating back to 1548. In some cases the monks have profited by fissures in the rock, and have turned natural galleries into regular staircases, by which the laborious approach is much improved.

These monasteries were all near Trikkala, not far from the City of Salonika. That of Ak Chéhr, also visited by the traveler, is in the Sultan-Dagh, in Asia Minor, but in its style, position and mode of approach, resembles those on the European side. A stream washes the foot of the bluff on which it is erected, and when at its flood, cuts off all intercourse; fortunately its waters were at this time fordable. The monastery is famous for the fact that the Sultan Bajazet died of apoplexy near it in 1403, while a prisoner in the camp of Tamerlane. This monastery has one of the rock staircases leading to a natural terrace.

this ends at the orifice of a gallery which soon brings you to a staircase and thence to a second terrace, where the rope and net come into requisition, and you at last reach the summit. Here you are gratified by a sight not often met on these pious heights. The rocky surface has such a covering of soil, that vegetation clothes it, and makes it a most agreeable contrast to the majority of the Meteores, whether in Europe or in Asia.

At Altuntach (says a recent traveler) I left the road leading to Afroum Kara Hissar to follow a road on the right leading to a very picturesque monastery of which I had heard. I need scarcely remind the reader that roads in Asia Minor are seldom fit for traveling in buffalo wagons; but such bypaths as I had to follow were difficult even for two horses side by side.

Leaving Altuntach, our path rose steadily, and we soon entered a gorge, with precipitous rocks flanking us on the right and left. I could not complain of the monotony of our journey. My attention was constantly captivated. From time to time the rocks spread apart abruptly, showing a rich and beautiful verdure at their base.

At last, as we came upon a road-crossing, that we fol-

ENTRANCE TO THE CONVENT OF ST. VARLAAM.

lowed, my guide called my attention to the convent, the sight of which was well calculated to excite surprise.

An immense stratified rock rose to an enormous height. At a distance it might be taken for a gigantic cyclopean wall. About 80 or 90 feet from the base yawned a long opening, caused probably by the crumbling away of one of the wide strata, and forming a cavity about 300 feet long.

This was the spot selected by the monks for their abode, having no communication with the outer world except by a rope and net. When we reached the cliff, we found a monk at the base conversing with a peasant who was driving two asses. I at once solicited the privilege of visiting the monastery, and showed him my letters of introduction. He was not easily persuaded. He went up with the stock of provisions he had purchased without giving me any positive assurance, and did not descend for half an hour, when, to my satisfaction, he returned with a favorable answer.

As the basket would hold only one, I sent my guide up to prepare the way for me, and then ascended in my turn, leaving our horses to the care of the peasant. When I

reached the cornice, a staircase led to a little wooden portal, with a belfry about 6 feet high. I was then ushered into the presence of the Superior, to whom I presented my letters and my firman. He bowed with a smile, and himself offered to show me over his little kingdom.

The whole monastery was original. The gap in the rock was not more than 40 or 50 feet deep, and the floor sloped from the centre to each side. Here some little wooden structures had been erected, but the inequalities of the rock had been turned to advantage to form rooms of various sizes. In the centre, a wooden, cross-crowned portal, with columns, led to a chapel hewn into the rock, and lighted by windows opened in the rocky wall. Here lived four or five monks. They did not seem over-studious, their office and devotion books seeming their only literature; but they had carried up earth, and contrived to raise some vegetables and flowers in this strange niche.

I took leave of the Superior, who showed great astonishment at my call, as I was the first visitor whom he had entertained for many a day. He thanked me warmly for my offering, modest as it was, and escorted me pleasantly to the edge of the rocky platform, where, with a cheerful adieu, I re-embarked in my basket and returned to earth.

In Asia Minor there are some other Greek convents which may come under this same name of Meteor, from their elevated and inaccessible position, as for instance the monastery on an island in the middle of a lake near Arkut-Khan, the isolated convent near Oloubourlon, which is reached only by a picturesque staircase carved out of the solid rock, and that in the Salt Lake, approached with equal difficulty, which is now abandoned. Near Altuntach some poor monks have taken refuge in a depression in the face of a rock caused by the shelving out of some of its enormous strata, where again the traditional basket and cord are used to reach their terrace, elevated 80 or 100 feet in the air. Although interesting and picturesque, none of the convents of Asiatic Turkey have ever had much celebrity, nor do they show any vestige of former splendor. In most of them life is reduced to its simplest form, and the poor anchorites who have thus retired so far from the world seem only to have thought of passing their existence as peacefully as possible, with little taste for study and no pastime save, perhaps, a little gardening.

A BUDGET OF PARADOXES.

THERE exists, floating about the world in a verbal form, and occasionally even appearing in print, a certain class of Propositions or Queries, of which the object is to puzzle the wits of the unwary listener, or to beguile him into giving an absurd reply. Many of these are very old, and some are excellent. Instances will readily occur. Who, for example, has not, at some period of his existence, been asked the following question? "If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?" And who has not been tempted to reply on the instant, fifteen pounds? the correct answer being, of course, twenty pounds. Indeed, it is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping. Even the following have been known to succeed: "How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, one yard being cut off every day?"

Or, again: "A snail climbing up a post twenty feet high, ascends five feet every day, and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the post?"

Or again: "A wise man having a window one yard high, and one yard wide, and requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size; yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done?"

This is a catch-question in geometry, as the preceding were catch-questions in arithmetic—the window being diamond-shaped at first, and afterward made square. As to the two former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary seriously to point out, that the answer to the first is *not* fifty days, but forty-nine; and to the second, *not* twenty days, but sixteen—since the snail who gains one foot each day for fifteen days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole, and there remains.

Such examples are plentiful, and occasionally both curious and amusing. But the purpose of the following paper is to illustrate a class of problems of rather a different kind. There are certain problems which are in no way catch-questions (any problem involving a mere verbal quibble is, of course, out of court by its own innate vileness), and which, though at first sight extremely simple, often require considerable ingenuity to arrive at a correct result. Take, for example, the following:

"A man walks round a pole, on the top of which is a monkey. As the man moves, the monkey turns round on the top of the pole so as still to keep face-to-face with the man. Query, When the man has gone round the pole, has he, or has he not, gone round the monkey?"

The answer which will occur at first sight to most persons is that the man has *not* gone round the monkey, since he has never been behind it. The correct answer, however, as decided by *Knowledge*, in the pages of which this momentous question has been argued, is that the man *has* gone round the monkey in going round the pole.

The following has not, so far as the writer is aware, hitherto appeared in print:

"A train standing on an incline is *just* kept stationary by an engine which is not sufficiently powerful to draw it up the incline. A second engine, of the same power as the first, is then brought up to assist by pushing the train from behind, and the two engines together take the train up the incline. Suppose the carriages to be linked together by loose chains, so that when the engine in front is acting, the chains are stretched, and the buffers between the carriages are separated—then, when the train is moving under the action of the two engines, the buffers must be either together or apart. *Which are they?* If they are apart, the engine behind the train is evidently doing no work. If they are together, then the engine in front is doing none. But neither engine alone can move the train. Why, then, does the train move?"

The following was once asked at a university wine-party by a senior wrangler:

"Suppose three snakes, each of which is swallowing another by the tail, so that the three form a circle—then, as the swallowing process continues, the circle evidently grows smaller and smaller. Now, if they thus continue to swallow each other, *what will eventually become of the snakes?*"

Of course it is clear that either the swallowing process must stop somewhere, or that the snakes will vanish down each other's throats. *At what point*, then, will the swallowing cease? If the reader finds himself ready on the spot with a clear and precise answer to this question he will have proved himself of a readier wit than the guests of the above-mentioned wine-party. A little consideration, however, will probably be sufficient to clear up the mystery, and the problem may safely be left to the examination of the ingenious.

"Which, at any given moment, is moving forward fastest, the top of a coach-wheel, or the bottom?" To this apparently very simple question nine persons out of ten, asked at random, will give an incorrect reply. For at first sight it appears evident that both the top and bottom of the wheel must of necessity be moving forward at the same rate—namely, the speed at which the carriage is traveling. But a little thought will show that this is far from being the case. A point on the bottom of the wheel is, in fact, by the direction of its motion round the axis, moving *backward*, in an opposite direction to that in which the carriage is progressing, and is consequently stationary in space; while a point on the top of the wheel is moving *forward*, with the double velocity of its own motion round the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

The following paradox, which has given rise to much discussion, is somewhat akin to the preceding: "How can a ship sail faster than the wind?"

Every yachtsman knows that a ship *can* sail faster than the wind; that is to say, if the wind is blowing ten knots an hour, a ship may be making twelve or fifteen knots an hour. Now, it is obvious that, if the ship is sailing straight before the wind it cannot, at the utmost, travel faster than the wind itself is blowing—as a matter of fact, it will travel much more slowly. If, on the other hand, the ship is sailing at an angle with the wind, it seems at first sight that the wind must act with less effect than before, and the ship, in consequence, sail more slowly still. But, as a matter of fact, the ship not only sails more *quickly* than before, but more quickly than the wind itself is blowing. This is a paradox which few, even those who are well acquainted by experience with the fact, have found themselves able to explain.

Let us consider the difficulty in the light of the following experiment: Place a ball at one side of a billiard table, and with the long cue held lengthwise, from end to end of the table, push the ball across the cloth. The cue here represents the wind, and the ball the ship sailing directly before it; only, as there is here no waste of energy, which in the case of the wind and ship is very great, the ball of course travels at the same rate as the cue—evidently it cannot possibly travel *faster*. Now, suppose a groove to be cut diagonally across the table, from one corner pocket to the other, in which the ball may roll. If the ball be now placed at one end of the groove, and the cue held horizontally and moved forward as before, the ball will travel along the groove (and along the cue) in the same time as the cue takes to move across the table. This is the case of the ship sailing at an angle with the direction of the wind. The groove is considerably longer than the width of the table, more than double as long, in fact. The ball, therefore, travels much faster than the cue which impels it, since it covers more than double the distance in the same time. It is in precisely the same manner that a tacking ship is enabled to sail faster than the wind.

The foregoing mysteries of motion bring to mind the famous paradox of Zeno, by which he sought to prove that all motion is impossible. "A body," thus argued the ingenious philosopher, "must move either in the place where it is, or in the place where it is not. Now, a body in the place where it *is*, is stationary, and cannot be in motion; nor, obviously, can it be in motion in the place where it is not. Therefore, it cannot move at all." It was of this paradox that it was said, "*Solutor ambulando*"—"It is solved by walking." A more practical solution could scarcely be required.

A paradox familiar to the Greeks—that of Achilles

and the tortoise—is well known. Achilles (the swift-footed) allows the tortoise a hundred yards start, and runs ten yards while the tortoise runs one. Now, when Achilles has run a hundred yards the tortoise has run ten yards, and is therefore still that distance ahead. When Achilles has run these ten yards, the tortoise has run one yard. When Achilles has run the one yard, the tortoise has run one-tenth of a yard. And when Achilles has run the one-tenth of a yard the tortoise has run one-hundredth. It is only necessary to continue the same process of reasoning to prove that Achilles can never overtake the tortoise.

A much better paradox, though somewhat of the same kind, runs as follows: "A man, who owes a shilling, proceeds to pay it at the rate of sixpence the first day, threepence the next day, three halfpence the next, three farthings the next, and so on—paying each day half the amount he paid the day before. Supposing him to be furnished with counters of small value, so as to be able readily to pay fractions of a penny, how long would it take him to pay the shilling?" The answer is, that he would *never* pay it. It is true that he will pay elevenpence farthing in four days. But the remaining three farthings he can never pay.

This paradox varies from the preceding in one important particular, and deserves to be called a better paradox for this reason, that we know that Achilles, in spite of all reasoning, *will* certainly overtake the tortoise. But it is mathematically demonstrable that the debtor, under such circumstances, can never pay his shilling, even though he should be endued, like Tithonus, with the gift of immortality.

Many are the results of mathematics which wear at first sight the air of paradox. What, to take a single example, could seem at first sight more truly paradoxical than the notion of two lines which continually approach each other, and yet, however far produced, will never meet? Yet the construction by which such lines may be drawn is of the simplest kind. For let any straight line be set down, and, from any point taken below it, let straight lines be drawn through the first line, so that the portions which project above it are all of equal length. If then the tops of these lines be joined by a running curve, this curve will evidently have the property of continually approaching the straight line, and yet, however far produced on the same principle, can never meet it.

Mathematics, however, are not quite to the purpose of the present paper. But the following very pretty problem may be submitted to the ingenuity of those who like to try it: "It is required to demonstrate (geometrically) that a larger crop of corn can be grown on an acre of level ground than on an acre of slanting ground. The stalks of corn are supposed to grow perpendicularly in both cases, and all other particulars, such as fertility of soil and the like, to be the same."

Philosophers have not yet been able to decide what would be the fate of the donkey placed exactly midway between two haystacks. As there is clearly no reason why he should choose one risk rather than another, it is to be presumed that, logically, he would starve to death between them. Whether this would be found to be the case in practice may perhaps be doubted, at any rate until theory has been verified by experiment. The corpse of the starved animal would certainly be "confirmation strong." Wanting the testimony of such experiment, let us pass on to consider another case of self-destruction—the case of the well-known English proverb, "There is an exception to every rule." For if there is

of mind and condition of body to appreciate shelter and friendly words.

For an instant he hesitated, with half a mind to seek protection from the storm in an open shed.

"What they say don't make me any worse," he muttered. "And so long as they can't accuse me of any mischief, they've no business to find fault. Let 'em talk!"

And he opened the door, pushed on into the office, and straight up to the stove, without glancing to the right or the left.

Under the lamplight, the young vagabond did not look very prepossessing. His clothes were ill-fitting and ragged, and his hair long and unkempt. His cheeks, too, needed a razor, for they were fuzzy with their first growth of beard. Will Thorne had finely molded features and handsome, frank blue eyes, marks in his favor which had been noticed, apparently, by only one person in Wildboro. Once, in the presence of several of her acquaintances, Bessie, the daughter of Sheriff Kendall, had ventured to remark:

"I believe Will Thorne would be the handsomest young man in Wildboro if he only had his hair trimmed and were dressed up."

At which her companions set up such a chorus of ridicule that she dared never utter a like sentiment again.

For several minutes after the young vagabond had entered the hotel-office, upon that rainy night, no one spoke a word. A silence reigned such as usually greets one who has just been the object of unpleasant comment. It was broken by the appearance of a guest of the house, who saluted the inmates in a genial, off-hand manner.

"Why, how are you, Thorne?" the man exclaimed, turning to the youth, and laying a hand familiarly on his shoulder.

The countenance of the vagabond brightened. This stranger, who had been in the village only a few days, had seemed to take quite a liking to him, as though they were kindred spirits.

"I've been looking for you all day. Where have you kept yourself?" the guest continued.

"I've been around," Thorne replied.

It was pleasant for him to know that anybody considered him of sufficient consequence to look for him.

"I have something to tell you," continued Webber, which was the name the young stranger had registered by, "and we'll take a walk pretty soon and talk it over; that is, if you don't mind the rain."

"I don't think I can get much wetter than I am already," Thorne replied.

Webber turned to the other inmates of the room, and said, in a louder tone:

"This is a wet night outside, gentlemen, and it will make too much of a contrast if we allow ourselves to go dry within. Come, don't be bashful."

In response to this invitation all save Will Thorne repaired to the bar in the rear of the office, and were provided against the "contrast" at the expense of the genial stranger.

"I've got failings enough without getting to drinking," the vagabond youth declared, decisively, when urged by the genial Webber.

"That's right, Thorne," was the stranger's response. "Stick to it and you'll come out all right. Now for our confab," he added, a little later, drawing the youth toward the door. "Good-evening, gentlemen," with a friendly nod to the loungers.

"There's one of those chaps that makes friends wherever he goes," said Bill Lawrence, when the door had closed behind the twain.

"Seems to have plenty of cash," remarked another. "I seen him have a roll of greenbacks big as my fist. Bet there was more'n a thousand dollars."

"He's in poor company now, if he has much money about him," Squire Madison observed, with a significant shake of his head.

In the meanwhile the two young men walked slowly along the village street, Webber sheltering both with his umbrella, and speaking rapidly in low, confidential tones. At length they reached the bridge over Wild River, and there they paused and leaned against the wooden railing, Webber still talking with increasing earnestness.

The houses were scattering at that point. The nearest dwelling stood just beyond the bridge, and Will Thorne stared at the light shining dimly from a window while he listened to the arguments of his companion. It was Sheriff Kendall's house, and he thought of the sheriff's daughter, whose bright eyes were the only ones that ever looked at him in friendly sympathy.

"Well, what do you say, Thorne?" Webber asked, an interval of silence having succeeded the ending of his proposal.

"I can't do it," the other answered.

The quiet that followed was disturbed only by the patter of the rain and murmur of the river under the bridge.

"What is the reason?" Webber demanded. "Are you afraid I shall play the sneak and desert you?"

"No, no," Thorne replied. He went on, speaking hastily, as though fearing his resolution might fail him: "I'm not quite the sort of fellow you take me for, perhaps. That is, I don't fancy the idea of doing just as those who despise me have predicted. Nothing would please them better than to have me caught in some scrape that I should be made to pay dearly for."

"But they won't catch you, I'll guarantee that."

"Perhaps not. They certainly won't if I keep out of the business."

Webber made an impatient gesture.

"You told me yesterday, Thorne, that you wanted money the worst way, and that you wouldn't be particular how you got it, either. You led me to believe I could trust you. And now, after worming my plans out of me, you would turn saint and call the whole business mean. Like enough you will go and repeat what I have told you!"

"No, Webber, I won't do that. But I'll keep out of the affair."

"Then why did you lead me to confide in you?"

"Because I get in desperate moods sometimes. I'm not a saint, and perhaps I'm not honest. But what you propose would be going in too deep."

Webber lowered his umbrella, with an angry light in his eyes.

"You are a sneak!" he cried, fiercely grasping his companion's shoulder. "I've a mind to push you over this railing. It would be safer for me, and I guess nobody in Wildboro would care!"

Will Thorne in that moment believed that the other meant to execute his threat. The bridge was rickety, and, as Webber pressed Thorne back against it, the frail support swayed and creaked ominously. Impelled by an impulse for self-preservation, combined with indignation at the other's treachery, the vagabond freed his arm and struck out with all his strength.

Webber was unprepared for this demonstration, and received the full force of the blow. He fell backward, with a hoarse cry. He caught at the railing and clung to

it for an instant, as though trying to recover himself. Then he pitched forward upon his face, almost at the feet of his companion.

Thorne stared at the motionless figure, a sudden horror sweeping over him. Surely, he thought, it could not have been his blow that caused his assailant to fall thus! Yet, how still he lay, with one arm bent under him, his face resting partly in a pool of water, and the rain falling upon him in a cool torrent! Only a moment before, that form had been full of life! The young man's tones seemed even then to linger upon the air. And now—the youth was paralyzed by the conviction—the careless, genial-voiced stranger was dead.

"It can't be!" Thorne exclaimed, aloud. "I didn't strike him hard enough for that. He may be stunned, or in a fit. I know I didn't kill him, even by accident."

He stooped over the man, and lifted him up so that he could see his face. As he did so, something dropped upon the ground. Thorne picked it up. It was a pocket-book, plump with banknotes. He thrust it hastily back into the pocket from which it had fallen, and then went on to seek for signs of life in the form of his late companion. He raised the limp form to a sitting posture, half dragging, half bearing it to the side of the bridge, and resting its back against the railing.

"He is dead!" Thorne muttered, as he stepped back, panting from his exertions and a strange, overpowering excitement. "Yet I know I didn't kill him. I struck him on the cheek—I can see the mark now—and that would not even have stunned him. It must have been a fit brought on by his anger. He was in a terrible passion, and I believe he would have thrown me into the river. If he is dead, it is his own fault. And yet, who will believe it?"

The youth realized his own peril. His imagination exaggerated it to greater proportions than it actually possessed. Webber had won a score of friends in the village, who would believe any ill of the young vagabond, whom they had always known, rather than against the jaunty stranger.

"They will say I killed him!" Thorne exclaimed.

He glanced up and down the road, seized by a wild impulse for flight.

He remembered that Sheriff Kendall was at one of the village stores, of which he was proprietor. He would soon return, and must cross the bridge on his way to his dwelling. Then the body of Webber would be discovered, and the alarm raised. If Thorne would escape there was not a moment to lose.

He bent over the motionless form for an instant, and again his fingers came in contact with the pocketbook. And then he was assailed by a temptation to appropriate it. Whatever he might do, he reasoned, he would be accused of crime.

He lingered another moment, struggling against the temptation. Then he broke away and ran swiftly toward the house of Sheriff Kendall. Peering in through a window, he saw that the room where the light was was deserted. The lamp, together with needlework, was on a small table, and a chair was beside it, as though recently occupied.

"Bessie is at home, alone," the fugitive murmured. "She is probably about the house somewhere, and I'll go in and tell her all that has happened. I must tell somebody the truth about this before I run away. She may not believe my story, but I'll tell her."

He knocked at the door, waited, then knocked again. A moment and footsteps sounded behind him, and turning, he was face to face with Bessie Kendall.

"Will Thorne!" she exclaimed, in startled tones.

She looked pale and frightened, probably at his sudden appearance. He was no less surprised to find her outside.

"I thought you were in the house," he said.

"I came out only a moment ago," she answered.

"Is your father at home?"

"No. Had you something to tell him?"

"I've something to tell you, Bessie." He hesitated, and then went on: "You shall hear the whole story—what Webber wanted me to do, and everything."

He told the story hurriedly, yet omitted no detail. Bessie did not interrupt him. When he had finished she only gazed at him as though rendered speechless by the tragical revelation.

"Your father will arrest me for the murder of Webber unless I escape," Thorne resumed. "If I had one friend who had influence I might hope for justice when my case came to trial. But I haven't. I must run away; that is all I can do."

"But you are innocent, Will?" exclaimed the girl, speaking for the first time since he had told the story.

"Do you believe it?" he eagerly asked.

"I do not think you would kill him. And yet—" she checked herself, for carriage-wheels rumbled upon the bridge, and suddenly came to a halt. "Quick!" she cried, seizing his arm. "You must flee. My father is coming."

"Good-by. I shall leave at least one who will not condemn me."

He pressed her hand and turned to escape. At the same time the rumble of wheels again became audible, and with them were gruff shouts that thrilled the fugitive with a realization of his danger. He would have darted away down the road, but Bessie held him back. There was a full moon behind the clouds, and objects were far from being indistinct even at a distance.

"They will overtake you with their team if you try to run away now," Bessie declared.

"Then where shall I go?"

"To the barn. You can hide in the hay until there is a chance to escape. Come, I will show you."

She entered the house, half pulling her companion after her. She led him through the lighted sitting-room, along a narrow passage, and at last opened a door into the spacious barn. There were large rolling doors leading directly out of the house; but these were closed and fastened on the inner side, a precaution against tramps, who had of late become unusually troublesome. Therefore Sheriff Kendall would not be able to drive into the barn without first going around through the house and unfastening the doors. This Bessie hastily explained while she conducted the fugitive to his hiding-place.

The barn was very dark within, but she dared not take a light along for fear of being observed from without. She groped her way to one of the upright ladders, which were built into the timbers of the barn, and placed the hand of her companion upon one of the rungs to show him where it was.

"Ascend to the haymow," she whispered. "There you can hide yourself, and I don't believe they will think of looking for you there."

"How can I thank you, Bessie!" he exclaimed. "You are a noble girl, and I will prove some day that even a vagabond—"

"Hasten!" she breathlessly interrupted.

And he heard her hurrying back into the house.

There was, indeed, not a moment to lose. He had barely found his way to the scaffold, with its huge

extremity of the scaffold, intending to leap to the floor, but when half-way across the hay suddenly slumped beneath his feet, and he dropped swiftly down through an open scuttle, which was only covered with a layer of hay. He caught at the sides to break his fall, but a mass of hay came away in his grasp, and in the midst of it he struck upon the barn-floor. He did not pause to see if he was injured. He regained his feet and darted into the passage leading to the house. Midway, he came near colliding with Bessie Kendall. She caught his arm and clung to it for a single, breathless moment.

"Father's team is at the door," she rapidly whispered. "Take it and escape. Lose not a moment of time." Then she ran ahead of him into the house and flung open the outer door. "Hasten!" she insisted, as he would have paused to express his gratitude.

Her injunction was emphasized by the voices and heavy footsteps of his pursuers in the passageway. At a bound he reached the sheriff's buggy, mounted the seat, caught up the reins, and struck the horse with the whip. Kendall reached the door in time to see his horse start off with a plunge. The sheriff sprang forward in a futile attempt to stop the fugitive, and his hands actually grazed the back of the vehicle. But that was all. The man nearly fell from his own momentum, but recovered himself in time to see his team speed out upon the road, well beyond his reach.

"He's gi'n us the slip, Kendall!" exclaimed Bill Lawrence, who reached the door at this juncture.

The sheriff faced angrily about. Bessie stood in the doorway with pallid cheeks and eyes that shone with excitement.

"You knew he was hiding here. You helped him to escape!" he sternly exclaimed.

"Yes, father; and I am willing to meet the consequences," was the firmly spoken response.

Other horses were obtained, and Will Thorne persistently pursued until late the following day. But the only reward was the recovery of Sheriff Kendall's team at a distant farmhouse, where it had been left by the fugitive for safekeeping after it had served his purpose.

An autopsy brought out the fact that Webber did not come to his death through violence. Disease of the heart was the cause, and this cleared Will Thorne of the imputation of murder, at least. Another fact was unearthed, however, which left the village vagabond still under a cloud. The loungers at the hotel all testified that Webber had a well-filled pocketbook when he treated them at the bar before going with Thorne. Neither wallet nor money were found on the person of the dead stranger. No one came to claim the remains, and after a few weeks, even this, the greatest sensation that ever came to Wildboro, ceased to be the main topic for discussion in barroom and grocery.

Nearly four years later the machine-shop, the only mechanical concern in the town, was burned. And then, before the ruins had fairly ceased to smolder, it was announced that out-of-town parties had purchased the mill privilege, and that a new shop was to be built on the site of the old one, the same to be devoted to the manufacture of a certain patented invention which had come into public notice. The patentee was to superintend the industry, and, with the principal member of the firm, he came to Wildboro and put up at the dingy hotel. The evening after their arrival, as usual, saw rather more than a quorum of the regular loungers in the hotel-office. All were smoking and discussing the new business which was to come into town, when the aforementioned guests passed through the room.

One of them—the younger, who was likewise the inventor, whose invention a great many people were talking about—paused at the desk to light a cigar. He was tall, well built, with a notably intelligent face, and not older than twenty-two. As he turned his face toward the loungers for an instant, he seemed to recognize several of them, for he nodded and smiled, although he did not speak. The door had barely closed behind them when Squire Madison puckered his smooth-shaven lips and exclaimed:

"D'ye know that chap? I do, in spite of that hair on his upper lip. Eh, Bill?"

Lawrence had risen to his feet, a dull, red glow illumining his face.

"I swear. Wonder if he's got Webber's pocketbook with him? Know him? Know that lazy, thievin' scallawag of a Will Thorne! And him puttin' on airs and gittin' up patients!"

Disgust and surprise overcame the entire group. And thus it is with genius in its native village the world over.

The same evening saw Will Thorne knocking at the door of Sheriff Kendall's dwelling. Bessie herself answered the summons, stared at the visitor for a moment, and then they embraced and kissed each other as though it were a matter of course.

"You never told me in your letters that you were coming here to start business!" she cried, as he held both her hands tightly in his own, and gazed into her joyful face.

Then followed the meeting with her father, who chanced to be at home, and who, if possible, was more completely surprised than anybody else in Wildboro.

"I have one thing to confess," Will Thorne declared, when he and Bessie were alone together.

"What is it?" she asked.

"About Webber's money. It was found to be missing. I believe?"

"Yes."

"Well, I took it. I knew I should need it. I struggled against the temptation, almost overcame it, then yielded. I was sorry I did so, and should have sent it back had I not discovered that every dollar was counterfeit. Our quarrel, as I have told you, was because I refused to aid him in 'shoving the queer,' as he designated the passing of counterfeit banknotes. Now you know all."

She put her arms about his neck, and her eyes were full of tears as he ceased speaking.

"I am glad you have cleared up this one shadow," she said, in a tremulous voice, "for I was out by the bridge and saw it all. I saw you take the money!" 65,426

AN IRISH MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

In walking over the battlefield of Bodyke the other day, and seeing its results everywhere in the form of breaches newly rebuilt, roofs propped up and fragments of broken furniture, I entered one house which was known as "The Castle," from the desperate defense it had made against the invading enemy. To my surprise I found among its inmates a stout young woman, with a comely, good-humored face, who was dressed in a new gown of plain blue cloth. I inquired how she got it, and was told that she was the girl who had animated the garrison in the defense of her father's house, and when it was breached and taken by assault, had only succumbed after a hand-to-hand struggle with three crowbarmen. She had undergone

a month's imprisonment in jail, and on her liberation had received a donation of £5 and a silver medal, which she produced with as much pride as if it had been the Victoria Cross. For, strange to say, these hardened offenders are not the least penitent, and any allusion to hot water invariably produces a broad grin. I asked this girl if it was true that she had thrown hot water over the bailiffs. She replied, "Shure, sir, I never threw a drop of water at all; it was the boiling meal." The priest suggested that, as she was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, it was a fine chance for some young fellow to marry her, as he would be safe of a quiet life for the first nine months. She blushed up to the roots of her hair and disclaimed any matrimonial thoughts. But the blush changed into a smile that lightened up her whole face when I suggested that, as she was such a redoubtable warrior, it would only be a prudent precaution for any young man to take.

There were perhaps half a dozen other girls, with their new gowns and medals, and what impressed me was the utter imbecility of supposing that the population of two-thirds of Ireland could be converted or coerced by such proceedings. Why, there is scarcely a girl in Ireland who is not envious of the fame of those heroines of Bodyke, and who would not be only too glad to imitate their example. Only last month I read the report of a case in which two little boys and a respectable young girl of fourteen were tried before a resident magistrate for the crime of intimidating a man who swore that he was not a bit intimidated. The magistrate, who was evidently a kindly man, suggested that she should be discharged on giving security not to repeat the offense, so as to avoid what he called the stigma of having been sent to jail. But the little girl fired up, and said she would give no promise not to "boo" at an emergency man, and would go to jail rather; and to jail she accordingly went as a common criminal for a fortnight.

This illustrates not only the strength of the popular feeling, but also another thing which has greatly impressed me—the utter want of touch and sympathy of the justices and magistrates, which makes them blind to the most obvious facts going on before their eyes. Here was evidently a kindly man in the seat of justice, and yet he actually believed that being sent to prison in such a cause would affix a stigma on the little girl for life, whereas it was perfectly obvious to any outsider that the danger was all the other way—that the girl's head might be turned by being placed on a pedestal of fame by her admiring neighbors. I may recall an anecdote which made a great impression on me as illustrating the want of sympathy between the governing classes and the people, which is one of the worst evils in the administration of law in Ireland.

I was talking to a resident magistrate who had been an officer in the army, and was a perfect gentleman and rather popular than otherwise in his district, and I happened to let fall some expression which implied that I took him for an Irishman. He fired up at once and said, "Surely you don't take me for Irish." I replied, "Why I thought you were one of an old Irish family." "No, sir," he said; "I am English. My ancestors came over with Cromwell." I could not help thinking how Scotchmen would feel if their resident sheriffs were taken from a class who, after their ancestors had lived in Scotland for more than two centuries, thought it an insult to be taken for Scotch.

To return to the Homeric combat at Bodyke, it would not be complete without adding that our heroine was defending her father's house, built with his own money,

and for which he had paid more than its value to the landlord in the form of excessive rent beyond any fair valuation for twenty years.

The only difference I see between her and the "Maid of Saragossa" is that the one was fighting against a writ of eviction served on her native city by the King of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte, backed by a French army, and the other in defense of her father's house against a writ backed by British soldiers and policemen.

If the poor girl acted wrongly, I suppose it was because she had been taught the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," as it reads in the Bible, and not with the addition—"except in the case of an Irish tenant, whose improvements a landlord may confiscate, and it is a sin to resist him."

A TRANSLATION FROM UHLAND.

BY MARGARET GALLETTI DI CADILHAC.

My love and I sat under
The group of lime-trees yonder,
Together, hand in hand.
Not e'en a leaf stirred lightly—
The sun was shining brightly
O'er all the silent land.

We sat in joy unbroken,
No useless word was spoken,
Our hearts scarce beating more.
We spoke not, for why should we?
Nor questioned, for how could we?
We knew enough before.

We had no wish, no sorrow—
No yearning for the morrow,
No loved one far away:
"Twixt loving eyes a greeting,
"Twixt loving lips a meeting,
Was all that passed that day.

AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

BY GEORGE E. FOSTER, AUTHOR OF "SE'NOYAH."

"It is 464 miles to Muscogee," said the conductor, as we left the St. Louis Station at 9 A. M.; "it is a run of 377 miles before the boundary of the Cherokee Nation is reached. You will then have a long ride in the Nation, for you must remember that these Cherokees own more land than there is in the whole State of New Hampshire. A few Cherokee hamlets will be passed before reaching Vinitu, which is the largest town in the Nation, and the ninth station from Vinitu is Muscogee, which you will reach in season for an early breakfast to-morrow."

At sunrise next morning, at the call, "Muscogee!" I stepped from the train, but not until I had again and again been warned by my traveling companions to be careful while I was among "them Indians." A forlorn little dorky grasped my satchel, and offered to show me to the leading hotel in the village. It might have been the most patronized, by virtue of its location, but I subsequently found it was not the best, but I answered my purpose, its characteristics being essentially Creek.

The hotel proved nothing more than a rudely constructed board shanty, of a single story, with an immense piazza in front. In Creek architecture, it is the custom to build according to the lumber, instead of adapting lumber to some prescribed plan; so in this case the size of the piazza corresponded to the length of the boards, and no part of the lumber was wasted by cutting, nor was Creek strength lost by the use of the saw. As it is in constructing the piazza, so in

HON. D. W. BUSHYHEAD, PRINCIPAL CHIEF.

really artistic. They are often built of sandstone, and in many cases the colors are prettily blended. One chimney, which was attached to the most miserable Creek hut that I saw in the Nation, was so picturesque and artistically constructed that a New England collector of the rare and unique would desire to transport it from the Creek Nation, and attach it to his more fashionable and elegant residence at home.

The eight miles to Fort Gibson appeared so unreasonably long that I made a deprecating remark to the driver concerning the distance. He explained as follows: "I reckon, pardner, you haven't traveled much in these parts, and you don't know

HON. WILSON HARE, SPEAKER OF THE LOWER HOUSE.

what makes Creek miles so long. It is all owing to the way the early Creek Indians measured their miles. You see, they used 'possum-skins as the standard of measure. The standard was the length of the hide; but when they measured distance they used always to throw in the length of the tail, and before you reach Tahlequah I am thinking you will find that which was thrown in was a right smart distance."

The Creek driver was right. But I was now in the Cherokee country. The approach to Fort Gibson had been through a comparatively level country. Small cotton fields here and there proved that even the least ambitions of the

Cherokees were paying some attention to cotton-raising. Small but well-inclosed fields were passed, in which the still standing stalks showed that corn-raising was also a Cherokee industry. The eight Indian miles were nearly passed, and Fort Gibson came in sight. Here two companies of United States troops are constantly stationed—a hundred men.

"What are they kept here for?" I asked the Creek driver, as he pointed out the fort.

"Well, pardner, I can't say; they don't seem to do nothing but just stay, and stay, and salute their officers. A Creek Indian could not live such a life, and he would not be saluting anybody. Why, pardner, these soldiers have not been called out but once since my remembrance, and that was a long time ago, when the Creeks got to fighting among themselves."

Fort Gibson is a small village with a general appearance of decay, yet a good business was going on in the several stores of the place. Here, just outside the village, is located the pleasant home of William P. Ross, Superintendent of Cherokee Public Instruction. Near here, also, is the farm on which the Chief of the Cherokees, D. W. Bushyhead, has over 400 head of cattle. Before the stage was ready to proceed I had time to visit the cotton-gin containing a large amount of cotton, raised by the Cherokee people. There are about half a dozen of these gins in the Nation, and the Cherokee production of cotton last year was over 7,000 bales. The cotton-gin was run by steam-power, and there was a gristmill attached. On our way out of Fort Gibson we noticed several fields of Spring grain that looked well.

"You seem interested in Cherokee progress," said our companion, as the mules picked their way slowly over the rough roads. "We are far from being idle or savages here. We number 27,000 people, of which about 20,336, at our last enumeration, in 1880, were Cherokee or mixed blood. We have 5,506 dwellings, with 7,106 other structures. In 1880 we had 4,104 farms, with 110,955 acres inclosed. Of corn, our production annually is 731,601 bushels; wheat, 59,118 bushels; oats, 53,893 bushels; Irish potatoes, 16,286 bushels; sweet potatoes, 10,489 bushels; and turnips, 9,044 bushels. Over 84,821 acres of land are under cultivation. At our last enumeration we had 67,400 cattle, 1,259 mules, 108,552 hogs, 15,643 horses. In a population of 5,169 males over eighteen years of age, we have 3,549 farmers, only 16 hunters and 5 fishermen. We support 101 public schools as well, and two seminaries."

"How about your land?—who owns it?" we inquired.

"The land belongs to the Cherokee Nation. It is protected to the Cherokee Nation by a patent, in fee simple, signed by Martin Van Buren as President of the United States. Any Cherokee can fence off a farm, and so long as he or his descendants live upon it, it is theirs by right. No one can make claim to land within a quarter of a mile of the farm he has staked out. He cannot sell the land, but can sell the improvements on it, though not to a white man. The land on which these improvements are is still the Cherokee Nation's. The Cherokee farmer pays no taxes, but when \$300,000 accumulate in the National Treasury for the rental of lands to the stock-raisers, this amount is divided up, *per capita*, among the Cherokees of blood."

Not a mile from Fort Gibson is a United States national cemetery. The ground is inclosed with a well-made sandstone wall. At one corner is a sandstone residence, in which resides an old veteran of the Peach Orchard fight at Gettysburg. The grass is kept closely cut in the cemetery, which is shaded by a beautiful grove of catalpa

trees. In this ground, lying in the very heart of the Cherokee territory, are buried 2,442 soldiers, most of them victims of the late war. A large proportion of them were white men. Each grave has a marble headstone, but nearly all are inscribed to the unknown dead. Few visitors reach the spot to pay tribute to the graves of friends, the register showing that less than 800 visitors have been there since the war. "Whence came these bodies?" is the natural question. The Cherokee Nation was the running battlefield during the war; the entire country was devastated, and not a footprint of an ox, sheep or swine could be found in the whole Cherokee country at its close. The bones of many beasts, whose flesh gave food for the armies of both North and South, are still seen in the woods, by the roadside and on the prairie. My driver insisted on going half a mile out of his way to show me a relic of the struggle—the tire and the decaying hub of an army-wagon that, by mutual consent of the people, remains untouched as a memento of the past.

"There is a work of Cherokee enterprise!" said our driver, pointing to a telephone line, that runs from Muscogee to Tahlequah. "That was put up and is managed by Cherokees. It was gladly welcomed by our people, though the glass insulators are sometimes a tempting mark for our hunters." The driver stopped several times to put up the wire where it was down. From Fort Gibson, the intervening twenty miles was sparsely settled; the country was somewhat hilly, and covered with a heavy growth of oak timber. Elm, hickory, locust and mulberry grow well, and there is some prime timber within the Nation. The fences are made of split rails, laid up Virginia style. The cattlemen use the wire fence. The Cherokee Nation has a strong law on taking timber from the public domain. The roads from Tahlequah to Muscogee, and, in fact, all parts of the Nation, are poor, but at the last council they passed a law for the making and repairing of roads, which was the first road law ever made by an Indian tribe. We stopped at Manard Post-office. It was a lonely building in the woods. No house was anywhere to be seen. Connected with the post-office was a store in which general merchandise was sold. The patrons came in on horseback from all directions. One Indian had several opossum-skins hanging to his saddle. I asked him what he sold them for? He replied, "A nickel." Upon discovering that I really wished one, he refused to let it go unless I paid him ten cents. Though this is an instance of Indian sharpness, it is the general testimony that the Cherokees deal fairly.

They have no law for the collection of debts, yet the merchants trust hundreds of dollars to them on their books, and the percentage of loss is very small. After a wearisome journey through the low timber-lands, we emerge into a small, uneven prairie, and the cupola of the male seminary comes in view. The building is a massive brick structure. Well may this Indian people be proud of this and other kindred institutions. Both male and female seminaries are similar in architecture. They were founded by the Act of the Cherokee National Council, November 26th, 1846. The buildings were opened on the 7th of May, 1850. These seminaries prospered until the war, when both institutions suffered great damage, and for some time instruction was abandoned. Since the war, large additions have been made to both buildings, and the average attendance is over 150 pupils to each school. The course of study is not far behind that of modern academies, the studies of the last term of the senior class being Virgil, geometry,

moral science, literature, astronomy, geology, composition and Bible lessons. The male seminary is one mile from the village, and the female seminary four miles in another direction.

"That is Old Blindy's Hill," said a gentleman, as he pointed to an abrupt hill behind the seminary building. Did you ever hear about Old Blindy?"

"No."

"The judge told me the story. You see, Old Blindy was an ox that, years ago, was kept around the seminary buildings for working purposes, until he was thought to have outlived his usefulness, and it was decreed that he must die to furnish food for the boys' table. When this decree was made, the young Cherokees, as once did their elders when there were important questions to settle, called a council beneath the trees, and their decision was unanimous to eat none of Old Blindy's flesh, and to do their best to save his life. Their petition was of no avail. When the time set apart for Old Blindy's execution came, the boys, by stealth, led the pet ox up the hill; being blind, he was easily made to follow them up the steep ascent, and, at last, they had him safe on the very top. They tied him to a sapling, and at once decked him with beads and flowers, and painted his horns with many colors; there they fed and cared for him until it was discovered where Old Blindy was, and how he got there, and then the boys were ordered to take him back again. This they did, escorting him down to the seminary-door in solemn procession. When there, they tied the rope which was around Old Blindy's neck to the bell, and thus, by the shaking of his head, Old Blindy summoned to the door his would-be executioners. Again the boys interceded for Old Blindy's life, and the managers, looking at the earnest faces of the young Cherokees, and seeing the gay trappings with which they had decked him out, granted their request, and Old Blindy was permitted to await the approach of a natural death, which came some years after."

Just as we leave the male seminary we catch sight of the Council-house, which stands in the Public Square, in the centre of the village. As one looks on this handsome brick structure, he can scarcely believe that in 1800 the Cherokee Council met simply beneath the tall trees of the forest; that twenty years after, their Council-house was nothing but a rude shed; and that even after the Civil War, four rude huts, located at the corners of the Public Square, were used for Governmental purposes. The building where they now meet cost them \$22,000. Here assemble their Council and Senate, bodies corresponding to the House and Senate of the United States. Here, in quiet dignity, all the public business of the Nation is transacted, much after the manner of the States. All their modes of transacting business have been copied from the Departments in Washington, D. C. In the Council-house are rooms set apart for the Senate, Council, Board of Education, Executive Department, Treasury Department, and the Supreme Court. In the Treasury Department is the eight-ton safe, in which are deposited the funds and valuables of the Nation, but nothing is more carefully guarded than a sealed tin tube, in which is incased the *Van Buren Patent*. It gives to the Cherokees their lands by as strong a title as it is possible for the United States to give, and one that, so long as national honor exists, the Government of the United States must respect. At the right, as we enter the town, is the village cemetery. Unfortunately, it is unfenced, and is a rendezvous for cattle and swine. It was the ill-kept cemeteries that started the cry in the East that the Indian's reverence for the land and graves of their fathers is a myth. A

closer inspection shows that some of the private lots are inclosed. Some graves are arched over with brick, and some are roofed over with flat stones; still others are surrounded with small logs, cobhoused together and roofed, while many are left wholly exposed.

On the outskirts of the cemetery, so close to the carriage-road that one can touch it with a whip as he rides by, is the monument of a late Assistant Chief, William Penn Adair, a man whose memory the Nation honors. Noticing the Masonic emblem on the monument, I examined the remaining inscriptions:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM PENN ADAIR,
BORN APRIL 15TH, 1830.,
DIED OCTOBER 21ST, 1880.

Colonel Adair, at the age of twenty-one, served in the councils of his country as Senator from his district; was colonel of a regiment in the Rebellion; since 1866 has represented the Cherokee Nation as their delegate at Washington, D. C.; was Assistant Principal Chief of the Cherokees in 1879, and was serving as such at the time of his death.

On the third side:

His only ambition was to so live and die, that it might be said of him that he loved his country.

"Yonder lie the remains of one of our Nation's chiefs," said my guide, pointing to a large monument beneath the branches of the overhanging oaks. Passing several tombstones, the inscriptions of which I could not read, as they were written in the Cherokee alphabet, I stood beside the grave of the Cherokee chief whose name had become so familiar to me, as I studied the history of this people. I had expected to find almost an unmarked grave over the man whom I honored for his noble work among his people. Hence I was surprised to see the large monument, on which I read:

ERECTED BY THE ORDER OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL.
(GEORGE LOWREY,

BORN AT TAHSKEEGEE, ON TENNESSEE RIVER, ABOUT 1770.
DIED OCTOBER 20TH, 1852. AGED 82 YEARS.

Visited President Washington as Delegate from the Cherokee Nation in 1791 or 1792; Captain of the Light Horse, 1810; member of the First National Committee, 1814; one of the Delegation who negotiated the Treaty of 1819; member of the Convention who framed the Constitution in 1827; also, that of 1839; Elected Principal Chief in 1828, and often afterward; at his death, a member of the Executive Council; filled various public offices.

A fourth inscription read:

Many years a member of the Church of Christ; ruling elder of the Church at Willstown; deacon of the Church of Park Hill. He fulfilled the duties of every office well, was an honest man, a spotless patriot, a devoted Christian.

Our headquarters were made at the National House. It was kept by a Cherokee hostess, a sister of the Chief. Our room was finely furnished, and everything was neat and comfortable as at an Eastern hotel. The reception-room or parlor was handsomely furnished. There was a fine piano in the room, the windows were draped with curtains of pretty design; the walls were hung with pictures, and the tables had the usual variety of ornamental knickknacks. The Cherokees are a musical people, and during my stay I was regaled with the music of piano and violin.

As I stood on the piazza looking out on the village, I made comment on the unexpected degree of civilization that the place presented. I was informed that the town was largely of recent growth. In 1808, some of the Cherokees of the Old Nation, when they could find there but little game, came into this vicinity. Still another

the preacher was made happy with a liberal supply. Fearing that I would think him a beggar, he said, in an apologetic way: "The drought came; spoiled corn; raised no crop; would have done better to have preached all the while."

"A poor but worthy man," said the Chief, as the preacher passed out. "He is a North Carolina Cherokee, who has been among us only a few years. He tries to do a good work among his people, but last year his crops failed him; and he is needy, and I previously told him I would help him to grain."

A Cherokee despises the idea of being thought in any sense a beggar; but the needy and the sick stranger are carefully looked after. From earliest times the Cherokees have tenderly cared for the orphans of their people, and to-day one of the most remarkable of institutions is their Orphan Asylum, a handsome structure, in which the unfortunate of their Nation are given a home. The object of this institution is to constitute a home for the children, where they may receive parental care and affection, and at the same time be placed within the reach of the facilities necessary for an education. The National Prison is a stone structure, situated not far from the Council-house. In early days the whipping-post was almost the only mode of punishment. These whippings took place in the Public Square, and the convicts were strapped to the trees, and lashed according to the enormity of the offense. Public executions by hanging finally were adopted, and in the prison-yard now can be seen the gallows on which twelve convicts were executed. Said the sheriff: "They say that the Indian is stolid. Call it what you may, I never saw one of them flinch at the presence of death. I never saw an Indian tremble or falter on the scaffold when the time came. One of our convicts even went on the gallows and adjusted the rope around his neck, and then calmly awaited his fate." A Cherokee killed an adopted brother of one of the leading men of the Nation. Before the trap was sprung he calmly made his speech, confessed his guilt, said he was sorry, but knew it was too late, and that the punishment was just, and he was ready to suffer for it. There was no trembling, no sign of fear. The adopted brother of the murdered man sprung the trap that sent the criminal to his deserts. The Cherokee prison is a square, sandstone building. The prisoners are nearly all kept in a half-basement, two rooms being set apart for sleeping purposes, in which are comfortable beds. In the inner room is a stove, around which the prisoners are allowed to gather in cold weather, in a social manner. They are in charge of a heavily armed guard. The prisoners are made to do some work every day outside the prison-walls. They cut wood, work on the streets, and, in fact, are put to any kind of labor that may be at hand. Their prison clothes are striped around the body. The average number in the prison for the last eight years has been less than thirty, which makes a most favorable showing. The prisoners are often too poor to get a lawyer to plead their cause. We were informed that the poorer Cherokees suffered injustice at times from the lack of counsel.

The Cherokees also have an insane asylum, which at the present time has about thirty inmates. Not only the insane, but the idiotic, blind and other unfortunates are kept here. The building, like most of the public buildings, is of brick.

The *Cherokee Advocate* is published by the Nation, and gives their council proceedings and the laws when they are passed. One-fourth of the paper is printed in Cherokee type, the remainder in our usual letter. The paper is for the non-English speaking Cherokees. It is

now edited by Cornelius Boudinault, a grandson of the first Cherokee editor, who began the *Cherokee Phoenix* in 1828.

I noticed Masonic emblems on the tombstones, and I said to my friend, one evening: "Are there really Masons' and Oddfellows' lodges in this place?"

"Have you not already discovered that in all things we are following the footsteps of the whites? Of course we have Masons and Oddfellows, and faithful members they make. Each lodge has a good membership. We have meetings for prayer; we have a Chautauqua Circle, with fifteen sets of books, in a membership of thirty; we have our musical parties, debating societies, and, in fact, about everything you have worth following in the States we are fast imitating."

OZONE.

WHENEVER it is exposed to the action of electricity, oxygen undergoes a contraction of volume, and acquires very different properties. This change has been shown to consist in an alteration in the atomic structure of the oxygen. Thus, while each molecule of oxygen contains two atoms, there are three atoms in each molecule of ozone. It follows from this that ozone is half as heavy again as oxygen, and it has accordingly been demonstrated that its specific gravity is twenty-four, while that of oxygen is sixteen. Ozone has a very peculiar odor, whence its name (from a Greek word meaning *I smell*), and this was for many years supposed by chemists to be the smell of electricity, as though the electric force were a substance. Even after the fallacy of this idea was shown, it was many years before the true nature of ozone was understood.

Ozone is very readily obtained by subjecting oxygen to the influence of the silent discharge of electricity. By this means part of the oxygen is transformed, but not all of it, for pure ozone has never yet been obtained. Traces of ozone are usually present in the atmosphere, especially in the open country, and there is no doubt that it performs an important part in removing organic impurities from the atmosphere. A limited amount of it in the air is health-giving and stimulating, but an undue proportion of it produces great irritation of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Ozone, by being heated, is again converted into oxygen. Ozone has found uses in chemistry because of its great oxidizing powers, and is employed to form certain compounds as a bleaching agent and as a disinfectant. It is believed that, skillfully and persistently used, it could check the spread of infectious diseases. But no attempt has yet been made to effectively test this power.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT describes some interesting experiments on the intelligence of birds. When he girdled branches on which birds had built their nests, and caused the foliage to shrivel up so that the nests were exposed, the birds abandoned the nests, although they had already laid their eggs. But in a case in which the nests already contained young birds, the old birds remained, notwithstanding the exposure of the nests, until the young ones were able to fly. He placed a number of pieces of woollen yarn—red, yellow, purple, green and gray in color—near a tree in which a pair of Baltimore orioles were building a nest. The pieces of yarn were exactly alike except in color. There was an equal number of each color, and the red and yellow were purposely

placed on the top. The birds chose only the gray pieces, putting in a few purple and blue ones when the nest was nearly finished. Not a red, yellow or green strand was used. Dr. Abbott concludes, from his observations of the building of birds' nests, that the female bird is exacting, obstinate and tyrannical, and not at all disposed to give in to the wishes of her lord and master. The site of the nest is selected after careful examinations of suitable locations by both birds.

WAITING.

Who comes to lead a waiting people on?
 Firm must he be, amid the battlement
 Of fools foregoing not his clear intent,
 Which takes its spring not from the past alone,
 But motions to him with imperious tone,
 As of a nation's pulsing heartbeat sent
 In broadening waves of vast accomplishment,
 Till in some boundless sea its course be done.
 Oh, soon may he be found! for on him wait
 Occasion and the swiftly veering fate.
 All Nature calls for him; no voice is dumb;
 But all the mountain-winds of liberty,
 And all the billows of the tameless sea,
 Mixed with a human yearning, murmur, "Come."

TURNER.

It is related of Turner that he had once painted a sea-piece, which was hung next Constable's "Waterloo Bridge." Turner's was a gray picture; Constable's glowed with color. Turner, at work on another picture, which he was touching up on "varnishing day," crossed the room with his palette in his hand, and laid a round spot of red lead, about the size of a shilling, in the centre of his gray sea. It took all the brightness and strength out of Constable's work.

"Turner has been here," he said to Leslie, who came in at the moment, "and has fired a gun."

Before the day was over, Turner had glazed the red patch and shaped it into a buoy.

It is only fair to the great landscape painter to give another anecdote of "varnishing day" that leaves quite a different impression on the memory. This year—it was 1826—Turner's picture was not gray, but brilliant, and it was hung between two of the president's portraits, to which it did very decided injury. Turner deliberately reduced the glow of his own picture by covering it with a wash of lampblack.

"Poor Lawrence was so unhappy," he said; "and it will wash off after the exhibition."

METEORIC STONES.

METEORITES or meteoric stones have been found in many countries and in all ages. Pliny describes one which he saw, that had fallen in Thrace, 467 B.C., as being as big as a wagon. Among those preserved in museums or elsewhere are the following: One weighing 260 pounds, which fell in Alsace in 1492. It is still preserved in the church at Ensisheim. The largest masses on record were found about seventeen years ago on the west coast of Greenland by the Swedish Arctic Expedition. There is now in the collection of the Royal Academy of Stockholm one of them which weighs twenty-five tons; and the Museum of Copenhagen has another weighing ten tons. In the British Museum is one weighing five tons, and in the museum at St. Petersburg one of 1,635

pounds. The Smithsonian Institute at Washington has a very remarkable specimen discovered in Mexico in 1700, which, according to an Indian tradition, fell 200 years before that, during a shower of stones. Its weight is 1,400 pounds. There are 100 specimens in Yale College Museum, one weighing 1,635 pounds.

During the present century, aerolites have been carefully studied and analyzed, and, indeed, aside from the general outside appearance, by which they are readily recognized by an expert, a chemical analysis is the one sure test by which they can be distinguished in doubtful cases. In many cases they are largely composed of iron, and from one which fell in Mexico a sword-blade was made, which was once in the possession of General Ord, of the United States army, and was by him presented to his son-in-law, General Trevino, of the Mexican army.

There is one mass of vitrified iron ore bigger than many public buildings lying half buried on a plain in West Texas, not far from Proctor, Comanche County. It is in all probability an enormous aerolite or meteoric stone which fell there when that plain was covered by the sea. The country around is made up of marine formations filled with sea-fossils, and the water which once covered it assisted in preserving what is probably the largest meteorite in the world. This object is unique, being entirely unlike any mineral matter in all the country around. It is not a drift boulder transported by an iceberg, for there never was a block of floating ice that could have moved it to these low latitudes. A forest has grown up around it, and by the people in the country it is considered almost a mountain, so vast is its bulk.

In the great forests of Nubia grows a tree, from which, when swayed by the wind, come strange sounds, like the notes of a flute, a fife, or a penny whistle. This vocal tree is regarded with superstitious terror by the natives, and it was indeed a puzzle to every one who has heard the mysterious sounds, until some scientific traveler investigated the matter. He found that at certain seasons of the year hordes of insects deposited their eggs on the young shoots and extremities of the branches. These produced gall-like excrescences about an inch in diameter. When the young insects emerged, small holes were left in the galls. The wind blowing through these little apertures caused the strange noises. It is probably the only instance of a tree which bears ready-made whistles.

ACCORDING to the estimate of the *Riverside Press and Horticulturist*, based on the school census returns, the population of California is 1,170,298, of which San Francisco has 336,458. The estimate for the State is moderate, but that for the city is higher than the figures usually given. No less than fifteen counties seem to have declined, and Alpine, with only 366 people left, might as well give up the attempt to maintain a county organization. Such gains as that of Los Angeles, from 33,379 to 83,334; San Diego, 8,618 to 21,565; San Bernardino, from 7,786 to 19,806, and Fresno, from 9,478 to 20,283, show some striking increase.

RAPIDITY OF TREE-GROWTH.—Cultivated in groves, the average growth in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood has been ascertained to be as follows: White maple reaches 1 foot in diameter and 30 feet in height; ash, leaf-maple or box-elder, 1 foot in diameter and 20 feet in height; white willow, 18 inches, and 40 feet; yellow willow, 18 inches, and 35 feet; Lombardy poplar, 10 inches, and 40 feet; blue and white ash, 10 inches, and 25 feet; black-walnut and butternut, 10 inches, and 20 feet.

her father has a superb country residence, and she is an only daughter. He is invited up there for shooting and fishing by her brother. If he goes—farewell, Durand. The wild rose is very fresh and very fair, and her parents know it. They know, too, that Durand is rich as a young Croesus, and wonderfully susceptible for one of his years and experience. I feel sorry for Octavie."

"Bah!" sneered the other. "You waste your pity. Women of her style do not need it!"

"You do Octavie wrong," said Halbert. "She is grossly misjudged by most people. She is imprudent, rash, even, in her conduct at times, but she is a good girl, with a heart which I believe is deeply touched just now. I believe she loves Durand passionately."

"I do not doubt the propriety of the last word you make use of," said his friend, with another sneer, "but I doubt Octavie."

"And therein you wrong her. You are used to looking at things and people at extremes—very good or very bad, very proper or very improper. Octavie is a combination or a cross between these. She does improper things sometimes, but is very good at the same time. I believe she would make Durand an exemplary wife."

"You are very lenient in your judgment for a man of as wide experience as yours."

"Yes; perhaps so. My very experience makes me lenient. Octavie excites my interest and pity. She always has. An orphan—with money, beauty, dash, spirits, wit, no caution, no adviser—she became a social code to herself. She dressed handsomely, but startlingly; she said witty things; her *bon mots* became the property of the club-rooms; she attracted men by her dash and sparkle until she acquired the name of a heartless coquette, and when she found hard things were being said of her she grew reckless, and outraged propriety more and more. I wish nobody can lay a finger upon one wrong act in the girl's life, and if Durand would marry her, society would accept her and make the best of it. She is not really dropped, you know—is simply looked on with suspicion. I wish Durand would marry her, but he has not the moral courage. I think he is going off to Beechville to wean himself from her fascinations. He will come back wearing a wild rose as his talisman of safety. My cigar is smoked out. Let us move on."

They moved on, and did not see the figure of a woman who had sat just outside on the balcony. She had gone out of the heated ballroom to rest and breathe the pure night-air for a moment with her mask off.

She was of fine figure, which was well displayed by her elegant costume. Her rich, bronze hair fell in luxurious freedom over her handsome shoulders, her large brown eyes were full of unshed tears, her beautiful mouth drooped at the corners, her white hands had dropped the mask on her lap, and were clasped convulsively upon her bosom. It was Octavie.

She had heard all the loungers' conversation.

"So he is going to Beechville," she said; "and to her! We will see."

She picked up and adjusted her mask, drew her mantle over her shoulders, and glided back among the dancers. She was the observed of all observers—her grace, her elegance, her matchless dancing! The masked and the unmasked fashionable lookers-on were eager to see her face, but when the hour for unmasking arrived she had gone.

Two weeks later, a tall young fellow, in a linen ulster and straw hat, left his baggage to follow him, and, with a careless glance at the group of loungers about the little station, started across lots for the hotel, half a mile distant on the Lake Shore, at Beechville.

He was, perhaps, twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old, beardless, brown-haired, dark-eyed, with a handsome, weak mouth, and an irresistible smile and perfect teeth.

It was Durand.

As he walked leisurely along, his hat drawn down to shade his eyes, he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs. Looking up, he saw, just outside the pasture in which he was walking to avoid the dust of the highway, a handsome, high-spirited black horse, on which was seated a lady, in a perfectly fitting riding-habit—a lady who reined in her horse when she saw him, and leaned forward with a bright smile and bow.

"Octavie!—by Jove!" he cried, surprise, pleasure, consternation, all mingled in his face and voice. Then he was over the pasture-fence at a bound and standing beside her.

"Are you not glad to see me?" she asked, with one of her bright smiles, as she playfully touched his shoulder with her riding-whip.

"Glad?—why, yes, of course! Always glad to see you, you know, only it's so deuced sudden and unexpected! Called to see you last week in town, and was told you had gone into the country. Thought it queer you didn't say anything about it last time I saw you."

"Oh, it was very sudden!" smiled Octavie. "I was talking with Mrs. Allen—Mrs. Hugh Allen, you know!—about Summer resorts, and chanced to mention Beechville as a nice, quiet, *free* place, where one could have plenty of air and exercise, and not be obliged to dress to death. She seized at it immediately. Said she was here once a few weeks, and she made up a party of six of us in less time than I can tell you, and we came the next day. Have been here a week. Heard you were coming last night."

"Who told you?" queried Durand, as he lifted his hat and ran his slender, white fingers once or twice through his crisp hair.

"Who?—oh, Mr. Errall—Hugh Errall. He was up at the hotel, and said he expected you daily. We were all so surprised and pleased."

"Then you have met Errall?"

"Yes, and his sister came to call upon us to-day! Such a lovely girl—pink-and-white! We all thought her very pretty, and she and I struck up quite a friendship. I am invited there to spend the day soon."

A half-shadow crossed the face of Durand. He could not have told why, but he did not like the idea of these two women being friends. It seemed so incongruous! Sylvia Errall and Octavie!

"I am keeping you in the hot sun," she said, "when you want to get to your room and a bath, I know. Tra! la! I will see you later!"

She touched her horse, and was gone, with a bright, backward smile and glance, and Durand walked on at a swifter pace.

"So, after all, I am to be under the same roof with Octavie," he mused; "instead of running away from her, I have run to her, and I'll be damned if I know whether I am glad or sorry. She holds a wonderful fascination for me, but I doubt if it's the sort of feeling a man ought to have for the woman he makes his wife."

Yet, when Errall came up that night, explaining his unavoidable absence from Beechville at train-time, and asking Durand to remove his baggage to the handsome residence across the lake, Durand declined.

"Thanks!" he said; "but I will make my headquarters here, old fellow! All my traps for hunting and fishing and riding fill up lots of space, and would be no end of

bother at a private house. I will be with you gladly as much time as you will want me, but will den here."

He went home with Errall and spent the evening. Sylvia Errall greeted him with that quiet and well-bred reserve that was so habitual to her! How fair she was! Like a blush-rose! And how low her voice! And her eyes!—but he had never seen them fully—the white lids always veiled them.

She sang and played dreamy music to him, and talked to him, in her low, sweet voice, and begged him to consider her father's house his home, whenever he was so inclined, as he took his departure.

"What a difference!" he said, mentally, as he walked toward the hotel. "I wonder how it would have seemed if she had said, 'Tra! la! I will see you later!' when I left? Yet, somehow, Octavie says these things so cutely! A fellow can't but enjoy them."

Three or four of the New York party were out on the balcony when Durand came up the steps.

Mrs. Allen leaned down and called to him to come up.

"I am smoking my cigar—I can't!" he answered.

"Shall I come down," said a gay voice, "and keep you from melancholy till you finish it?"

It was Octavie.

"Yes, come," he said, and they walked in the moonlight until all the others had left the balcony. And when he slept that night, it was the bright repartee and ringing laugh of Octavie, not the gentler tones of Sylvia Errall, that haunted his dreams.

But that was Octavie's last hour. Durand arose the next morning with a firm resolve to keep himself master of the situation.

"I must not compromise myself *here*," he said; "it is very different from New York. There it was looked on as a——" he had almost said *liaison*, but paused just in time, and said—"flirtation. Here it would be thought to be a betrothal, and I don't want that idea to go out. I can be polite and civil, and all that sort of thing, without compromising myself."

And he was polite and civil and cordial when he was in Octavie's presence, which he managed should not be often. Most of his evenings were spent with Sylvia Errall, listening to her sweet, low voice, in speech and song, her carefully worded phrases, her mild smile, which never became a laugh, and watching her slow, easy grace of movement, and telling himself she would do honor to his position and wealth were she his wife.

"She never startles—she is never striking," he said; "she is like the moonlight."

One day Octavie came down to spend the day, according to agreement. Hugh Errall and Durand came home from a two days' hunt and found her there, and Durand staid to lunch.

Octavie never looked better. Striking she was always; her rich coloring, her fine figure, the general *tout ensemble* of the woman, made her that; but she seemed to fascinate and charm the gentle Sylvia with her wit and repartee, instead of shocking her, as Durand half expected.

Hugh was in the best of spirits, and his laugh was always ready if Octavie opened her lips, anticipating a witticism.

Durand, who had been strangely nervous when he first found himself in the presence of the two women, soon grew at ease, and made himself delightfully entertaining.

"I think Miss Somers—or Octavie, as you all call her—is charming," said Sylvia, the next day, to Durand. "I like her dash and sparkle, and she seems so genuine, and so earnest."

Durand, who was easily swayed by the opinions of

others, felt his heart thrill. After all, Octavie *was* really charming.

He thought of her as he walked up the lake path in the starlight, a few hours later. And as if in answer to his thoughts, he found her sitting alone on the balcony, enveloped in a white shawl.

"I know you do not object to smoking," he said, "so I will sit down here and finish my cigar. May I?"

"Yes," she said, "and let me help you." She took the cigar with a graceful gesture and a gay laugh, and held it close beside her lips. "Would I not make a fine profile picture now?" she asked.

Just then a window-blind was opened, and a blaze of light enveloped them. She gave back the cigar, and then fell to talking lightly, while a thousand tumultuous thoughts surged through Durand's brain.

To the average man of the world, a spice of *abandon* about a woman they know to be good is fascinating and attractive, whatever the world may say of it. Durand was compelled to admit to himself that he enjoyed the bright, changing variety of Octavie's society better than he did the unexplainable sameness of Sylvia Errall's demeanor. And yet—the world—the speech of people!

It never occurred to him that a woman like Octavie Somers could be molded into anything a man she loved would want her to be. His heart was not great enough to comprehend that.

One night he sat in the office of the hotel, reading the evening paper. He and Errall had been out all day, and Errall had dined with him, and sat at a little distance, also reading.

Two strangers, sportsmen, from New York, were carrying on a conversation in the office. Suddenly the attention of Durand was called by their mentioning a familiar name.

"Didn't I see that dashing Miss Somers in the dining-hall to night?" queried one.

And the reply came: "Yes, she is here, handsome, and faster than ever, I should judge—I saw her smoking on the veranda with a gentleman the other night."

There was dead silence for a second.

Durand paled behind his newspaper, but did not stir. Then with a little spring, like a young panther, Hugh Errall stood before the last speaker.

"You have lied, and defamed a friend of mine," he said, in a low, quiet voice. "Take back what you just now said, or I will knock your teeth down your throat."

The man was a coward, as all men who speak lightly of women are, and fairly quailed in the white heat of Hugh's face.

"I—I beg pardon," he said. "I didn't suppose she was a friend of yours. I only spoke in jest."

"I would advise you not to make use of a lady's name in your jests hereafter," said Errall, as he turned away.

Durand followed him out into the starlight.

"Thank you for what you did, old fellow," he said. "It *was* a lie. Miss Somers held my cigar in her hand a moment the other night on the veranda, and I suppose that that loafer saw it by chance. He deserves a good thrashing."

They said Good-night, and Durand went to his room with a strange feeling at his heart.

How white and shaken Errall had been! Could it be that he cared for Octavie—that he loved her? The thought made him restless.

The story of Errall's defense of her name reached Octavie the next day. It had spread through the hotel, as such news will, like wildfire.

The next time she saw him alone she tried to thank

him, but her tears choked her, and she covered her face with her hands.

He took them both in his.

"I need no thanks," he said, softly. "What man would not defend the woman he loved? I love you, Octavie. Will you be my wife?"

And she wore his diamond solitaire that night.

Durand heard a chance reference to the romantic *fiatle* of the sensation the next day. A sudden sickness seemed to seize him. He grew cold and hot by turns, and was like a man beside himself.

His heart and soul all rallied and cried out against another man's possessing this peerless creature, who had been his, virtually, so long.

Ah, he would see her—he would talk to her; he would

sacrificing yourself to a romantic idea, Octavie, in marrying Errall—it must not be,"

She drew her hands away and looked him straight in the eyes.

"It *must* be," she said. "I am *not* sacrificing myself to any idea; I am going to marry Hugh Errall, because I love him."

"Love him?" he repeated, like one dazed.

"Yes," she said, "with all my heart. No other man has any place in my life—he fills it completely."

He heard her with a sharper pain in his soul than he had ever supposed it possible for him to suffer.

"I had dreamed—I had fancied——" he began, and paused.

"Yes, I know," she said. "I had dreamed, too—

THAT'S HOW IT WAS!

Miss Tressor—"I'M AFRAID YOU ARE NO END OF A NAUGHTY BOY, SAM. MY BROTHER TOLD ME THE OTHER DAY THAT YOU LOST FIVE POUNDS AT CARDS AT ONE-SITTING AT YOUR CLUB, AND THAT YOUR FATHER WAS AWFULLY ANGRY ABOUT IT."
Mr. Gotightly—"AWFULLY! HE'D LOST TEN POUNDS THE SAME NIGHT AT HIS CLUB."

tell her she must not make this sacrifice, for sacrifice it surely was.

"Octavie is romantic," he said, "and she thinks she must give herself to repay this man for his defense of her. But it must not be. I have been mad, blind, to let it go so far."

It was hours before he could see her alone. Then he drew her aside into an alcove.

"Octavie," he cried, a fire in his dark eyes she had never seen there before—"Octavie, what do I hear? Are you betrothed to Errall?—promised to be his wife?"

"Yes," she answered, very softly.

He seized her hand.

"Why did you do it?" he cried. "Did you not know I loved you—had loved you for a long time? You are

dreamed that you could make me into anything high and true and noble that you desired; but you did not try, and I began to study you—afterward to compare you with Hugh Errall, and I found him so much nobler that all my heart has gone to him. I have been a motherless girl, Durand, all my life—gay, spirited, passionate; but I always knew a loving hand could lead me to any height. I have been praised, admired, flattered, scolded, censured, slandered, and it all has made me reckless. Now I am *loved*, and by that love I mean to grow to all womanly grace and worth."

"But I loved you, Octavie!" he cried, his selfish heart in a wild passion of pain at the loss of her.

"No," she said; "no man loves a woman who waits for his friend to defend her name. Good-night."

THE MILK SUPPLY OF CITIES.—KILLING OF A WELL-ORDERED.

a broken-hearted kind of way, and then jumped overboard, as if it were no use living any longer in a world where such things were allowed to go on."

Toward afternoon (or what *would* have been afternoon in any place where the sun still rose and set) we ran shoreward again along a mighty range of gaunt, black precipices, unrelieved by a single speck of verdure—for all vegetation had been left behind at the border-line of the grim world that we were entering—and anchored off a little hamlet bearing the simple and musical name of Langeneckeværingernæs. Indeed, it seemed to have more syllables than houses, for the whole village apparently consisted of five tiny huts of driftwood, thickly smeared with tar, and smelling horribly of decayed fish and rancid oil.

Just to the left of the hamlet lay a shallow lagoon, and on its smooth surface floated four plump waterfowl, which the captain pronounced to be wild ducks.

"Now, Herr G—," he said, gleefully, bringing forward a loaded fowling-piece and ammunition-pouch, "let us see you bring one of them down."

The Austrian took a careful aim and fired. As the smoke cleared away a voice was heard to call out:

"Well, what luck? One duck less on the local census list, eh?"

"One less?" echoed another voice; "it seems to me, do you know, as if there were one *more*!"

And, in fact, we saw, to our surprise, that although we all thought that there had been only four ducks on the lagoon, there were now unmistakably *five*. However, we might of course have counted wrong the first time; so the Austrian, biting his lips with vexation at his failure, reloaded and fired again.

This time we all exchanged glances of undisguised amazement. There could be no further doubt about it; where we had plainly seen *five* ducks only a moment before, there were now *six*!

"Well, this beats *me*!" cried the young Pennsylvanian, with a look of half-amused astonishment. "I guess I've seen ducks brought *down* with a gun, but I never saw 'em brought *up* with one before!"

"I'm thinking," said one of the Scotchmen, with a dry chuckle, "that yon place maun (must) be bewitched, and the sooner we gang awa' the better."

Explosions of stifled laughter were heard here and there, and the unfortunate Austrian looked frantic. But he was not to be so easily beaten. Twice more did he try his luck, and at each shot a fresh duck made its appearance, the original four having now multiplied into *eight* as rapidly as Falstaff's "men in buckram." This was more than we could bear, and captain, crew and passengers all laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks.

"Keep it up, old boy!" shouted an Englishman; "keep it up till you've created half a dozen more, and then kill 'em all at one fire!"

"This is indeed admirable!" said Mr. Burnaby, solemnly. "Any man can *kill* ducks by firing at them, but to blow a new duck into existence with every shot is a feat to which few men are equal."

The unlucky marksman dashed down his gun with an oath of true South Austrian quality, and rushed away aft, followed by a roar of laughter that made the air ring.

Possibly the captain may have been right in saying (as he afterward did) that the four mysterious ducks must have had their heads under water at the time, and were startled by the report into popping up again; but even this did not explain why they should come up one by

one, instead of all together. Be that as it might, however, the poor Austrian's life was a burden to him thenceforth from the constant allusions made to his miraculous shots—which became doubly galling whenever we happened to have ducks for dinner—and even up to the last day of our Polar voyage I do not think that he ever *quite* heard the last of his adventure with the "Enchanted Ducks."

THE MILK SUPPLY OF CITIES.

BY CYRUS EDSON.

FROM a sanitary standpoint the milk supply of cities is second only in importance to their water supply. The most vulnerable portion of the community to the attacks of disease are the children; to protect these is the health officer's first duty. Children are of necessity subjected to influences in large cities that tend to depress and lower their vitality, it is, therefore, of the highest importance that they should receive plenty of nourishing food.

Milk is the chief food of children. No article of food is so liable to be adulterated or charged with noxious matter. The peculiar physical properties of milk make it easy for the unscrupulous to tamper with it for their own selfish ends, and it readily conceals within its opaque body disease-producing material with which it may be accidentally charged.

Probably no class of men see more plainly the evils arising from ignorance than physicians. When joined to avarice its power to injure is greatly enhanced. Nowhere do we see this combination working more successfully to spread evil than among the people who "manufacture" milk in and about great cities. Milk may be unwholesome by reason of adulteration or by reason of infection with noxious matter.

We will first consider the adulteration question, and then take up the wider and more important subject of the contamination of milk. By the adulteration of milk is meant the addition of any substance or the removal of any of its constituents. The principal adulterant of milk is water, and the next most common sophistication is the removal of cream. Many other substances have been used to adulterate milk, and we find in most textbooks long lists of adulterants, including calves' brains, rape seed, starch, gum and other material, the use of which is doubtful. Chalk, salt, carbonate of soda, nitrate of soda and flour have been found by inspectors in New York milk. Probably the most dangerous adulterants of milk are the so-called preservatives, such as boracic acid, salicylic acid, benzoic acid and antiseptic naphthalenes. Cream is not often tampered with, but now and then attempts are made to adulterate it.

In 1882 a firm of dairymen tried to make an emulsion of beef and lard oils to imitate cream. It worked well until the bogus cream was shipped one cold night, when the extreme cold caused it to separate, and the oil to solidify into cakes and layers of lard and tallow.

I have recently been informed that an artificial cream is being shipped to New York, made by adding egg albumen to milk. My information is so reliable that I have no doubt but that I shall verify it. I have not yet had time to do so.

Detection of the Adulterants.

THE DETECTION OF WATER.—This may be detected by means of the lactometer. The lactometer is simply a hydrometer whose 0° equals a specific gravity of water,

HEALTHY WOMAN'S MILK, MAGNIFIED 420 DIAMETERS.

viz., 1,000, and whose 100° equals a specific gravity of 1,029, the space between the 0 and the 100 being divided into 100 parts. The 100° is supposed to indicate the specific gravity (at a temperature of 60° F.) of pure milk. It was found to be an absolute fact that milk from healthy cows never fell below 1,029 at 60° F. The thousands of samples of milk taken from cows, not only in the United States, but abroad, confirm this fact.

Let us suppose, then, that we have a sample of milk which, at a temperature of 60° F., has a specific gravity of 90° upon the lactometer scale. As 0° equals specific gravity of water and 100° that of pure milk, a specific gravity of 90° would indicate that 10 per cent. of water had been added to the milk. Now, as a matter of fact, the average milk has a specific gravity of about 109° on the lactometer. The 100° mark was taken as the standard, because a few samples of milk were found that had a specific gravity of 102° on the lactometer, and by putting the standard at 100°=1,029, the authorities felt that no injustice could be done to any farmer or dealer. The lactometer has been more abused than any instrument I know of, and the reasons for the distrust with which it has been looked at are, I think, due:

1st. To the fact that, some years ago, a large number of lactometers were on the market whose 100° indicated a specific gravity of 1,030, 1,032, etc., and others that were badly made.

2d. To the fact that the temperature is often overlooked. Any one can understand what a great difference this produces in the results.

3d. To the fact that if a sample of milk is taken warm from the cow, placed in a bottle, the bottle corked up, and the milk cooled to 60° F., the specific gravity of this milk may fall below 1,029 from the fact that a large quantity of air has become entangled in the milk, and this lowers the specific gravity. A very good illustration of this fact is shown in an experiment made by the chemist of our department. The skimmed milk from a De la Val milk separator was tested. Owing to the rapid revolution of the machine, 4,000 per minute, the milk was charged with air. As it came from the machine, it had a specific gravity of 15° at 60°. In half an hour it had a specific gravity of 105° at 60°, and after five hours had a specific gravity of 125° at 60° F. You cannot dip the lactometer into any white fluid and

the specific gravity is less than 100°, that this is watered milk, or because the specific gravity is greater than 100°, that this is pure milk. All that is claimed for the lactometer is, that if water alone has been added to milk, it will surely show that fact. The opponents of the lactometer always say: "Would it not be possible to skim the milk and thus increase its specific gravity, and then add water until quite a quantity had been added without the lactometer indicating anything abnormal?" Of course the specific gravity would not indicate anything except that the milk was pure, but the appearance of the milk under such conditions would be a sure indication of the fraud. As I draw these lactometers from the cream, from the milk, from the skimmed milk, and from the watered and skimmed milk, I think it does not require an expert to detect the difference.

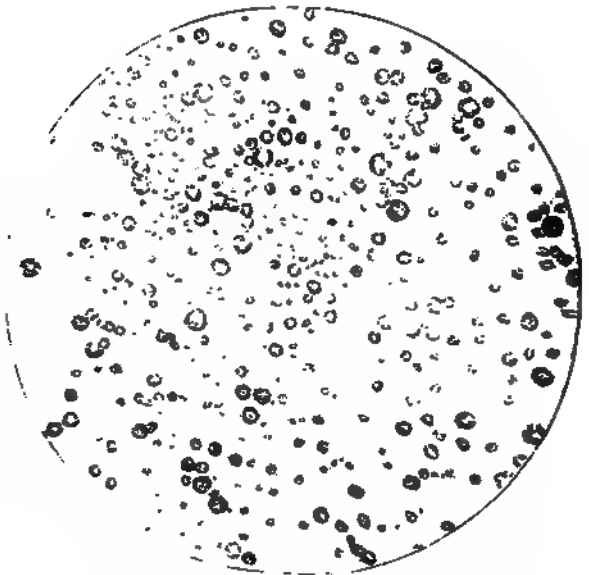
There are several other interesting instruments that have been devised for the detection of adulterated milk. One of these is shown, as we desire to call attention to some important matters relating to our milk supply. This instrument is Professor Feser's lactoscope. It supplies us with a simple optical test for determining the per cent. of fat present in a sample of milk. From the quantity of milk employed to render water opaque this can be readily determined. The instrument consists of a hollow glass cylinder doubly graduated, one scale giving the amount of water added to make 4 c. c. of milk transparent, the other showing the per cent. of fat present. In testing, a sample of 4 c. c. of milk is transferred into the instrument by means of the pipette, water is gradually added, and the mixture thoroughly shaken until all of the black lines on the cylindrical body of the milk-glass can be read. The level at which the mixture stands on the per centage of fat scale shows that per centage present. The instrument affords a ready and easy means for determining the relative richness of different specimens of human milk. In fact, I have used it myself for this purpose, to aid in the selection of a wet nurse.

The examination of milk by the microscope is of great importance, and should never be omitted. Pure milk from a healthy animal has the appearance shown through the photomicrograph that is here engraved. The fat globules vary in size very little. It has been noted that normal food produces milk in which the globules are more uniform in size than in that produced by unhealthy food.

We show, also, photomicrographs of healthy and unhealthy human milk, of cow's blood, of milk containing colostrum cells, of skimmed milk, and of cream. The detection of preservatives in milk is a matter for the chemist, rather than the busy physician, so I will pass it over in order to treat more fully a subject that interests us more deeply.

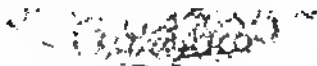
The subject of infected milk now presents itself. That milk will absorb the germs of disease with great readiness is admitted by all who have studied the etiology of contagious diseases.

In a paper on this subject read before the International Medical Congress of 1881, Mr. Ernest Hart, of London, sums up as follows: "The number of epidemics of typhoid fever recorded in the abstract as due to milk is 50; scarlatina, 15; of diphtheria, 7. The total number of cases occurring during epidemics traced to the use of infected milk may be reckoned in round numbers as 3,500 of typhoid fever, 800 of scarlet fever and 500 of diphtheria." When it is remembered that within the past ten years all these recorded and authentic epidemics



SKIMMED COW'S MILK, MAGNIFIED 420 DIAMETERS.

hours after taking the milk, and those who vomited early were least affected. By making an investigation among the customers of the milk, 14 other cases of poisoning were found, exactly like the Second Avenue cases. As several gallons of the poisonous milk were obtained, a most thorough analysis was made by E. W. Martin, the Chemist to the Board of Health. All the poisonous metals were tested for, and many of the vegetable poisons, with negative results. Professor Vaughn's method of extracting tyrotoxin was tried carefully, and a few grains of crystalline substance were obtained, which appeared like tyrotoxin, but on feeding it to rabbits no effect was produced. In short, chemical analysis developed no results whatever. The odor of this milk was peculiar and offensive, being of a sickly sweet nature. So characteristic was this odor that milk found in several families that were affected could be readily recognized by it. None of the persons poisoned by this milk died, though two came near doing so. These two had slight gastro-enteritis before taking this milk. A painstaking and thorough investigation was made at the dairy from



NORMAL COW'S MILK, MAGNIFIED 420 DIAMETERS.

occurred, and that before that time we were practically ignorant of the fact that milk is a carrier of infection, we realize the importance of taking the most stringent measures to prevent contamination of our milk supply.

Not only is milk liable to contamination by disease germs, but it is also liable to a sort of auto-infection. I refer to the development of ptomaines in milk subjected to certain influences. We are all more or less acquainted with Professor Vaughn's tyrotoxin. I have seen a number of cases of poisoning produced by milk that could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of the presence of tyrotoxin. One is interesting on account of the number of persons poisoned. I will give it.

On the 12th of May of this year I was directed by the Sanitary Superintendent to investigate several cases of poisoning at 1998 and 1990 Second Avenue, New York, reported by Dr. J. A. Powelson. In the two aforesaid houses 21 persons were found suffering from symptoms of irritant poisoning. The symptoms presented were, vomiting, colic, diarrhea, vertigo, headache and great prostration. All had drunk milk purchased from one milkman, who obtained it of a reputable dairyman in Dutchess County, New York. All were taken ill in from one to four

COLOSTRUM IN COW'S MILK, MAGNIFIED 420 DIAMETERS.

whence the milk came and of the farms that supplied the dairy, and it was found that hoof-rot was prevalent on them. No evidence could be obtained that milk from animals affected with that disease had been shipped to New York, but the farmers had a deep-rooted belief that milk from such cows was not deleterious. A sample of milk from an animal with the disease was submitted to the chemist and myself, and it was found to have the same peculiar odor that was noticed in the case of the poisonous milk, and a small amount fed to rabbits made two violently ill. Attempts were made by one at vomiting, and both showed great apathy for some time after the effects were produced.

Vaughn believes that the ptomaines are more liable to be developed in milk from diseased animals, and the cases just described would seem to confirm his theory.

Notwithstanding assertions made to the contrary, I believe that the poisonous milk ptomaines are very difficult to isolate by any means known to chemistry. We are too often compelled to make our diagnoses by exclusion. All circumstances, however, point to the fact that the ptomaines are developed during the decomposition of milk, and consequently anything that favors decomposition necessarily favors the production of ptomaines. Want of cleanliness in handling milk, filthy barns, unclean udders, dirty cans and bottles, are all sources of danger. The crust that forms around the neck of bottles and cans, unless removed, rapidly decomposes, and thus charges the contents of the vessel with the germs of putrefaction. I believe with Professor Vaughn that the most important advantage secured to breast-fed children arises from the lessened danger of infection of milk with germs which may produce poisonous ptomaines.

The following rules are given by Vaughn for the prevention of the development of tyrotoxin in milk.

Rules for the Prevention of the Development of Tyrotoxin in Milk.

1. The cows should be healthy, and the milk of any animal which seems indisposed should not be mixed with that from the perfectly healthy animals.

2. Cows must not feed upon swill, or the refuse of breweries, or glucose factories, or other fermented food.

3. Cows must not be allowed to drink stagnant water, but must have free access to pure, fresh water.

4. Cows must not be heated or worried before being milked.

5. The pasture must be free from noxious weeds, and the barn and yard must be kept clean.

6. The udders should be washed, if at all dirty, before the milking.

7. The milk must be at once thoroughly cooled. This is best done by placing the milkcan in a tank of cold spring water or ice water, the water being of the same depth as the milk in the can. It would be well if the water in the tank could be kept flowing; indeed, this will be necessary unless ice water is used. The tank should be thoroughly cleaned every day to prevent bad odors. The can should remain uncovered during the cooling, and the milk should be gently stirred. The temperature should be reduced to 60° F. within an hour. The can should remain in the cold water until ready for delivery.

8. In Summer, when ready for delivery, the top should be placed on the can, and a cloth wet in cold water should be spread over the can, or refrigerator cans may be used. At no season should the milk be frozen; but no buyer should receive milk which has a temperature higher than 65° F.

9. After the milk has been received by the consumer it should be kept in a perfectly clean place, free from dust, at a temperature not exceeding 60° F. Milk should not be allowed to stand uncovered, even for a short time, in sleeping or living rooms. In many of the better houses in the country and villages, and occasionally in the cities, the drain from the refrigerator leads into a cesspool or kitchen drain. This is highly dangerous. There should be no connection between the refrigerator and any receptacle of filth.

10. The only vessels in which milk should be kept are tin, glass or porcelain. After using the vessel it should be scalded, and then, if possible, exposed to the air.

Adulteration with water is a very common source of contamination, for the adulterator is not at all fastidious as to the quality of water he puts in his milk. I have frequently had in my possession toads and hair-worms found in New York milk by the inspectors. As water is frequently the carrier of the germs of disease, it follows that water contaminated by such germs, if added to milk, will also contaminate it, and make it a carrier of the same diseases.

We all know how pure the water is in the average country well. I have inspected a great number of such wells, and I do not believe that one in a hundred furnishes water fit to drink. It is safe to say that in 20 per cent. of farms in New York State, the cows are watered from wells situated in the barnyard itself, contaminated by its drainings. This leads us naturally from the consideration of milk infected by noxious matters outside of the cow to the consideration of that infected by factors arising in the condition of the animal herself.

Milch cows should be fed on wholesome food, and have plenty of pure water to drink. Distillery slops are highly injurious as a food for milch cows. In order to use them as feed the cows must at first be closely confined and all other food withheld, as the animals will not eat them unless compelled by starvation. After having been forced to eat the stuff, they take to it like drunkards to their grog, and if permitted will gorge themselves with it. Cows thus fed never have any water to drink, as it is considered by swill-feeders that sufficient water is present in the swill to supply their need in this respect. They are never allowed fresh air or exercise, both of which are indispensable to the wellbeing and health of the animal. For months they stand yoked between uprights, their noses over the swill-trough, breathing the emanations from their accumulated filth, in stables that often have only six or seven feet headway. I have seen cows in such stables in stalls that were only twenty-nine inches wide. In this case only 226 cubic feet of air-space was allowed each of the thirty animals stabled! (The New York Board of Health insists that at least 300 cubic feet of space shall be allowed an infant).

I give these facts because they go with the feeding of distillery swill. I have personally seen food of this kind fed, and I have been the means used by the Board of Health of New York to effect the punishment of persons feeding it, yet I have never seen it fed except under the conditions I have described. As distillery slops contain a large amount of free acid, the direct effect of feeding them is to charge the systems of the animals so fed with acid. It produces an acid diathesis. The results of this is that the secretions, naturally alkaline, are acid. Even the milk, which should be neutral or faintly acid, is quite acid.

Another result of this acid condition is the tendency of the tissues of the cow, especially the skin, to ulcerate.

Large ulcers often form on the flanks and shoulders where the skin comes in contact with the floor, on lying down. The tail often ulcerates, usually within six or eight inches of insertion, and drops off. Milk from animals fed on distillery swill coagulates in a tough lump. I have seen a complete cast of the vessel which held such milk formed by the tenacious curd. This cast

no hesitation in saying that a little grains, judiciously fed with other food, will do a cow good.

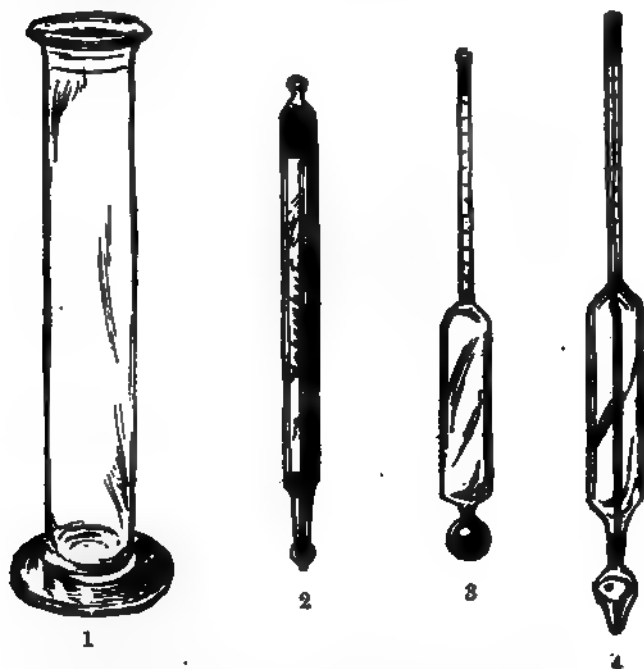
The odor of swill or grains is very perceptible in milk from animals fed on either. The proper way to make the "smell test" is to shake the milkman's forty-quart can, or have some one do it for you, and then, removing the cover quickly, smell the inside of it (the cover). The odor is always present, even in the case of milk from animals that have been partially fed on grains or swill. It is always safer not to use milk having the odor of grains, at least not to use it for infants' food.

In addition to the peculiar and unhealthy curd in milk from cows fed on swill and brewers' grains, it is certain that such milk will rapidly sour and spoil, even when subjected to the most favorable conditions for keeping it. The great condensed milk factories in New York State, and I believe elsewhere, compel the farmers who supply them with milk to sign a contract to feed no brewers' grains, starch feed, distillery swill, or even ensilage. The reason for this is, that milk from animals thus fed cannot be preserved, even after being condensed, charged with sugar, and put up in hermetically sealed cans.

Bad treatment, or the accidental feeding of certain plants, sometimes affects milk in a remarkable manner. Milk will suddenly sour a few hours only after being produced; or, by some peculiar decomposition of its caseine, it will turn blue; or it will become stringy, running in strings when poured from vessel to vessel. Sandy milk is the result of excess of lime salts derived from food, though I believe some observers think that it is due to disease that causes the lime in the osseous structure of the animal to concentrate itself in the milk. Old milkers frequently give milk that has a bitter taste. This milk rapidly decomposes, with the development of a disagreeable odor.

A curious epidemic, resembling typhoid fever, broke out on Washington Heights a few years ago. It was found, on investigation, that the disease was confined to the customers of a certain milkman. An examination of the cows owned by this man was made, and one was found suffering with a loathsome abscess of the udder. At the time the examination was made this cow was being milked into the common milk-pail. Although the investigation was thoroughly conducted, no other cause could be found. The cow with the abscess was quarantined, and the sickness speedily stopped.

Milk from animals afflicted with tubercular disease has



1. Cream Gauge. 2. Milk Thermometer. 3. Common Lactometer.
4. Improved Lactometer, with Thermometer Combined.

5. Professor Fessenden's Lactoscope.

INSTRUMENTS USED IN DETECTING MILK ADULTERATION.

could be handled without breaking. The following is a copy of an autopsy made by Dr. A. H. P. Seuf, of Brooklyn, in the case of a child, four months old, that died from the effects of swill milk:

"I made an autopsy on the body of Stanley F. Heyden, of 251 Bergen Street, August 1st, 1892. I found the stomach exceedingly soft and delicate, and filled with coagulated milk forming quite a firm lump over three inches in diameter. The stomach was, also, reddened. The intestines were very pale and entirely bloodless, and contained a pale, slimy material, characteristic of inflammation.

"The membrane of the intestines was, also, closely studded with little whitish specks, which were enlarged glands. All the other organs of the body were normal except the marked paleness. In my opinion death resulted from exhaustion (collapse); due to gastro-entero-colitis; augmented by the presence in the stomach of the firm clot of coagulated milk, which was too firm for the child to vomit up or pass down into the gut, and therefore acted as a foreign body and irritant.

"(Signed), A. H. P. Seuf, M.D."

The Brooklyn health authorities investigated the source of the milk that was given the child, and found that it came from swill-fed animals. It was deficient in fat, while the curd was tough and abundant. Swill-fed cows are very much in the same condition as a drunken sot.

In regard to brewery grains, or brewers' grains, as they are generally called, the case is different. Nevertheless, it is highly wrong to feed them exclusively, or even for the most part. This is shown by the fact that cows fed on them become what is termed "grains sick." The animal loses its appetite and is apt to have diarrhea. I have

AN INSPECTOR SAMPLING MILK AT A DEPOT ON THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK CITY.

two coils at the receiving station so as to impart motion in two directions to a pen filled with ink, so that the resultant motion of this pen exactly reproduces the movement of the writing pen at the sending station. Mr. Robertson has replaced Mr. Cowper's resistance coils by a series of thin carbon disks, which vary their resistance with variation of pressure, as was discovered by Edison and utilized in his carbon telephone transmitter. He has also improved the receiving portion, and has made the apparatus very practical. It is being commercially worked out, and we shall watch its progress with much interest. It forms a really beautiful system of written messages, and is decidedly simpler than any previous system of facsimile telegraphy. It is very doubtful whether there is a demand for such a system, for the operation is necessarily slow.

A new illuminant has just been patented in Glasgow, under the name of portable sunlight. It is obtained by the evaporation of cresote, tar or other hydrocarbon oils, and it produces an intense white flame up to 3,000 candle-power at a cost of about two cents per hour for each 1,000 candles. In operation the oil is heated in a steel retort over a low fire, and the vapor is carried through a tube to the "combustion-box" above, into which air is introduced in the proportion necessary for proper combustion of the minute oil particles that constitute the vapor, with the result that a light equal in intensity to electricity, and as easily under control as gas, is produced for one-tenth the cost of either.

A STEAM tricycle has been tested in France which reached a speed of 9 to 11 miles an hour with one rider, and somewhat less with two. The fuel used is petroleum—stored in a tank under the seat, holding 2½ gallons, while the boiler is just in front. A small vertical engine and a water reservoir sufficient for 2½ hours, into which the steam exhausted, completes the outfit.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A GORGEOUS funeral is the only imposing procession in which the man most concerned takes no interest whatever.

SOME gypsy proverbs run as follows: After misfortune comes fortune. Better a donkey that lets you ride than a fine horse that throws you off.

HE, at dinner—"May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Girton?"
Miss Girton—"Thanks, no; I am very comfortable where I am; but you may assist the cheese to me, if you will!"

"JOHN, did you ever observe the fondness of Dr. Blank and his wife for one another? Mrs. Blank always calls the doctor her duck." "Ah, yes! That's because he is a quack."

IMPETUOUS LOVER—"Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel." Wealthy Maiden—"Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, I thank you."

"EVERY tree is subject to disease," said a member of a tree-planters' convention. "What ailment can you find on an oak?" asked another member. "A-corn," was the reply.

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER "Unprepared as I am—unprepared as I am—unprepared as—" His Wife (to him across the table) "Why, Tom, you had it all by heart this afternoon. Go on, do!"

THE Indian puts himself in war-paint to terrify his enemies. The woman of fashion puts herself in war-paint to charm her friends. At this advanced stage of civilization neither device is particularly successful.

A LADY who had her photograph taken was showing it to her husband. "Do you think that it looks like me?" she asked. "Yes," he said, after critical examination. "It looks like you; only it seems very quiet."

"WHAT is that terrible racket about?" asked a man as he passed a house and heard a child yelling at the top of its voice. "Oh, that's nothing," exclaimed his companion; "it is simply a woman banging her hair."

A LITTLE boy, watching a severe thunderstorm in which the sheet-lightning flashed almost continuously, seemed very much interested and entirely unawed. Turning to his father, he asked, "What makes the wind open and shut its eyes so fast?"

FAMILY DOCTOR—"Ah, little one, tell your mamma I have come to vaccinate the baby." Rejected Child—"I'm afraid you can't see baby now. Mamma is giving him a bath." "That won't matter. It won't take but a minute." "Yes, but he is entirely decolleté."

ACCEPTANCE.

Soft is the breath of a maiden's "Yes!"
Not the light gossamer stirr with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast,
Through all the battles of wave and blast;
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long.

SEE KNEW ALL ABOUT THEM.—An old gentleman, speaking to a young lady and commenting upon her freshness and good looks, remarked, "Ah, my dear, may you long retain them! Yours is a happy period of life. You know nothing yet of the jealousies, the heart-burnings, the contentions, the rivalries that beset the pathway of existence." "Don't I, though!" she interrupted. "I want you to understand that I belong to a church choir."

TEACHER—"How many zones are there?" Boy—"Six." "No, there are only five." "Yes, there are six." "Name them." "The torrid zone, the northern and southern temperate, the northern and southern frigid—" "That's five; what is the other zone?" "Q-zone!"

BROWN'S BOY—"We've got stationary wraiths in our house." Smith's Boy—"We've got tessellated vestibules." "We've got steel grates." "So have we, and a lift." "Pooh! we've got electric bells." "Well, we've something youcuses hasn't got—we've got rheumatic tubes. There, now!"

"COLD ID BY DOZE."

I've got such a hoddible cold id by head,
Upod by word, I wish I was dead,
I really thig I shall go to bed,
Ad tallow by doze, as the doctor said;
He's cubig again this afterdozd;
Why, it's half-past three, he'll be here soon!

Ad gib me subborn of his beastly drugs,
Ad tell be to keep warb udder the rugs.

Achoo! Achoo!

Oh, what shall I do?

I've coughed ad sdeezeel till I'llo dearly blue,

Ad by doze is so sore,

I card blow it bore,

It feels as tolder as if it was raw.

Subbody told he'd heard of sub stuff,

Which you'd odelly to shiff, ad that was chuff;

What did he call it?—Alkaram.

I'll sedd for sub—I suppose it's a shab—

They always are. Achoo! Achoo!

I thig I'll be dyig! Oh, what shall I do?

Yes, this is the stuff that fellow said!

Was sure to curo a cold id the head;

Two or three ediffs the beggar swore

Would bako you as well as you were before.

(He sniffs.) Upod my soul, I believe he's right,

I'll be gettig better—it's woddorful quite,

I albast feel as if I bight

Go out and dide at the club to-dight.

(He continueth sniffing.)

I really will, I feel quite well,

As fresh as a rose, and as sound as a bell,

And I'll always swear that the only balm

For a cold in the head is Alkaram.

"Here, John, put out my evening clothes."

I'll take my grub

To-night at the club.

Soup, fish, and a bird, with a pint of Larose,

I think that ought to complete the cure,

And make assurance doubly sure.

Achoo! Hullo!

Why here's a go!

Achoo! Atishoo! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

It's all begiddig agud, I fear;

You card get rid of a cold like bide

By shellig a bottle of befieldie!

Soup ad fish! it's absurd,

Or to thigk of a bird,

When you card prodoude a siggle word,

Ad as for Larose, the tippie for be

Is a cup of bollig lidgeed tea.

I'll go to bed,

Ad wrap a red

Welsh fladdel baddage round by head,

Ad stay at hobe for a budth at least,

Till this beastly wld's do logger East.

WHY HE DID NOT TAKE A HINT.—The late Lord Dudley, one of the most absent-minded men, was once paying a morning visit to the beautiful Lady M—. He sat an unconsciously long time, and the lady, after giving him some friendly hints, took up her work and tried to make conversation. Lord Dudley broke a long fit of silence by muttering, "A very pretty woman, this Lady M—!" But she stays a deuced long time. I wish she'd go." He thought Lady M— was paying him a visit in his own house.

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THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

Many of the first bodies of settlers, like the Spaniards in Virginia, or the English in Roanoke, or the French in Carolina, failed utterly and perished, except the few who escaped from a land that seemed accursed of God. But stouter and more enduring men undertook the task, and European emigration obtained a hold on the Atlantic coast that has never been lost.

The moment permanent settlements were made, immigration began. The forests were to be cleared, the land broken up and cultivated. There was daily need of men to ply the mechanical arts, to run the smithy and the carpenter shop, to build the boats on which most of the early communication was carried on between the water-side settlements.

Voluntary emigration furnished a steady increase; but England soon began to send over men and women from the multitudes that crowded her jails, and after a civil war, such as that of the Puritans against the Monarchy, prisoners taken in the field or inhabitants of whole districts were shipped to this country, to be sold as indentured servants for a term of years. The former were, of course, a sorry set, from whom little could be expected—idle, vicious and without any energy to begin a better life. The political prisoners were a better stock for a new country. The 50,000 healthy, industrious Irish women sent over by Cromwell, and the Scotch Highlanders who met the English regulars at Preston Pans and Culloden, though they failed to win the day, were good stock to form after generations of stalwart patriotic citizens in this country.

A third class of emigrants were those who, in the last century, came over as what were called Redemptioners. As the sale of indentured servants had become common, this new system, based on it, arose. Vessels destined to obtain cargoes from America offered to take over those who wished to reach our shores, but lacked means to pay their passage money, under certain conditions.

The ship gave them a passage and food during the voyage. For the amount thus due, each passenger had to redeem himself on arrival. If he had a friend, countryman or relative to pay the debt against him, he stepped forth on the land of his adoption a free man. If not, he was sold for the lowest term of years at which any one at the auction would agree to take him. The good mechanic, or man who showed that he could readily make himself useful, was of course sold for a short term, while the unfortunate, out of whom a farmer thought that he could not easily obtain enough labor to repay his outlay, was knocked down for a long term. This class of immigrants did not seem a very promising one. Yet all were not the shiftless set we would be apt to suppose them. Several of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were men who came over as Redemptioners, landing here without a penny, but they were men of some education, of great energy and perseverance, who soon rose to be leaders among their fellow-men.

Naturally those sold as Redemptioners or indentured servants endeavored to escape from their condition of servitude, and the early newspapers of our country abound in advertisements for such fugitives, who sometimes, perhaps, could justify their action by the harsh and cruel treatment to which they had been persistently subjected. We find an indication of the grade of some Redemptioners in the fact that many became schoolmasters in different parts of the country, and occasionally a delver into the newspapers of the last century will light on an advertisement for a runaway schoolmaster, who had not fully served out his time as a Redemptioner.

The immigration to this country in the last century

was large and widely distributed. There were no great ports at which all the commerce centred, and many towns, from Salem to Savannah, did a large foreign trade then compared to what they do now.

The extent of the immigration in the last century may be judged from a few entries in the papers of the day. August 13th, 1735, a vessel at Portsmouth, N. H., with 120 Irish passengers; July, a vessel at Charleston, S. C., with 250 Swiss. At Philadelphia a single paper, in August, 1736, notes the arrival of two vessels with 425 passengers. The *New York Gazette*, 13th-20th September, 1736, notes the arrival of one ship with 345 passengers from Ireland, and exclaims, "One thousand souls in twenty-four hours!" The *Snow Catharine*, from Workington, Ireland, was wrecked on Cape Sable, and nearly one-half of her 202 passengers were lost.

Great as this immigration was compared to the actual population of the colonies at that time, there seems to have been no general system of legislation adopted to provide for making the immigrants useful to the little community. They seem to have been absorbed quickly and readily, and seldom to have become a burden. Maryland, at that time fearful of any increase of its Catholic population, passed several Acts, imposing heavy and heavier fines on every Irish Papist imported into the province of the Baltimores; but such checks on immigration were rare and unusual.

The number of very wealthy immigrants in early times was very small, and of those who came over with means, intending to create great estates or build up great mining or manufacturing interests, to continue in their families from generation to generation, scarcely enough succeeded to be at all remembered in our day. The Van Rensselaer family, in New York, is one of the few exceptions; while most, like Peter, Hasenclever, expended thousands in opening mines and works by which others ultimately profited.

The immigrants were thus in the main equal, comparatively, in means, and all except the Germans who settled in Pennsylvania and the Upper Hudson and Mohawk, soon lost their own language, and after one or two generations their descendants could not be distinguished from those of English origin.

The immigrants were thus readily absorbed in the general community, and no complaints seem to have been made in regard to them. Nothing in the newspapers or occasional writings of the colonial period shows any jealousy of the incoming immigration, or fear that the newcomers would fail to render themselves useful accessions, or prove unfit to be absorbed into the body politic.

When the Revolutionary War raised the colonies to the rank of a recognized nation under a republican government, everything about it appealed to the people of the Old World. Europe, crushed with debts, with new wars that rapidly came on, increasing the difficulties of prospering, or even eking out an existence, made emigration the only hope for thousands. A new country, where land was cheap beyond the dreams of men, where grinding landlords, oppressive taxation, standing armies, and privileged classes were unknown, where every man could acquire wealth and position by industry and ability, was, in the eyes of the downtrodden, a new paradise.

Beginning under the old Redemption system immigration to this country rapidly developed, and was fostered by our Government. It soon outgrew the old system, however, and vessels competed for the transportation of those who wished to come to America. Those who settled here saved up their earnings to send out for other

members of the family; and as the population on the coast began to send out detachments to occupy and improve the lands in the interior, emigration furnished numbers to join in each new settlement.

The comfort of the passengers was little regarded by the owners or captains of ships, and their accommodations were often little better than those of a slave in the vessels that bore the unhappy Africans on their involuntary emigration to the shores of America.

Some of the earliest Acts of Congress in relation to immigrants were intended to check the inhumanity of this system. A law passed in March, 1819, limited the number of passengers that a vessel could carry to two passengers to every five tons of its bulk as ascertained by custom-house measure. But in those days of sailing vessels, when voyages were of uncertain length, the sufferings on these ships were very great under the best circumstances. The rate of emigration increased after the second war with Great Britain, yet in 1820 the number was only about 8,000; but in 1823 no fewer than 27,382 arrived here. After 1831 the number made a sudden advance from 22,000 to 60,000 in the famous cholera year. Ten years later, 104,565 arrived; in 1847, 234,968; in 1850 more than 300,000 came to swell our population, and in 1854 the immigrants numbered more than 400,000; but then came a falling off, and, in 1861, when our Civil War began, the statistics show less than 100,000. Then the figure rose again, and in 1872 was more than 437,000.

When steamships became numerous, they began to take large numbers of emigrants as steerage passengers, and their superior accommodations and quick passages soon secured almost the whole of the business, to the great advantage of humanity; for though laws had been passed to secure the comfort of this class of passengers, the sailing vessels showed a terrible record of mortality, the deaths being fifteen in every thousand they carried, while the steamers lost only about one in a thousand.

The vast immigration in time excited alarm in two different degrees. It threw a vast quantity of skilled and unskilled labor on the market, and native-born mechanics especially began to feel the effect of the competition. This led to associations to endeavor to remedy the matter. As many of the immigrants were Roman Catholics, the increase of that religious body alarmed some of other denominations, and as many immigrants, especially Irish, availed themselves of existing laws to become citizens after the term of five years, their activity in politics gave additional umbrage. These grounds were the motive which led to the organization of the Native American party, subsequently called, popularly, the "Know Nothing party." Its main object was the extension of the term for naturalization to twenty-one years and the exclusion of Catholics from office. Yet though this party at times obtained local success, and more than once put forward a candidate for the Presidency, and led to alarming and destructive riots, this organized hostility did not at all affect the increase of immigration. The hostility was, in fact, confined mainly to the Eastern States, while the West, which needed men to develop its resources, gladly welcomed the new-comers, and Germans especially pushed in that direction. Their numbers, at first small, became in time about half that from the British Isles, but in 1854 there were 215,000 from Germany to 160,253 from the British Isles.

In view of the great influx of Swedes from Northern Europe and Italians from the South, at the present time it is curious to find that in 1823 only one Swede arrived, and in 1833 only two Italians, while in 1882, 27,494 natives of Italy and 57,664 of Norway and Sweden entered the

gates of Castle Garden. At the present time Germany sends the largest number, England stands next, while Ireland occupies the third place in the list, though sometimes it takes the second. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, Norway and Sweden, Italy, Russia, Scotland and Denmark, represent the other great sources of new population. Of 321,814 who arrived in 1886, about ninety-six thousand were from the British Isles, while more than twice that number were sent by Continental Europe.

But Europe alone does not furnish all our immigrants. Asia, too, has begun to contribute largely to our population, raising new questions, and calling for special legislative consideration and enactment.

The development of California and the demand for labor there attracted the Chinese, and their numbers increased with great rapidity, so that, by 1874, 144,328 had arrived. A bad feature of this class was that they were really serfs, imported by large trading companies and controlled by them. Very few Chinese women came, and those who did were used for the worst purposes. Living apart, ignorant of our civilized social rules, or indifferent to them, these Chinese were, in a manner, not amenable to our laws. It was extremely difficult to trace or punish crime among them. There was soon a movement against the further introduction of this undesirable class. Then came a protest against cheap labor among the working class, and a protest against the heathen vices implanted on our land was made by many religious and moral citizens. Local violence followed, and Congress was called upon to regulate the system of importing Chinese. A law passed in 1885 expressly prohibited the importation of aliens for labor or service in this country, by contract or agreement, express or implied, parol or special. This was intended to apply to the Chinese immigration, but a church is at present arraigned under this law for making a contract with a clergyman in Europe to come over and help save their souls!

The Mormon progress in Utah, with its shameless revival of polygamy, has been mainly built up by immigration, planned, concerted and fed by Mormon agents in Europe, and, to a great extent, in Scandinavia. The Mormon system grew by the neglect of Congress to check it, till it had acquired a strength making its suppression difficult. Recent laws have aimed to suppress polygamy, but as long as unfortunate women are openly introduced into the country, under sanction of Government, to be forwarded to Utah, the evil must increase. To check their entrance into the country seems to many the only effectual means of checking the further increase of polygamy.

The system of government in Russia and some other European countries has created a vast network of secret revolutionary societies, in which the principles adopted and propagated at last reached the point of aiming at the abolition of all rights in personal or real property, and of all government. Many of these Communists, Nihilists and Anarchists have sought refuge in the United States, and, as has been shown at Chicago, disseminate their ideas and extend their organization mainly among the Continental element here. They show as great a hostility to the existing social and political life of this country as they do to the most arbitrary and tyrannical monarchical institutions in Europe. To meet this new difficulty means are yet to be devised.

As New York became the great port where the immigration from Europe centred, the State, in 1847, created a Board of Commissioners of Emigration, and required every ship bringing immigrants to pay a certain sum

head for each. This money was used by the Commissioners of Emigration to protect alien passengers from fraud and imposition, to advise them how to reach their destination, and, as far as possible, see to their welfare. All alien passengers for whom the rate was paid were, in case of sickness or want occurring within five years after their arrival, to be supported or relieved by the Commissioners of Emigration out of the funds in their hands. The building at the Battery known as Castle Garden, became the receiving place for all immigrants, and continues so to this day. For the sick and helpless large and well-fitted buildings were erected on Ward's Island. Under the management of this Board great good was done; the poor-houses of the country were relieved of recently arrived immigrants, and these newcomers generally protected from fraud, and enabled to reach the homes they had selected, in most cases, soon became thriving and prosperous, according to their capacity.

Castle Garden, the great centre of the immigration into this country, presents a strange and picturesque scene worthy of study. Under the system built up by years of experience, these thousands of men, women, and children, arriving generally ignorant of the language and ways of the country, are rapidly parceled out, some conducted to the steamboat or railroad lines, others sent to Ward's Island; others kept till friends arrive, or applications for various kinds of labor take them from the employment bureau. Licensed boarding-houses receive those who have to wait here, and at every step there are agencies to prevent fraud and imposition.

When the immigrants reach Castle Garden, they pass in single file into the rotunda, and the police officer

passes them toward the registering-clerk. Here each one is asked his or her name, place of birth and destination, the replies being entered in an enormous ledger. Then comes the question of departure—trains, boats, etc.—and the queries, uttered in French, Italian, Irish, Danish, Finnish, Russian, and fifty different dialects, are briefly but courteously responded to. Those who propose remaining in New York emerge into the Battery Park, and

are cared for by the agents of the Inman Line, who see them safely housed in respectable boarding-houses. Those who are compelled to wait for the evening trains for the West and South encamp in the rotunda, gypsy fashion, and sit, sprawl, crouch and lie in every attitude of indolent nonchalance. Some of these groups are intensely picturesque. The quaint costumes of Danish and German villages, the rich colors of Connemara cloaks, and the thousand and one hues of the beribboned lassies of many climes, blend in glowing contrasts. Meals are partaken of; the "taylor" is wet and the lager is foamed; children romp and play; the old people doze, and the younger take up the thread of the flirtations commenced on the bounding billows, and resolve to make the most of their time ere the bitter word of parting. The hour at length arrives when it becomes necessary to move

SCANDINAVIAN IMMIGRANTS FOR UTAH.

toward the train, and then there is a mighty upheaval of human forms and human impediments.

The shipping interests struggled earnestly against the laws of New York, and ultimately obtained a decision of the United States Supreme Court, on the 21st of March, 1876, declaring the whole system of New York to be a violation of the Constitution of the United States, as interfering with the exclusive right of Congress to regulate

foreign commerce. The case had been elaborately argued, and was long under consideration by the Justices. Miller, Justice, delivering the opinion of the Court, said in regard to the Legislature of New York :

"We are of opinion that this whole subject has been confided to Congress by the Constitution; that Congress can more appropriately, and with more acceptance, exercise it than any other body known to our law, State or National; that by providing a system of laws in these matters, applicable to all ports, and to all vessels, a serious question, which has long been matter of contest and complaint, may be effectually and satisfactorily settled."

But in the court of common sense it would seem sound reasoning to hold that a power so indefinite that Congress had for eighty-nine years neglected to exercise it, although the cries of suffering humanity and the welfare of the whole country demanded action, ought to be considered as abdicated and waived.

This decision, given in hesitating tones, affected not only the State of New York, but all other States on the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific; threw their ports open, and left them unprotected against the introduction of paupers and criminals, while it deprived the immigrant of every shield against fraud and oppression.

But Congress, which had for eighty-nine years been indifferent to the suffering and the welfare of the millions who poured into this country, which had shown its disregard whether these newcomers were to be made into good and valuable citizens or allowed to add new impetus to the increase of the pauper and criminal classes, was not to be roused to action by any decision of the Supreme Court. The subject afforded no opportunity for the creation of lucrative offices; it merely concerned the public welfare; a topic well adopted for rhetorical treatment, but not of a character to influence public business.

The result of the decision on the Commissioners of Emigration was disastrous. Their means of doing good were at once cut off, and not only that—they were at once sued by the great shipping companies for the money which they had received and expended for the benefit of the immigrants. As the shipping companies always included the tax in the passage money, decisions in their favor would have put into the coffers of the steamship lines money which came really from the immigrants, but which would never be refunded to them.

The Commissioners of Emigration at once applied to Congress to pass a law similar in effect to that which the experience of years had placed on the statute-book of New York, and applied also for a law to relieve them from inequitable suits against them in name, but really against the State of New York, whose agents they were.

On the 19th of June, 1878, Congress did indeed pass an Act preventing any such actions, but it was not till July 22d, 1882, that Congress passed an Act regulating the great matter of immigration.

Meanwhile the State of New York, with greater humanity and a higher sense of the national good, maintained the Commissioners of Emigration and enabled them to continue in some degree the beneficent work which had for years done honor to the high-minded and unblemished men who directed it. From 1876 to 1880 the General Government, or ungovernment, did nothing to relieve New York of this burden so generously assumed, and not till the State had expended more than six hundred thousand dollars did the United States establish an "Immigrant Fund," arising from a tax of fifty cents per head levied under an Act of August 3d, 1882.

The Acts of Congress were scarcely dry when suits

were begun to declare them unconstitutional, and the Supreme Court was asked to stultify itself by declaring Acts unconstitutional which it had declared it the power and duty of Congress to pass. The Court again, by the same Justice Miller as its mouthpiece, on the 8th of December, 1884, gave its decision that the Acts of 1882 were constitutional. But the funds provided by the Acts of Congress are totally inadequate to the wants of the Commission, and much of the good it formerly accomplished it is now unable to effect.

There are thus various questions coming up before the people in regard to future immigration—whether further immigration is to be encouraged; or whether checks are to be placed upon it, further than those which already prevent the landing of those who, by reason of their condition as convicts, paupers, or persons unable to acquire a living, are almost certain to become a public burden; whether the Chinese and Mormon questions can be further solved by additional legislation; and whether Anarchism can be checked by excluding the propagators of its doctrines.

The question, also, arises whether a revision of the naturalization laws is required to prevent Mormon and Anarchist leaders from employing their dupes; still ignorant of the real spirit and tendency of our liberal governments, to control elections, defeat needed legislation, and promote, as far as in them lies, a return to chaos, by dissolving all the bonds that blend men together in Christian society.

Naturalization is sure to come up. A general law of Congress will effect comparatively little, as even for national offices the qualifications of electors are in many cases those necessary to vote for the most popular branch of the State Legislature. And as the Western States confer this right on actual settlers, irrespective of United States naturalization, Congressional laws will not materially affect them unless the Constitution of the United States is amended.

There are, thus, a number of questions regarding immigration which call loudly for a general systematic and philosophical treatment of the whole subject, after full discussion, by the ablest of our statesmen. If the topic is consigned to neglect, as it has been too frequently by Congress, evils of no little magnitude may suddenly come upon us to add weight to the growing sentiment that the General Government, as at present organized, is a detriment, not an aid, to the general progress of the country.

There will, of course, be a wide range for opinion from those who hold all check on immigration unwise and impolitic; maintaining that it is impossible to decide whether the man who comes penniless, with a strong will and determination to succeed, or the man who comes in the cabin with abundant means, is likely to be a public charge or a general benefit to the country. If men sold on the docks as Redemptioners, in the old time, rose to be members of the body which shaped the destinies of America, held the spontaneous allegiance of the people and maintained a seven years' war against the greatest power in Europe, why cannot the man who, to-day, steps penniless on the dock achieve as much? They point to the many who come with means, but who are paupers in a few years from want of thrift and judgment, injudicious investments, rash speculation, over-confidence in others. In the brain of a cripple may be inventions to surpass those of Edison. As no one can read the future, or tell what the innate capacities may develop into under our system, why refuse any man an opportunity?

Others, at the other extreme, would require from every

emigrant a police certificate from his last residence, countersigned by the American Consul, that the bearer has never been a convict, or pauper, or placed under police supervision as a dangerous character.

In 1798, during the Administration of John Adams, Congress passed the famous Alien Act, by which the President was authorized to expel any alien plotting against the peace. This Act drew great obloquy on the Federal party, and the popular mind has been strongly opposed to entrusting any such powers to the General Government; but early in the present session of Congress, Mr. Adams, of Chicago, introduced a Bill giving the President power to banish revolutionary aliens plotting against the peace and safety of the state. The more favorable plan would be to invest the Courts with power to act summarily in such cases, and there is a growing conviction that the Government should provide some means by which it may protect itself from aliens who are professed revolutionists, and whose only occupation is to undermine the Government.

Others would wish some steps taken to disabuse the ignorant women brought over by the Mormon agents to swell the number of polygamous wives in Utah, and show the poor creatures that they are going to do what the laws of the country forbid, and what must ultimately entail misery on them, and cover themselves and their children with disgrace and shame. Others would counsel the passage of an Act applicable to all Territories, under which any woman, not the sole legal wife of a husband, who bears a child, may be arrested and sent out of the Territory to her native place, here or abroad, the cost of transportation to be levied on the putative father of the child; and requiring copies of such statute, in their own language, to be distributed to all women landing here, that they may not claim to have acted in ignorance of the law.

The Chinese question is yet in a crude state on the statute-books, and many improvements will be suggested.

From all sides, therefore, comes a call for a statesman-like treatment of immigration, and the host of questions that have already arisen or may soon arise in regard to it. The prospect, sooner or later, of a great war in Europe, that will swell the influx of newcomers, makes it imperative to prepare in advance, and not patch up matters by ill-advised and hasty legislation.

OLD COINS UNEARTHED.

It is without precedent in the annals of treasure-trove to have 12,267 coins unearthed; but (says the *Architect*) last year four workmen were lucky in finding that number in Ross's Court, Upper Kirkgate, Aberdeen, and it has been decided by the Treasury to pay the proportionate sum for them. They were found in a metal pot eleven inches high and thirty-two inches in circumference at the widest part. The coins are mainly English pennies or sterlings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Nearly one-half, or 5,883, come from the London Mint, and 8,179 from Canterbury. The Durham Mint furnishes 1,115, and several are from the mints of Berwick, Bristol, Bury St. Edmunds, Chester, Exeter, Kingston (Hull), Lincoln, Newcastle and York. There are fifty-one from Dublin, and twenty-one from Waterford. The old coins are of peculiar interest, as they want the tria, which was supposed to be characteristic of them. Foreign counterfeit coins were also in the heap. The coins number only 132. The theory of

Mr. A. Walker is that the pot was buried during Balio's War and the invasion of Scotland by Edward III., and the skill of the packers is evident when we know that, after lying for five centuries in the earth, not more than 200 coins were illegible.

UNCERTAINTIES.

BY MAY PROBYN.

Pink linen bonnet,
Pink cotton gown,
Roses printed on it,
Hands burnt brown.

Oh! blithe were all the piping birds, and the golden-belted bees,
And blithe sang she on the doorstep, with her apron full of peas.

Sound of scythe and mowing,
Where buttercups grew tall;
Sound of red kine lowing,
And early milkmaid's call.

Sweet she sang on the doorstep, with the young peas in her lap,
And he came whistling up the lane, with the ribbons in his cap.

"You called me a bad penny
That wouldn't be sent away—
But here's good-by to you, Jenny,
For many and many a day,
There's talk of cannon and killing—
Nay, never turn so white!
And I've taken the king's shilling—
I took it last night."

Oh! merry, merry piped the thrushes up in the cherry-tree.
But dumb she sat on the doorstep, and out thro' the gate went he.

Scent of hay and Summer;
Red evening sky;
Noise of fife and drummer;
Men marching by.

The hay will be carried presently, and the cherries gathered all,
And the corn stand yellow in the shocks, and the leaves begin to fall.

Perhaps some evening after,
With no more song of thrush,
The lads will cease their laughter,
And the maids their chatter hush;
And word of blood and battle
Will mix with the sound of the flail,
And lowing of the cattle,
And clink of the milking-pail;
And one will read half fearful
A list of names aloud;
And a few will stagger fearful
Out of the little crowd;
And she, perhaps, half doubting,
Half knowing why she came,
Will stand among them, pouting,
And hear, perhaps, his name—

Will weep, perhaps, a little, as she wanders up the lane,
And wish one Summer morning were all to do again.

"A WOMAN'S PROMISE."

MR. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, formerly United States Senator from New York, who was very fond of saying sharp things, sometimes gave offense by his witticisms when he least expected to do so. One day, when he was walking moodily along the street in Albany at the time Silas Wright was Governor, he met Mrs. Wright, the Governor's wife.

Observing his abstracted air, the lady said, in a jocular manner: "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?"

"Of a woman's promise," responded Mr. Dickinson.

"Well done, Senator," said Mrs. Wright, who passed on, but did not forget Mr. Dickinson's remark.

Some time afterward he requested her to help him to persuade the Governor to appoint a friend to office.

and cobweb lace, all to go into the ugly black kiln and be burned remorselessly for the good of the British Lion with a big L.

"They can't humbug me!" he was wont to exclaim. "I am none of your confounded puppies who won't seize anything because it belongs to a pretty girl. I'm Her Majesty's official, and I'm devoted to the service, by gad! Duty before sentiment, by Jove!"

The captain lived on with credit and renown, and one day he was waiting the arrival of the steamer from France in a thick, cold fog, and he was in very bad humor.

That day he had made a discovery which caused his red face to turn crimson, and his ugly, queer, overfed eyes to stick out from the beds of wrinkles by which they were surrounded. His wife received letters from her unfortunate son!

She had been caught in the very act of reading one, and crying—"Yes, by King Arthur! crying over it!"

He gave her and his daughter such a lecture, garnished by such a profane expenditure of Scriptural language, that he felt satisfied when he left them, for their misery was sufficient, if it had been properly spread out, to make a whole city wretched.

The captain was prepared to "fix" any one who carried ashore one cigar, or one inch of lace, a pair of gloves, or any other item.

As he stood thus, watching the coming ashore of the passengers with a "stony British stare," he espied a lady who walked with the gentle, appealing, uncertain step of a young widow.

She was followed by a nurse, wearing the cap and apron of a French *bonne*; and in the arms of this nurse was a baby, in long and flowing white robes.

The captain was on the alert.

The lady came up to him, and, throwing back her long crape veil, addressed him in deep, musical accents:

"You are the custom officer, sir?"

"I am," responded the captain, rather gruffly.

Now, the widow was sufficiently beautiful to disarm even the ill-nature of Captain Muggins, and just the style of beauty he would be sure to admire.

The captain was blonde, of a highly aggravated, mashed-turnips style of blondness. His hair, aggressive eyebrows, and bristling mustache and whiskers, were all of the same hue. A friend might call them auburn, but spinster ladies from whom he had ruthlessly wrested gloves, laces, etc., called him a "carrotty old fox!" and suffered no pangs of conscience from applying such a term to his hirsute adornments.

The widow was beautiful, with a clear brown eye—or rather two of them—velvet-lidded, heavy-fringed, full and languid, prone to be cast down modestly and upraised suddenly, to the no small confusion of the luckless male bystander.

She wore the full attire of woe. A small crape bonnet, with a slight frost-work of white under its brim, rested on her glossy black hair. Such hair!—waving and shining and blue-black.

Her brow, so smooth and broad, was undisfigured by lunatic fringe or bang. Her eyebrows were black and delicate, but straight, not arched. Her nose might be a trifle large, but it was beautifully formed and clearly chiseled; and her mouth was beautiful, the lips so full, so heartlike in their proud arch, their coloring so fresh and rich.

Then her complexion was of a soft, ruddy, indescribable brunette tint, impossible to picture in words, but wholly charming; her chin was so finely molded and her throat full and round.

Altogether, the irascible captain thought, "Gad! the finest woman I've seen for years!" For the widow's form fully equaled her face, and she was handsomely dressed.

"I am, madame," he repeated. "Where is your luggage?"

"Here it is. I am alone—that is, with the exception of my nurse and baby. I have to travel so much now, and always alone."

Tears seemed very close to the widow's lovely eyes, and a mournfully appealing tone touched even the ironclad heart of Captain Muggins.

"All right, ma'am. Have nothing to declare, I suppose?"

"Nothing. Please examine my trunks, for I long to rest, and my baby has been quite seasick, poor darling!"

The trunks were examined carefully; for, however fine a woman the widow might be, "duty before sentiment" was the captain's motto.

Nothing was found, and the trunks were passed.

The widow took her baby from the nurse's arms and hushed it to sleep, as it had evinced signs of disquietude by beginning to whimper.

"A fine child, ma'am," said the captain, who hated babies like poison.

"Is he not beautiful, my Henri?—the image of his dear—oh!" a sob completed the sentence.

He was beautiful—at least as much as could be seen of him, for he was one mass of lace and embroidery, his rosy face half concealed by a filmy veil.

"He is a fine fellow—how old might he be?" the captain's parboiled eyes shone with interest; he admired the widow more every moment.

"Seven months to-morrow—poor little darling! to think how much he has traveled!"

"He has, ma'am?"

"Yes; by his dear father's very strange will, I live six weeks in Paris and six in England, alternately."

"Rather troublesome for you, ma'am."

"Oh, I don't mind for myself," said the bewitching widow, with a swift upward flash of her adorable eyes; "but my poor little boy—fancy, I might risk his health, might even lose him," here she seemed about to give way to her feelings, but just then as the captain murmured, "Oh, I hope not," sympathetically, the *bonne* came up to say that the carriage waited, and with a hurried "Thank you so much—good-by," the beautiful widow disappeared.

"Ah! that's something like a woman!" ejaculated the captain, as he resumed his official duties. He felt that Providence had been guilty of gross injustice in not providing him with just such a wife, instead of poor, faded, weak-eyed, heart-broken Mrs. Muggins.

In three weeks the beautiful widow returned to France, and in six weeks she again had her luggage examined by the captain, who became more deeply interested than before. This sort of thing continued for nearly a year. Captain Muggins was now violently enamored of the lovely widow, who long ago had informed him that her name was Mrs. Cecil, and that her husband's death had left her very wealthy, though sadly inconvenienced by the terms of his strange will.

Master Henri thrived apace; he grew wonderfully large and heavy, and was a remarkably good baby—so quiet.

"He is quite a sailor," said the captain, as he stood examining the trunks after rather a stormy voyage.

"Yes; and, poor darling, he cried so very dreadfully during the passage, he is quite worn out."

When the widow and the captain had been acquainted

a year or so, the head officer of the department sent for Captain Muggins one day.

He received him in his private office, and remarked, as soon as he saw him :

"I sent for you, Muggins, for I know you are very sharp."

"Thank you, sir," replied the captain, pleased by the compliment.

"Well, Muggins, I have something rather unpleasant to say."

"Yes, sir."

The captain felt rather alarmed.

"I've received information that a noted smuggler has been getting ahead of us for a year, bringing over diamonds, laces, etc.—thousands of pounds' worth of valuables. I have known it for some time ; but, though I've tried every way, I'm blown if I can spot him."

The captain's face grew redder.

"I hope, sir, that you don't imagine I neglect my duty ?" he said, humbly.

Like all other bullies, he was a great coward.

"No, I don't. But it is quite possible that some one has been a little too smart for you."

"I scarcely think that possible," said the captain.

"Well, well, the thing is that the game is going on, and I want to tell you what I am going to do. I've sent to Scotland Yard for one of their sharpest men, and he'll be on the wharf the next trip."

No crimson dye of Eastern fame could equal the tint of Captain Muggins's face.

A detective put on his wharf—to overlook him !

He dared not offer a remonstrance, but any one who knew him could judge for themselves what a nice time his wife and daughter would enjoy when he returned to his home, as they were always the helpless victims of his fury when any indignity was put upon him by outsiders.

He left the office and returned to his duties. His blood boiled with indignation, and he scarcely replied to the many questions asked him during the day by those with whom he came in contact through his official position.

When the steamer arrived and her passengers flowed ashore in a stream, the captain espied the widow advancing with her usual smile, her nurse and her baby.

"Ah, how are you, my friend ?" said the charmer, in her usual soft, melodious accents.

"Well, thank you. How is Master Henri ?"

"Oh, so well, so beautiful !"

The trunks were passed, and, after a few pleasant words, the widow prepared to depart, but just as Julie, the *bonne*, had announced the carriage, a quiet-looking man, in a salt-and-pepper suit, stepped up and laid a profane hand on the beautiful shoulder of the charming widow.

"Caught again, Iky !" he said, in a pleasant manner.

The widow started. She glanced around in terror—alarm.

"No use, Iky," said the salt-and-pepper man. "I've been wondering why you kept so quiet. Game up, old boy."

The captain stood by in speechless amazement while the detective arrested the beautiful widow.

And the baby, Master Henri, what of him ?

He was disrobed of his lace and his embroidery, and he proved to be one mass of smuggled goods, adroitly built together on the foundation of a bottle of the best French brandy, and furnished with a waxen face and an apparatus to make a noise resembling the cry of an infant.

The captain is still employed as an officer of Her

Majesty's Customs, but he is more humble, for his beautiful widow was a smart young smuggler from Paris. He was singularly handsome and made up well as a woman, and he had brought thousands of pounds' worth of valuables through right before the redoubtable captain's nose ; and as long as the captain lives he will never hear the last of the widow's baby.

GREAT MEMORIES.

THE history of the world has been dotted with the names of those who have possessed remarkable memories. As far back as the remote periods of antiquity, we are told, there lived men who were famous for their wonderful powers of recollection.

Mozart, when only thirteen years old, played from one hearing a new opera, which had been composed expressly to test his skill. A writer, referring to this incident, says : "He not only reproduced the opera—which was a very difficult piece—from memory, without missing a single note, but on a second playing threw in variations in such a manner that all who heard him were speechless with astonishment."

It is said of Themistocles that he could call by name the people of Athens, which city then numbered 20,000 inhabitants.

George III., though deficient in education, never forgot a name once heard or a face once seen.

A schoolteacher of London, whose name was Dawson, possessed a remarkable memory. He could repeat the Book of Job and the Psalms, and, on a wager of £200, he repeated, without a book, Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," a poem of nearly 4,000 stanzas of nine lines each.

Porson, the Greek scholar, could repeat Milton's "*Paradise Lost*" backward.

A monk who resided in Moscow in the fifteenth century could repeat the whole of the New Testament.

It has been written of the Bourbons that they never forgot a man's name, nor his face, and this has been sometimes considered as a true sign of their royal natures.

Houdin was once invited with his son to a gentleman's house to give a *séance*, and as he went up-stairs he passed the library-door, which was partially open. In that single moment young Charles Houdin read off the names of twelve volumes, and recognized the position of two busts. The gentleman, during the *séance*, was artfully led by the father to ask some questions relating to the library, and was astonished by the accuracy of the magician's answers.

Boone, the blind negro pianist, who has given performances in many countries, has a wonderful memory in connection with his art. From once hearing it, he was able to play Liszt's celebrated "*Hungarian Rhapsody*" without missing a single note. Blind Tom also performed similar feats.

McKenzie tells us a most interesting story about Carolan, a blind Irish harper and composer, who once challenged a famous Italian violinist to a trial of skill. The Italian played the fifth concerto of Vivaldi on his violin ; then, to the astonishment of all present, Carolan, who had never before heard the concerto, took his harp and played it through from beginning to end, without missing a single note throughout the entire performance of the piece.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes that good-breeding has on our conversation.

"THEN A CRY OF JOY, VOICES, AUNT CARRIE'S SOBS, LIGHTS—TWO STRONG ARMS IN WHOSE CLASP SHE SHUDDERS—AND THEN DOROTHY REMEMBERS NO MORE."

DOROTHY'S WOOING; A ROMANCE OF STOCKBRIDGE HOUSE.

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS.

DOROTHY WINTHROP was twenty-four, very pretty, and very self-willed. Her family were going, as usual, to their country seat at Newport, but Dorothy suddenly made up her mind that she must go to Stockbridge for her season. Papa and mamma had been in Stockbridge years ago, when Dorothy was a little tot in a big brown hat and a little frock, and now nothing would please their daughter but to revisit the dear old place she had heard so much about.

Aunt Carrie, whose pet Dorothy had been since her birth, was easily pressed into the service of chaperon to her willful niece, and July saw them comfortably ensconced at the quaint, delightful Stockbridge House—

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that heir and successor to the old Red Lion Inn, whose ancient sign Dorothy often fancied she heard swinging and creaking as she lay and listened to the wind in the chimneys on stormy nights.

What, also, did Miss Dorothy dream of? What other sound crept across the midnight silence?

"Only the tones of a deep, sweet voice,
Only the thrill of a whispered word!"

Dorothy sat, on a sunshiny morning, in one of the parlors. She held Jonathan Edwards's "Freedom of the Will" in her listless little hands. It had seemed a proper volume to take from the library and form an

acquaintance with, here, not a stone's throw from Edwards' Hall and the famed "closet" where the work was written.

But Miss Dorothy's dark eyes were not fixed upon the erudite pages of the Stockbridge sage; instead, they were gazing into the very depths of the leaping flames of the big wood fire, and anon they wandered to the high shelf, full of quaint teapots and old-fashioned silver, to the polished sideboards and spindle-legged tables, to the funny old handbox underneath, and the wonderful prints of the wonderful and fashionable ladies of the year of grace 1804 that hung upon the walls, and over to the spinning-wheel in the corner, where the firelight played on the flax and where a sunbeam fell across the worn treadle, idle and noiseless to-day.

There was a hum of voices outside on the piazza—a low, confused murmur, from which only a word or two could be distinguished now and then—such as "My part," "this character," "that costume," etc.

Truth to tell, Stockbridge House was divided against itself; one half the young people were going to give the other half a surprise in the form of some sort of entertainment, the nature of which was to be kept a profound secret from the uninitiated until the eventful evening should arrive.

Dorothy was among the number to be surprised, and, therefore, she had naught to do with this secret conclave now in progress.

Naught to do, save to dream away the day in the big, high-backed rocking-chair; to toast her little feet and find life a pleasant thing.

"All alone, Miss Winthrop?"

Dorothy did not turn her head; not she, but she could not help the warm, sweet blood that rushed up like newborn roses in her round cheeks.

"Yes, Mr. Van Cortlandt; I seem to be."

"May I sit down?"

"No; you look better standing, I think."

Dorothy surveys him critically, with a provoking little smile and air of toleration that would have been amusing to any third person.

And, indeed, her eyes must have been well filled as they looked. Pelham Van Cortlandt was a tall, straight fellow, with man and gentleman written on him from crown to heel. There was something princely in the pose of his well-shaped head, and, together with a certain *hauteur*, there lurked the sweetest smiles under his brown mustache. He was older than Dorothy by fourteen years, and on his face there was graven the record of the life men lead—not altogether holy.

"Do I?" he says, laughing, and throwing his tennis-cap on the table.

"Yes, I really think you do. Still, if you are tired, you might sit down."

"Ah, thanks—awfully."

He sits, sits and stares at Miss Dorothy, who suddenly seeks strength and knowledge from the revered Jonathan.

"What a beastly room this is!" Mr. Van Cortlandt finally ejaculates.

"You wretch! It's a perfect room!"

"I mean—let us—won't you come out? I always feel so smothered in here—won't you?" taking the grim, gray little book from her reluctant fingers.

"Where to?"

"The river, please! I—I want you to come so much!"

"Well, I don't mind. I suppose the day has to be gotten through some way. Please tell Aunt Carrie that I am going."

"I have told her," he answers, quietly, taking up his paddle and Dorothy's striped blue coat.

"What! before you had asked me?"

"I knew you'd come," he says, with penitent eyes drinking in the soft beauty of her uplifted ones. "Who could resist weather like this?"

"True," Dorothy says, with a little laugh; "I have always been a slave to the sunshine."

And they sauntered out together.

The clock in the church-tower opposite chimed ten as they started, and presently the clock in the tall tower up the street answered back the ten swelling strokes again; past the Rectory, where the children were playing with the pony; past the Hall, with its gay groups on the tennis-ground; past the open gates of the historic Sedgwick Place; by the Indian Burying-ground, and under the pines and down the hill-slope, and through the wide meadow to the river, where the canoe lay sidling at its mooring.

Dorothy stepped in as her companion unlocked the boat, and was about to follow her.

"No, don't come in yet, please! I want some of those lovely locust-blossoms. Give me the paddle until you get them."

"Very well."

In some strange fashion, Pelham Van Cortlandt's speech seems to have deserted him this morning. He has scarcely spoken since they left the house, and his words come now but few. Only his blue, keen eyes are restless, quitting Dorothy's face but to seek it again, their hunger unsated.

In a few moments Dorothy's arms and lap are full of the fragrant blossoms. She buries her pretty chin in their clusters, and then, with a dexterous movement of the paddle, Miss Dorothy jerks herself into the middle of the stream and leaves Mr. Pelham Van Cortlandt standing alone upon the bank. He leans against a tree-hole and looks at her.

"Won't you allow me to be in the canoe with you?" he asks, gravely.

Dorothy shakes her head, and tosses off the little blue cap from her dark, short curls.

"Why not?"

He folds his arms, and over his worldly wise face there comes an expression that an archangel might envy.

"Tired of having you in the canoe with me," Dorothy answers, leaning lazily back among the locust-blossoms.

"What would you say to having me with you perpetually?" he asks, his intense eyes prisoning her wandering glances and calling the bright blood up into her face.

"I—should object."

Dorothy dips her hand into the water, and watches the little ripples playing about her shining rings.

"You could not—would not," he says, all the ruddy color dying out of his face.

Dorothy nods, as she draws a flower across her lips.

"Dorothy!" he cries, in a whisper soft as the Summer wind that blows his words across the stream to her.

"Dorothy! I love you!"

And all of passion's holiest is hushed within his restrained tone.

"Do you?" laughs Dorothy. "How odd!" And laughing still, she pelts him with a shower of locust-blossoms, which he catches and presses to his lips. "What a deliciously funny place to tell me about it!" Miss Dorothy continues, glancing up under her long lashes, as she paddles the canoe a bit further up the stream.

"Come in to me, Dorothy!" cries he, stretching out his arms. "Come! Don't torture me any longer, for God's

sake!" There is such a quiver of anguish in his voice that, half unconsciously, the girl draws nearer to the bank. "My darling—" he whispers.

And then, a shrill voice calls melodiously out:

"Ah, I thought we should find you here!"

And Miss Ames, crisp in pink muslin, and with a yellow playbook poking out of her pocket, bursts upon the scene, with half a dozen more people in her wake.

Dorothy sinks back among the blossoms, as pale as they, and the question that Pelham Van Cortlandt had to ask her was merged in a general hilarity and many guesses as to what the nature of the entertainment was to prove of which Miss Ames was the acknowledged moving spirit.

The remainder of the day was spent in driving, tennis, music and lounging; finally, twilight drew near; tea was over. Miss Ames and her party were mercifully immersed in a twenty-handed game of cards; Aunt Carrie was peacefully crocheting, and Dorothy, still clasping "The Freedom of the Will," sat at the west end of the piazza; the village band was doing its best by the light of torches on the little green about the fountain, when Pelham, tossing away his cigar, came quickly up to her.

"Will you take a walk with me?" he says, beseechingly.

And Dorothy laughs, and remarks, obligingly, that "there is nothing else to do," as they cross the street and walk silently down under the shadow of the great trees as far as the cemetery.

"Let us go in here," he says; "it is so quiet and peaceful, and, there, you can sit down on this bench, and I—"

He throws himself on the grass at her feet. A robin walked sedately over the little green grave beside them. A cricket sang in the crevices of the cracked stone at its head. Yonder, between the cloister-like arches of the clipped evergreens, the crescent of the baby moon just meets the twilight's single star.

"Dorothy," he whispers, catching at the little hand that lies idle in her lap, and turning white at the touch.

"Well," Dorothy says, under her breath, turning as white as her tall lover.

"I love you."

"I know it."

"Of course you do; but do you—could you ever care the least about such a fellow as I?"

"I'll reflect upon it," Dorothy laughs.

"And, oh, child, child," cries he, with broken, passionate words, drawing nearer and laying his proud head down in her hands, "I want you; want you for my wife—my own! Dorothy, can it ever be?"

"We'll see about it."

The girl is laughing still, but there are tears—the sweetest tears a woman can shed—shining in her beautiful eyes.

"Oh," he says, throwing his arms about her, "look at me, sweetheart, and don't laugh at me!"

"Laugh at you!" She rises and walks away from him, up the broad path under the pines, and then presently Dorothy, with the starlight gleaming on her face, comes back to her lover. She stoops a little above him, and lays her finger on his shoulder, and softly Dorothy says to him, "Yes."

His strong arms are around her, his craving lips are learning the sweetness of hers, and all of rapture that love can teach, Pelham Van Cortlandt is murmuring to Dorothy Winthrop as once again that day the high note of Miss Ames pierces their paradise.

"Now, Mr. Van Cortlandt, this is a jolly place to bring

poor Miss Winthrop to I must say, and a storm coming up, too," etc., etc., etc., *ad lib. ad in.*

And, properly and securely guarded by Miss Ames and a score of others, Pelham and Dorothy walk meekly back to Stockbridge House.

"Where are you going, darling?" he manages to whisper, as Dorothy enters the hall and walks toward the staircase.

"To get a thicker wrap. I won't be long."

"Very well, I will be waiting for you. I will light a cigar, and be near the back-room windows on the tennis court."

Dorothy, light of heart and foot, trips up-stairs, but it is only after a most prolonged search that the "thick r wrap" can be found—in fact, it is fully a half-hour before she is down-stairs again. Instead of going into the back room, Dorothy, unmindful of the first big rain-drops of Miss Ames's shower, which are now descending, hurries outside to the court. She crosses over, and then stops suddenly. In the dark and the dew she hears Pelham Van Cortlandt's voice, pleading, tender, as she thought only she knew it could be, and this is what he says:

"My darling, no matter how much appearances may be against me, no matter what claims others may even say that they exert, I am yours, and only yours."

Dorothy stands still, frozen into a motionless silence too terrible for word or cry.

The rain falls fast now, in torrents, and the quick-coming lightning of a July shower flashes in her ghastly face. She hears, in a blind, dumb fashion, the answer to his impassioned speech—Miss Ames's high voice, attuned to the place and the occasion:

"Then I will believe you. No matter what I see, my confidence shall be unshaken."

Dorothy waits to learn no more. She rushes out of the court, through the gate, to the street. Between the peals of thunder she hears the clock in the church-tower toll out the hour, and, guided by I know not what impulse, she darts across the road, up the path into the portico, and weakly catches at the knob of the church-door. It turns in her hand—some one has been in and carelessly forgotten to return the key to the drugstore—and Dorothy, trembling, drenched, heartbroken, staggers in, almost fainting.

In some weak fashion she has forlornly crept in here for safety—support—in the dreadful trial of her young life.

It is dark as the grave. The door has swung to in the wind, and only the patter of her own footfalls resounds through the cold silence of St. Paul's.

Then the thunder crashes, and the wild lightning flares in, lighting up all the windows into a very glory of jeweled splendor. Dorothy kneels, clenching her wet little hands together and praying to Heaven for she scarce knows what!

Another flash, more vivid than any. She looks up; she is kneeling before the organ, and for one brief instant she sees Lucca della Robbia's boys and girls mocking her with their minstrelsy; then the thunder, a cry of joy, voices, Aunt Carrie's sobs, lights—two strong arms, in whose clasp she shudders—the touch of quivering lips on her cheek—the sound of whispered words of adoration—and then Dorothy remembers no more, save that she shivers as if with intense cold as she is laid gently down upon a couch.

When she awakens it is morning—a morning full of beautiful sunshine and the songs of the birds. Aunt Carrie is sitting beside the bed, and Dorothy, in a dull

long mittens and feather fan, and the wide hat with its long plumes; and then Miss Ames reminded him that he hadn't his riding-crop, and that *Sir Philip Howard* had not many minutes before he made his entrance into the drawing-room of *Lady Beatrice Stanleigh* in the favorite farce of "A Box of Matches."

Pelham turned off with a sigh, and presently he found himself bending low over the white hand of *Lady Beatrice*—*i. e.*, Miss Ames.

Dorothy looked at him; she put up her lorgnette in the most affected fashion possible, and scanned him with an air of connoisseurship that was really wonderful, and all the while under her bodice her heart went—she said to herself—like little nails hammered quickly into a coffin.

Did he play well?

Yes; it was a lover's *rolé*, and with a bitter smile Dorothy observed that he played it remarkably well; in fact, was it play at all? Since Miss Ames was his preference, love-making to her must be rather a natural and pleasant affair, even in public, and with an *alias*.

Hark! what is *Sir Philip Howard* saying now, as he gracefully leans over the back of *Lady Beatrice's* pink flowered robe?

"My darling, no matter how much appearances may be against me, no matter what claims others may even say that they exert, I am yours, and only yours!"

Dorothy's lorgnette falls; her hand trembles; she raises the big fan, and two great, wonderful tears shine in her lovely eyes.

And—and—oh, sweet, fond, foolish little heart, be still! It was only the rehearsal for the play—it was jest, not earnest; it was all a great, silly mistake; and she has tortured him, and been cruel to him—and oh! how shall she ever make amends and tell him all about it? And Dorothy knows very little further of the comedy; she occupies the time in berating herself for her lack of confidence in the truest, noblest, dearest fellow in the world.

He doesn't come near her after the play is over, and stands moodily in the doorway of the dancing-room with his eyes fixed upon her, and presently he disappears. Dorothy disappears, too. Where is he? Nowhere about the hotel or the piazza. It is a starlight night; Dorothy glances up the street; and, surely—yes, she sees the tall, straight figure, the swinging, haughty walk; she picks up somebody's sober-colored cloak from the hall, throws it all about her, and runs like some frightened creature up the street, too. She does not come up with him, however, until he has reached the pine grove, seated himself and lighted a cigar; and then for the first time she pauses in her chase, and the shamed blood rushes to her face. And yet, after the great wrong she has done him, is this too great a reparation to make?

Dorothy trembles as she draws nigh. She is behind him, and her footfall on the pine-needles is so light that he does not turn his head, knows nothing of her presence, until he feels two soft young arms about his neck, hears a trembling voice whisper brokenly, with a little sob:

"Oh, Pelham!"

In a moment she is in his arms, and all the despair of his face is glorified and transfigured into a joy that words cannot describe.

"And oh, Dorothy," he whispers, when the poor child has faltered out her small, broken confession, "how could you doubt me?"

"I know," she says, "it was very, very brutal of me—but"—smoothing his cheek with one little gentle finger—

"Pelham, you'll—you'll try to forgive me, won't you?"

"Forgive you!" he echoes. "My darling! there is

nothing to forgive you—but it will be some time before I shall forgive that horrible Miss Ames for inveigling me into her wretched theatricals—or myself, that at the first sign of mutiny from you, I did not calmly take you in my arms. By Jove! here I have been cheated out of six whole days of heaven," he murmurs, jealously.

"Yes, but, then, that is past," Dorothy says, with wise, wide eyes looking up into her lover's.

"Past, yes," he whispers; "and in the future mine, mine, and ever mine!"

Dorothy nods just as she used to when she was a little child, and lays her head with content upon Pelham Van Cortlandt's arm.

ACKNOWLEDGING AN AUTHOR'S PRESENTATION COPY.

A LETTER of Canning to Sydney Smith in acknowledgment of the latter's pamphlet on the Catholic question is worth quoting in full:

"FROM THE AUTHOR."

"DEAR SIR: There are two modes of acknowledging a pamphlet sent to one 'From the Author.' The first, and by far the safest, is to 'Acknowledge without delay the receipt of Mr. ———'s little work, and to thank him for the pleasure and information which one doubts not, one shall receive from the perusal of it.' The other, which is the more hazardous, is to defer the acknowledgment until one has read the pamphlet (which by the former method one need not do at all); and unless one can say that one 'has read it with very great pleasure,' one is in a scrape. Now, I am in no such scrape with you, for I really have read your pamphlet, and have derived much amusement from it, and can truly say that I think it calculated to do much good. I therefore make no apology for not having answered your letter more quickly, according to Formula No. 1, but, on the contrary, take merit for the delay, and remain, dear sir, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE CANNING."

CARTERET AND SWIFT.

CARTERET and Swift never played the courtier with each other. Swift, kept waiting once at the Castle while the prosecution of the author of the "Drapier Letters" was still a question of public policy, wrote down the complaining lines:

"My very good lord, 'tis a very hard task
For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask."

Carteret wrote in reply:

"My very good dean, there are few who come here,
But have something to ask or something to fear."

Carteret was always able to hold his own with Swift. Conversing with him once on a political action disapproved by Swift, Carteret replied to Swift's objections with such power that Swift broke out into passionate abuse, which conveyed high praise: "What the vengeance brought you among us? Get you back—get you back! Pray God Almighty send us our boobies again!"

ROYAL NAMES.

THE other day, having nothing better to do, I took up the "Almanach de Gotha," and, for amusement, dipped into a few of its thousand odd pages. The "Almanach de Gotha" is the accepted authority on the wide subject of royalty, its sisters, its cousins and its aunts. It tells you when every European prince was born, when and whom he married, and, above all, what are his full names and titles. It astonished me to note that, as a rule, the smaller the princes the more numerous are

their names, and the more high-sounding are their titles ; but there are, of course, exceptions. The most liberally named sovereign in Europe is, I suppose, His Majesty of Portugal, whose godparents at the font dubbed him Louis Philippe Marie Ferdinand Pierre d'Alcantara Antoine Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzague Xavier François d'Assise Jean Jules August Volfando. I give the names in their French forms because the "Almanach" is published in French, and because I really don't know the Portuguese equivalents. The ladies of the Portuguese royal family have also been well supplied with names. Take, for example, the daughter of the late Infanta Michael. She is married to the Archduke Charles Louis, of Austria ; and her sponsors called her Maria Thérèse de l'Immaculée Conception Ferdinando Eulalie-Léopoldine Adélaïde Isabelle Charlotte Michaela Raphaële Gabrielle Françoise d'Assise Françoise de Paule Gonzague Inez Sophie Bartholomée des Anges. The full names of most of the princes and princesses of this house each occupy, on the average, between three and four lines of the "Almanach." Some of the members of the Austrian royal family are almost as cruelly overweighted.

THE BIRD AND THE SHADOW.

AFTER THE PERSIAN.

THROUGH the blue heaven, with sunlight on its wings
The free bird flies and sings ;
Beneath, upon the ground, its shadow plays
In endless, aimless maze.

Oh, fool, who only seest the shadow blurred,
And not the bright-winged bird !
And all the years, thine arrows squanderest
On such insensate quest !

Oh, lift, though it be late, thine earth-dimmed eyes,
Where, on the darkening skies,
Still flash the white wings ! - if one shaft remain,
With *that* thou mayst attain ! F. W. B.

LADY BRASSEY.

LADY BRASSEY, whose cruises in the *Sunbeam* made her so widely known, died of malarial fever while on a voyage in the *Sunbeam* from Australia to Mauritius and the Cape, and on September 14th, 1887, was committed to the element she loved so well. If in some cases a burial at sea has an element that shocks us, in this case it seemed perfectly in unison that one who loved the ocean better than the land should be committed to its bosom. Lord Brassey left England in the *Sunbeam* on November 19th, 1886, and was joined in January by Lady Brassey at Bombay, whither she had traveled by steamer.

Lord and Lady Brassey's son and three daughters were, also, on board the yacht. Lady Brassey had been ill for some time before she left Europe, and it was hoped that a long voyage, such as she so much enjoyed, and which she had more than once before accomplished, would completely restore her.

After a tour of six weeks through India, Lord and Lady Brassey re-embarked in the *Sunbeam*, and proceeded to Ceylon, Rangoon, Moulmein, Singapore, British North Borneo, Macassar, and thence to Albany, in Western Australia. After a stay at Albany the *Sunbeam* went to Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Cooktown, Thursday Island and Port Darwin. It was Lady Brassey's intention to leave the yacht at the Cape and return home by mail steamer. But the apparent improvement in her health was delusive, a malarial

fever set in, and she expired in the arms of her loved ones.

Lady Brassey was the elder daughter of the late John Allnutt, of Berkeley Square, London, by his first wife, Miss Burnett. She lost her mother when she was little more than an infant, and from the time that she could walk and talk until she married she and her father were inseparable.

Her father had been a crack steeplechase rider in his younger days, as well as a "whip," and his taste and talents for horsemanship descended to his daughter. When she was little more than five years old Miss Allnutt and her white pony were well known to the country round Penshurst. Her paternal great-grandfather had owned South Park, near Penshurst, now the seat of Lord Hardinge, and her father was, at the time referred to, constantly among his relatives in that district. As a girl, she was one of the leading beauties of two London seasons, and there was no better seat or "hands" than hers to be seen in the Row. In 1860 she was married to Mr. Thomas (now Lord) Brassey.

Lady Brassey was a woman of extreme energy ; there was nothing she disliked more than to have no immediate object of action before her. So long as she was in health she wished to be up and doing something tangible. She was an active member of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and assisted in forming several classes or centres. She passed the South Kensington School of Cookery (scullery department and all), and took a first-class certificate therein ; she was a Dame of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Few ladies of the fashionable world get through as much work in a week as Lady Brassey often accomplished in a day. Her friends have known her spend a day at Normanhurst in this way : Correct proof sheets for printer, and interview head servants as to orders for the day, before breakfast ; hunt with the local harriers for three hours, riding straight as a die over the stiff timber fences of Pevensey Marshes ; home to a late luncheon ; then drive a wagonette to show some visitors the beauties of the neighboring Ashburnham Park ; afternoon tea, followed by an overhauling of fancy costumes for the approaching fancy-dress ball ; after dinner, a rehearsal of some fancy-dress quadrilles with the various young ladies and gentlemen who were to form her party to the said ball on the morrow. Or, as an illustration of a day in the London season : Down to Chatham (or some such port) in the morning to launch a vessel ; to the east end in the afternoon to distribute prizes at a training-ship, and to make a speech to the pupils ; and, in the evening, a reception at her own house.

Undoubtedly she now and then overtaxed her strength by such exertions, the more so from the fact that she had a delicate chest, and was extremely susceptible of bronchial ailments. During the last few years her medical advisers had insisted upon her wintering in warm climates for this very reason. With all her labors of literature, sport, society, and public functions, she always found time to superintend her own household. Guests at Normanhurst would find that by breakfast-time the mistress of the house had at her fingers' ends all the contingencies of the coming day ; she could inform each what horse was ordered for him or her to ride or drive, who was going to shoot, what rooms were ordered for this or that expected guest, and by what trains they were to be met at the station ; and, with all this, she would find time to look round to the schoolroom at the children's lessons, or to make inquiries after, or very possibly to call in person to see, some invalid tenants.

She was exceedingly fond of animals ; she had quite a

nigh, Lady Brassey took a touching and affectionate farewell of her family, every member of which was on board. One of her last injunctions was that the book to which she had devoted so much attention during the cruise should be published. Shortly afterward she became unconscious, in which condition she remained till her death, about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September. The interment took place at sunset of that day, and was a melancholy and memorable ceremony. Lord Brassey read a portion of the service, and the other members of the family assisted in the last sad rites.

Lady Brassey was of a remarkably adventurous disposition, with a great predilection for travel, both by land and sea. It was always her custom to make copious notes of the principal incidents of her journey, and the impressions produced on her mind by what she had seen. She wielded a light and facile pen, and her books descriptive of her various travels are marked by great naturalness and a singularly graceful and charming style. Before the first voyage in the *Sunbeam*, Mr. and Mrs. Brassey had traveled in the east of Europe and in the United States. She had printed, for private distribution only, "The Flight of the *Meteor*," an account of two cruises in the Mediterranean and travels in the East; and in 1872 she issued an account of "A Voyage in the *Eothen*," which described her trip to Canada and the United States.

In 1876 Lord and Lady Brassey undertook a voyage round the world in their yacht the *Sunbeam*. The account of this famous "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*" was not originally intended for publication, but was compiled merely with a view to give some amusement to her father and her own home circle. The notes, which afterward took shape as a volume, were dispatched to England from time to time from the various ports at which the *Sunbeam* touched. Subsequently, copies were made for a few private friends, and at length her ladyship was prevailed upon to publish the account of her voyage in book form, which she did in 1878. The work had an instant success, and in a very short time it had passed through four editions, and was translated into various languages. An abridged edition appeared in 1879; an adaptation for school and class reading in 1880; while in 1881 the firm of Longman & Co. issued a complete

edition in paper covers, which has had an enormous circulation. Lady Brassey wrote several books after this one; but although some of these, like her "Sunshine and Storm in the East," or "Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople," and "In the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring Forties," were narratives full of graphic touches of description, both of character and scenery, yet with none did she repeat her first success. Nor is the reason for this far to seek. In "The Voyage of the *Sunbeam*" she wrote just as she saw and felt, without consciously struggling for effect, as in her later writings. De Quincy truly said that whoever wishes to see modern English at its best should get hold of a mail-bag and read the letters he finds in it that are written by ladies, and

the late Lady Brassey's style was essentially epistolary.

In 1885 Lord and Lady Brassey had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Gladstone as their guest on board their yacht, and found him a delightful traveling companion. She gave, in the *Contemporary Review*, a charming description of the trip to Norway made with the great statesman. The voyage was a delightful one, with trips on land from attractive Norwegian ports, and was attended by an accident that might have proved serious.

The *Sunbeam* anchored one evening, close to the shore, at Vik, in thirty-five fathoms of water, with sixty fathoms of chain run out. At half-past three in the morning her ladyship was awakened from sleep in the cabin by her very intelligent dog,

"Sir Roger," a black poodle, tugging at the bed-clothes, and barking violently. The sagacious animal knew that something was wrong. Presently came the first mate of the ship, Mr. Kindred, knocking at the cabin-door, to tell his master that the *Sunbeam* was touching the shore. Violent bumps and thumps were felt on her side; in fact, she was aground by the stern, lying almost broadside on to a rocky beach, with a sharp stone pier jutting out close by; and she was so close to the land that her yards were actually projecting over the garden of the hotel, to the great alarm of the people in the house, whose figures, thinly attired in their night-gowns, were seen looking out of the windows. The shore descends so abruptly here that there were at least ten fathoms of water at the bows, while the stern was aground.

Fortunately the screw was not injured, and aid soon

LADY ANNE BRASSEY.

came, so that the *Sunbeam* was in a short time again skimming along.

Lady Brassey did not quite give up her life to the mere pleasures of traveling, but also took great interest in many humanitarian movements, the wealth at her command enabling her to aid substantially charitable and useful institutions. In the neighborhood of her residence at Normanhurst Castle, Battle, near Hastings, this lady and her husband were esteemed by all classes for unvarying kindness and benevolence.

ANARCHY IN TURKEY.

By OSCANYAN.

CADI-KEÖY, or the ancient Calcedone, is a suburb of Constantinople on the Asiatic side, and is beautifully situated on the shores of the Sea of Marmora.

Owing to its proximity to the city, and its delightful location attracting many of the well-to-do, this little village of Cadi-Keöy has grown to be a town of considerable dimensions, and containing, on that account, many fine residences and pleasant villas.

One of these villas was occupied by a French family, whose head was a prominent banker in the metropolis. M. Jacques was, therefore, a man well-known to the community, and respected by all, not only for his wealth, but also for his social qualities and benevolent disposition to the poor and the suffering.

Monsieur and madame were sitting at the parlor-window, one Summer evening, engaged in a conjugal *tête-à-tête* , watching the progress of a glorious setting sun peculiar to the country and enjoying the surrounding scenery, when their attention was attracted by a figure on the opposite side of the road, squatted on the ground, with back leaning against the wall of the garden.

It had all the external evidences of being a Mussulman woman of the poorer class; for she was muffled up from head to foot in a coarse mantle, such as the women of her ilk are in the habit of wearing in public, and was evidently either suffering or in distress.

On noticing this, M. Jacques came at once to the conclusion that it was a modest appeal to his charity, for Mussulmans are too proud to ask eleemosynary aid from a Giaour.

Conscious of this fact, and prompted by a delicacy of sentiment toward the applicant, who was a woman, he requested his wife to descend into the street and personally investigate the nature of the case.

Madame, glad of the opportunity to do some good toward suffering humanity, complied at once with her husband's request.

On accosting the poor creature, she was informed by the muffled woman, in a coarse voice, and head bowed down, as if oppressed with grief, that she belonged to Tophané—another suburb on the European shore of the Bosphorus—and, having missed the last boat that plied between Cadi-Keöy and the city, she was left behind, homeless and hungry.

On madame's report of the situation of the case, the servants were ordered to take her into the house, and give her food and shelter for the night; monsieur, intending to dismiss her in the morning with her pockets replenished with the needful.

The poor creature arose with some difficulty and toddled to the house almost doubled, as though overpowered with grief and shame.

She was shown
and there served

on the ground floor,
y left all alone and

the door closed, so as to enable her to enjoy her meal undisturbed by the presence of strangers.

A bed was duly spread on the floor, according to Oriental custom, and a candle furnished, when the recipient of these hospitalities locked herself in for the night.

At last the hour for the family to retire had arrived. All was hushed, and a general silence began to prevail through the house.

Monsieur and madame were also on the point of retiring, but before doing so, madame bethought of the poor creature below, and feeling anxious to know whether she was comfortably lodged and faring well, she descended the stairs with gentle steps.

On arriving at the door of the room where their guest for the night had been quartered, she perceived through the crevices of the door that there was light in the room.

A sudden smile suffused madame's countenance, for she attributed the circumstance to fear of trespass on the part of the stranger, and kept her light burning.

She was on the point of knocking at the door, but she checked herself from doing so for fear of alarming her, so she bent her head and peered through the keyhole, when lo! to her great amazement and horror, she discerned, instead of a woman in bed, a sturdy fellow seated on the sofa, covered all over with firearms, engaged in the delightful occupation of examining and preparing them for immediate use.

Under the circumstances most ladies would have fainted away, or filled the house with her screams. Not so, however, with madame. On discovering the situation she slyly retired from the keyhole and stealthily hastened up-stairs, taking her slippers off her feet for greater precaution.

When the husband was apprised of the awful discovery and the dangerous situation in which they were thus unexpectedly placed, he was so shocked at the intelligence as to become almost paralyzed with apprehension; but the thought of the base ingratitude on the part of the fellow, coupled with villainous treachery, rushing upon his mind, incensed him in such a manner as to throw him into a frenzy of passion.

Prompted by a spirit of revenge, he seized his revolver, and was on the point of rushing furiously down-stairs to brave the ruffian, exclaiming all the while, "Oh, the wretch! Oh, the villain!"

His wife, more collected than he, arrested his proceeding, saying that it would be worse than folly to encounter such a daredevil and risk his life.

She suggested that the best way, under the circumstances, to prevent mischief and capture the fellow, was to arouse the neighbors without alarming him; and with that view she proposed to have monsieur lower himself down from the window into the street, assuring him that she would defend herself till his return.

M. Jacques, perceiving the force and efficacy of the proposition, consented to do so; but there was no rope in the room to aid the project.

Madame, seizing the sheets of the bed with alacrity and tying them together, fastened one end to the bar of the window, and thereby enabled her husband easily to accomplish the descent.

When he disappeared from view, madame began to prepare for self-defense; she thought at first of barricading herself in her room. This did not suit her, for fear of being overpowered.

She therefore, with revolver in hand, proceeded to the head of the stairs and there stationed herself, so as to watch the movements of the ruffian, and, if possible, to

prevent his coming up-stairs. She stood there, in awful suspense and tremulous anxiety, for full ten minutes; but what minutes were these to her!

Each minute appeared to be stretched into hours, exciting her imagination to such an awful degree as to fill the surrounding air with fancied spectres and assassins.

At last a click of the bolt resounded like a pistol-shot through the still night, startling madame and setting her nerves to their extreme tension.

Next, the door of the apartment was thrown wide open, allowing the glare of the light to shine forth, illuminating all around but the story above, where madame was standing; and the ruffian emerged with stealthy steps, candle in one hand and a revolver of heavy calibre in the other, with eyes fixed upon it and fingers adjusting the trigger, unconscious of having been discovered, or any one watching his movements.

As he planted his foot on the first step of the stairs leading on to the story above, as cautiously as a cat, a sudden flash from above and a reverberation of a shot assailed his eyes and ears, astounding the fellow in no small degree.

But before he could recover his self-possession three more shots followed in rapid succession, whereupon the candle flew from his hand, and a heavy, dull thud on the floor shook the house.

This, of course, alarmed the household, causing the affrighted servants to jump from their beds in double quick time and rush out.

The house was soon filled with the multitude of neighbors and a *posse* of police. They found the wretch on the first landing, stretched on the floor in evident pain, brandishing a revolver and swearing vengeance all around. He was soon mastered and deprived of the deadly weapon.

A whistle being found on his person, one of the police seized it, remarking, with evident satisfaction:

"Now, keep quiet, gentlemen. We will catch the rest of the gang, for you may rest assured the fellow is not alone."

So saying, and casting a significant glance at the wounded prisoner, accompanied with an ominous shake of the head, he proceeded to the window and filled the air with a long and shrill sound of the whistle, such as is known and practiced by the burglarious fraternity.

The performance brought at once to the house five well-armed confederates, who, finding the door wide open, rushed in, and into the very arms of the constabulary, who were prepared to receive them.

They were all pinioned and led to the guardhouse.

On examination, they were found to be what is called in Turkey "*Muhadjers*" or emigrants, composed principally of Circassians, Bulgarians, Zeybecks and Kurds—all Mussulman refugees—who, owing to their isolated and miserable condition, eke out an existence by depredation and robbery.

These miscreants often escape punishment through Mussulman prejudice and public apathy.

Mussulman fanaticism can forego any amount of criminality rather than see a co-religionist suffer chastisement, especially through privation; and the people at large having been reduced to the verge of ruin through the Government—or, rather, misgovernment—are indifferent as to what becomes of these fellows.

The stagnation of business induced many to invest their all in Government securities, called *Consolidés*, bearing five per cent. interest per annum. It was originally put on the market at sixty-five, the par value being one hundred piasters.

It, of course, fluctuated in price according to circumstances. Whenever prices lowered, the people, full of confidence in the integrity of the Government, rushed to make fresh purchases, thinking that it was a fine opportunity to make an *average*.

To do this they had often to resort to the disposal of their household goods and chattels, to find themselves at last loaded with a handful of worthless paper.

Thus ruined, and with starvation staring them in the face, they naturally are indifferent to their surroundings, nor care to know what becomes of these malefactors.

Indeed, having themselves nothing to lose, they chuckle inwardly at the occurrence of any mishap to others, on the principle that "misery loves company."

Then, again, the depleted condition of the treasury deprives the Government of the power to enforce its laws, for, being in arrears of salaries to its subordinates, it feels humiliated toward them; and the functionaries, suffering themselves from want, are not only lukewarm in the performance of their duties, but often sympathize with the wretches, saying, "What are the poor fellows to do?"

Under the circumstances it can easily be perceived that these *Muhadjers* have a full swing of the situation. Their nefarious acts often meeting with impunity, has had a most pernicious effect and influence upon the community, especially upon the army, many of whose members have secretly joined their ranks.

Accordingly larceny, theft, highway robbery, even assassinations, have become the order of the day.

The houses of the well-to-do are consequently guarded by special watchmen day and night; and it is extremely precarious to be found out-of-doors after sunset, or even perambulating any distance by day.

Woe to the man who has the temerity to display a gold watch and chain, or a lady to flourish a diamond earring or other ornaments. These are snatched and made away with in broad daylight without interference from any one whatever.

A European gentleman, recently arrived, and residing in Pera, the European quarter of the city, was taking a drive one fine afternoon in his own private carriage with his wife and child. Scarcely out of the city limits, and on the highway leading to Kehat-hané, the Sweet-waters of Europe, a fashionable resort for the *beau monde*, his progress was suddenly arrested, and himself assailed by half-a-dozen ruffians, who commanded him to deliver.

The foreign gentleman, unaware of the situation, and relying upon immediate aid, because of the road being a thoroughfare, naturally defended himself to the best of his ability and, pulling out his revolver, fired.

The fellows, exasperated at the temerity of their victim, and believing one of their comrades was wounded, rushed upon the gentleman, dragged him out of his carriage, and hacked him to pieces, and then seizing everything of any value they could lay their hands on, disappeared.

The secretary of one of the European embassies had one day accompanied his young wife, who was fond of sketching from nature, to the hillside of Beykoz, which commanded a fine view of the Bosphorus.

Whilst thus engaged, they were surprised by a number of soldiers of the regular army. The artistically inclined couple did not in the least feel any apprehension at their presence, and continued the work, allowing the men even to approach and look on and watch the progress of the operation. But all of a sudden the husband was seized, tied to a tree, and the wife assaulted before his very eyes.

Blackmail has become a very commonplace affair. **AN**

girl, exclaimed: "Vallah! That would be a fine joke, to add a prize to our booty. Come along, my darling!"

They all three started toward Fataiva, a suburb of Pera, going along quite merrily, chatting and cracking jokes.

On their way they naturally had to pass by several guardhouses. As they passed the first one, the girl suddenly gave the alarm. The thieves were at once seized, and their booty taken away from them.

It was very clever in the woman, wasn't it? But it was cleverer still on the part of the constabulary, who kept the stolen property, and never returned it to the owner.

The Russian Legation had to interfere on behalf of its subject.

It is said, and there seems to be no doubt on the subject, that the police are in league with the malefactors. Indeed, Bahri Pasha, ex-Chief of the Police of Pera, is known to have amassed an enormous fortune through complicity with the malefactors.

We say ex-chief, because some one had the temerity to appear against him, and he was brought to bay.

BEEFSTEAK CLUBS.

THE sirloin had attained universal popularity long before our ancestors turned their attention to steaks. The fork had for many years promoted the taste for natural and simple flavors, when epicures discovered that the distinctive sapidity of beef should be sought in thick, lightly broiled slices taken from the juiciest and tenderest parts of the carcass. The precise date of this discovery is unknown; but it may be assigned to the close of the seventeenth century. Anyhow, steaks were so highly esteemed, and their eaters so numerous, in the days of Queen Anne, that gastronomic connoisseurs formed themselves into clubs that, whilst furthering the inferior ends of good-fellowship, had for their chief object the study of beef under the most favorable circumstances. Addison refers to one of these associations in a *Spectator*. Samuel Johnson, who belonged to a beef club in Ivy Lane, lived in times when his countrymen were scarcely more proud of their liberties than of their steaks. Of late years we have grown indifferent to the food which our great-grandfathers extolled so passionately. One now-a-days seldom encounters the steak in private houses, or hears its praises in the few taverns which still offer it to their customers. But if Englishmen have outgrown their old love of steaks at home, they are still known to Continental gormands as the inventors and worshipers of the broiled cut. The typical Englishman, who may still be found on the stages of Parisian theatres with a *boite-d'opere* at his heels, may forget to order "ros-bif," but he always takes occasion to declare his loyalty to "bif-teck."

Of all the beef clubs that sprang into existence in Great Britain during the last century, none is more famous than "The Sublime Society of Beef Steaks" which, alike fortunate at its birth and death, was founded by a genial harlequin, and was committed to the grave by an affectionate historian. Established in 1735, under the roof of Covent Garden Theatre by Henry Rich, whose room had long been the favorite resort of wits and their patrons, the Sublime Society was famous in its infancy. Ay, it was born with historic honors on its head, for memories of Rich's hospitality, and of "good things" uttered at the harlequin's board before the actual enrollment of the brotherhood, were a bright portion of its earlier celebrity. Consisting of twenty-four members,

each of whom might bring a guest on "open days," it had a nicely adjusted constitution, and a staff of officers invested with adequate authority. "The President of the Day" could enforce his orders with the convenient terrors of unwritten and elastic law. There was "the Bishop" to administer the oath to newly elected brothers, and "the Recorder" to preside at the frequent trials, that always closed with a verdict of guilty against beef-eaters accused of criminal propensities. "The Boots," who was every man's butt and butler, was liable to lose anything but his place if he ventured to dally with his beloved viand, when bidden to fetch another bottle from the cellar. The society had of course a badge, a motto, and a uniform. The badge was a gridiron, the motto "Beef and Liberty," the uniform blue coat and buff waistcoat, adorned with brass buttons, bearing the club's gridiron and legend. The club had also a finger-ring in which was set a gridiron encircled by the club motto. In the earlier days of the Sublime Society, no "Beef Steak" ever appeared in his place at dinner without having the club ring on one of his fingers.

One has only to survey the roll of members to imagine the wit and gaiety of the society's sublimest meetings. Churchill, Dennis Delane, Hogarth, Gabriel Hunt, Dean Price, Judge Welsh, Hippisley, Dr. Anthony Askew and Theophilus Cibber were some of the brothers who strolled on Saturdays to Covent Garden, in the days when "The Steaks" dined at two o'clock in the old quarters of the harlequin and his friend, the scene-painter, Lambert. Paul Whitehead and Henry Gifford, Dr. Barrowby and Dr. Askew, were amongst the men who may be called the second generation of the Sublime Steaks. At a later date the Prince of Wales and his brothers of York and Sussex proved themselves admirers of the steaming steak, and ate it in company with earls and actors, wits and journalists. The society was jubilant and slightly insolent on drawing within its circle the heir to the throne; but it had more reason to exult over the election of another member, who joined the club three months earlier. Charles Morris, the anacreontic songster, who was perpetually "filling his glass again" from youth to old age, did more than all the Princes and Peers for the renown of the Steaks. "He was," as Mr. Arnold gratefully observes, "the life and soul of the society." Most of his best songs were sung for the first time at the sublime board, and in days when no man about town liked to confess that he had never heard Captain Morris glorify drunkenness with music and poetry, the Bard of the Beef Steak Club was one of its chief attractions to gentlemen who had no predilection for under-done meat. Anyhow, the Prince of Wales and Captain Morris between them raised the society to the sublimest height of fashion. Henry Brougham was a Beef Steak, whilst he led the Bar and fought his way to honor in the Commons; and he still wore the blue coat and gridiron buttons when he was called to keep the King's conscience. Lord Grantley, Sir Matthew Wood, the Earl of Suffolk, the Duke of Leinster, Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), Sir Francis Burdett and Dr. Somerville were contemporary Beef Steaks, who used to applaud the brilliant lawyer's special song, "La Pipe do Tabac."

The Beef Steaks at table were so free and frank in their jocular speech, that sensitive members could not always keep their good humor under the hilarious assaults on their self-love. It was a first rule of the society that any member might say what he pleased to another, and that no one was to take offense at the utterance. But the rule was more easily made than observed. More than a

few brothers retired before Brother Stephenson's unscrupulous rillery, and withdrew for ever from a fraternity whose humor involved incessant infliction of pain. Even the amiable Duke of Sussex nearly broke with the club in his pardonable annoyance at being found guilty (by a Beef Steak jury) of a disgraceful offense.

His Royal Highness was walking to "the Steaks" with Brother Hallet, when the latter was relieved of his watch-chain and seals by a street thief. After dinner the Steaks accused the Prince of being the robber, tried him with due attention to forms, ascertained his guilt, and sentenced him to wear the white sheet and receive a reprimand from the Recorder. The criminal, whose wine and beef had disagreed with him, went through the punishment with a bad grace, and turned sulky. The renewed laughter of the Steaks only aggravated his displeasure, and, calling for his carriage at an early hour, he drove off in high dudgeon. On the following morning Mr. Arnold (the historian's father), waited on His Royal Highness in order to assuage the royal anger, and assure him that, in spite of their careful consideration of the dammnatory evidence, the Steaks held him incapable of stealing a friend's portable property. But before the ambassador could say a word to the purpose, the good-natured Duke exclaimed: "I know what you are come about. I made a fool of myself last night. You were quite right, and I quite wrong; so I shall come next Saturday and do penance again for my bad temper." The last of the royal brothers to withdraw from the Steaks, the Duke of Sussex, was a member of the Sublime Society so late as 1833.

Between this Duke's election and retirement, the club changed its quarters several times. On the destruction (by fire) of its first home, it fed for a few months at the Bedford Coffee House, and then moved to the old Lyceum Theatre in 1819, where it remained till 1831, when it was again "burnt out." Its next home was the Lyceum Tavern, Strand, whence it re-emigrated to its old lodgings in the Bedford Coffee House, where it tarried till 1833, when its last and stateliest residence was built under the roof of the New Lyceum. Twenty-nine years of existence still remained for the Sublime Society; but they were years of languor and decay. The original grid-iron, dug out from the ruins of old Covent Garden, was fixed in the ceiling of the new dining-room, but no one could restore the old spirit of the society, that never recovered from its loss of Henry Brougham, who withdrew from the club in 1835. Celebrity after celebrity followed Brougham's significant example, and though the vacancies were filled up by men of parts and distinction, no new member brought the spirits that could reanimate the failing body.

Steps were taken for its revival; but whilst some of these measures were injudicious, others were only adopted when the patient's case was beyond remedy. It was well to change the day of meeting, but inauspicious Friday was an unfortunate choice of the day for future meetings. To accommodate itself to new fashions, the club postponed its dinner-hour from six to seven, and from seven to eight o'clock. In old times the dinner-hour (originally two o'clock) had been deferred successively to four, five and six. The reluctant concession of sherry to members, whose gout forbade them to drink port, was not enough to conciliate failing valetudinarians who were under orders to take nothing but claret.

Noticing several of the causes of its decadence, Mr. Arnold failed to detect the source of the worst troubles under which the society groaned in its later years. The

fact is, the club was slowly dying of dignity. Dukes and Earls lay heavy upon it, great men who seldom appeared at the board, though they continued to pay their annual "subscriptions" and "whips" under a notion that they were doing the moribund brotherhood a service by "holding on" to the exclusion of the younger "blood." Familiarity with Princes had made the senile club disdainful to clever "nobodies"; and preferring great men who had once been brilliant to brilliant men who were only making the first steps to greatness, the society elected to its vacancies eminent persons out of regard for their names rather than their clubbable faculties. Had it, on entering the New Lyceum, doubled the number of its members, enlarged its *men*, reformed its cellar, required half a dozen annual attendances from each brother, and recruited itself from the "lows about town," the Sublime Society would have flourished to this day. But lacking the courage to take these recuperative measures, it grew weaker and more infirm, until it breathed its last in Mr. Arnold's tender hands, and left its chattels to the auctioneer's hammer.

The honor of belonging to the Sublime Steaks was costly. In the palmiest days of the club the entrance fee of each new member was £26. 5s., a charge reduced to £10. 10s. in 1819. The "whips" for current expenses were, on the average, equal to an annual subscription of £10 from each brother. At the same time a member paid five shillings for every dinner of which he partook, and half a guinea for his friend's entertainment. The price paid to the butcher for steaks was, on the average, half a crown a pound.

THE FIRST TELEPHONE.

ONE of the most noted men of science in Newton's day was Dr. Robert Hooke, Professor of Geometry in Gresham College, London. He had a conception of the telephone in 1664, and what is more, he put it plainly on record. He wrote: "As glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable but that there may be found many mechanical inventions to improve our other senses of hearing, smelling, tasting and touching."

He then proceeded to mention some instances in which people had heard a whisper at the distance of a furlong, and he declared that he knew a method by which he could hear a man speak through a wall a yard thick. He then comes to the telephone passage, which is as follows: "I can assure the reader that I have, by the help of an extended wire, propagated sounds to a very considerable distance in an instant, or with as seemingly quick a motion as that of light; at least, incomparably swifter than that which at the same time was propagated through the air; and this, not only in a straight line or direct, but in one bended in many angles."

This was published two hundred and twenty-two years ago, and it is a good, although incomplete, description of the telephone. It is to be regretted that Dr. Hooke omitted to mention the means he employed to impart to his wire the power to "propagate" sound. It is not probable, however, that he made use of a magnet for the purpose.

HOW TO AVOID IMPUDENCE.—The way to avoid the imputation of impudence, is not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.

FLATTERY OF HOPE.—Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

"Yes, yes, I give him a lift then, poor 'n' run down as I be. We lected him, but 'twas a close shave. Thought he was too smart, some did, but that's apt to be the way when a man gets ahead. An editor, too; he can't help makin' enemies unless he's good Lord 'n' good devil; even then he's apt to run acrost a third party that ain't neither for one or t'other. He made some smart speeches. I see something quoted in a Boston paper, the other day, that the Honorable Brewster Bennett, of Cherryfield, had been sayin', 'n' the *Sentinel* has got to be consid'able of a paper sence he took it. But I don't expect he'll stick to it long; he'll be wantin' something that's got more money in it. I expect it wouldn't be no time at all before he got to Congress if he had money. If you'd a slicked up 'n' been smarter-appearin' I expect you could 'a' got him, Lyddy. You're good-lookin' enough, 'n' I spent enough on your education—more'n I could afford. The fust time I ever run into extravagance was payin' for your three years at that seminary, 'n' 't seems as if I'd been goin' down hill ever sence, 'n' you ain't seemed to make anything of yourself after all. Hanchett's three girls, that was satisfied to go to the deestric school, all married well. Lizzy's husband has paid off the mortgage 'on Lanchett's farm. Seems to me as if knowin' how to git a husband was better for a girl than Latin 'n' furrin langwidges. Hutchins, he's complainin' that he laid out four hundred dollars on his daughter's schoolin', 'n' then she up 'n' got married right away, 'n' there was all that money wasted. But I wa'n't never one that wanted my daughter to keep school, 'n' have a parcel of young ones chasin' her, 'n' git to hollerin' as if everybody was deaf. If she'd 'a' married well, I wouldn't 'a' complained. They've all dropped off, now, h'ain't they? 'thout it's Joe Maltby. He's got a middlin' good farm, and consid'able timber; I don't know but what you'd better have him than go to the poorhouse 'long o' me. What's noses?"

"Don't talk about the poorhouse, father. I shall get the Wood End School, and then we can pay the interest on the mortgage. Squire Harriman will wait a little longer, if he knows we have a way to get the money; and the crops are not likely to be so poor next year, and we'll get Dan Price to manage the farm on shares. And, besides, father, you know I've got a little money for the stories I've sent to the papers. I hope to write a novel that will bring me enough to pay off the mortgage."

Lyddy spoke hesitatingly, being painfully divided between a fear of raising false hopes and a desire to relieve her father's despondency.

"Stories! Well, I vow I don't see how folks can be fools enough to pay for havin' a mess of lies wrote out for 'em, when there's sech a sight of 'em to be had for nothin' in this world, too. 'N' it beats me how you can make 'em up when nothin' ain't ever happened to you."

Lyddy caught her breath in a little, quick sigh.

"If you was Mary Rowlandson, now, that was captured by Injuns— Well, well, got the school. I know folks will pay for schoolin', though sometimes I don't know but that's heavin' money away. There ain't anything else to be done, as I see."

There was nothing else to be done that Lyddy could see, although it seemed to her that St. Lawrence's grid-iron would be but mild torture compared to the asking of such a favor of Brewster Bennett. But of the other members of the committee, Ezekiel True had a troop of well-to-do but thrifty nieces, who hovered over a school like flies over a honey-pot, and Enoch Mann said he "wa'n't goin' to give anybody a recommend, sence they'd turned out his first wife's sister."

Lyddy put on her least becoming dress and combed her hair back plainly, for reasons which she scarcely vouchsafed to explain to herself. Looking in the glass, she decided that these efforts were quite unnecessary, since a deep line, like her father's, was coming between her eyebrows, and, also, she had found several gray hairs in her combings.

It was nine years since she came home from the Pemberton Seminary, and she was almost nineteen then; twenty-eight was unquestionably an age at which one should have renounced the follies of youth, even if poverty and carking cares had not roughly wrenched one away from them.

The girls at the seminary thought she had a great deal of sense; quite too much, in fact, to be compatible with a peachy complexion and a very deep dimple. In the procession which marched properly, by twos, for each day's constitutional, guarded by a weary dragon of a teacher, she had never cast coquettish glances in the direction of the two elegant young men who always waited upon the hotel-steps to see them pass, nor had she been one to cut holes in the window-shades, securely fastened down over the windows which gave upon the garden of the college boarding-house, where wandered delightfully dangerous young men. And she refused to listen to Jennie Vickery's love-letters (smuggled in by way of the parlor-maid) which Jenny read aloud to her friends, or recited from memory, thrillingly, after the lights were out.

And she declined to be called Lydia, although the girls said that was quite fine and aristocratic, if it was old-fashioned. Lyddy was her name, and she liked it. But in spite of the sense, which the girls commiserated as deeply as they envied her complexion, Lyddy did not like to go back to Cherryfield and the farm. Pemberton had enlarged her views.

She sat dejected in the train on that drizzly June morning of her return, after her father, whose uncouthness of grammar and of clothes jarred alike upon her sensibilities, had left her to talk with a grizzled and dilapidated drover, who, he said, was an old friend, when suddenly there was Squire Harriman at her elbow, pompous but unwontedly gracious, introducing to her "a young fellow who was studying with him."

And Lyddy, from feeling bored and shy, found herself grown light-hearted, and talking with Brewster Bennett as easily as if she had known him all her life. He was so delicately reticent at first, and respectful of her mood, and looked at her out of such frank and sympathetic brown eyes. (There were people who had discovered that those eyes were green, and Lyddy herself sometimes saw them so, but not this morning.)

Cherryfield and the farm, even before the journey's end, appeared in a glorified atmosphere. Then, and afterward, all the ways of her life seemed to have had no aim or purpose but to lead up to that dingy, cindery car, thumping along through the rainy June morning. It certainly was not his looks. He was short, and already inclining to an uninteresting stoutness, and his head was too long, if its crop of curly hair was boyish and winning. Neither was it his manner (Lyddy affirmed, in her self-communing, although it is certain that since Eve forgot the serpent's unpleasant appearance in the snavity of his manners, her sex has always been more easily beguiled by manner than by looks. He was altogether different from any one whom she had ever met. It was something—"touch of hand or turn of head." With all her sense, that was the only explanation that Lyddy could give, then or afterward. Poor Lyddy!

He came very often to the farm, where she received

him alone in the parlor (in which she had speedily introduced decorative effects, in the shape of embroidered storks and cattails, to supersede the funeral wreaths and vegetable frames), and she went to drives and dances with him, falling easily into the primitive Cherryfield fashions, although the Pemberton Faculty had instilled other ideas of etiquette. (Lyddy was pityingly confident that the light that never shone on sea or land had failed to illuminate the respectable spinsters of the Pemberton Faculty).

He called on other young ladies, also, and sometimes escorted them to merrymakings, and Lyddy told herself she was glad that he had the good taste not to make his devotion to herself too marked, although to the untaught Cherryfield mind, "keeping company" with one girl made it inexpedient, if not improper, even to call upon another.

He went up to Pine Hill to see Clara Doak, and down to the Paper Mills to call upon Emma Mayo, and he took them both to the Agricultural Fair, leaving Lyddy, who had refused two invitations, in the serene confidence that he would ask her, to fall back upon the escort of Joe Maltby.

Joe lived upon the adjoining farm, and his pathway in life was darkly, if ridiculously, shadowed by a broken nose. Joe's looks were grotesque, and he was a sensitive soul, and he had been dumbly in love with Lyddy (who regarded him in much the same light with Ponto, the lame old house-dog) almost ever since he could remember.

Lyddy was, indeed, a little hurt by this neglect of Brewster Bennett's, but the next time he came to see her he looked sadly and reproachfully at her, as if she were to blame, and Lyddy wondered if she had not wounded his sensibilities in some way; she was sure they were very acute and delicate. And he hinted—only hinted—that the world was all a waste to him when he was not by her side, and Lyddy's happiness was quite restored.

Early in the Winter Emma Mayo's city cousin came to visit her, and Brewster Bennett grew so attentive to her that people prophesied "it would soon be a match." But he still came often to see Lyddy, and looked unutterable things, and spoke with sighs of painful necessities that separated those who were born for each other, and Lyddy pitied him until she almost forgot her own trouble. She longed to tell him, in defiance of maiden modesty, that she would wait, wait endlessly, and the mysterious barrier might be removed; if not in this world, there was another—there must be, because such love could not perish. How silly and weak it was! Her face flamed as she looked at it in the mirror, while it all came back to her as she dressed.

"There was never any mystery. He cared nothing for me. It was flirting. If I had been like the Pemberton girls, I should have known."

But she had not known, even when Emma Mayo's city cousin was succeeded by almost innumerable charmers in Cherryfield and adjoining towns. He came back to her with that mysterious meaning in his eyes, and Lyddy believed that she was the only one who had touched his heart.

She believed it even after he had ceased altogether to visit her. That happened when he abandoned, almost entirely, the practice of the law, and assumed the editorship of the *Sentinel*, and began to take an interest in politics. After that his attentions to ladies were confined to the Summer boarders, who took possession of Cherryfield from June until September. But in church Lyddy could feel his eyes fixed intently upon her all through the sermon, and when they chanced to meet he pressed

her hand, sighed, and hurried away as if he dared not trust himself to stay.

One day—but that was only a year or two ago—she had overheard, in the post-office, his jesting reply to some one who had rallied him upon his devotion to a gay young widow who had shed upon Cherryfield a Summer glory, bewilderingly compounded of white laces, and golden tresses, and brilliant parasols.

"A man has to have these little episodes," he said. "They're experience that pays."

"That feller," said old Jerry Cook, the postmaster, assorting a bundle of letters with much deliberation—"that feller jest twists folks round his little finger for his profit—men folks; women folks I expect he's more apt to stick a pin through them and fasten 'em to a cork, as a boy serves butterflies, for his sport, or his experience, as he says."

Lyddy felt as if her weak eyes had been unbandaged in the blinding glare of a desert sun. She had been to him an "episode"; he had studied and played with her that he might understand human nature, if she had not been too silly to afford him anything more than a laugh. She had preserved some womanly pride; she had tried—it was her one consolation now—to remember that she had struggled desperately to meet him with careless friendliness, and to keep her eyes from being telltales. Nevertheless, he was too acute not to know; she had always felt that he knew.

The best years of her life had gone to build this baseless fabric of a dream. Lover and friend had been put far from her by her absorption in it, and poverty had crept upon her unheeded.

"I do not even know that he was to blame," Lyddy said to herself. "He never said anything. And I might have known that I was only one of many. It was only that I was a fool. Was a girl ever such a fool before?"

Folly has to be paid for far more surely than wickedness, so far as this world's wages go. Lyddy was as unfitted to cope with the sharp realities of life as Marianna in the moated grange, and she must ask the lover who had come not to help her to a means of earning her bread!

She walked with energy down the main street of Cherryfield to Harriman's block, where both the law office of Harriman & Bennett and the *Sentinel* office were to be found. She hesitated only once; that was to wonder whether it would be wrong for her to have the school, since Sarah Boggs, from the Pine Creek settlement, who wanted it, would doubtless teach it so much better. She had fortified herself by a determination to forget the past, according to the advice of so many poets and philosophers; in truth, Marianna who seeks a country school must needs forget her sighings. As she mounted the stairs she met Dick Harriman, the squire's son, and the head of the law firm of which Brewster Bennett was still a nominal member. Dick had been one of the admirers who, in Farmer Slocumb's expressive phrase, had "dropped off." He had tried to be very devoted to Lyddy during the reign of Emma Mayo's city cousin, and had abandoned the attempt in great perplexity at her indifference, which amounted almost to unconsciousness of his existence. Dick was accounted "a catch." He had married his cousin, and was now a portly and comfortably *père de famille*, but he had never ceased to look at Lyddy in a puzzled way.

"Bennett?—yes; he's in the *Sentinel* office, but there are a lot of men there. Won't you just step in here?"

He opened the door of the law office, which was empty save for a somnolent tortoiseshell cat, and went away.

appearance which her pride sought, above everything, to avoid.

"I'll have my horse here directly," he said, eagerly snatching at an implied acceptance, and soon Lyddy, a most unquiet soul, was driving beside him through the peaceful haze of the late October afternoon.

She was glad that after they left the village, where, in the frank, Cherryfield manner every one stared inquiringly at them, he became very silent.

How beautiful the day was! The balmy air, the unflecked blue of the sky, and the golden haze that transfigured everything like a fairyland atmosphere. The old soft fancies stole unawares into Lyddy's brain. She remembered, oddly, a dream of the earliest—and silliest—days of their acquaintance. She had imagined a church with him, his wife, and dress on. He had said that the dove color.

the river with a chilling hint of and at herself with bitter scorn.

She observed now scanty and shriveled was the gold of the maples, and through the bare boughs the sky was growing gray.

without a look of surprise. Dick was always polite and considerate.

Brewster Bennett did not keep her waiting, and he greeted her with his



and his disfigured nose, he looked like the picture of "the evil-minded dwarf," in an old fairy-book. And yet how good he was! How crooked was the world!

She performed a few household duties, mechanically, and then went and hid herself in a corner of the back porch, sheltered by the fading woodbine.

Yet, why should she be ashamed? Why not yield, since he must love her to wish to marry her, now that she was old and poor and plain.

Youth was coming back to her throb by throb, happiness stirred her blood like wine.

"Lyddy, Lyddy! there's a letter come for you, a kind of a dockymunt," called her father's voice. "Harriman & Bennett's boy brought it. It come inclosed in a letter to them. Seems as if it ought to 'a' ben sent before, or something. I couldn't jest make out what the boy said, only 't' Dick Harriman kind of swore when he come acrost it, 'n' told him to hurry up. Who for the land's sake is a-writin' to you through the hands of lawyers? What's the matter with you, Lyddy? Why don't you speak up 'n' tell what's the matter?"

Lyddy raised a white face from the "dockymunt."

"It's Great-aunt Thankful Rogers's will, father. She has left forty thousand dollars to me."

"Forty thousand dollars! You don't expect anybody's a-foolin' us, do you, Lyddy? Your mother's Aunt Thankful! I didn't know but what she was dead. She was all eat up with reformin' sercieties, last I heard of her; folks said she hadn't anything left. But she wa'n't never one that called in the neighbors 't' attend to her affairs, 'n' she did set by your mother. Land sakes, Lyddy! I don't wonder 't' you're kind of struck up, but 'tain't nothin' to look so white about! I wonder when the letter come, 'n' what the boy meant? See here! Dick has sent up what was written to them 'n' all. You can see by the envelope when 'twas mailed."

Lyddy seized the envelope from his hands and thrust it into the heart of the kitchen-fire.

"I don't want to know when it came! I never will know when it came! If Brewster Bennett comes here to-night tell him I cannot see him. I never will see him! But I don't want to know when it came!"

"Land, land, Lyddy! good fortin' has flew to your head. It ain't to be wondered at; but you'd ought to begin to feel tickled by now. I declare, if my lame leg don't feel as spry as a boy's, 'n' I'm goin' right over to Eben Ripley's to get back them steers that I raised. It put ten years right on to me to have to sell 'em. There's Joe Maltby a-comin'. You'd ought to tell him the fust one, for folks that's your friends in poverty, them's the ones—"

The old man's vigorous exit snapped off the sentence. He went almost nimbly down the lane, a striking example of "mind cure."

Lyddy found herself telling, mechanically, and with a dream-like feeling, the story of her good fortune to Joe Maltby, and being half conscious of a cheerful friendliness in his eyes that eased her pain a little.

"I'm glad, Lyddy. I'm honestly glad, if I have been mean enough sometimes to hope— But it was of no use, anyway! I might have made myself something that you would not despise. It is a pitiful weakness in a man to shrink from the amusement and pity in people's eyes."

"Oh, dear! does every one make mistakes—fatal mistakes?" cried Lyddy. "But I never despised you, Joe, I never thought anything about— Oh, I don't mean to be cruel; but you were foolish! If you cared for anybody you ought a reckoned it an experience,

set it down in your profit-and-loss account, and calculated upon it, shrewdly. We are not fit to live in these times, Joe—you and I. We are altogether out of the fashion."

A FINISHED CITY.

BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

THE ancient City of Annapolis, Md., presents, as many people would think, its most picturesque appearance from the water. From the deck of an excursion steamboat on a Summer evening near sunset, the sight is quite a striking one. There is, indeed, a rather grim suggestiveness about the outlines of the Naval Academy, and one shrugs comfortably, although with no definite reason, at the thought that an invader, in an attempt to approach or get by, would be apt to fare badly. There is a certain jaunty defiance in the manner in which the flag flies, and in the music of the band as it floats out from the parade-ground. The sentinel is in evidence, pacing his post with measured step, his sabre glistening in the mellow sunshine, and, approaching a little nearer, the sharp cries of command are heard. The whole has quite an impressive and warlike aspect.

Beyond, stretch away the steeples and the antique roofs and gables of the venerable city. From one of the turrets comes the sound of a bell over the waters—sweet, subdued, and curiously old-fashioned. There is a melodious cling-clang about it which reminds one of the chiming from the tower of some far-off country church. Twilight is slowly stealing upon the drowsy old town. The western sky is blazing with beautiful and thrilling sunset effects, and from aloft comes the soft cawing of a wide procession of crows, winging a flight to their dormitories in a neighboring forest.

And so, at length, night falls and the mists arise, and the lights start up and gleam through them, and, except where they pierce the veil, darkness shrouds the quiet town. Literally, it is shut off from everywhere, and might be considered, for the time, some sort of gigantic hermitage. After dark, an island in the vast ocean could scarcely be more secluded. The steamboats rarely touch on their way down or up the bay, and the last railroad train has rolled leisurely into the depot at seven o'clock. At eight the telegraph-office closes and the operator betakes himself to his family tea, leaving his instrument to tick away in the gloom; and, let happen what may in the rude outward world, placid Annapolis will not hear of it or concern itself until the next morning.

Such was the case when General Garfield, whose last fluttering breathings the whole world had watched with such suspense, died at Elberon. Annapolis had experienced the strain and solicitude, too; but, although the end was known to be so near, there were no provisions made to keep the wire to Baltimore open. A strict, though unacknowledged, curfew has descended from the old times, and no one sits up after ten, and the first intelligence of the suffering President's death was next morning, when, soon after dawn in the bright September sun, came a steamboat plowing its way to the wharf, its flag at half-mast and bedecked with crape.

But for the secluded situation of the neck of land on which Annapolis stands, a city probably never would have existed there. It was in 1642 that the Assembly of the Province of Virginia passed an Act to prevent dissenting ministers from preaching and propagating their doctrines in that colony, and immediately all such persons were ordered to leave. It was not, however, until some

years afterward that the law was really enforced with rigor. The Virginia Conventicle being broken up and the members dispersing in various directions, the Elder, Mr. Durand, found a refuge in Maryland. Those who accompanied or followed him termed the spot where they settled, and which had never before been occupied, Providence. The name was afterward variously changed, and it was at one time called Anne Arundel Town, and so termed from the maiden name of Lady Baltimore, Lady Anne Arundel, the daughter of Lord Arundel of Wardour, whom Cecilius, Lord Baltimore, had married.

The Puritans in their snug retreat desired to isolate themselves entirely. They had very little sympathy with the Lord Proprietary's government, and for a while did not acknowledge fealty to it. It is notable that when Thomas Greene, acting for Governor Stone, after the beheading of Charles I., caused the Prince of Wales to be proclaimed in the Province as the rightful heir to all his father's dominions, and commanded rejoicings, the inhabitants who had just settled on the Severn did not take part in these festivities. The new colony was not represented in the Legislature until Governor Stone had made a personal visit to the inhabitants, upon which they consented to send two burgesses to the Assembly. Mr. James Cox, one of these representatives, was chosen Speaker, an indication of the strength and influence of the settlement.

The action of the little drama of life in the colony became from this point rapid and exciting. Trouble with the Indians arose, and a number of the people were "barbarously and wickedly murdered" by the cruel Susquehannocks. Then followed the difficulties in connection with Bennett and Claiborne, and after the various political changes the expedition of Governor Stone to reduce the colonists, recalcitrant again, to a submission and obedience to Lord Baltimore's government, and in prosecution of this the famous battle of Herring Bay was fought. It was not, however, until 1657 that the mutinous settlement again acknowledged Lord Baltimore's rule.

The present aspect of Annapolis gives little idea of the prosperity it once enjoyed, and its almost brilliant prospects about the year 1708, when it became a city. Ancient St. Mary's had gradually lost its supremacy, and even something of its prestige. Once it ceased to be the capital it did not long retain its rank. A letter written at this period, speaking of the removal of the Legislature, says: "There are, indeed, several places for towns, but hitherto they are only titular ones, except Annapolis, where the Governor resides. Colonel Nicholson has done his endeavors to make a town of that place. There are about forty dwelling-houses in it, seven or eight of which can afford a good lodging and accommodations for strangers. There are also a state house and a free school, built of brick, which make a great show among a parcel of wooden houses; and the foundation of a church is laid, the only brick church in Maryland. They have two market-days in a week, and had Governor Nicholson continued there a few months longer, he had brought it to perfection." The town was not made the residence of the Governor until 1837.

In Ridgely's "Annals" will be found evidence of the advance of the city from the period of the grant of its charter in 1708. "It never acquired a large population, nor any great degree of commercial consequence; but long before the American Revolution it was conspicuous as the seat of wealth and fashion; the luxurious habits, elegant accomplishments and profuse hospitality of its inhabitants were proverbially known throughout the colonies.

It was the seat of a wealthy government and of its principal institutions, and, as such, congregated around it many whose liberal attainments qualified them for society."

A French writer, describing the city as it appeared during the Revolution, says: "In that very inconsiderable town, standing at the mouth of the Severn, where it falls into the bay, of the few buildings it contains at least three-fourths may be styled elegant and grand. Female luxury here exceeds what is known in the provinces of France. A French hairdresser is a man of importance amongst them; and it is said a certain dame here hires one of that craft at one thousand crowns a year. The State House is a very beautiful building—I think the most so of any I have seen in America."

Quite another picture is drawn in an account of a much earlier date, contained in a satire by Edw. Cook, Gent., published in London in 1708, and entitled, "The Set-weed Factor: Or, A Voyage to Maryland, in which is described the laws, government, courts and constitutions of the country; and also the buildings, feasts, frolics, entertainments and drunken humors of the inhabitants of that part of America."

The following is the description Mr. Cook gives of Annapolis:

"To try the cause, then fully bent,
Up to Annapolis I went;
A city situate on a plain,
Where scarce a house will keep out rain.
The buildings, framed with cypress rare,
Resemble much our Southwick Fair;
But strangers there will scarcely meet
With market-place, exchange or street;
And if the truth I may report,
It's not so large as Tottenham Court—
St. Mary's once was in repute,
Now here the judges try the suit;
And lawyers twice a year dispute
As oft the Bench most gravely meet,
Some to get drunk and some to eat
A swinging share of country treat;
But as for justice, right or wrong,
Not one amongst the numerous throng
Knows what it means, or has the heart
To vindicate a stranger's part."

Annapolis is now termed by the inhabitants, with a certain regretful fondness, "The Finished City." It has an interesting, and, indeed, eventful past; but, as its most affectionate friends are forced to admit, no future. There is no hope that it will experience a renaissance, and nothing remains to linger over but its agreeable traditions. Under such circumstances it is pleasant, and to the moralist instructive, to saunter through the drowsy streets and note their quaint appearance, and to study the architecture of the venerable buildings. Nothing could be more monotonous than the daily current of life. Sometimes one may stand at a corner in the soft Summer sunshine, and see nothing moving anywhere within range of the eye. The stillness is painful—the placidity of decay.

The old houses, with their black and moss-grown shingles, and steep gables and quaint windows, are full of a homely and melancholy interest. The chimneys, of all shapes and sizes, afford curious points for study. Many of these venerable dwellings evidently belong to the Revolutionary period and before it. There is a depth and vividness in the imported red brick that we do not see now, and something stanch and solid in the general aspect of the structures which may be counted on to defy the assaults of wind and weather, and is in sharp contrast with the modern style of erection. The deep-

CHASE HOUSE—THE HALL.

set windows and doors arrest attention, as do the massive door-knockers, which in many instances have not yet been superseded by the modern ball-pull.

Prince George Street, a glimpse of which is given in our illustration, is a reminder that the very names of the streets—the Duke of Gloucester Street, Charles Street, Conduit Street, etc.—suggest the historical interest and English atmosphere of the city. This nomenclature has, of course, come down from the old days, and there are few who would see it changed without a feeling of regret.

The sum to erect the State House, £7,500 sterling, was appropriated in 1769, and the building which had formerly served for that purpose was torn down. The present structure stands on a beautiful elevation, and from the dome a superb view of the surrounding country is obtained. In the Senate Chamber, and that of the House of Delegates, are to be seen portraits of various distinguished Americans, including, of course, Marylanders of fame.

The names of Chase and Brice, of whom Chase House and Brice House stand as memorials, are honored in the annals of Maryland. Samuel Chase was one of the four signers from the State of the Declaration of Independence. James Brice was Mayor of Annapolis when, in 1783, the Corporation met and gave the memorable welcome to Major-general Nathaniel Greene and suite. The Stewarts are another celebrated family of the State.

The inns of Annapolis, with their peculiar English names, such as the "Three Blue Ball" tavern, the City Coffee House, and the like, were noted for their hospitality and good cheer. The present Maryland Hotel, although conducted to a considerable extent upon modern principles, yet is old-fashioned in many of its ways. On the day the writer dined there, which happened to be a Sunday, a curious circumstance was to see decanters of whisky handed to many gentlemen at the tables in the vast dining-room, who gracefully indulged in the custom of plantagenet times of taking a hearty dram before the meal.

The streets have the peculiarity of radiating from circles, which have been established at different points throughout the town. There is a certain regularity and order about this arrangement, and yet they are queer

and crooked. They might not inappropriately belong to some of the old-fashioned European towns which travelers describe. There is the air of age, and perhaps of neglect and decay, but little of shabbiness. Even about the humbler quarters of the town there is scarcely anything of that squalor and offensiveness which in most other places is involuntarily associated with vice and crime. In truth, the moral standard of Annapolis, whether from its Puritan traditions or some other cause, is notably high. There is but little intemperance, and still less of darker forms of wickedness. Brawls and murderous affrays are uncommon. The chief fault of the lower order of the population appears to be a certain listlessness and laziness—what further north would be termed shiftlessness. This is chiefly realized in the neighborhood of the water-front, where once existed so much bustle and activity; where trade was stirring, and ships were loading and unloading, and the warehouses filled to repletion with tobacco, flour and other products. Until a century ago the merchants of Baltimore were obliged to enter and clear all their vessels here, and

under the then existing *régime*, says: "The furniture, in houses of any pretense, was of solid mahogany, veneering, like many other superficialities, being a comparatively modern device. Heavy, straight-backed chairs, a dining-table duly polished, a side table or a buffet, on which stood decanters of Holland gin, Jamaica rum and cognac, with Madeira which now would be priceless, but was then *vin ordinaire*, breathed the spirit of hospitality, and every guest or caller was expected, as a matter of course, to take a glass or two. A favorite beverage was punch, in which, it must be confessed, our ancestors indulged pretty freely. There is now lying before us the bill or score of Captain John Posey, staying at the hostelry of Dame Sarah Flowers in 1769, in which 'punch, 1s.'; 'sling, 1s.'; 'one bowl of punch, 1s. 6d.'; 'two nips of punch, 2s.'; 'club in punch, 1s. 6d.' follow each other with great regularity. The total amount is £27, 15s. 6d., Maryland currency of 7s. 6d. to the dollar, and the worthy captain's note of hand in settlement is appended to the bill. In the country great quantities of persimmon beer and cider were made. An anonymous traveler in Virginia and Maryland, recounting his experiences in the *London Magazine*, 1746, speaks of the abundance of persimmon beer, flavored with the leaves of a plant called 'cassona,' possibly wintergreen." Of the fare in country houses of the humbler sort he writes: "Mush and milk, or molasses homine (that called great homine has meat or fowl in it), wild fowl and fowl are their ordinary diet, whilst the water presented to you in a copish calabash, with an innocent strain of good breeding and heartiness, the cake baking upon the hearth, and the prodigious cleanliness of everything about you, must needs put you in mind of the Golden Age, the times of ancient frugality and purity. All over the colony an universal hospitality reigns. Full tables and open doors, the kind salute, the generous detention, speak somewhat like the roast-beef ages of our forefathers." He adds: "What is said here is strictly true, for their manner of living is quite generous and open. Strangers are sought after with greediness, as they pass the country, to be invited. Their breakfast-tables have generally the cold remains of the former day, hashed or fricasseed, coffee, tea, chocolate, venison, pastry, punch and beer or cider, upon one board. Their dinner, good beef, veal, mutton, venison, turkeys and geese, wild and tame fowls, boiled and roasted, and perhaps somewhat more, as pies, puddings, etc., for dessert. Supper the same, with some small addition, and a good hearty cup to precede a bed of down; and this is the constant life they lead, and to this fare every comer is welcome."

The negro element forms a not uninteresting feature of the Annapolis population. Not a few of the old servants, it is said, still remain with the families whose slaves they once were, illustrating the fallacy of the belief which some entertain that the race is incapable of genuine attachment. The drowsy life of the old city—the absence of hurry, the almost complete leisure which everybody appears to have at command—fit well with the negro temperament. The colored whitewasher or woodsawyer is an individual who pre-eminently makes existence as easy as it ought to be. Time, he has learned, was made for bondmen, and he appreciates the lesson so vehemently inculcated in the newspapers and health magazines that the curse of the American social system is haste and overwork.

He is often a quaint "uncle," of the type fast disappearing, venerable in years and reverend in aspect. He carries a pair of huge bowed spectacles, of a construction which would delight a Chinese optician, and these he

mounts, to count his fee when he is paid off, with great solemnity. His trousers are things of shreds and patches, and of many colors, one leg always shorter than the other, and the whole suspended from the body by a single string of many knots, which he terms his "gal-luses." His hat, a dilapidated beaver, apparently an heirloom, is cherished with solicitude and affection, and the ragged colored handkerchief which he carries in the crown he holds as dear as the apple of his rolling white eye.

Around the wharf the colored man and brother is seen in his most natural guise. He is to be found sometimes on his back in a snug corner, dozing in the sun, or in a shady and secluded spot, sitting and holding his knees, and looking listlessly into vacancy. When he stands it is with his shoulder against something. Generally, in the proper season, he is to be discovered making preparations to go crabbing or fishing—always in a deliberate, lounging way which is amusing or irritating according to the temperament of the observer.

The darky element figures largely, of course, at the market. Here the traffic gives more stir and movement, sometimes almost approaching excitement, than any other feature of life in staid and sober Annapolis. There are the butchers in their white aprons, with their gleaming knives, the truckers and hucksters with their queer wagons and bony horses, fish-dealers with their cysters and crabs, and old "mammies" with their great baskets of "yarbs" and garden stuff. Many of the latter are to be discerned sitting on the ground with their wares—seeds, flowers, cakes, candy, pies, and what not—before them, and on their heads slowly bandana handkerchiefs. They doze a little, but are watchful for customers, and very polite and careful about making the exact change, which is usually in pennies. With these old dames scattered here and there, and the white ladies, some young and very pretty, and the general concourse of buyers and sellers, the stalls and their extensive variety of supplies, the odd-looking horses and wagons on the outskirts, and the merry Babel of voices—the sharp cries of advertisement, the low, earnest tones of bargaining, and the cheerful laughter of gossip—all this makes up a curious and animated scene. The first regular market-house, as we learn, was erected here in 1717, when it was resolved by the Corporation that "none of the inhabitants shall buy any flesh or fish, living or dead, eggs, butter or cheese (oysters excepted) at their own houses, but shall repair to and buy the same at the Flag Staffe on the State House hill, until such time as there shall be a market-house built, on penalty of 16s. 8d., current money, etc. And that the market be opened at 8 or 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and that the drum beats half quarter of an hour to give notice thereof, and that no person presumes to buy anything until the drum be done beating, and that the market-days be on Wednesday and Saturday every week."

The Naval Academy adds much to the aristocratic tone of Annapolis, and but for its existence the town would, we may fear, be almost forgotten. The officers mingle freely in society, and give it color, *à la* and spirit. The Saturday-night hops are among the most enjoyable features of the season, and the great 'Cadets' Ball at the end of the scholastic session is the event of the year. Crowds of lovely women attend from Washington and Baltimore, and even from remoter Philadelphia and New York, and the connoisseur in beauty finds himself in the presence of this embarrassment of riches. The cadet, it is needless to say, is the Annapolitan pet. Now and then hazing scandals arise—far more numerous formerly than of late—but he always has the sympathy of the town. The measures

against this sort of frolic have become stern and repressive during the last two Administrations, and it has nearly disappeared; but, in truth, it had grown into a cruel and scandalous abuse. A few years ago a luckless young man is said to have died from the results of the torture to which he was subjected, and so much commotion followed that the authorities felt that the time had arrived for positive and peremptory action.

Every two years Annapolis has one great awakening—it is when the Maryland Legislature assembles. Then activity, and even excitement, reigns in the ancient city. The statesmen come down from Baltimore and the political sages from the counties, and momentous doings go forward. The lobby is, of course, the great feature, and the bosses and wirepullers and other illustrious characters are seen in the streets and public places, and hold mysterious and important conferences late into the night. The reign of "prohibition" does not seem to affect the conviviality and good-fellowship of these sittings, and mighty intellects are heard of as unbending in the beguiling diversions of poker and similar recreations.

Sport, in the modern sense of the term, is almost unknown in the venerable town except at this season, and it is difficult to believe that once it had quite a joyous reign here. Horse-racing was formerly the favorite amusement. A jockey club was instituted about 1718, consisting, as we are told, "of many principal gentlemen in this and the in adjacent Provinces, many of whom, in order to encourage the breed of this noble animal, imported from England, at a very great expense, horses of high reputation."

The Annapolis races were famous throughout the State, and were attended even by many persons from the adjacent colonies. There were no Paris mutuels or book-makers in those times, but large sums changed hands on the occasions. The subscription purses were at first for one hundred guineas, but later on were greatly increased. Race week was a season of general festivity, and every evening there were balls and theatrical performances.

The old records, to be found in Ridgely's work, give quite a vivid idea of the popularity and extent of this kind of amusement. On the 29th of September, 1718, a race was run on the Annapolis Course between Governor Ogle's bay gelding and Colonel Plater's gray stallion, and won by the former. On the following day six horses started, Mr. Walters's Parrott being the winner. Half a century afterward, on the same course, the celebrated horse Figure, who had a transatlantic reputation, won a purse of fifty pistoles. The fame of this clever animal was so great that, after his crowning victories at Preston and Carlisle, in England, where he won heavy premiums, no horse would enter against him. It is said that he never lost a race. Another famous runner was Mr. Bevars's bay horse Oscar, bred on the Ogle Farm, near Annapolis. In 1808 he beat Mr. Bond's First Consul on the Baltimore Course, making the second heat in seven minutes and forty seconds, which speed had never been excelled.

Hazard of every kind was popular and heavy card-playing was the rule. Surprising sums were won and lost. Even the lottery was not disclaimed. The first lottery drawn at Annapolis was on September 21st, 1753, for the purchase "of a town-clock and clearing the dock." The capital prize was one hundred pistoles, tickets half a pistole. The managers comprised a number of the leading gentlemen of the town. The town "ballroom" was built in 1764 from the proceeds of a lottery drawn for that especial purpose.

Annapolis, which is a very poor theatrical city at pres-

ent, was formerly a most liberal patron of the drama. There is no regular theatre, but wandering attractions of various sorts hold forth at a handsome town hall, which, figures as the Academy of Music. There are several minor establishments near the waterside which provide amusement for the men-of-war's men and other sailors. The regular dramatic troupes rather avoid Annapolis, however, and consider it, from a business point of view, as dead. To see the great stars, it is necessary to go to Baltimore, and, when those luminaries are announced, a special train is in service to that city nightly before and after the performance.

Under these circumstances it seems a little surprising that Annapolis should have the honor, as Mr. Dunlap, a high authority, says, "of having erected the first theatre, the first temple to the dramatic muse," in this country. There seems to be no room for doubt about the matter, however, for an establishment of this sort was built here in 1752, in which some of Shakespeare's best plays were performed.

There are records of the representations given by a company in 1760. They arrived from Chestertown, Md., on March 3d, and played the same evening, and the engagement continued until the middle of May. They acted nearly every night, and in the list of performers the student of theatrical history will recognize various well-known names—Mr. Hallam, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Jr. The pieces were of sound and standard character—such as, "The Recruiting Officer," "Venice Preserved," "George Burnwell," "Constant Couple," and the like. At the conclusion of the season at Annapolis, the comedians went to Upper Marlborough, where there was a small theatre, and where they performed for several weeks.

The "new theatre" at Annapolis was opened in September, 1771, with the "Roman Father" and the "Mayor of Garret," the custom being then to always give a drama and a farce. The house was a handsome brick structure, "As elegant and commodious for its size," says the *Maryland Gazette* of the day, "as any theatre in America." The boxes were "neatly decorated," as we learn from the same authority, "and the pit and gallery calculated to hold a number of persons without incommoding each other." This temple of the drama, of which the editor was so proud, was pulled down about 1814.

Annapolis has several handsome churches, that dedicated to the Episcopal service being a particularly interesting building. Its situation, in one of the circles for which the city is distinguished, is singularly attractive. The slight eminence on which it stands, the tall trees which surround it, and the sculptured tombs in the grass-grown churchyard—these make, from a little distance, a charming picture. Church-going has always been with the inhabitants a strict social duty, and as regularity and fidelity in this particular gave character and standing, so neglect savored of a sort of outlawry. Linger in the shadows of the cool vestibule this hot, bright Sunday morning, it is not difficult to fancy the scene a hundred years ago. About the yard loiter the beaux and gallants, attended generally by their dogs, and awaiting the arrivals. The plain townspeople and the country-folk file soberly in. Then come the great clumsy coaches of the rich planters, some with their coat-of-arms on the panels. The head of the family, as the coachman skips off the box and opens the door for him, descends, fat, clumsy and panting. He assists madame, also stout and scant of breath, to alight. The gentlemen loitering on the grass step forward nervously, hat in hand, smirking and bowing, and help the

of people, was one of great solemnity. The institution, for various political reasons, has had peculiar vicissitudes. The College Green was used during the Revolutionary War as the encampment for the French army, and again for the same purpose by the American troops in the War of 1812.

The part played by Annapolis during the American conflict for independence is too familiar to require repetition. The patriotic conduct of the inhabitants has been fully recognized, and the burning of the brig *Peggy Stewart* is one of the most notable incidents in American history.

It was here that General Washington, in 1783, resigned his commission into the hands of Congress. He arrived on Friday, December 17th, and was met a few miles from the city by Generals Gates and Smallwood, "accompanied by several of the principal inhabitants of the place, who escorted him to Mr. Mann's hotel, where apartments were prepared for his reception." His arrival was announced by the discharge of cannon.

The three following days were spent in various ceremonies and festivities. On Saturday, Washington dined with the President of Congress, the members of that body and the principal military and civic officers of the State. On Sunday he received visits, and on Monday Congress gave him a public dinner at the ballroom, at which upward of two hundred persons of distinction were present. Toasts were drunk, accompanied by the discharge of cannon. At night a general illumination took place, and a ball was given at the State House, at which many beautiful ladies were present. Washington danced with Mrs. James McCubbin, one of the loveliest women of her time.

The resignation took place next day, and Mr. Green, the editor of the *Maryland Gazette*, alluding to this affecting ceremony, says: "Few tragedies ever drew more tears from so many beautiful eyes as were suffused by the moving manner in which His Excellency took his final leave of Congress; after which, he immediately set out for Virginia, accompanied to South River by His Excellency our Governor, William Paca, with the warmest wishes of the city for his repose, health and happiness."

Another famous date in the history of the old-time city is November 29th, 1784, when General Washington, accompanied by the Marquis de Lafayette, paid a visit to the town. The inhabitants were thrown into a great state of fuss, delight and awe. The General Assembly of the State being then in session, to manifest, as we hear from the worthy chronicler, their gratitude and attachment to those distinguished men, directed an elegant ball to be provided for their entertainment. "The evening was crowned with the utmost joy and festivity." Elaborate addresses were delivered and replies made, the language of which sounds a little high-flown to ears of the present generation, but is full of the old-fashioned courtesy and charm.

Turning back, we again find ourselves, this beautiful Sunday morning, in the lovely grounds of the Navy Yard. The sun beats hotly down upon the dusty road beyond the gate, where a belted sentinel stands stiffly, sabre in hand. Behind us, and out in the stream, lies a Monitor, upon which there is no sign of life. Upon a rustic bench, under one of the giant trees which diffuse so grateful a shade and coolness, we enjoy the still and beautiful scene. Come nurse-maids and baby-carriages through the shadowy walks, and come ladies, in their pretty grenadine dresses, attended by the white-gloved and dark-blue-jacketed cadets. Come officers, elegant, handsome, alert and energetic, down the path from the Academy, and march toward the ob-
the sound of a brass band, the surgeon of the

post, tall and soldierly, his gold eyeglasses gleaming, and upon his arm his dainty wife, and beside both, with watchful eye, their frisky Skye terrier. Come two old salts in blue, with bronzed necks and faces, and rolling gait and growling voices. At measured intervals the sweet, soft note of a bugle sounds.

And now there is a stir and movement in front of the chapel, which we can just discern through the files of solemn trees; and the doors are swung open, and the fashionably dressed congregation drifts out. When the secular representation has emerged, the sharp tramp of footsteps is heard, and the cadets glide quickly forth and form ranks on the grass. At the word of command, away they march to the quadrangle in front of the Academy, where the orders of the day are read in rapid and indistinguishable accents, intelligible only to the initiated, and caps are doffed in the exchange of salutes, and so to the refectory and dinner. Now the visitors and on-lookers saunter off also to their dinners, and for a while the beautiful park, save by the myriads of newly arrived birds which make the old trees vocal, is deserted. Beyond the gates, with its quaint roofs and steeples massed against the glowing sky, and hot and silent in the noontide sun, rests old Annapolis, and sitting again in the refreshing shadow of the oaks and poplars, we fall to musing once more upon the departed activity and glory of the Finished City.

A BEE STORY.

In 1885 I was traveling on the Assam Railway on my way to Sadiya, a political outpost at the foot of the Abor Hills. The railway only took me as far as a place called Talup, thirteen miles to the right of which lay Sadiya. At one of the intermediate stations a tea-planter got into the carriage I was seated in, and after a very few minutes we glided into conversation. In India, an introduction is not always required. On hearing that I intended proceeding to Sadiya the same evening, as there is no rest-house at Talup, my newly made friend (whom I will call L.) very kindly offered me dinner and a bed for the night, at the same time informing me that the Brahmaputra River, which I had to cross on my way to Sadiya, was in full flood, and that the crossing could not be accomplished in less than two hours, by which time it would be quite dark; also that the four miles of road on the other side of the river was dangerous, owing to the presence of tigers and wild buffaloes. On hearing this, I thankfully accepted his offer, and on arrival at Talup proceeded with him to his bungalow. The bungalows in Assam are almost all built on piles to keep them from being flooded. They are usually constructed of wood and the roofs thatched. L.'s bungalow was no exception to the usual style of architecture, and after mounting the wooden staircase leading from the porch, and crossing a small veranda, the main portion of which was occupied with baskets of oranges, pruning-knives, hoes, etc., I found myself in the central room, which served both as dining and sitting room. I took a seat next the table facing the window, and with my back to an *almirah* (store, or linen-cupboard,) placed against the wall near the door by which I had entered. I had not occupied this seat many minutes before I became aware of a buzzing sound close to my ear, followed by an irritating feeling of being crawled over by wasps or bees. L., seeing my discomfort (I had begun to fling my arms about rather wildly), suggested my taking a chair in one of the corners near the window, which was, he said, free from annoyances. He then pointed out that the chair I had

originally occupied was in a direct line between the almirall and the window, and informed me that a swarm of bees occupied the almirall, and had done so for three years, despite his attempts to get rid of them. He had twice smoked them out, and taken all their honey, but they returned each time, and now he had given in to them. I then noticed for the first time that a continual flight of bees took place between the almirall and the window, passing right across the length of the table. The window was hung with *chicks* (blinds made of thin laths or sticks strung together), but the bees appeared to find no difficulty in squeezing their way in or out. The floor was also covered with bees which had fallen, overlaid with honey or pollen. I am fond of bees, but I prefer them at a distance; so, in my present position, felt anything but comfortable until the sun went down and the bees went to bed. I then emerged from my retreat, and on tip-toe approached the almirall, the door of which I opened wide. Underneath the lower shelf the bees had attached their comb, and very happy and busy they seemed. It was a large swarm of the larger kind of Indian bee. I was surprised to observe that a lizard and a couple of cockroaches occupied the same almirall, and that the bees appeared to treat them amicably. Whilst I was watching, one of the cockroaches approached the apex of the comb, walking, with feelers extended, along the bottom of the almirall. On arriving within an inch or two of the cluster of bees, he waved his feelers slowly, and appeared to be clearing away the bees from a space on the comb from which to extract honey. Suddenly a bee, whom I suppose he had touched with his feelers, bounced down on the floor in front of him with a buzz, and advanced buzzing and in a threatening manner. Mr. Cockroach promptly fled to the opposite corner of the almirall. This action was repeated several times. Eventually the cockroach had to content himself with any crumbs which had fallen from the comb, and I noticed that he crept right underneath the comb with his feelers carefully lowered, and almost touching the ground. The bees allowed him to pass unmolested. The next morning I took leave of L. and his bees, and proceeded on my way.—*J. L. W. Hensley.*

SOME ANACHRONISMS.

On one occasion the subject of anachronisms having been touched upon, several interesting local examples were given. One was the portrait of Governor Belknap, the second Provincial Governor of Massachusetts, which appears in the Memorial History of Boston. That it is probably spurious is evinced by the circumstance that the head is adorned by a periwig. These were not invented till many years after his time.

In Pilgrim Hall, in Plymouth, is a portrait purporting to be that of Roger Williams, who died in 1633. Examination shows that it is, in fact, a portrait of Benjamin Franklin when a comparatively young man. The writer of a history of the African race in America, prints, as a part of his history, a letter purporting to be signed by Crispus Attucks. In the letter, reference is made to the death of Attucks. It originally appeared in the printed collection of John Adams's papers, and the probability is that it was written by Adams with intent to publish in a newspaper.

Another departure from accuracy appears in what has been printed about Attucks, in ascribing his zeal in participating in a mob attack on the British soldiers to the resentment felt by him toward them as the oppressors, he having been a slave. The record shows that one of

the offenses charged against the British soldiers was that they had assisted in the escape of slaves owned by citizens of the Massachusetts Province. There is evidence going to show that Attucks, instead of having any permanent concern in Boston affairs, was a sailor belonging to a vessel which happened to be in port.

ORIENTAL HORSEMANSHIP.

THE Oriental nations, Moors, Turks, Egyptians and Persians, are good horsemen, and once on the back of a horse, it is not easy for the animal to dislodge his rider. George IV., when Prince of Wales, had the opportunity of witnessing a specimen of Egyptian horsemanship which is thus graphically described by one who was present: "On November 10th, 1803, a grand entertainment was given to His Excellency Elfi Bey, and a number of other distinguished visitors, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The conversation turning upon the very excellent equestrian powers of the Mamelukes and Turks, the Prince said: 'I have now in my stud an Egyptian horse so wild and ungovernable that he will dismount the best horseman in Elfi Bey's retinue.' The Bey replied, in Italian, to the Prince: 'I shall show your Royal Highness horsemanship to-morrow.' An appointment consequently took place next day at two o'clock in the Prince of Wales's riding-house, Pall Mall, when the Bey, accompanied by Colonel Moore, his interpreter, and Mahomet Aga, his principal officer, a young man of apparently great agility, entered the riding-house where the Prince and his royal brothers waited, attended by several noblemen, to witness the management of the horse, which never before could be ridden by anybody. One of the Mameluke's saddles being fixed by the grooms, the animal was led out of the stable into the riding-house, in so rampant and unmanageable a state that every one present concluded that no one would ever attempt to mount him. There was never a greater model of equine beauty: he was spotted like a leopard, and his eyes were so fiery and enraged as to indicate the greatest danger to any one who dared to mount him. Being led round the boundary, Mahomet Aga made a spring, seized him by the reins, and in an instant vaulted on the back of the animal, which, finding itself encumbered by a burden that it never had before felt, and goaded by the tightness of the Egyptian saddle, gave loose to his passion, and in the height of his ferocity plunged, but in vain, in every direction. The Mameluke kept his seat during this outbreak of temper for more than twenty minutes, to the utter astonishment of the Prince and every beholder; at last the apparently ungovernable animal was reduced to so tame a state as to yield to the control of the rider. The Prince expressed himself highly gratified, and greatly complimented the officer on his equestrian skill."

FOR COIN-COLLECTORS.—A coin is said to be "proof" when it is specially struck by hand-press, instead of by steam-press, from a polished planchet, and a "proof set" is a complete set of proofs of current coins. A "pattern piece" is an early specimen of proof from a newly adopted coinage die or dies. An impression in soft metal to test an experimental die is called a "trial piece." When a piece is struck from regular dies on experimental dies with experimental legends, devices or designs, it is denominated an "experimental piece." Trial and experimental pieces, struck for mint purposes only, will not be issued, circulated or sold.

meeting, form any sort of attachment for each other, you would be conserving the dearest wish of your father's heart if you should become Mrs. Lemon."

"Romantic! I should say it is romantic to command——"

"There is no command; it is simply a request. The judge was your father's dearest friend, and all that sort of thing. Wait till you see the man."

"I have seen him."

"Ten years ago, when you were a child, and he——"

"Old enough to be my father."

"And he was going out to India, where he has served so long, and with so much honor, on the Bench."

Miss Hilda tugged at the lace at her throat till she loosened it.

"And with all his honors fresh upon him, he is willing to accede to the romantic request of his friend. It is touching. Aunt Fanny, I am astonished at you—I am astonished at everybody but Judge Lemon—he must be equal to anything. I don't know how they manage these affairs in India, but in America a girl can do pretty much as she pleases about taking or rejecting a husband."

"Hilda, you are the most——"

"Aunt Fanny, you need not answer that man's letter, I will do it."

"I am sorry, but I have just had my answer to his letter mailed."

Her niece rose up before her with flashing eyes.

"I will never speak to you after this," she said, and dashed from the room.

"Hilda certainly lacks composure," Mrs. Cartwright mentally observed, and held up the purse to note the effect of the steel beads on the purple silk.

As for her niece, she ordered her phaeton to be brought around in five minutes. She looked very well behind the mettlesome bays—a girl of tall stature, with brown eyes and pink lips, and hair that appeared to emit a golden light.

She burned with indignation; she must have some vent for her feelings, therefore she would once more undertake the management of the horses against which she had been warned. She fairly flew over the road, and the excitement did her good. People looked after her in wonder, and a nervous woman screamed as she passed by. Then the lace at her neck, which she had loosened in the parlor, fluttered before her eyes, and she put up her hand to tear it away, when she lost control of the reins, and the horses plunged on like freed demons. She rather enjoyed the sensation. She saw the ribbons within reach on the backs of the beasts, and she could reach out and grasp them when she grew tired of the dangerous sport.

Not so thought a man who was plodding along the dusty road. He sprang forward, fell, was up again, was clinging to one of the horses, was clambering up to its back, had the reins in his hand and had thrown them into the phaeton.

"Take them at once," he said, with an unmistakable German accent.

Another second and he had tumbled into the phaeton, pulled up the trembling horses, put the reins in her hand, and had bounded into the road again. She was undecided whether or not to cut him across the face. He stood out there with his hat off, the wind blowing his tousled hair, his coat torn and begrimed.

"Miss Palethorpe was in danger," he murmured.

"Eh!" she cried, on hearing her name. "Oh," she said, in a tone of recognition, "why, it is—it is Funny Beethoven!"

He moved aside. She called him. Should she offer him money for the service he had thought he rendered her? He was only the pianist which the hotel proprietor had engaged to play nightly in the long parlor. This sort of person was always needy, in Miss Palethorpe's eyes, and but little removed from the people who were constantly sending her begging letters, in which were vague accounts of sick families to be supported and nothing on which to support them.

"Mr. Von Nie," she said, her hand in her pocket.

He looked at her. Why did she grow so confused? She frowned, let the horses have their swing again, and bowed along.

He looked after her; he stooped and picked up the little frill of lace which might be held accountable for this *rencontre*, shook the dust from it, glanced furtively around, then put it in the inside pocket of his coat, and buttoned the coat over it.

* * * * *

When Miss Palethorpe went down to the parlor that evening her anger over the letter her aunt had received in the morning was not abated. The music of the piano maddened her. She would put a stop to it by pretending that she must thank the pianist for stopping the horses. She moved over to him. His eyes were upon her as she came up, and she was conscious of the fact that she had encountered this look of his before to-day, and that it had not before appealed to her as it did now. But when she reached the piano she only said:

"Why do you play that strange thing?"

"It is Beethoven," he answered.

"Oh, is it? Is it because you look like him that you play Beethoven so much?"

"It is because I love him."

"Love!" she echoed, a flash seeming to come to her. There was her aunt looking at her; why should she not tease her aunt? She leaned over the piano and dabbled her fingers amongst the keys, so close to him that the faint perfume on her garments spread over him like incense over an idol. "I hate music," she said.

"Lieber Gott!" he cried.

She laughed, and glanced over toward her aunt.

"Hate music!" he said. "Let me play Beethoven for you."

"No, thank you," she returned, making discords. "Do you know your playing that music so much, your resemblance to the pictures of the composer, your name, Von Nie, have all earned for you the *sobriquet* of Funny Beethoven?"

"So? And you gave me that name?"

"Yes. You have his mass of straight black hair, you have the fire in your eyes that his have——"

She caught her breath; the fire of his eyes struck fire in hers. She muttered a few words of thanks for what he had done for her, and sidled over to her aunt.

"Were you making arrangements to have music-lessons?" asked Mrs. Cartwright.

"I hate music, and I hate musicians," was the sweeping answer. "Let us leave this place to-morrow."

Now Mrs. Cartwright and her niece were of the nomadic races, and peregrinated from hostelry to hostelry, having no fixed place of abode, and going where most amusement and comfort offered. As it happened, the proprietor of the hotel at the watering-place also presided over a most gorgeous new one in town. Mrs. Cartwright that day engaged apartments in the town caravansary for the Winter. The morning of their departure Mrs. Cartwright said something to offend her niece. Miss Palethorpe, looking up, saw the pianist at her side.

"How would you like to play in a city hotel in the Winter as you play here in the Summer?" she asked, boldly.

"The paltry tunes would be tiresome to me," he said. "I have my pupils in town, but——"

"And you will not play light music? Why, you would earn money."

"I should debase my art."

"Humph! Do you expect to become a wonder?"

He flushed up.

"I am young," he said, "and hopeful."

"Are you strong enough to——"

"Ah," he interrupted, "I am not strong to look upon, and I accepted this position because the doctor recommended fresh air. But I practice eight, ten hours, without tiring too much, though I often feel weak because——"

"Well?" for he hesitated, and she was interested.

"I am quite alone," he returned. "I was used to care—if there were some one to care for me!"

"Some one!"

"Oh," he said, in a suppressed voice, "must I say it? Must I tell you it is?"

"No," she said, sharply.

He ran to the piano while she fastened her glove, and he played "Adelaide," that most sadly passionate revelation.

"I am glad to see you so kind to the pianist," smiled Mrs. Cartwright, ingenuously.

"Yes," replied her niece, "I am a very kind-natured young woman."

The next week Von Nie was playing in the parlor of the city hotel.

"Have you done this?" asked Mrs. Cartwright of her niece.

"He positively refused to come," answered she, a look of retaliation in her eyes. "But he is here all the same."

As for the pianist, he was practicing more than ever, his hopes of a famous future raised to the empyrean; he neglected his pupils that he might have time for more study; he was poorer than ever—had it not been for his engagement at the hotel he must have starved; he often did without a meal to get flowers for a lady who was bent on tantalizing her aunt, who had presumably accepted a suitor for her niece without the niece's consent.

"My dear," said her aunt to her one day, "that pianist really has good taste in flowers. I am so glad you are making it pleasant for him."

"What do you mean?"

"Your flirtation is elevating, the subject is so high, socially speaking. He is ruining himself buying those flowers, and he is working himself to death in order to amount to something—and for what?"

"Well, for what?"

"For your sake. You are acting charmingly. There will be no question about Judge Lemon's decision when he knows."

"He will probably decline an alliance with me?"

"He will consider you thoroughly contemptible."

"I hope not, as in that case he may regard me as suitable to be his wife."

* * * * *

Her aunt's words abiding with her, Miss Palethorpe looked long and earnestly at the pianist that evening. How pale and thin and worn he was! Was he ruining himself to buy flowers for her? was he working himself to death for sake of her? Yet, was it not the height of

absurdity to reason thus? Listen, how brilliantly and gayly he was playing.

"Stop that, please," she said. "My head aches."

"It is the Prisoners' Chorus from 'Fidelio,'" he returned, "but played rather rapidly so as to make it sound lively to these people. You know Fidelio opens the prison."

"Does she? Well, come talk to me; I have something to say to you."

He sat beside her, and he told her all he had done that day, as though that could interest her.

"You Germans are so odd," she suddenly burst out.

"You pay attention to abstract matters, and let the concrete slip by unnoticed. Do you know that I feel as though I were on the brink of a precipice!"

"I do not understand," he said.

At that moment some one came up and asked him to play. He arose at once and went to the piano. Miss Palethorpe bit her lip.

"He obeys like a servant," she said. "My aunt was right; my intimacy with him is indeed elevating."

She went from the room. She did not go down to the parlor the next night, though she heard his music. Her maid brought her some magnificent orchids he had sent her. But no, she would not go down; the affair had gone far enough, and she must extricate herself while there was no harm done. She was restless, though, and the music he was making pained her. The following day she was peevish with her aunt; she waited for the evening, putting in her belt some of the still bright blossoms before she went to the parlor.

But the pianist did not put in an appearance. Miss Palethorpe had never passed a more miserable night than that. In the morning he presented himself at the door of her little private parlor. Before she had time to say a word he held a letter out to her.

"My sister in Germany is dead," he said. "She was all I had. The letter telling me this came yesterday already. I was ill, and I could not come last night. But I wanted—I wanted——"

"What did you want?" she asked, pitying him and his sorrow.

"The some one to care for me," he answered.

Her eyes brimmed over.

"You are tired," she said, "and a little morbid. My aunt is out, to be gone all day. You shall stay in this warm, quiet room and rest. See how cold it is outside, and how it is raining. You shall stay and talk to me."

Even as she spoke he brightened; in an hour he had laughed at two or three of her sallies. Worn out by a long night of tearful memory, basking in the warmth and hearing the steady drip, drip of the rain outside, he became quiet in the afternoon that had grown dull and dark. She looked at him. He was sleeping there in the crimson velvet chair, his thin, long hands hanging over the sides. Her eyes on him, she fell into a reverie. The twilight came and found them both quiet, he still sleeping, she lost in thought. Then she roused herself and leaned over toward him; she put out her hand as though she would smooth his cheek, when there came a knock on the door. Her maid stood there with a card in her hand. "The gentleman is coming up," she said.

In the light from the hall-gas Miss Palethorpe read the name on the card—"Mr. Arthur Lemon."

The judge had arrived!

She slammed the door in the face of her maid, and ran to Von Nie and shook him.

"Go away somewhere!" she said.

He went toward the door in a dazed sort of way.

understand Beethoven; I do not understand Fidelio—though I am growing closer to understanding, to comprehension. I have been a dunce—I will hear nothing." He held out his hand. "Forgive me."

"But you *must* hear me," she said, in a voice of almost terror, understanding how he did *not* understand. "You *must* hear me!"

His eyes opened wider.

"In your country," she said, rapidly, "do girls obey their fathers' wishes?"

"Their fathers' wishes!"

"Suppose a father, *your* father, had selected a husband for your sister, would she have married him?"

"If she loved the man—yes."

She fidgeted in her chair.

"But whether she loved him or not, had she gone against her father's wishes she would have been a disobedient daughter, and——"

"Stop!" he said. "Now I remember me what you said to me the evening you asked me to go out into the rain—the man your father wished you to marry was at hand. Are you going to be an obedient daughter?"

"Would you insult me?" she demanded.

"Insult you!"

It was his most helpless moment, and she knew it, and availed herself of it.

"The truth of it is," she said, with the utmost haste, "that you are not practical, while I am eminently so. You dream of things never likely to come to pass, while I do not. Your music is your life, and I detest music. You hope to achieve wonders—your dreamy nature has made you see in me the embodiment of all your ideals; but I am not ideal, I am not poetic; I am a woman who, by reason of her faulty education, requires more than most women do. You may think all this is cruel, but it is the truth—to such as you the truth must often seem cruel. But one by one the qualities with which you have endowed me will drop away, illusion will fade, at last I will fall upon you. Nay, more than that, I should be the means of dragging you down to a life without other aim or ambition than to obey my whims. You may argue this differently now, but I know it is so, and that I should never make you happy nor contented. And the idea of my husband being at the beck and call of any one who hires his talents and treats him as an inferior——"

She paused, breathless, wild.

He had his handkerchief to his lips; when he took it away she noticed that there was a bright red spot on it. He bowed low before her.

"You shall be an obedient daughter," he said.

It was done with so much dignity, that, for the instant, she felt like calling him back, for what she could not have told. She watched him going down the long red room, upright and proud as a man could be.

She was not nearly so upright and proud when she took the crimson journey herself.

Of nights, after that, she did not go down-stairs, but received her friends up in the little private parlor. Here Judge Lemon often found his way. Sometimes he would stop in the midst of an interesting talk and ask who was that fine pianist playing below.

Miss Palethorpe accepted the judge's addresses with composure at least.

"I knew you would like him," said her aunt.

"But you don't marry every man you like," retorted Miss Palethorpe.

"I have never liked but one, and I married him," said Mrs. Cartwright. "A woman only likes one man."

"One!"

Every night that music came up to her. She might hate music, as she had said, but she must understand some that expressed broken hopes and dreary pain. She stood it as long as ever she could, when, one night, she broke down completely.

"Take me away from this place," she cried, hysterically, "or I shall go mad!"

"Hilda!" sharply corrected her aunt.

"If I thought," said the judge, "that my frequent calls——"

"No, no," wept Miss Palethorpe; "but make Aunt Fanny take me away."

She went to her chamber. Her aunt followed her there.

"Do not stay," she said. "Go and apologize to the judge for me. I am ashamed of myself!"

As soon as her aunt left her, she hurried down the stairs and peeped in at the parlor-door. She staid but a minute, when she ascended the stairs as rapidly as she had descended them. She was shivering, as though from cold.

In the morning she and her aunt left the city on a traveling tour. They were away until March. What were the workings of her mind in that time no one ever knew. It was only noted that she gained in that composure which Mrs. Cartwright admired so much. But on the very night when the judge came to them in a distant town and spoke to her of that clause in her father's will, and she had replied in a way that sent her aunt into ecstasies, she disappeared. For a great hunger came to her for a certain man when she had told another man she would be his wife, and in as cool words as he had used in asking her so to favor him. In a flash, she remembered the time "Adelaide" had been played; the music and its meaning came to her with a rush, and she understood her own heart, against which she and the world had battled so long. She cared for nothing now but to be with the man who had risked his life for her that day with the horses, the man she had sent out into the rain the time the judge had come to carry out the provisions of her father's will. She would go to him, confessing her old weakness and her new strength, relying upon his love, which she knew so well, to forgive her and make her honest in her own eyes. She wrote a note to her aunt and fled.

The following morning she reached the well-known hotel. She found that she could not say a word about the pianist. She would wait for evening. She would hear the piano, and then she would glide into the room and stand beside him, letting him look up into her eyes and see all the wealth of love there. He would understand—he, the sensitive poet.

But the night came, and there was no music. She sent for the proprietor of the hotel.

"Oh, Funny Beethoven, as you used to call him, Miss Palethorpe?" he said. "Poor fellow! he would not stay here, though we did all that we could for him."

Her heart sank within her. Where had he gone? She put her question into words.

"I beg your pardon," said the man, "I know you took considerable interest in him. I thought you knew that—well, they found him lying over the piano in his room. He had been dead two or three days when they broke in the door. There was a song on the rack in front of him—"Adelaide," I think it was called. They found a little lace frill up against his lips stained with his blood. I fear the poor fellow had a love-affair——"

"Hilda!" It was Mrs. Cartwright's voice. The hotel-proprietor left the room. "What is the meaning of this

nonsense, Hilda?" demanded her aunt. "Your affianced husband must think that we came here together to consult a *modiste* relative to your *trousseau*. I sent him word to that effect. He will be here in an hour. I ask you no questions. You have compromised yourself, but I will ask you no questions if you will declare to me that nothing will prevent your marriage with Judge Lemon."

"Nothing will prevent my marriage with Judge Lemon," Miss Palethorpe said.

She accused the dead pianist of all unworthiness, of never having cared for her. Everything took a new meaning when she heard how he had died with a woman's lace frill pressed up to his lips. She was never to know how he had treasured this frill ever since the day he had stopped the horses for her—she was never to know that the frill had been her own. Perhaps it was better so.

HELOISE.

BY CONSTANCE C. W. NADEN.

I.—BRIDE.

Come in my dreams, beloved! though thou seem
Less kind, less noble, than by truthful day;
Even in sleep my heart has strength to say—
"His love is changeless—this is but a dream!"
Yet rather come at sunrise, with the beam
Of thought renewed; and still, when eve is gray,
Inspire me, as I tread my lonely way,
With thine own dauntless will and hope supreme.
Ah, let me die, ere meaner moods have power
To dim these glories that within me shine!
Give me black night, or this unclouded sun,
Swift death, or life immortal, in that hour.
When all my soul is filled and fired with thine.
When thou and I are equal, being one.

II.—NUN.

This is the doom I must henceforth fulfill;
To hide my heart through days, and months, and years;
To look in anxious eyes, and lull their fears;
To lose all hope, and strive with joyless will;
To sing and pray, since knowing good from ill;
To hear state converse, as an idiot hears;
To tread the cloistered courts with burning tears,
Forced backward to their fount, yet rising still.
Nay, there is comfort! E'en the sick may smile,
Knowing for pain a swift and gentle cure;
I can be patient, and can wait a while,
Nor curse the heedless heavens with moaning breath:
Though for a night my weeping may endure,
Joy comes with morn—that joy, whose name is Death.

III.—ABBESS.

Sweet is life's crown of quiet; sweet is age,
With tranquil days, unmarred by joy or dole,
Void of desire, save that with just control
I may administer Christ's heritage.
Long since He heard my vow, the heartless gaze
Not spurning; took my tear-stained, love-writ scroll,
And words of strength and healing for the soul
Wrote with His own heart's blood across the page.
Passion is all forgotten, pain is fled;
Yet oft, 'mid idle phantoms of the mind,
Returns my earlier self, with scornful eyes,
Saying, "Thou deemest age hath made thee wise,
And knowest not that thou art deaf, and blind,
And palsied. Live in peace; for I am dead."

NOMADS OF ASIATIC RUSSIA.

VEGETARIANISM cannot be said to have made much headway among the nomads, whether in Siberia or in Turkestan. Deprived for so many months of the year, by snow, of the sight of anything green, when the Siberians kill a reindeer they carefully empty its stomach of the undigested moss the animal has eaten, and serve that up

as a delicacy; but in Winter they get very little vegetable food besides. Even with nomads of the Steppe, what food they eat is taken chiefly in the form of gruel.

The Kirghis of the Steppe live in the Summer almost entirely on milk, variously prepared, whilst the rich eat mutton as their staple food, with the addition of beef, and occasionally camel's flesh. In the north the Yakutes are fond of horse-flesh. A Yakute bride, on her wedding-day, sets before her lord and master as the greatest of delicacies, horse-flesh sausages, with a boiled horse's head, of which the brains are the most dainty morsel. The quantity, too, of horse-flesh they eat is appalling. Their adage says that "to eat much meat and grow fat upon it is the highest destiny of man." It used to be said that four Yakutes would eat a horse.

The Gilyaks exist on a very different kind of food, for they are almost ichthyophagi, salmon being their principal diet. These fish come up the Amoor in such numbers that they can be tossed out with a pitchfork. Even the dogs go into the stream and catch for themselves, and salmon, such as the finest seen in this country, may be purchased in season among the Gilyaks for two cents each. The fish, cut up and dried, without further cooking, are eaten, a piece per day serving either for the Gilyak or for one of his dogs.

MANNA.

MR. COLE, of Bitlis, a missionary in Eastern Turkey, in describing a journey from Harpoot to Bitlis, says: "We traveled for four days through a region where had newly fallen a remarkable deposit of heavenly bread, as the natives sometimes call it—manna. There were extensive forests of scrubby oaks, and most of the deposit was on the leaves. Thou-ands of the poor peasants—men, women and children—were upon the plains gathering the sweet substance. Some of them plunge into kettles of boiling water the newly cut branches of the oaks. This washes off the deposit until the water becomes so sweet as to remind one of a veritable sugaring off in the old Granite State as he takes sips of it. Other companies of natives may be seen vigorously beating with sticks the branches that, from being spread on the ground, have so dried that the glittering crystals fall readily upon the carpet spread to receive them. The crystals are separated from the pieces of leaves by the sieve, and then the manna is pressed into cakes for use. The manna is in great demand among these Oriental Christians. As we were traveling through a rather dry region, the article came into play for our plain repasts."

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A CURIOUS circumstance occurred lately in Paris, before the Correctional Tribunal. A very old man, named Pargois, half paralyzed, having been charged with mendicancy, a decently dressed, modest-looking young girl, stepping forward, said he was her father and requested that he should be given up to her.

"But has the old man any means of existence?" said the president.

"The proceeds of my labor, sir?" answered the girl.

"But you must earn very little."

"Pardon, sir, I am very active, and by beginning to work early and leaving off late, I can manage. Is it not so, mother?" she added, turning to her old mother, who was also present.

The president paid a high compliment to the girl, who

IN THE TRACKS OF THE AMERICAN LION.

By C. F. HOLDER.

As the sun rose, one morning, upon the sea of glass, upon whose surface seemed to float the wooded, gem-like keys of the upper Florida reef, several figures might have been seen standing motionless on the white beach, gazing inquiringly at the imprint of a great foot in the sand, the Robinson Crusoe mystery repeated. In this instance, however, there were several impressions that led directly into the water, and as the discoverers quickly ran over in their minds the animals indigenous to the outlying keys, they were somewhat puzzled, as the track was that of some large, cat-like creature that had apparently ran down from the bush and taken to the water. A drawing of the footprint on the sand was made, and later, in the bush of Plantation Key, was shown to an old colored wrecker with immediate results.

"Whar he?" he exclaimed, holding up the paper. "Ef dat ain't de same misery dat's been castin' hisself on my shoat over yander, den my name ain't 'Rastus, dat's all. Whar he, gemmen, case I'm gwine dar d'rectly?"

"That's what we want to know?" said the doctor.

"I ain't gwine to tell 'zactly," continued the old man, holding the drawing upside down and gazing at it critically; "but dis her markin' do favor he."

"He?—who?" thundered the skipper.

"Dat yer what tuck de shoat year," responded the wrecker, and then, motioning the party to follow, he passed behind the little cabin and led the way to a pig-pen, around and about which were numerous tracks in the sand, fac-similes of that on the paper.

"Look at dat shoat year," said the old man, starting the pig up so that it could be seen that one ear was gone. "Las' evenin' dere was two shoats dar. Fust, that yer misery come an' snip off de year of dis one; den he done come ag'in an' take de bestest shoat."

"A panther?" suggested one of the party.

"It favor panther, dat sho."

And here we learned for the first time that the American lion, so-called, would swim a mile across, from one key to another, passing over a deep channel infested with sharks.

The suspected fact that it was a panther having been determined, a hunt was immediately organized, the twin shoat purchased and left as a lure; for, according to old 'Rastus, he had been fooling around for a week and was bound to come back.

Upon visiting Metacombe Key, it was found that the animal had caused a reign of terror there. A party of wreckers were mourning over the bodies of two mangled pups, victims of the panther, and others had either suffered loss, or had heard of the creature that was supposed to be as large as a deer.

Acting upon the advice of old 'Rastus, the hunters returned to Plantation Key in the evening, and made their headquarters in the old man's cabin. The back-door, that overlooked the scene of former depredation, was removed, and midnight found the party sitting in the dark, with rifles at hand ready for the fray.

A large brush fire, that had been built early in the evening so that the game could be seen, had gradually smoldered down, so that it now gave out an uncertain, fitful light that brought out the adjacent trees and brush in bold relief. Gaunt shadows seemed to be stalking abroad and grouping about the embers, and a soft rustling sound came from the leaves like the falling of gentle

rain. This, with the faint hum of the mosquitoes, the call of some night animal, and the occasional weird cry of some seabird on the distant reef, were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

Such surroundings were conducive to repose, and gradually the watchers lost themselves, and, soothed by the gleam and rustle, fell asleep; safe, however, in the knowledge that the faithful 'Rastus had been paid to keep awake and strictly enjoined not to fire.

Hour after hour crept on, and, finally, there burst upon the night a strange and piercing scream; not the cry of a panther, but of a shoat in distress. From dreams of panther-hunts and frightful carnage the sleepers now sprang to their feet, to be met with a loud report; and, as the smoke blew aside, to see the willowy form of a large panther leap lightly over the embers and dash off into the bush.

Old 'Rastus was on his 'back, having been knocked over by the rifle, when the hunters reached the door, and was gasping and endeavoring to articulate something.

"Didn't I tell you not to fire without calling us?" shouted the exasperated doctor, hauling the confused dorky to his feet. "You're a fine watcher, you are! Went to sleep, I reckon."

"I 'spec' I mus'," retorted the old man. "De fustest thing I see was two balls blazin'. Den I hear de ole woman's shoat talkin'; and you, gemmen, don't 'spec' Ise gwine to 'low datcher misery ter tote off ole Aunt 'Liza's shoat for ter eat; 'deed I ain't."

"Why, you old lunatic," said another irate hunter, "didn't we buy the shoat and pay you your own price?"

"Dat's a fac'," replied old 'Rastus; "but I 'low I ain't gwine ter see no mo' shoats tuk by datcher misery, pay or no pay. Yo' hear me talkin', son!"

The old man's philosophy was too much for the sportsmen, and the chances of seeing the cougar again that night being poor, all hands, after taking turns in blessing the old man, turned in once more.

When, a few hours later, the sun arose, several mongrel hounds were put on the trail, and soon by their bay-ing announced that the game was not far away, and it was not long before hunters and wreckers were in full pursuit.

The ground was soft and sandy, covered with a thin layer of leaves, chiefly bay cedar, that made travel tedious and slippery. The baying of the hounds, and the cries of the pursuers, as they pushed through the bush, now falling in the treacherous sand, flinging themselves bodily at woody barriers, and rushing along in a headlong race, raised the excitement to fever pitch. The dogs could now be heard right ahead, and soon the sportsmen, hatless and breathless with their run through the bush, broke out suddenly upon the beach, to find the animals yelping about a heavy track that led into the water, while not far from shore a small, dark object was seen moving rapidly toward Metacombe Key.

"He's tuck ter de channel!" yelled old 'Rastus, dancing about, wild with excitement. "Git out dat dingy, some ob yo' boys. Now, den!" and a boat that lay hard by was run quickly into the water, hounds and men all attempting to tumble in. But there was a limit, and finally the dingy was started, the hounds swimming after, uttering short cries, while the crowded-out followers volunteered instructions and advice from the beach.

The boys bent to their oars, and rapidly gained on the retreating panther, that had a full half-mile between it and the shore yet. On the boat rushed, frightening the very fishes with the splash and clatter, and finally it reached the victim and was alongside. Carried away by the excitement, the bowman struck at the swimming animal with his oar. With a vicious snarl the creature turned, and by a vigorous movement threw a paw over the gunwale, its eyes gleaming with rage and fear.

At this demonstration the darky rowers started up, and forthwith began a fusillade of blows upon the animal, accompanied by shouts and cries that defied all description; and it was only when the boys and men had actually overthrown themselves by their exertions that the hunters were enabled to dispatch the panther. It fought well and hard, seizing the oars in its jaws and venting its fury upon them, three times putting its paw over the boat, and receiving its death-shot finally when boldly facing its enemies.

"Is that the fair play you give a pantler, when it's five to one?" asked the doctor of the men, as the animal was taken in tow.

"He ain't gwine ter git no show from me, dat's sho," answered old 'Rastus. "All de show he want was ter git in de dingy, den whar we?"

The ideas of the colored sportsman, to say the least, are not above the pot-hunter standard; but perhaps this was to be overlooked, considering that the panther was a dangerous and common enemy.

The gamy animal was towed back in triumph, and hauled upon the beach, where it received the anathemas of the blacks, and the admiration of the sportsmen. It was a fine specimen, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, fat and plump for a panther—which, however, is not saying much.

This was our first experience with the American lion; later we followed it in the Adirondack solitudes. We hear of it in the Land of Giants, not far from the barren rocks of Magellan, where it is also said to swim across wide channels; it is equally at home in the mountains of the Far West, so that the animal is seen to have an extremely wide and extended geographical range.

Perhaps, owing to this fact, is due the diversity of appellations by which it is recognized. Scientifically, it is the *Felis concolor*; to the South American it is known as the puma; in the high altitudes of the West, the mountain lion. The Adirondack guide terms it the panther, and in other parts of the Middle States we hear of the catamount, the American lion, cougar; carcajou or quinquajou are other titles in the South American Continent. It is the second largest cat on the Western Continent, certainly the largest in North America, and well represents the lion on this side of the water; although it must be confessed that its attributes of bravery are far below those of its noble ally of the East.

The panther is extremely lion-like in appearance, particularly resembling the female, and generally slender and gaunt; literally, lean and hungry. This, however, does not signify a poor condition, as it is the normal state of the animal.

Though they vary in size throughout the continental area, being larger in the south, the maximum length is 4 feet from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, though specimens have been found measuring 8 feet, including the tail. One hundred and fifty pounds is an average weight, while several specimens are known that weighed two hundred pounds or more.

The skull, in some instances, vies with that of the leopard in its dimensions, measuring 7½ inches long, and about

5½ inches wide. The head is much smaller, in proportion to the body, than in other cats, and the anterior depth of the skull attracts immediate attention. An adult puma stands about 2½ feet at the shoulder. The coloring is a rich reddish-brown or gray, uniform in its tint, merging to a lighter hue beneath.

At times the puma appears morose and sulky, while at others it possesses a supreme indifference to surroundings, and perhaps no other animal has been so lauded with undeserving honors. Stories of its ferocity are found in nearly all the works of the older writers, and either these were efforts of the imagination, or the American lion has greatly changed, as it is extremely rare that an instance can be verified where a puma has willingly attacked a human being.

By this it should not be inferred that the animal is entirely destitute of courage, as often when wounded it makes a desperate fight; but it certainly lacks the bold energy of the jaguar, the audacity of the tiger, and the cunning of many of the smaller cats. Withal, the puma is a grand hunter. In South America it vies with the jaguar in the capture of the capybara, and is so successful in following ruminants that the natives call it the deer-tiger. Among many tribes there is a legend that the puma utters a low, whistling call that lures the prey on to its fate.

Among the frequent victims of this animal is the nocturnal tapir, that, though clumsy, and apparently defenseless, makes a vigorous resistance. The puma has been observed to leap a distance of thirty feet from a projecting bank, landing upon a tapir, and crushing it under water. The latter, which is partly marine in its habits recognizing that, perhaps, its only safety was in drowning its enemy, struggled into deep water, dragging the ferocious cat a long distance, striking it with its powerful feet and attempting to tear it with its teeth. Its tenacious foe, however, retained its original hold, and, finally, both combatants were carried down a rapid in the stream and drowned.

Doubtless, the puma of the West has much more courage than those where man has usurped the soil, and credible authorities state that they are not loath to attack boldly even the dreaded grizzly bear, and often come off victorious.

This is only possible when the panthers are extremely powerful, and their wonderful agility in the localities about McCloud River shows them to be capable adversaries of the most vigorous animals. Mr. Livingstone found that near Mount Persephone the panther-tracks converged to a cliff at least twenty feet high, and that, though inaccessible, the muscular animal cleared it at a leap.

The puma is becoming rare in Southern California, and, at the present writing, I have been several weeks in the Sierra Madre Mountains and cañons without taking one. Jason Brown, a son of John Brown, in coming down through the grease wood from the mountain over the side of the cañon, where he had to cut his way with his hatchet while lying on his back, came suddenly upon a large one that, however, moved off into the bush. If it had been disposed to attack him, he would have been utterly powerless to protect himself, and he must have yielded to his assault.

Panther-hunting can scarcely be had now in the Middle States, though in Pennsylvania the animals are not so rare. But there was a time, not many years ago, when they were common in the Adirondack solitudes, and among the mountains of Vermont, even being seen in Massachusetts, and in Westchester County, N. Y. The

"I GOT MY HEAD AROUND A ROCK JUST IN TIME FOR TO SEE HER HIT A DEER SIXTY FOOT AWAY. YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT THE CRITTER'D BEEN HIT WITH A SOLID SHOT."

rapid decrease of the animals is due to the bounty* that was offered in 1871, since which time large numbers have been destroyed. The panther has not, however, entirely disappeared from our Northern forests, and careful search often repays the sportsman.

"Painters ain't like what they was," soliloquized our guide, on one occasion, in camp near the Saranac. "I kin remember the time when I never crossed the lake but what I'd hev seen signs. But, Lor' bless ye! what with puttin' on steamships in the lake, and havin' planners in camp, parsons and bounties, it's enough to paralyze all of creation."

Notwithstanding the old guide's lament, he was then the leader of an organized panther-hunt that proved successful. We were ostensibly after trout and deer, but one evening, old Joe, the guide, brought in part of the haunch of a doe that looked as if it had been sawed up to suit all comers. Tossing it in front of the camp, he simply said, "Painter," and the fate of the cat was sealed.

* The bounty on panthers in New York State, according to the law passed April 26th, 1871, is \$20, and since that time about \$1,000 has been paid out by the State. In the last twenty years they have averaged about five a year. According to the files in the Comptroller's Office at Albany since 1871, George Muir has been the most successful hunter, killing about twenty panthers, the most of these in St. Lawrence County. Essex, Franklin, Herkimer, Hamilton and Lewis Counties are other localities in which they have been destroyed.

"I'll never forget my first painter," said James M——, one of the guides, that night, as we sat around the smudge, discussing the prospects of the morrow, while a roaring fire near at hand lighted up the faces of the campers with a ruddy glare.

The speaker never would have been taken for a woodsman, in the dark. His voice was rich and melodious, and he had none of the peculiar forms of expression that constitute the individuality of the older guides of the north woods. Jim, however, was the peer of any guide in the country. He came from the St. Regis region, was inclined to quote Byron and Shakespeare, and was indeed an extremely well-read man, with a rugged exterior, but with a poetic and romantic vein.

"It was a long time ago," he continued, "when I was a mere lad. We lived on a clearing up here that was a simple cut in the forest, and I tell you, gentlemen, there was game then. I've seen my father shoot a deer out of the kitchen-door, and my mother, God bless her memory! has many a time shooed a black bear out of the garden with her apron. As I said, I was a lad then, and as Joe here says, the whistle of a steamer or the crack of a breech-loader was never heard. Besides the little farm, we had what we called a swamp clearing, and one day my father left me there to plow a while. I kept at it until noon, then unharnessed the horse, and after feeding him, sat down on a rock to eat my own dinner.

"As I was eating and thinking I suddenly heard a soft,

fun, I kin tell you, and after I'd stuck to it over the mountain for three miles I was well warmed up.

"I was a-pilin' along, when all at once I see the spikes of a deer just ahead. I crept up so's to git a shot, but the critter never moved, and then I made right for it, holdin' ready. But still no move. So on I goes, and when I got within six foot, and had just seen it was a dead buck, there lept out from the deer a painter that looked as large as the deer itself. She was long and thin, and stood there a minnte slashin' her tail, with her bloody month all snarlin'. I tell you it wasn't a putty picture. I had dropped my barrel the minute I see her, but the second I see her rise I fired. Then something tripped me up, and down I went, and I kin tell you there was lively gittin' round in that air snow. The critter was scratchin' that hard that she tore up my snowshoe at one cut, and ripped my leggin's clean to the knee; but I soon fetched her a reminder, and settled it. You see she'd lept at me, and I'd hit her on the fly like, and she dropped right at my feet. That's the only time I see or knew a painter to leap for a man. I reckoned she'd cleared ten foot from a sink of about three feet.

"Jump? Well, gentlemen"—and the old guide puffed quickly at his pipe—"there ain't nothing but a grasshopper kin beat a painter jumpin', that is, accordin' to size, and I ain't stretchin' a pint when I say, give 'em a start from a rock ten or fifteen foot up, or mebbly a tree, though they ain't a critter that takes to climbin', and a good one will clear sixty foot odd. I've seen 'em clear thirty and forty time and time again, and once I see one jump sixty foot sure. I was snowshoein' across country, and come up to a kind of ledge where the snow was blowed off, and sittin' on top, kind o' drawed together like, was a painter. She was kind of rollin' to and fro, just like a cat, and afore I could raise my iron she just lept. I gave a jump to see where she was a-goin', and got my head around the rock just in time for to see her hit a deer sixty foot away. Lord bless you! You'd hev thought the critter'd been hit with a solid shot, and she knocked it a like of ten foot further, and they both went rollin' off in such a cloud of snow, I couldn't make out nothing. But I got 'em both finally. I reckon the buck was killed as soon as struck. The painter had him by the throat when I shot her.

"They're cute in huntin'," continued the speaker. "If they don't git the critter on the first bounce they give it up. Sometimes you see 'em take a double jump or so, but if the deer gits a start an old painter gives it right up. The one that lept at me had struck a sort of a deerwalk where the critters had tramped down the snow, and I found the remains of two or three. But they ain't perticuler what they eat. I've seen 'em tackle a porcupine, and such snarlin's and goin's on as there was!

"Yes, they'll kill 'em, but it's a bad job; they gits just loaded with quills, and they have a bad way of workin' in like. I've shot painters with their head full of 'em, and found the quills even in their stomach. They seem kinder to like porcupine; but deer's their solid meat, and they'll leave one half ate to go and tackle another. When they git the scent of a deer they go just like a cat, a-sneakin' through the bush and among the rocks, tryin' to git higher than the deer, and steppin' so soft that there ain't one two-year-old out of ten that hears 'em. And when they git the game you'd be surprised to see 'em drag it. I've seen a big painter heft a buck over twenty-five yards from where she struck it, holdin' her head up, and draggin' the critter, just as proud as a cat.

"They ain't sociable company to have around," added

the old man. "Take it a still night like this, when it's kinder mournful-like"—and the old man lowered his voice—"when the fire gits low, and you've been hearin' yarns and such, to have a——"

Here there rose a loud, unearthly scream, so near at hand that some of the listeners started to their feet, only to be met with roars of laughter from the jolly old guide, who had uttered the cry.

"That's about all the painter cry you'll ever hear, gentlemen," he said. "You hear heaps about panthers yellin', and I ain't sayin' they don't, for I know men that have heard 'em; but the most of the painter-yells come from a critter they have down the State, I reckon; night-mares, they call them, and sometimes a creakin' limb'll do it."

The next morning at early candle-light the entire camp was in activity; the hunters were girding on their traps, and the dogs, well aware that something in which they were interested was about to happen, were yelping about, eager to be off. The penciled rays overhead already promised a good day. The trees and bush glistened with crystal drops, and Nature had scarcely shaken off the lethargy of night. Away on the lake rested a silvery mist, seemingly replacing the quiet waters with a rolling sea of cloud. As the sun rose it assumed wondrous tints, then began to move in strange undulations, taking weird shapes, finally, in disconnected masses stealing up the ravine over the mountains—spirits of night routed by coming day.

The course of the hunt led in the direction of the spot where the deer-haunch had been found, as it was assumed that the panther would return for it, or possibly might be lying in the vicinity; but when the locality was reached no signs of the game were apparent, and the tramp was again taken up after the dogs, that seemed to have a choice in direction.

The day was well advanced before any traces of the panther were discovered; then old Joe motioned to a tree about which the dogs were whining, and pointing to a scratch, or several, about ten feet from the ground, said it was a panther-mark, done by the animal leaping against the tree and pushing itself off. Why, he could not say; only they did it, just like a bear.

The country, as regards tramping, had gone from bad to worse, and matters were looking dubious, when a sharp barking a few hundred yards away told that the dogs had treed something, whereupon a cross-country rush was made. Now falling over logs concealed in the dense moss, sinking knee-deep into dead and decayed trees, held back by brush, breaking down the woody barriers, impelled on by the shouts of others and the yelping ahead, the hunters finally came upon the object of their search. Clinging to a fallen trunk, snarling fiercely, and lashing her long tail, striking at the howling mob that surrounded her, stood the panther at bay. One youngster of the pack was doubled up on the moss, quivering and trembling, and the others so covered the great cat that a shot was almost impossible. Not a moment was she unmindful of her safety, but finally, as she turned round in desperation, a bullet struck her in the throat. Then in fury and despair she hurled herself at the yelping throng, and panther and pack seemed involved in common ruin. Its death-struggles were almost fatal to several dogs that were hurled, torn and bleeding, from her. Then the sportsmen rushed in and beat them back, the panther seizing the gun-barrel in her mouth, and snarling in her now impotent rage as she received her death-blow. As she fell down among the logs the dogs again rushed forward, and were again beaten back.

"Let 'em have her," said old Joe. "There ain't one on 'em that kin git his teeth through panther-hide;" and so it proved, the skin being found almost perfect.

It was too late to return to camp, so, with the skin as a trophy, the march was taken up for the little cabin of a guide not far distant, where the entire lower floor was given up, with characteristic hospitality.

"Folks," said the good housewife, appearing at the kitchen-door later on, "I'm ashamed on it, but my Bill's off guidin', and I can't give you nothin' but flapjacks."

"Flapjacks? Ye gods!" retorted the doctor; "this is indeed Elysium."

Soon those flapjacks were heard flapping beyond the partition, the rich odor stealing through the cracks, followed later by the cakes themselves in lofty piles. The good woman went about bearing a stone jar of treacle, inquiring of each one whether he would have it "puddle" or "trickle," the former meaning the syrup all in one spot, and the other, ingenious distribution about the cakes.

How they all looked at one another! bursting into a roar of laughter, in which the good hostess herself joined, not knowing why. And then and there she was voted the puma-skin.

THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

By HERBERT B. GARROD.

MOTHER! what means that rapt and wondering gaze!

Hear'st thou, from out the heaven encircling thee,

The cherub bands with liquid harmony

"Ave Maria" quiring to thy praise?

Or, piercing through the darkness and the haze,

With awe-struck intuition canst thou see

Thy Babe, grown man, go forth from Galilee

To lead Death captive in the coming days?

Nay, rather through thine ecstasy appears

A wistful yearning, as of one resigned

To greatness, who, God-bidden, leaves behind

Sweet dreams of far-off, uneventful years,

And, yielding Him she loves for humankind,

Treads dry-eyed downward to the Vale of Tears!

DARWIN ON CARLYLE.

CARLYLE sneered at almost every one. One day in my house he called Grote's "History" "a fetid quagmire, with nothing spiritual in it." I always thought until his "Reminiscences" appeared that his sneers were partly jokes, but this now seems rather doubtful. His expression was that of a depressed, almost despondent, yet benevolent, man; and it is notorious how heartily he laughed. I believe that his benevolence was real, though stained by not a little jealousy. No one can doubt about his extraordinary power of drawing pictures of things and men, far more vivid, as it appears to me, than any drawn by Macaulay. Whether his pictures of men were true ones is another question. He has been all-powerful in impressing some grand moral truths on the minds of men. On the other hand, his views about slavery were revolting. In his eyes, might was right. His mind seemed to me a very narrow one, even if all branches of science which he despised are excluded. It is astonishing to me that Kingsley should have spoken of him as a man well fitted to advance science. He laughed to scorn the idea that a mathematician such as Whewell could judge, as I maintained he could, of Goethe's views on light. He thought it a most ridiculous thing that any one should care whether a glacier

moved a little quicker or a little slower, or moved at all. As far as I could judge, I never met a man with a mind so ill-adapted for scientific research.

AN AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN HARVARD.

JOHN HARVARD and his brother Thomas held certain property, near the Tower of London, by lease from the Hospital of St. Katharine. A thorough search of the very numerous muniments of the hospital was made by direction of Sir Arnold White, who was Chapter Clerk of St. Katharine's. The result was the bringing to light of the original counterpart lease from the hospital to "John Harvard, Clerke, and Thomas Harvard, Cittizen and Clothworker of London," of certain tenements in the parish of Allhallows, Barking, the lease bearing date July 29th, 1635, and the counterpart being executed by John Harvard and Thomas Harvard. A feature of no little interest, as I would point out, is that this is not an antiquarian curiosity whose history has to be traced, with more or less of uncertainty and doubt, from one hand to another during a period of 250 years, but a document which not only is in legal custody, but in the selfsame custody into which it passed so soon as the ink of the signatures to it was dry, and in which, I may add, it will remain so long as it shall endure. Custody is a point the supreme importance of which will be recognized without the need of further remark from me.

Thanks to permission courteously given, a fac-simile, of the full size of the original—some 17 x 20 inches—and in the very best style, is now being executed, copies of which will very shortly be procurable.

GULLS AT LAKE GENEVA.

YEAR after year, as December sets in, the gulls gather at Geneva, around the island that bears the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the Mont Blanc Bridge, near the point where the lake discharges its waters into the Rhone. Here they take up their Winter quarters. Street vendors profit by this, for they have baskets of bread to sell to children, who throw crumbs to the birds, and delight to witness their eagerness to catch the morsels, their combats with each other, the strokes of angry beaks, the shrill cries. Their numbers are such that they seem like clouds. If children delight in the spectacle, their elders are not exempt from curiosity, and the bridges are often lined with persons of all ages watching the groups.

Around New York, when snow covers the ground, the crows, unable to find food, flock over the rivers to pick up what is thrown from the shipping. As they come from land, so gulls come from the seaside, and the dash for stray, tempting bits between white birds and black is sometimes far from friendly.

JAMES II.'S SPANISH SAUCE.—There is a Spanish sauce which James II. magnified as the *one* proper relish for flesh, fowl and fish. "He did mightily magnify his sauce," Pepys says of the Duke of York (1668-9), "which he did then eat with everything, and said it was the best universal sauce in the world, it being taught him by the Spanish Ambassador, made of some parsley and dry toast, beat in a mortar, together with vinegar, salt, and a little pepper!" Giles Rose had reason to think meanly of the Duke's gastronomic perception. The man who could admire such a sauce deserved to lose his throne.

wearing a collar of silver bells. She stroked him with snowflake fingers, weighed down with diamond rings, and answered :

"How can you ask, you stupid old Jasper? Did I not fall in the ring a few nights ago, and sustain injuries that were thought, at first, to be fatal? I am too ill to ride for weeks, perhaps months, to come. Do I not look ill, Jasper?"

Jasper Hatton's shrewd eyes rested for a moment on the exquisite figure, on the dazzling face, in its halo of yellow hair, and he shrugged his square shoulders expressively.

"Not in the least, ma'm'zell."

"Well," she pouted, "let me then say that I do not want to leave Whithaven just now, Jasper; that I have particular business in this vicinity. Cannot you understand? I abandon my dear *cirque*; I drive the manager mad with disappointment; I throw money to the winds; I quarrel with everybody, and swear that I am disabled, dying, all for the privilege of remaining a few days longer in a horrid Yankee town where, under ordinary circumstances, life would be quite unendurable."

Mr. Hatton smiled grimly. He was still flashy in regard to pantaloon, and loud as to neckties. His eyes were still small and black and all alert, and his manners suggestive of the stable-yard.

"You had a rattling fight with the manager, did you? Yes, yes, I understand it all, Zephyr, and I wonder at you! You've carried the world by storm; you've made your pile, as these blamed Yankees say—in short you've had your fling without hindrance; now, what more can you want?"

She set her little white teeth.

"I want *vengeance*, Jasper—I've had everything but that."

"Pooh! why bother yourself further about Basil Hawkstone? You threw him over long ago; you're free of him and he of you. What made you faint at sight of him the other night? Fough! I thought you had more pluck, ma'm'zell!"

The jeweled hand that caressed the lap-dog trembled.

"Jasper, she said, sweetly, "you are dull, you are heavy, you are often exasperating; but I have always got on better with you than with other men, because you never thwart or worry me, you let me have my own way in all things—that is why we remain friends. Now tell me, am I still beautiful? Do you see any crows'-feet about my eyes, any gray in my hair? Am I fading? Have I lost, in the smallest degree, my power to charm?"

The square-shouldered Englishman surveyed her with a curious sidelong look.

"Your beauty, ma'm'zell, is as it always was—without a flaw; and it's good, I should say, for a professional wear and tear of ten more years, at least—women like you age slowly."

"Well, you see what I am, Jasper—you know how I have been adored in all lands. I cast myself at that man's feet—I implored him to love me again, and he repulsed me with scorn. Do you wonder that I tried to throw vitriol in the face that mocked me? Do you wonder that I vowed to be revenged, and that I mean to keep that vow at any cost?"

Mr. Hatton shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know how any man living could repulse you, Zephyr—he must be something more than human. As for the vitriol business, my little lady, you look like a saint—a right down angel, minus the wings, but I always knew you had the very dence of a temper. Did you go

down to Tempest Island, a day or two ago, to finish the work begun in the *cirque*?"

She laughed.

"How do you know that I have been down to the island? Don't watch me too closely, Jasper, or I shall hate you, as I do the rest of your kind."

"Somebody has got to watch you," he answered, sulkily; "God knows you need it—and I am the man for the work. You may quarrel with me as much as you like—you cannot shake me off. I'm not like the others, as you ought to know."

"I went down to Tempest Island to see my child, Jasper—to take her away; but another woman foiled me—the Ravenel girl. But for her, I should have succeeded. I carried a stiletto with me—I tried to use it, too; but she was was like a lioness—I found myself disarmed at once. Jasper, I swear to you that I must get possession of Bee—I must tear her from Basil Hawkstone, or die!"

Hatton whistled, softly.

"So the little kid just escaped the clutches of her fond mamma, eh? Lucky for her, say I! How long would you be bothered with a lame brat like that? The maternal instinct was never developed in you, Zephyr. Humph! What's the Ravenel girl like?"

"An Eastern princess—a Cleopatra!" answered mademoiselle, with a short, mirthless laugh; "she is far handsomer than I am, Jasper. My white-and-gold prettiness is totally eclipsed by her rich Southern tints. I have just received news that Basil Hawkstone has given up all thought of going abroad again—that he has gone down to his island to stay indefinitely. I wonder if that girl's handsome face has anything to do with his sudden change of plans?"

"And you mean to stay here in Whithaven and watch him?—you, who might be winning new laurels and new lovers in a score of new places?"

"I want no more lovers," she answered, wearily. "There was a time when it was pleasure to pick up their hothouse bouquets, and find hidden therein the bracelet of diamonds, or the brooch of black pearls, or the necklace, which meant financial embarrassment to the foolish giver; but now I am sick of all that. Conquest has become 'flat, stale and unprofitable' to me. I want revenge, I tell you! I am the deadly foe of that Ravenel girl; I would stop at nothing to crush her; I am Hawkstone's deadly foe—in fact, Jasper, I would rather do mischief just now than win any number of fresh laurels."

A rap at the door. Mademoiselle Zephyr called, "Come in," and a servant entered, bearing a card. She glanced at the name thereon, and started slightly.

"Show him up," she commanded, then turned to Jasper. "A visitor is coming," she said; "get under the sofa."

"My legs are too long!" answered Hatton, dryly.

"Then go behind that curtain yonder. He must not see you here."

"Plague take your whimsies!" muttered Hatton; but he disappeared behind the curtain, and mademoiselle fell back in her chair, a vision of pale, languid beauty, just as the door opened again, and Vincent Hawkstone entered.

"I heard that you were ill at this hotel," he began, airily, "and I was seized with a burning desire to pay my respects to you, Mrs. Hawkstone—confound it! I mean Mademoiselle Zephyr!"

She looked at him suspiciously.

"Did your cousin send you here?" she asked.

"Certainly not. Prince Lucifer would never choose me for an ambassador. He doesn't like me well enough, you know."

She held out her hand with a dawning smile.

"I remember! Are you two as hostile to each other as of old?"

"We are sworn foes, mademoiselle, and time only widens the breach between us."

"How delightful! I dare say you are still a poor dependent upon Basil's bounty?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

Her blue eyes sparkled, her little teeth shone through her parted lips.

"I see! There's a bond of sympathy between us! I may regard you as an ally, may I not?"

"Regard me as a person anxious and ready to injure Prince Lucifer in any way possible."

"Ah," she meditated, gravely, "you hate him, Vincent, and you love that Southern beauty, Jetta Ravenel, the governess at Tempest Island! Unhappily, she does not love you, and Prince Lucifer has cruelly forbidden you to urge your suit further. Is it not so?"

He colored.

"How did you learn all this? You have spies out, I perceive. Well, I too, can state a fact. You went over to Tempest recently, and played the gypsy with great success, you versatile creature; but you didn't get possession of Bee!"

"A Roland for my Oliver!" she cried, gayly. "Go on, Cousin Vincent!"

He pulled his red-gold mustaches.

"I am going to marry Miss Ravenel—how, I do not know; but I *shall* marry her, and to accomplish that purpose I would summon help, if I could, from the bottomless pit! I need you, mademoiselle; you have ends to gain at Tempest Island, and you also need me."

She arose from the *fauteuil* and stood before him, her faille gown and soft laces trailing, her yellow hair shining, her eyes brilliant with excitement.

"To sigh for help from the bottomless pit in one breath, and appeal to me for it in another, is scarcely complimentary," she laughed, "but I forgive you, Vincent. Here is my hand—I think we can work together."

"We can, and we will!" he said, and raised the white fingers to his lips, just as another rap echoed on the door. Again the waiter appeared, and again he carried a card in his hand.

Mademoiselle glanced at it and colored faintly.

"You must go now," she said to Vincent; "to-morrow, at this same hour, you may come again."

Scarcely had the door closed upon him, when mademoiselle danced a few steps toward the curtain at the other end of the room, and then paused with finger on lip.

"Are you there, you dear dull old Jasper?" she called, softly.

"I am here," growled Hatton, from behind the screening folds.

"Keep very quiet now, for a lover is coming to woo. You must quite erase yourself—above all, don't listen to the love passages, for those things make you absurdly angry."

"Zephyr," said Hatton, in a smothered voice, "how long will you try my patience?"

"For years and years, I dare say," she laughed. "Hush! He is here!" And she had just fallen back in the deep chair in a state of interesting collapse, when Gabriel Ravenel, handsome as a young Antinous, stood before her.

"Have you brought my child?" she said, turning upon him her large, melting eyes.

Pale, crestfallen, he leaned against a table by her side, and looked down into her maddening little face.

"Forgive me!" he groaned; "our scheme failed, Vera. My sister—confound her!—met me last night at the Inlet, in answer to my letter, but she did not fetch the child—she suspects mischief."

Mademoiselle's blue eyes flashed.

"Oh, does she, indeed? But for her, I should be holding Bee in my empty arms at this very moment. She suspects you, her brother?—she knows, perhaps, that you are my friend?"

"Your lover!" he corrected.

"Did you tell her, stupid?" she blazed.

"No, she guessed the truth."

He was baggared with disappointment and chagrin. The beautiful circus-rider had never held in her toils a more helpless victim than this young Southerner with great expectations—this raven-haired Apollo, who, betrothed to one woman, was spending all his spare time and money in making love to another.

"It is plain that we shall receive no help, directly or indirectly, from Jetta," he muttered.

She put on a grieved air.

"Ah," she sighed, "your sister always hated me—she now begrudges me your friendship, and I have so few friends, too!" clasping her little hands pathetically. Hatton, behind, the curtain, indulged in a curious smile. "She will not help us, then?—you cannot coax, persuade, or threaten her?"

"No!" he groaned; "she is painfully loyal to the Hawkstones—deuce take her! Better not count on Jetta!"

The ready tears began to roll softly down her face.

"Fate is against me!" she sobbed. "All my plans go awry! Basil Hawkstone triumphs over me at every turn."

Her emotion was too much for Ravenel. Instantly he was on his knees before her, covering her hands with hot kisses.

"Do not weep!" he implored, wildly; "it kills me to see your tears! Have you no friends? Look at me; I would die for you gladly. If that silly Jetta dares to stand in your way I will crush her without mercy. What is a sister compared with you? I love you, Vera; I love you, and you know it, and yet you return no answer to the devotion I offer you. You prolong my suspense cruelly; you seem to reject even while you accept my service. Why do you hold me so long in abeyance? Why are you so cold, so pitiless to me?"

She drew her little hands gently from his grasp. With her pale, tear-wet cheek and innocent eyes she looked, indeed, like a suffering angel.

"Gabriel," she answered, softly, "you must not talk like this to me till you bring my child. I will listen to no love-making till I hold my little one to my heart—till you prove your devotion by accomplishing the task to which I have set you. Your reward does not precede the service—it follows it. If you really love me, Gabriel, you will help me, first of all, to take vengeance on my foes."

Vengeance is an ugly word, but it slipped sweetly over her red lips, and Gabriel Ravenel's dark eyes flashed. Her touch, her look, her vague promises, sent the blood racing, like liquid fire, through his veins.

"And if I bring your child?" he cried. "Oh, my beautiful sorceress, if I tear her from Hawkstone's very arms—if I make common cause with you against him—"

man—if I do your bidding in all things—if I fling all things away for your sweet sake—will you listen to me *then*? Will you accept my love then? Will you swear to be my wife? Thus far you have fed me on husks. I must have your sacred promise, Vera, before I undertake more."

Verily, he was a willing tool in her hands! Like the wary little spider that she was, she glanced once toward the curtain, and finding everything quiet there, she bent forward till her yellow curls touched Ravenel's shoulder, and said:

"As surely as you tear my darling from Hawkstone, and bring her safely to me; as surely as you help me to torment, yes, and if possible, *destroy*, him, so surely will I accept your love and become your wife!"

There was certainly a movement behind the curtain now, but Ravenel did not hear it—the voice of the siren had drowned all other sounds in his ear.

"Vera, I am yours, body and soul. My darling, oh, my darling——"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "I cannot listen to you till your work is done, remember. You failed last night—you may fail again. I shall exact complete success before I make payment. And now you must go, Gabriel. I am ill to-day, my troubles have quite prostrated me—I wish to rest."

"Go! I have but just come," he answered, reproachfully. "How cruel you are! Will you not permit me to remain a few moments at least?"

"Not to-day, dear friend," purred Vera; "I wish to be alone. Ah, I fear I shall yet involve you in no end of trouble with that dreadful rich old man, whose heir you are to be. Does he never ask what it is that takes you from him so often?"

Ravenel hung his head—that handsome, foolish head which an artful woman had completely turned.

"Yes," he acknowledged, sullenly; "and I am tired of inventing excuses. He thinks I go to Tempest Island to see my sister."

"Very good. And the blonde heiress to whom you are betrothed—what does *she* think?"

"I do not know—I do not care!—probably she suspects the truth—I cannot conceal it longer. The *role* of hypocrite is growing distasteful to me, Vera. I must cancel my engagement with Miss Rokewood!"

"Do nothing rash, you tiresome boy!" she yawned. "If you break with Miss Rokewood, you will surely invite a crisis in your affairs."

"What, then," he queried, wildly, "would you throw me over, Vera, if old Sutton should blot my name from his will?"

"It is better to be rich than poor," she answered, evasively. "I adore wealth myself, and all that wealth brings."

Perhaps he detected a false ring in her tone—he looked at her sharply.

"Vera"—and his voice grew hoarse with passion—"if the day ever comes when I find that you have deceived me—when you dare to break your solemn promise—mark you, it will be time for one or both of us to die!"

She drew back, growing pale and uncomfortable.

"How can you say such dreadful things?" she answered, petulantly. "I wish you were not such a fire-brand! There! you may kiss my hand; and now farewell—I positively cannot endure you longer."

He pressed his lips to her jeweled fingers, to her dress, to one loose tress of her hair; then he went, and Jasper Hatton flung back the curtain, and stalked, grim as Fate, out of his hiding-place.

"Do you mean to destroy that young idiot?" he demanded, sternly. "Come, Zephyr, I tell you frankly, I don't like this!"

She laughed softly, defiantly.

"Yesterday, Jasper, that young idiot, as you truthfully call him, sent me a bracelet of emeralds, *every stone* as big as the eye of a sea-god. And the day previous, *his* offering at the shrine of my beauty was a fan of ostrich feathers, a half-yard long, mounted on sticks of solid amber, incrusting with diamonds. Ha! ha! I am a terrible creature, am I not, and you are dreadfully angry with me, eh?"

He looked at her from under bent brows.

"By my soul! I wish the simpleton knew you as well as I do, mademoiselle! whither are you leading him? You have the face of an angel, you carry all hearts by storm, and at bottom you are nothing more nor less than a little fiend!"

CHAPTER XIX.

DEBONORED.

"DEADLY dull day! Nobody on the avenues—life at a standstill! Hope to Heaven old Hypo won't persist in burying his household much longer at Newport. For my part, I find the place detestable."

Doris Rokewood opened a pair of fearless blue eyes.

"Newport detestable?—Newport dull? What has come over you, Gabriel, that you can say such things? You have a diseased mind, I am sure, that ought to be administered unto, and at once."

She was what is called a fine girl—tall, fair, with plenty of firm muscles and healthy white flesh. She had shot game in the Adirondacks, she could fence and ride and row; she loved yachting and lawn-tennis, and her especial pets were dogs and horses, and an ugly monkey full of mischievous tricks. An heiress, too, was Miss Rokewood, adored by her guardian, feared by some young men, admired by others, and betrothed to George Sutton's handsome secretary and heir-presumptive, Gabriel Ravenel.

The two were standing in the drawing-room of Sutton's Newport house—called a cottage, but, in point of fact, a palace. Outside, the rain fell vehemently. Bellevue and Ocean Avenues were deserted. The wilderness of costly plants on the deep piazza glistened with wet. Gabriel Ravenel, with a vexed and depressed countenance, stared out into the gloomy day without seeing it.

"One would suppose," said Miss Rokewood, as she toyed with some cream-white lilies in a red porcelain vase, "that you would find any place or any day delightful, Gabriel, so long as we two were together!"

He bit his lip.

"Of course," he muttered; "oh, certainly!"

A noise at the door—it opened, and in pranced Miss Rokewood's pet monkey, Juno, who knew the trick of turning knobs without human aid. The creature was one of the ugliest of its kind, tricked out in a little cap and jacket of scarlet silk, and a short skirt of spangled gauze. It saluted Ravenel and its mistress with ludicrous gravity, cut a pirouette, and bowed again to Gabriel—kept on bowing and bowing, in fact, with satirical deference.

"How can you tolerate that wretched little beast, Doris?" cried Ravenel, in a disgusted tone; "and why, in Heaven's name, do you bedizen it in that abominable manner?"

"Is it possible that you do not like Juno's costume?" answered Doris Rokewood, innocently. "I fancied you would find it to your taste. I am fond of Juno because

she was sent to me from Cairo by a particular friend of gurdy's—a Mr. Hawkstone, who has been a great wanderer, and who owns some island not far from the coast. Why, how you glare at me! You know Mr. Hawkstone, perhaps?"

"Not any," answered Ravenel, savagely. "I have heard of him, however."

"Of course! how stupid of me! Your sister is living at Tempest Island; you go there often of late."

He colored to his eyes.

"The girl of the period has strange tastes," he sneered. "One can overlook your dogs and horses, Doris, but this African simian is too much for ordinary forbearance."

In a bantering tone she answered:

"If you loved me, Gabriel, you would not quarrel with my tastes."

"Does that follow?" he said, captiously. "Bah! turn the vile caricature out, Doris? I call this an execrable jest quite unworthy of a lady. You had some particular person in mind when you put that toggerly on the beast."

"Whom could I have had in mind?" asked Miss Rokewood, calmly caressing the monkey. "You are growing incoherent, are you not? Poor Juno! I am sure your hard names have lacerated her feelings, and she is so amiable, so intelligent, too!"

Her manner changed suddenly—she turned and swept straight up to her lover. Her height was nearly equal to his own, and she looked like a daughter of the old sea-kings, with her resolute blue eyes, and crown of flax-colored hair.

"Gabriel, I feel sure that you have something to say to me."

Her engagement was a month old. The time had not been happy or satisfactory. From the first something intangible had stood, a separating force, betwixt herself and her lover. Ravenel gave a guilty start, then he braced himself for the crisis.

"Give me back my freedom, Doris!" he said.

She grew pale, but answered, steadily:

"You love another woman?"

"Yes. It was all a—a—mistake from the first—our engagement, I mean."

She drew his ring from her finger, and put it in his hand.

"You are free, Gabriel!"

An odd mixture of relief and apprehension appeared in his face.

"God knows I would have remained true to you, if I could, Doris, but—"

She interrupted, with cold dignity:

"It is not necessary to enter into explanations. You never cared for me in the least—you thought only of my fortune."

He winced.

"Don't be too hard upon me, Doris—let us remain friends, if we cannot be lovers. I now find myself in a very awkward position. Old Hypo will be furious—he has set his heart on our marriage. Try to soften his wrath against me—you have no end of influence with him, you know."

There was open contempt, not unmingled with bitter pain, in her large frank eyes, as she answered:

"I decline to interfere betwixt you and Mr. Sutton. He has great good sense. He will not be angry because you have sought release from a bond that had become irksome. Why should he, or any other person, wish our engagement to be kept *now*? Surely you are willing to abide by the choice you have made?"

He frowned, and dropped his ring into his pocket.

"Yes," he answered, sulkily, "I am not ashamed of the woman I love. She is incomparable—the one treasure on earth for me! There goes the luncheon-bell. I suppose we shall be expected to appear before old Hypo as usual."

She looked somewhat unnerved, but she answered, bravely:

"Why not? The business of life goes on, whether engagements are broken or kept. Come! Mr. Sutton is quite savage when he is made to wait, and you seem to see the necessity of pleasing, rather than exasperating, him to-day."

He followed her out of the drawing-room, and into another apartment where lunch was spread.

A log fire blazed on the tiled hearth, in merry contrast to the storm outside, and before it stood a delicately molded man, as yellow as a Mongolian, holding a chronometer in his hand.

"You have kept me waiting two and a half minutes," said George Sutton, sharply, as the young pair entered. "For Heaven's sake, shut the door, Ravenel!—I feel a draught across the back of my neck!"

He was a confirmed dyspeptic, unreasonable, like all of his kind—slightly grizzled, with aquiline features and an air of ill health. Two or three of Miss Rokewood's dogs were stretched at his feet—they looked up into his thin, sour face, and wagged their tails affectionately.

"Pardon our unconscionable delay, gurdy," said Miss Rokewood, in a cheerful tone—her clear eyes and smiling lips gave no token of the pain that was gnawing her heart. "I am sorry that we have put you out. How is your liver to-day?"

"Barbarous!" growled Sutton. "If a man could manage to exist without that wretched organ, he might be fairly comfortable. My digestion is in a state of absolute ruin. Moreover, this room, I tell you, is full of draughts. I wish I had the architect here—I would punch some fresh ideas into his head."

"I fear you might find the exertion too great for you," smiled Miss Rokewood. "Let me spread a tiger-skin across your lap. How heartless it seems for healthy people to seat themselves at table with a man who sighs for an extinguished liver! Here comes that naughty Juno. Do you think she will annoy you, gurdy?"

The monkey had slipped into the room with her mistress.

"Not in the least," answered Sutton, with resignation. "The house is at your disposal, my dear. Transform it into a menagerie—a circus, if you like. Heavens! that draught again! Ravenel, I must trouble you to ring for a muffler—congestion is sure to follow a chill."

The muffler was brought and put on. Juno, who had meandered to the top of a Louis XV. cabinet, instantly gathered her gauze skirt about her hairy throat, and gave a clever cough.

It was a dull luncheon. Ravenel seemed gloomy and distant. Miss Rokewood alone preserved the appearance of cheerfulness. Presently George Sutton passed a letter to his ward across the damask cloth.

"Here is an invitation," he said, "for you and me to spend a few weeks at Tempest Island with my friend Hawkstone. It seems that he has abandoned the idea of going abroad again, and opened his house to guests. Fancy the flutter which this piece of news will create among managing mammas and marriageable daughters! Of course you remember Hawkstone, my dear?"

She flung a bit of chicken to an English poodle—a favor which brought Juno, chattering angrily, from the

cabinet. The monkey gave the canine a blow that sent him yelping under the mahogany. Some slight confusion ensued. When it was over, Miss Rokewood answered, sweetly:

"Yes, I remember him—an Edgar Ravenswood, gloomy and grand, with whom the world had gone ill. He possessed, in a marked degree, that fatal gift of beauty which Byron wrote about."

"Pooh! Do you recollect that he dined with us six years ago, just before setting out on his long exile?"

She nodded.

"And he fascinated me so much that I could only stare at him. In return for my dumb adoration, he sent me Juno from Cairo. Without doubt, his return to the world—our world—will make a stir in society—everybody of any account knows the Hawkstones, of course. But there's a shadow hanging over Prince Lucifer, as I have heard him called—don't you know?"

She spoke very steadily, ignoring the fact that Gabriel Ravenel had rapidly changed countenance at this turn of the conversation.

"That does not signify," answered Sutton; "some people have scruples concerning divorce—others have none. The majority of women will consider the shadow of which you speak rather interesting than otherwise. Shall we accept Hawkstone's invitation?"

"By all means, guardy!"

The invalid cast an irritated look toward Ravenel.

"But here is your betrothed husband—Hawkstone has not asked *him*. What is he to do in your absence, my dear?"

"I could by no possibility accept Mr. Hawkstone's hospitality, sir," cried Ravenel, hotly. "And it is time, I perceive, to tell you that I am no longer Miss Rokewood's betrothed husband—our engagement is over."

Sutton pushed away his plate.

"Why choose the lunch-table for such an explosion as this, sir?" he demanded; "you ought to know that mental disturbance is peculiarly disastrous to the proper action of the liver! Very well. The mischief is done, and cannot be recalled. My dear Doris, leave me alone with Mr. Ravenel. The havoc of my internal economy may as well proceed—yes, take the menagerie with you, my dear." Then, as the door closed on Miss Rokewood and her pets, his angry eyes sought those of his secretary. "I am not in the least surprised, Gabriel," he said, sternly; "I only wonder that Doris has borne with you so long! Your silly infatuation for that circus-rider is in everybody's mouth—is talked of at the clubs, and in private drawing-rooms. Deny nothing! I know how you have followed her about from place to place, whenever it was possible for you to obtain leave of absence from me—I know how you have invited gossip, and ridicule, and notoriety—how you have disgraced us all, sir!"

Ravenel pushed back from the table, white as a sheet.

"It is not my intention to deny anything," he answered, defiantly. "I love the lady known as Mademoiselle Zephyr, and she has promised, upon certain conditions, to become my wife—there's the whole matter for you in a nutshell!"

The Mongolian yellow of Sutton's face turned to wrathful copper-red.

"Idiot! Can I believe my ears? You did not wait to throw off the old bonds, before you put on new ones? And you mean to marry Basil Hawkstone's divorced wife—for, of course, I know who this Mademoiselle Zephyr really is."

"Certainly I mean to marry her if she will have me. Do I not tell you that I love—yes, adore her?"

The invalid leaned, and laid a thin, delicate hand on the arm of his secretary. His voice grew gentle.

"You are young, Gabriel—a mere boy, and much must be pardoned and overlooked in youthful blood. You are the last of my kindred—the sole heir to my possessions. I have made my will, and given you everything without reservation. I will not be unreasonable, lad—I will not ask you to marry a woman you cannot love—in fact, Doris Rokewood is far too good for you—vastly your superior in everything. It is an unequal bargain—she can do better. I shall not urge any renewal of your late relations—far from it; but one thing is imperative—you must give up Mademoiselle Zephyr, and at once!"

Ravenel stood leaning on the table, colorless as ashes.

"That I cannot, and will not do!" he answered.

"Then you will leave my house this very hour, to enter it no more; and not a dollar of my fortune shall you ever see! Choose betwixt my money and that woman, for, by my soul, you cannot have both! If you wish to come the Marc Antony business of throwing the world away for love, that is your affair, but the will that I have made in your favor I will burn before you are an hour older. Think a moment, Gabriel—I would be glad to save you if I could. Is that creature of paint and spangles worth all that you must pay for her?"

Ravenel staggered a little. Wealth—ease—position—these were offered him by one of his own blood—offered eagerly, too, and with genuine feeling in eye and voice. And over against them was set a woman's fair, little face in a frame of yellow hair—a pair of blue eyes, full of delusive lights.

"Love like mine cannot be bought!" he groaned; "to live without her would be a monstrous impossibility—it cannot be thought of for a moment!"

"You will not give her up?" thundered Sutton.

"No!"

"Then, sir, you are no longer heir of mine. I also relieve you from further duty as my secretary. Leave my house, and never enter it again. We are henceforth strangers."

The sword of Damocles had fallen at last! Under the unwelcome stroke he bowed, but his dry lips refused to utter a word.

"Go to my safe and take a quarter's salary," pursued Sutton. "You will need it, for women like Mademoiselle Zephyr have expensive tastes. I have given you without stint since you came to me, but I dare say you have spent everything upon that creature. Farewell, sir! There may be in the world a greater fool than you are, but I have never seen him."

It was over. He had made his choice—thrown away his great expectations—lost his world for love! The blow was none the less bitter because he had expected it. He dashed out of the room. Juno, the monkey, was prancing about the hall in her scarlet jacket and spangled skirt. He gave the poor brute a tremendous kick, then darted into the library, closed the door, but forgot to lock it.

The table was strewn with books and papers. He put these in order, and gathered up such documents as belonged to himself. Empty-handed, disinherited, he must go! He looked around the library. Across a recess near him a drapery of rich Eastern stuff was drawn; behind this was Sutton's safe, cunningly built into the paneled wall. Ravenel went forward and opened it. The rich invalid was careless about his valuables—his secretary was careless, also. Many things were in the safe which should have been at the banker's—a box crowded with bonds, great rolls of bank-notes—jewels

conversation. "Miss Ravenel, will you do me the favor to come down to the drawing-room to-night and play for my guests? I sometimes find it difficult to amuse such a company, particularly as I am not a society man."

I was his servant. He had the right to command my time and talents, so I answered, "Certainly!" and he thanked me and went away.

I took tea with Bee in Mrs. Otway's room. Then I saw the child safely in bed, and having dressed myself in plain black, with no ornament save a cluster of tea-roses in my corsage, I descended to the drawing-room.

It was full of people, laughing and talking like magpies. A little hush fell as I entered. Vincent Hawkstone was lounging near the piano, also a dark, elegant man with an eyeglass—Colonel Latimer. Vincent gave me a long, devouring look, and presently came forward with a blonde girl in a dinner-dress of blue brocade.

"Miss Ravenel," he said, wickedly, "here is a lady whom you ought to know. Doubtless you have heard her name before—Doris Rokewood."

Miss Rokewood recoiled a step and bowed without a word. She was as white as a sheet. Gabriel's former betrothed seemed in nowise gratified to meet Gabriel's sister. Fortunately at that moment Hawkstone advanced and led me to the piano. A song was put before me—"Auld Robin Gray." I sang it through. Music has always been my particular passion, and I did my best upon this occasion. The room became perfectly still, even in the furthest corners; but around the piano a crowd gathered, and all eyes were fixed on me curiously.

"Ah, Latimer," said the Whithaven judge to the colonel with the eyeglass, "that's the sort of music to make old fellows like you and me young again!"

Other songs followed. Compliments poured upon me from every side—queer whispers, also, reached my ears in the pauses.

"Where the deuce did Hawkstone find such a handsome creature?" "Why hasn't he shown her before, sly dog?" "She's no end of a beauty." "And Vincent's off his head about her!" "Wonder if we shall be allowed to have her down here often?"

As I arose, at last, from the piano, I found Doris Rokewood standing at my shoulder. Her blonde face had grown gentle and gracious. I fancied there were tears in her eyes.

"You sing like an angel, Miss Ravenel," she said. "Let me thank you for the pleasure you have given me." And then she turned, as though she could not trust herself to say more, and vanished in the crowd.

Wednesday.—I descended to the garden this morning to gather a few flowers for the schoolroom. In a sheltered walk, leading down the terraces to the old sea-wall, I heard the rumble of light wheels, and a thin, rasping voice saying:

"Go back to the house, Parker, and get another wrap—I feel a chill."

"And leave you alone, sir?"

"Yes, yes. Make haste: Would you have me get my death in this damp sea-air?"

Footsteps went away up the path. I looked, and saw, a few yards from the spot where I stood, an invalid-chair, and in it a small man in a velvet skull-cap, with a worn, sickly face as yellow as parchment. Hawkstone's dogs were frisking round the chair, and one, a huge English mastiff, jostled it so violently that it began to roll down the walk.

"Hi, there!" cried the sick man, as he espied my dress in the shrubbery. "Jane, Sarah, Maggie!—what-

ever your name may be, lend me a hand here, will you?"

I flew to him, seized the chair, and held it firmly. He stared at me in a blank way.

"Beg pardon, young lady," he muttered; "I saw only your dress, and mistook you for a servant."

"You were not very far wrong, sir," I answered, cheerfully, "for I am little Bee Hawkstone's governess."

His cadaverous face put on a look that appalled me. I thought he was about to have a fit.

"Gabriel Ravenel's sister?" he roared. "Don't come near me! Take your hands off my chair! Take yourself out of my sight!"

"If I do that," I answered, "you will roll down the walk and come to harm. Permit me to stay by you till your attendant returns. I fear you are very, very angry with poor Gabriel!"

His curious yellow face was convulsed.

"Poor Gabriel!" he sneered. "How dare you mention his name in my presence? Girl, do you really love that unspeakable scoundrel?"

"Do I love my one, only brother?" I answered, indignantly. "Yes, sir, with all my heart!"

"Then, by my soul, I pity you! yes, I pity you——"

The sentence was not finished, for just then Parker, the colored valet, appeared in the walk, and Miss Rokewood with him. As the latter espied me by her guardian's chair, she darted forward in lively alarm.

"Guardy, dear guardy," she implored, "for my sake be careful what you say!"

"I have said nothing, Doris," he answered, grimly. "Give me the wrap, Parker, and move on."

The valet obeyed. To my surprise, Miss Rokewood caught me in her arms and kissed me.

"You must not mind Mr. Sutton," she said, in a hysterical way. "He is not the ogre that he appears. Under all his harshness he carries a kind heart. I am glad, Miss Ravenel, that you have found a safe shelter here at Tempest Island, and a powerful friend in Basil Hawkstone."

She went on after the wheeled chair, leaving me puzzled and miserable. Plainly, Gabriel is in the deepest disgrace with his kinsman and former friend, Mr. Sutton. I wonder if his infatuation for Mademoiselle Zephyr is his only sin, or has he committed others of which I have not been told? With a heavy heart I set about my daily tasks. From the schoolroom-window I saw Basil Hawkstone riding out through the horseshoe gate with Miss Rokewood, both superbly mounted, and followed by a half-score of dogs. He looked up and lifted his hat to me, grand as Sir Lancelot riding down to towered Camelot. The sunlight poured on his kingly head, his bronzed, scarred cheek, his magnificent figure. Then he went on, and a few moments after I heard the swish of soft garments, the click of French heels, and that pretty brunette widow, Mrs. Van Dorn, came flashing into my schoolroom.

"Have I discovered your den at last?" she laughed—she has beautiful white teeth, and she laughs contentually. "I fell desperately in love with you last night in the drawing-room, my dear. So did everybody. As for the gentlemen, individually and collectively, you have quite turned their heads. Why do you hide yourself here?"—glancing contemptuously around my little kingdom. "Beanty like yours was never born to be wasted on the desert air of such a rookery as this."

Bee was in the midst of a lesson. As politely as possible I tried to explain to Mrs. Van Dorn that I did not receive callers in school-hours, but she laughed at me.

"I have not toiled up two flights of stairs to be lightly driven away," she said, as she shook out the ribbons and lace of her rose-colored morning-gown. "You poor thing! I know that the life of a governess is far from gay. I had a half-dozen of your kind when I was growing up, and I give you my word I made things uncommonly lively for all of them. Did you see Mr. Hawkstone riding off with Doris Rokewood? You would not be a woman if you did not look through these windows sometimes. We are bosom friends—Doris and I—a female Damon and Pythias; but really, she amazes me. Hearts are caught in the rebound, it is said. Doris is but just over one love affair, and already she is flirting with Hawkstone in a scandalous way. He admires blondes—his wife was of that type—you and I, unluckily, are brunettes."

Bee was listening, eager, round-eyed, to every word.

"I beg you will allow me to proceed with my lesson, Mrs. Van Dorn," I began, but she waved her bejeweled hand, and went on, undaunted:

"Every marriageable female in the house seems to be cherishing designs against Hawkstone. I call it outrageous. Has that little pitcher big ears? I hope she will not tell her papa what I say."

"She certainly will," I answered.

"How awkward!" laughed Mrs. Van Dorn. "I find Tempest Island lovely. Life here has a foreign flavor. Prince Lucifer is like an English baron, lording it over land and tenants. He is unique, superb—the most fascinating man that I have met for ages! Mrs. Ravenel, I heard an odd thing last night after you left the drawing-room. Somebody said that you were once selected to be Hawkstone's wife—that you were brought from the South for that very fate. You should have seen how jealous all the ladies grew when they heard that!"

She gave me a look so shrewd and penetrating that I felt my cheeks burn.

"Mrs. Van Dorn, you must not speak of such matters before my pupil," I said.

"It is true, then?" she cried, triumphantly. "Yes, I see. You lost the post of island lady, and so accepted the humbler one of governess? Well, that was sensible. Of course everybody expects Hawkstone to make an ambitious marriage the next time. No man can afford a second mistake of that sort. The pretty, dreadful circus-rider was enough——"

I started for the door, drawing Bee with me. Mrs. Van Dorn arose.

"*Nous verrons!*" she yawned. "Since I make you so uncomfortable, Miss Ravenel, I will leave you. I am going out sailing with our island lord when he returns from his gallop. He professes to admire a good sailor, and I am that. You see, he is the sun round which we all revolve at present—the fire at which more than one little moth seems determined to singe her foolish wings." And then she went away.

An hour or two later I saw Hawkstone return from his ride with Doris Rokewood—saw him lift her from the saddle, she blushing and laughing at something he said—saw Mrs. Van Dorn sweep down the garden-walk to meet him, with hands full of Autumn asters—saw her white teeth flashing, her black eyes shining; but I did not want to look longer. I turned from the window, and hurried back to my books and Bee.

The afternoon shadows were stretching long in the garden when Mrs. Otway brought to the schoolroom an invitation for Bee and her governess to join a gypsy tea-party on the rocks.

"Mr. Hawkstone bade me say, 'Will you do him the

favor to come, Miss Ravenel?'" she said. "He is waiting for you in the porch."

My heart leaped into my throat, and then sank down like lead.

"I have a headache, Mrs. Otway," I answered. "Bee may go, but I cannot."

And Bee went, in the care of Doris Rokewood, and I remained alone in the schoolroom till twilight began to gather, then I descended to the deserted garden, and sat down by the ancient dials. As I did so a man opened the horseshoe gate under the pear-trees, and stood by my side. It was Vincent Hawkstone.

CHAPTER XXL

JETTA SPEAKS AGAIN.

"So THIS dashed, trumpery tea didn't lure you to the beach, Jetta?" he began. "It seems that you care little for all the infernal nonsense going on about the house of late. 'Pon my soul, you look as pale as a spirit! Something is troubling you; but your handsome eyes begin to flash! You hate me too much to accept my sympathy."

His voice trembled like a schoolgirl's. The sight of me had brought a passion of delight into his turbulent face. Who else in the wide world cared for my forlorn self like this?

"I do not hate you, Vincent," I began.

"You simply regard me with profound indifference. Is that it?"

"That is it," I assented, sadly; "and I do not want any sympathy, thank you—I need none. It's odd that you are not with the tea-party on the shore."

"Is it?" he answered, grimly. "I found you were not among them, and that was enough for me. You have spoiled me for the society of other women. Great God!"—and a spasm of pain contracted his young face—"you have spoiled me for everything, Jetta—yes, for life itself."

"How absurdly you talk!" I said. "It is time you were cured of your folly, Vincent. By what singular perversity do you still hold to it. I am ashamed of you!" He came nearer to me, breathing hard.

"Cured of my folly? That will never be! Prince Lucifer, if he likes, can drive me from the island, so I bridle my tongue that I may be allowed to remain near you. You may need me—who knows? Your brother—"

He stopped and bit his lip. I sprang to my feet.

"What do you mean?" I cried. "What do you know of my brother?"

"More than I like to tell," he answered, with an unpleasant smile. "Show me a little kindness, Jetta, and I will serve both you and Gabriel, for, mark you, I know his present straits and his need of help. Why cannot you love me? Am I old? am I ugly? It is said that love begets love, but were that true, you would have returned my passion long ago. Open your cold heart to me, Jetta! I will forgive all past rebuffs, if only you can be persuaded to extend me a little mercy now."

He was down on his knees in the grass, his distracted face raised to mine, his hands striving to clutch and hold me as I recoiled from him, all my softened feelings giving place, in an instant, to renewed aversion.

"Do not touch me!" I commanded; "do not speak to me any more, if you have only this to say. Of one thing be assured, Vincent Hawkstone—I shall never buy any knowledge or service of you at the price you mention."

He grew furious.

"You may be glad to do so before many days, Jetta!

see him on a matter that closely concerned them both. He asked if I had resided long at the island, and did my brother visit me, did he write to me, did I know his present address? All these questions were put in a polite and cautious way. I answered in monosyllables. Miss Rokewood, as I could see, was very uneasy. She turned on the man, at last, with an offended air.

"I will bid Parker wake Mr. Sutton," she said, sharply. "You had better go up to him at once."

As our visitor disappeared in the hall, Doris Rokewood caught me by the arm.

"Come!" she cried; "we must hide somewhere till that man leaves the island!"

I flew with her out of the gate. Before I realized what I was about, we were in the green solitude of the churchyard—certainly beyond the observation of Mr. Radnor.

"I did not wish him to see or speak to you again!" gasped Miss Rokewood. "I did not wish him to annoy you further."

"Is he a detective," I said, laughing at our absurd flight, "that he should ply me with so many questions?"

For answer, Miss Rokewood leaned suddenly against a tree, and burst into such a passion of weeping as I had never witnessed before—weeping that shook her from head to foot, and was all the more distressing to me because I could perceive no cause for it.

"Do not mind me," she said, at last, trying to smile; "we all have our weak moments, you know. This spot commands a view of the landing-place. Let us stay here till we see Mr. Radnor's boat leave for Whithaven."

So we remained silent among the old graves till the boat departed, then we went back to Tempest Hall, I secretly wondering what all this mystery could mean.

CHAPTER XXII.

JETTA SPEAKS ON.

ANOTHER week is over. For days the house has been ringing with notes of preparation for a great event—a fancy ball at Tempest Hall. Like a splendid, feverish dream the whole affair seems to me, as I recall it—the gayly decorated yachts in the roadstead, the island in gala dress and full of festive commotion, the grand people thronging the house, and last night—the ball!

As soon as the sun set, headlands and beaches began to blaze with bonfires, and the entire garden, down to the old sea-wall, was hung with hundreds of colored lamps. Mrs. Otway begged me to go down-stairs with Bee, and to please the child I consented.

Palms and ferns, and orange-trees in full bloom, lined the wainscoted hall and the oaken stairways. India silks of every hue, brought by Hawkstone from abroad, stuffs from Persian looms, brocades, massive with peacocks' eyes, draped the two long drawing-rooms, now thrown into one. From a temporary balcony, hidden in flowers, an orchestra from Whithaven discoursed sweet music. The waxed floors glittered like mirrors; silver candelabra, as old as George III., held aloft clusters of lights.

I found a shelter for Bee and myself in a recessed window of the ballroom.

Hawkstone, in the dress of Rochambean, was dancing a minuet with Miss Rokewood—the latter attired as a colonial belle. Violet Van Dorn flashed by in an Eastern dress of red velvet and gold brocade, with rows of gold sequins in her black hair. Watteau shepherdesses wandered about in pink and blue gowns, with Marie Antoinette fichus, and crooks ornamented with natural flowers. In the wake of these damsels followed a *patre*,

in pale green jacket and lilac satin small-clothes. Ruffs and rapiers were there, ermine and velvets and jeweled girdles; trains of gold brocade, bordered with yellow feathers; diamonds and old Flemish laces; costly odors, radiant eyes, gay voices.

"It's like something out of my fairy-books," said Bee, as she sat beside me in her white frock of quaint Kate Greenaway pattern.

"Yes, dear," I answered.

The orchestra struck up Ghyss's "Air de Louis XIII." Eight couples, in court costume, with Hawkstone and Miss Rokewood at their head, began the *garotte*—that charming French dance, which carries one's thoughts back two centuries, at least. As I sat watching the powdered and bejeweled ladies gliding under the uplifted rapiers of their gallants, Colonel Latimer, in the dress of a Turkish bey, entered my retreat. He held out to me an enormous bouquet of tuberoses.

"Sweets to the sweetest of all the world!" he murmured, in a voice too impassioned to be agreeable. "By Jove! it's a pity the handsomest woman in the room should be hiding behind a curtain, while her plainer sisters have their fling."

Pretending not to hear, I smelled the flowers and said to Bee, in a prim, governess fashion:

"My dear, in the gardens of Versailles there was once an alley, where King Louis's courtiers—those fine people who originally danced the *garotte*—could not walk after nightfall, because of the overpowering odor of the tuberoses.

"Don't keep them," said Bee, turning up her small nose. "I like better the Parma violets that papa gave you at dinner."

"Here—take them, Colonel Latimer!" I exclaimed, "It is not strange that the French courtiers found such sickening sweetness unbearable."

With a disappointed air, he tossed the whole waxy, honeyed mass out of the open window.

"Since you reject them"—he sighed—"let them die."

I wished him a thousand miles distant at that moment. He leaned confidently on the high back of my chair and looked out into the ballroom. His Turkish fez hid the bald spot on his crown, but brought into undue prominence his high Roman nose.

"Deuced good display, eh?" he remarked. "Hawkstone looks well in that court get-up. Pity men of his mold couldn't wear gold lace and side-arms nowadays. So picturesque!"

"Yes," I assented, rather vaguely.

"Yonder comes a death's-head at the feast," pursued our Turk, as Mr. Sutton appeared under a neighboring *portière*, supported by his valet. "Wonder what he can find to amuse him *here*? He's a dyspeptic of the Thomas Carlyle stamp—dancing isn't in his line."

"He seems very ill," I remarked.

"Of course. He was recently robbed and assaulted in his Newport house, you know, and being an invalid anyway, the affair nearly finished him."

"Robbed! assaulted!" I echoed, horrified.

To my surprise, the colonel grew as red as a lobster.

"By Jove! I oughtn't to have mentioned it!" he stammered. "Hawkstone begged us all never to speak of the matter here. My head is quite giddy to-night, Miss Ravenel." And his eyes beamed upon me all too kindly. "Won't you send this ever-present child away for a few moments, and let me speak to you alone?"

"I could not think of such a thing!" I answered. "Say nothing to me, Colonel Latimer, that Bee, or anybody in the room may not hear."

"Ah!" he groaned; "you, then, forbid me to hope?"
 "Most certainly."

He heaved a prodigious sigh, and went out of the recess to come back no more.

By-and-by, Mr. Sutton, on the arm of Parker, approached our window. I drew back to avoid observation, but he stopped directly before me, and to my surprise held out one delicate hand.

"I must beg to be pardoned, Miss Ravenel, for my rudeness to you in the garden, when you were doing your best to serve me," he said, in an amiable voice. "I am a very unreasonable and disagreeable person—yes, a brute," as the tears leaped involuntarily to my eyes. "Doris Rokewood insists that I shall be friends with you, and I offer this apology very humbly."

I put my hand on his outstretched palm.

"Thank you, child," he said, kindly. "You have a heart above malice, I see."

And he went on, and was lost in the crowd.

Tableaux vivants followed the dancing. Only two of these interested me. One was Hero in her tower at Sestos, watching for Leander. Miss Rokewood, splendidly attired, as became a priestess of Venus, made an impressive Hero. Her robe of dull-blue velvet was clasped about the waist with a girdle of wrought silver. All her fair hair streamed loose on her shoulders. The sadness, the pale apprehension in her face, as she watched for her lost lover, seemed more real than feigned.

The second group that remained fixed in my memory was Hawkstone as Edward III. and Violet Van Dorn as Countess of Salisbury—he kneeling before her in the historic garter scene, and looking "every inch a king," in his velvet court dress and cloth of gold mantle.

At last Bee began to tire of so much splendor; so, after one peep at the supper-room, with all its crystal and *sèvres* and old plate, we stole out of the crowd and up to the nursery and Sarah.

On the stair, under the palms and orange-trees, I met a monk in a black robe, with a cowl drawn over his head. He flashed me one look from under the hood.

"*Le bon temps viendra*," he muttered, and I knew the voice of Vincent Hawkstone—he was there, disguised, among his cousin's guests.

"For God's sake, don't betray me!" he whispered. "I came only to see you!"

I fled to the night nursery with Bee, who, luckily, had not recognized the monk. Sarah undressed the child, and she said her prayers in drowsy jerks, and straightway fell asleep.

Then I retreated to my own chamber, but not to slumber. The *rencontre* on the stair disturbed me. "*Le bon temps viendra*"—the good time will come. What did he mean by that? I leaned my face against the cool window. Nearly all Hawkstone's guests were to pass the night on the island, and sounds of revelry still echoed in the rooms below. The bonfires on the headlands still reddened the outer gloom.

Another hour passed. The lamp went out, and left the chamber in darkness. My eyelids were growing heavy, when, of a sudden, I heard a queer scratching sound in the vines of the porch. As I looked, I saw a human head rise cautiously out of the leaves only a few feet from my window. A long, dark body followed it. The figure of a man stood for an instant erect on the roof of the porch, as if taking observations, then vanished round an angle in the wall.

Was it a burglar? I remembered the display of jewels in the hall-room, the old plate on the supper-tables, and my heart gave a painful leap. I ran out into the passage

to alarm the house, then, moved by some inexplicable impulse, turned back and rushed to Bee's nursery.

A man was leaning over the child's bed, pressing something down on her sleeping face. The sickening smell of chloroform greeted my nostrils.

"Help, Sarah!" I screamed, and threw myself on Bee just as the man attempted to raise her.

The night-lamp showed me that his face was masked. With an oath he tried to hurl me off.

"Let go, curse you!" he cried; but I clung the closer to the child, and screamed again:

"Sarah, Sarah! Oh, help!"

Out of the adjoining closet burst Sarah, in her night-clothes, bewildered, but courageous.

"Thieves! Robbers! Murder!" she shrieked.

The masked man struck me savagely, but I held Bee fast, and Sarah threw herself upon him with all her might. He shook her off, and sprang for the window. His legs were just disappearing over the sill when Hawkstone, still in his velvet-and-gold court-dress, sprang into the nursery.

"The child! The child!" cried Sarah. "A man has been trying to carry little miss away, sir."

"She is safe, Mr. Hawkstone," I gasped, "quite safe!" and having flung the cloth from her face, I laid Bee back on the bed.

At a single stride Hawkstone was at the window—out of it—following in the wake of the masked fugitive! Some presentiment of the truth flashed upon me. I flew down the stair—out into the garden—to the old dials. There was the culprit, prone on the grass, with Hawkstone's knee on his breast. As I reached the two the island lord snatched the mask from the face of the fallen man.

"Give an account of yourself!" he commanded. "Did you come here of your own will, or were you sent by another?"

A lamp left from the revel, swung from a bough overhead, shone on the faces of both men.

"Gabriel!" I cried. "Oh, Mr. Hawkstone, it is my brother Gabriel!"

Hawkstone arose from his prisoner—suffered Gabriel to rise, also.

"I see," he said, in a cold, hard voice; "Mademoiselle Zephyr's lover!"

Pale, haggard, disordered, changed almost beyond recognition, Gabriel stood there by the old dials, face to face with both Hawkstone and myself, but dumb as stone.

I ran to the island lord, crying wildly:

"Let him go! oh, let him go! That woman has driven him mad!"

Something strange went over Hawkstone's face.

"Go, then," he said to Gabriel—and his voice was very grave—"and do not come here again, for I have guests in this house that you would not like to meet—I mean George Sutton and his ward. Poor foolish boy, God knows I have no wish to detain you. For your sister's sake go while there is yet time!"

At the mention of Sutton's name Gabriel reeled back, as though he had received a blow.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" I cried, throwing my arms around him; "how ill and wretched you look!—how strange! What dreadful thing has happened to you? Do you need me? Shall I go with you, Gabriel? Speak the word, and I will follow you to the ends of the earth. Who have we but each other?"

He thrust me away, and answered, hoarsely:

"You! Good Heaven, no! I do not want you! ~~Never~~

streets, into the open door of the "meeting-house" opposite.

"Humph! No accounting for tastes," ejaculated Miss Poppleton, smiling, not at her stout maid, but into the mirror.

"I like it; not for itself, but for what it brings back to me," said the stout maid, comfortably planting her elbows on the window-sill and leaning far out into the darkness. "I was born and brought up near here, and used to sing them tunes as hearty as anybody. When I hear 'em, they always make me think of the good times I've had at camp-meeting and basket-meeting, and missionary picnics and the like. I wish the folks over yonder'd strike up, 'Come on, my pardners in distress!' I tell you that's got a ring to it that beats your light operys all hollow."

"If that's your style, Gregor, why aren't you a missionary to the cannibals, instead of dresser to the Queen of the Dudes and Mascot of the Galaxy Light Opera Company?" inquired Miss Poppleton, with an air of most candid self-esteem.

"Yes, why ain't I?" retorted Gregor, with fine scorn. "Not but what I mostly consider I *am* amongst the heathen, but why ain't I amongst little innercent black niggers and injuns, 'stead of hard-hearted old pagans that has made-believe for a livin' till they ain't in earnest about nothin'? I'll tell you why; 'cause all my born days, I've never been a free agent. I've just *had* to drift into things. When I was a girl, I had the biggest notions about what I'd be and do, but mam died early, and pap—old fool!—married ag'in, and I was drove to service. I didn't even get places with the people I thought I'd like. I just nursed one crossgrained baby after another, till I come East with a family and by chance fell in with Tom Gregor through going down the wrong steps after a Latinée. Tom was a stage-carpenter, and I married him when I lost my situation and couldn't hear of another. I didn't mind him and his tricks after the first year or two, and might have come to be happy if he hadn't up and died and left me nothin' but the fever that killed him. It broke out on me the day after I buried him."

"What a pity you didn't have a nice sprightly daughter like me to comfort your declining days, like they always do out in front there," said Miss Poppleton, with a wave of her diamonded little hand toward the stage.

There was a strange clucking sound in Mrs. Gregor's throat as she kept her face turned from the light.

"You never had any children to plague you, did you, Greg?" continued the fair one, giving her brief, gold-braided skirts a shake that set them all a-clash like fine needles.

"I—had—one." The words came with an effort. "I—I—lost her when I had the fever. That's why I travel hither and yon with combinations. Some day I hope to find her."

"Lost her?"

"Yes. When I was sent to the hospital, a neighbor took her; when I got back home the folks had moved, nobody knew where. I've been looking for her ever since."

"Oh, poor Greg! poor Greg! How long have you been searching for her?"

"Nearly eighteen years. She's twenty now."

"Oh, Greg! the baby you lost you cannot know in the girl of twenty."

"I can! I can! She'll be tall like her father, for she has his hazel eyes and yellow-brown hair. She has my mother's little mouth, and my pink-and-white complexion all over."

Miss Poppleton, the kind little creature, for all her

sympathy, could not repress a smile. The yellowish pallor of her dresser's broad countenance had in it no suggestions of apple-blooms and eglantine.

"You needn't snicker," said Mrs. Gregor, looking over her shoulder with a reproachful glance at her employer; "I was pretty when I was your age."

"Don't get vexed, Gregor, I'm always smiling at nothing. Though, to be sure, this time I smile because a happy thought strikes me. I'm a lost child myself, understand. Now, why can't you, when you're scanning crowds, and investigating streets and stores, keep a bright lookout for me noble father and me lovely mother?"

"Was you lost?" asked the dresser, wistfully.

"I'm as lost as Arline, or Louise, or the 'Babes in the Wood,' or any of the hand-me-downs of fame. Somebody found me floating on the Mississippi after a steamboat explosion. Nobody claimed me for a daughter, dear, so the parties that found me kept me. They belonged to the 'profesh,' and brought me up to be an honor to it, as you see."

"Didn't you have no clew to your name and folks?" queried the elder woman, with an anxiety that refused to be dispelled by the other's lightness.

"They *said* I called myself Junie Letta."

"What!"

"Junie or Genie, or something similar. Oh, dear! how I wish some one would find me and hand over that fortune which must be waiting for me. Anybody can tell by looking at me that I belong to the cream of the social milk-pitcher."

Miss Poppleton supplemented this estimate of her worth with a charming laugh, and ran out in response to an urgent "call."

The dresser's habitually pale face was deadly white, as she dropped it on her clasped hands.

"O Lord, have mercy on me!" she groaned.

"Still learning hymn tunes, Greg?" inquired Miss Poppleton, airily, as she skipped into her dressing-room at the end of the first act.

"N—o," was the husky answer, as the maid rose and began to make necessary changes in her employer's toilet.

"I—I've just been studyin' about them fine relations of yours. Supposin' they turned out plain and common, would you be glad to see 'em?"

"No!" was the decided answer.

"Not even"—anxiously—"not even if they loved you dearly, and had sorrowed and hungered for you for years and years?"

"No, I shouldn't. Do you suppose I want a lot of tramps—a whole band of villains—teasing me for my salary, writing begging-letters, hanging around the stage-entrance. I've seen plenty of that sort of thing. I don't care to feel it."

"But if your mother—"

"Worse and worse! I always pitied that girl Jed reads about, the Lady Claire. Think of daughtering that old nurse! No, no; fine relations or none, Greg."

"All right," said Mrs. Gregor, bending low over the fastening of Miss Poppleton's slipper.

"All right," mimicked the little lady, laughing. "Remember you said it, and don't have your tall daughter bring me any shabby old parents when she comes."

"All right," answered Mrs. Gregor, again.

* * * * *

The subject of relationship had a strong hold on the mind of the Galaxy Light Opera Company's leading lady. Again and again she adverted to it when she and maid were together.

"I think my noble father would be proud of *mé* to-night," she would cry, with all her dimples showing and her little chest heaving with delight after half a dozen recalls; "or, don't you think my lovely mother would like to see these flowers, Greg?"

To all such questions, Mrs. Gregor, suddenly grown quiet and abstracted, would, when roused from her reveries, make satisfactory replies, except to the most important and oft-repeated, "Don't you think my honored parents would be delighted with John?"

"No; not if they've seen as much of life as I have," was her emphatic answer, after many evasions. "He is a mean-spirited, selfish whelp. He loves not your youth, beauty and talents, but the money they bring to the till. He is proud to be engaged to you because his betters want you, to say nothing of his being able to get shut of paying you a salary after you are Mrs. John Erler. I wish the Old Scratch would fly off with him, and all managers of his ilk."

"How dare you!" exclaimed Miss Poppleton, in tears and wrath.

"Because I love you, and he don't," answered the dresser, equally tearful, but not equally angry. "Just you lose your voice and you'll see!"

What is the affection of a body-servant weighed against an insult to a chosen lover? Mrs. Gregor's position was no sinecure for the next few weeks.

"But I'm not sorry I said it, no I ain't," murmured the faithful soul, as she ruefully considered her disgrace. "She's sure to find I'm right. I only hope it'll come before the season's out, for if she marries him in the Spring, what good can the knowledge do her? Well! well! if I'm not out in my guess, the new girl, the Spaniard, is going to teach her something."

"What are you muttering about, Greg?" inquired Miss Poppleton, suddenly.

"Oh! nothing much," replied Mrs. Gregor, making a feint of examining the lock of the trunk which she was unpacking.

"Come, that will not do. There's nothing the matter with that lock. Look at me, and repeat your wisdom andibly."

The speaker smiled on her servitor for the first time in many days, and so melted that worthy's heart that she could not refuse an answer.

"I was a-sayin' to myself that I didn't like that song-and-dance girl, that Spaniard, or Greaser, or whatever she is. She hain't no business in light op'ry; she's a circus girl, that Hermilda Lopez is."

Over Miss Poppleton's little face swept a deep, painful flush.

"Why should you like her?" she questioned, shortly. "You are here in attendance on me, not on her. You do not suspect her of being your daughter, do you?"

"No, thank the Lord! If she was kin to me I'd teach her manners. I'd tell her she'd no business in the star's room, leveling her eyes at people while the owner is out in front."

Miss Poppleton's face was white, and a red spark shone in her bright hazel eyes, but she managed to laugh a very creditable stage laugh, and made no other reply.

"She has noticed. She's getting jealous, but she won't own up," shrewdly concluded Mrs. Gregor.

"O Paradise! O Paradise.
The world is growing old,"

hummed the maid, as she banged down one trunk-over and raised another.

"Oh, do hush!" cried her mistress, irritably; "that hymn haunts me like a spectre. Talk about your daughter—*anything*! Tell me why you seem to have given up the search."

"I've concluded to wait for her to come to me," said the older woman, quietly. "I've dreamed, over and over again, lately, that when other friends failed her she came to me and laid her pretty head on my bosom, and went to sleep there. Over and over I've dreamed it, and I'm sure it'll come true. Some day my girl will come to me, glad to know a mother's love, glad to feel a mother's arms about her—arms that will clasp just as close in sorrow as in joy, just as close in misfortune as prosperity—ay, closer; for what true mother would not like to make up to her child whatever of good the world—this old, cold, brutal, cruel, capricious world—withholds?"

"Greg, I'd like to hear my mother say that to me," said Miss Poppleton, tremulously. "I've needed her lately, indeed I have!" cried the little creature, in a sudden passion of tears.

Over the dresser's face swept such a succession of expressions—amazement, sympathy, tenderness unutterable, joy triumphant, irresolution, fear, despair and stern resolve—as if the hand of Fate were heavily striking the keynote of every emotion that could thrill and throb in a human soul.

"Ain't you well?—ain't you happy?" she asked, softly touching the bright head drooped to her knee.

"Who is?" sobbed the soubrette. "Oh, Greg, I cannot get that old hymn out of my mind. It hums in my ears all day, and at night I wake singing it to myself:

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old.

It is growing old, Greg."

"I wish 'twas so old that the time had come for the mischief to fly off with that John," was Mrs. Gregor's unspoken thought. Aloud, she said, discreetly, "You've been a-workin' too hard, honey. I've noticed for some time you was a-gittin' nervous. Better lay off for a week or two, and rest."

"And let the Spaniard take my place?" cried Miss Poppleton, starting up with flashing eyes.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregor, unguardedly, and then added, smoothly: "She couldn't do that, you know. She isn't second."

Miss Poppleton had betrayed too much, and was conscious of the fact. She made a heroic effort to draw a curtain of conventionality betwixt her fighting soul and her sympathizer.

"Business is business," she said, biting her lip. "For the sake of it, John had to promote the Spaniard. If she can please the public and bring prosperity to the company, what are her personal qualities to us? We do not pay salaries to friendship, but to marketable talent."

"Uh, huh! Eggsackly!"

"Don't speak in that nasty way, Greg, or I shall hate you!"

"I haven't said anything."

"You've looked all sorts of horrid things."

"We can't help our looks; we can our actions, as we used to read in the back of the spelling-book. If we could help our looks, maybe I'd have a hook nose and a pair of deceitful blue eyes, so's to turn the attention of that big, half-naked, snake-eyed Spaniard my way."

"Oh, Greg, don't—I cannot bear it! I'm wretched, Greg! I've tried not to see, but I cannot shut my eyes any longer. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Do? Why, turn your thoughts to any one of a score

REPOSE. -- FROM THE PAINTING BY G. COUETON.

born of the superstition that had until now lain dormant in her soul. It was not to her family the hope pointed; the name of her family was not on her lips when, some hours later, she fell headlong down the church-steps, and lay motionless on the cruel stones of the street.

* * * * *

"The injuries are not necessarily fatal. A few months of careful nursing may bring her through."

Miss Poppleton's manager looked at the attendant physician blankly, and uttered a sound half-way between a groan and a curse.

"Why, she'll not be on the boards again this season," he stammered, finally.

"My dear fellow," said the bland Esculapius, "it would be folly to withhold the truth. That poor little woman's triumphs are all told. She will never walk again."

"Oh, good Lord! she'd better die!" exclaimed the horrified manager.

"You say that, John Erler, *you!*" said a stern voice behind him. "Was it for this she has, in three years, wellnigh made your fortune? Was it for this, poor, bankrupt beggar that you were, she turned away from better men and fixed her heart on such a paltry thing as you proclaim yourself? She is your benefactress as well as your promised wife, John Erler. Bear that in mind when you wish her dead because she is past earnin' money for you and liftin' that triffin' name of yourn into notoriety."

"You just dry that lip of yours," cried the wrathful manager. "I don't pay wages for impudence. If you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, consider yourself discharged."

"Nobody ever told me I was hired to wait on you, nor to listen to you, neither," was the equally fiery retort. "Where Pet stays, I stay, and you and the Spaniard can go to the dogs together."

Presumably they went. At any rate, when they left the hotel she saw them no more for ever.

"Ah, doctor!" cried the unhappy old woman, "you'll have to be our friend. You see how we've been deserted. Help us, and you'll be paid in money in this world, and something better in the next. I've worked hard and done with little, doctor, that I might save up something for my girl, though, Heaven help me! I never thought I was saving for such a time as this."

"I will do what I can," was the not unsympathetic answer; "but in a case like this, we can do little but wait. Nature must do the work for the poor little girl in yonder."

Nature was doing her work even then. At that moment, the poor little girl was waking from her stupor to a half-delirious consciousness, and the name on her trembling lips was not the faithless lover's, not the faithful friend's, not the gilded youths' whose sighs had been the breeze of fortune, but—"Mother!"

"Oh, Junie Letta, do you want your mother?" sobbed the nurse, but she spoke to unheeding ears. Her charge was living in the events of the past and vague dreams of the future. She lived over again her loves, her triumphs, but mingling with the little verities went always the grand figures of a host of relatives, the family her romantic hopes had looked for. Sometimes, for a blessed moment, the quick, wild speech was stopped, and she would look at her tearful attendant with a vague question in her hollow eyes, then the poor spirit would away to its dreams again.

"Oh, doctor! how long will this go on?" wailed the nurse, despairingly.

"Not longer than to-night," answered the arbiter of fate. "The fever in her veins is spent."

"Yes"—whispered a feeble voice—"it is spent. So am I, Greg! So am I. Do not weep! do not weep! I cannot bear it!"

"Be calm, madam, be calm," was the professional warning, not unkindly given. "You must not excite our young friend."

"Don't scold her, doctor," whispered the girl, with a wan little smile. "I am beyond good and evil happening now. This is the last scene of the last act, doctor."

"It isn't time for the curtain yet," said the physician, reassuringly. "A little of the whey, Mrs. Gregor; then our friend must sleep and rest."

He touched her little wrist as he spoke; then bent, with a start he could not repress, to look into her eyes.

"Ah, doctor, I know it as well as you do! Rest! rest! That is what I am coming to. Oh, poor Greg, say that hymn to me—the one they sang in the meeting-house:

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not long for rest?"

began the old woman; but her voice quavered, faltered, died away into silence.

"I can say the next verse," said the dying girl, softly.

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free,
Where love is never cold?"

Where love is never cold, Greg; think of that!

"Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy light."

The sweet, faint voice died away, and, in alarm, the nurse stretched out her hands toward her charge.

"I am here yet, old friend. Oh, don't cry so terribly! Don't! don't!" entreated the dying one. Put your arm under me, Greg, and lift me up. Hold me on your bosom as my mother would. Oh, Greg, if she were only here!"

"She—mightn't—be—grand enough," faltered the old woman. "You—you might be ashamed of her, dearie."

"It is not grandeur the dying crave—it is love and tenderness. I want a mother's warm tears on my cold face, to let me know that some one will keep my poor name in remembrance. I want—I need a mother's strong, strong heart to sustain my failing courage in the shadow of the grave. I want a human love to hold to with one hand until I can touch a divine love with the other. Oh, Greg, John has forsaken me—the world is old and dead to me—the bonds are all snapped! My mother! my mother! come to me! for no hand can snap the bond of kinship. Come to your dying child, in the pride of power; in the humility of adversity, come! Come in rags, if need be, only come!"

Overcome with grief and pity, the doctor turned away his face, but Mrs. Gregor ceased from her weeping, and, almost with triumph, gathered the girl to her heart.

"Your mother could not hold out again that, my Junie!" she cried. "I thought to take my secret to my grave with me, my own, because I would not have my common ways shame you; but if you want your mother, here she is, my precious. I knew you for mine when you told your name. I named you Juniata, but you, little lass, called yourself Junie Letta. You've your father's eyes and hair, too, if you haven't his size. There never was another Junie Letta. You are mine! mine!"

It was almost too late. She could not speak, but with a glad, bright look she turned her little face to the one bent over it.

The mother kissed the cold, smiling mouth passionately.

"I will not let you go, my Junie," she said.

For answer the daughter sighed gently, and slipped down a little in her mother's sustaining arms. One farewell smile, one fluttering breath—the freed spirit had found its Paradise—the frail body lay dead in the bosom of Miss Poppleton's family.

5,579

SONG OF WINTER.

I stood upon the rustle bridge
Which lies across our sparkling Burle;
The earth was clothed, from plain to ridge
In gown as white as ocean pearl.

Each bough and spray was crys-taled o'er
With gleaming snowflakes soft and light;
And, as I watched the scene, I saw
A rosy tint o'erspread the white.

The Winter sun a gentle glow
Shed all around me as I stood;
It warmed the gauzy robe of snow,
Which disappeared from field and wood,

And vanished slowly, as a mist
Dissolves before the rising sun;
Leaving the willows golden-kissed
To show that Spring had just begun.

THE AXIS DEER.

THE axis, chittra, or spotted hog-deer, of India and Ceylon, has its horns on long footstalks, and simply forked at their tips. The color of this pretty animal is rather various, but is generally a rich golden-brown, with a dark-brown stripe along the back, accompanied by two series of white spots. The sides are covered with white spots, which, at first sight, appear to be scattered irregularly, but are seen on a careful inspection to be arranged in oblique, curved lines. There is, also, a white streak across the haunches. There are, however, many varieties of the axis deer, which differ in size as well as in color. The height of the adult axis is almost equal to that of the fallow deer.

It does not appear to possess so much restless activity as is seen in many other deer, and, owing to its nocturnal habits, is but seldom seen by day. It frequents the thick grass jungles, preferring the low-lying lands, where a stream is within easy reach, and passing the greater part of the day asleep, in the deep shade of the heavy foliage. If disturbed, it flies off with great speed for a short distance, but does not appear to be capable of maintaining a long chase.

TARRED FLOORS.—Some months ago the floors of many Austrian garrisons were painted with tar, and the results have proved so uniformly advantageous that the method is becoming greatly extended in its application. The collection of dust in cracks is thus prevented, and a consequent diminution in irritative diseases of the eye has been noted. Cleaning of the rooms has been greatly facilitated, and parasites are almost completely excluded. The coating of tar is inexpensive, requires renewal but once a year, and presents but one disadvantage—namely, its sombre color.

THREE TYPICAL AMERICANS.

BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

IN the early history of all communities there are to be found certain individuals who, by originality and force of character, bring themselves, apparently almost without their volition, to the front, and who rise above their fellows. They follow no model, but are possessed of a native ability and fitness for direction or command which quickly makes them conspicuous. They are termed representative men, and in their idiosyncrasies of mind and disposition they typify their period and surroundings. The historian, recording events and seeking to explain the influences which gave them birth, studies closely the character of these individuals, and views them, to a certain extent, as symbolic figures.

This country has produced at least three men of distinct originality and peculiar mental force, who made a great impression upon their own period, and whose lives must be diligently examined if we would understand the circumstances amid which they flourished. Nowhere else have changes been so swift and incessant as in the United States since we became an independent Power. The alterations in the customs and habits of society, within so short a space, are startling. Within fifty years civilization and refinement have so rapidly and universally spread, that the story of the career of David Crockett reads like romance.

Crockett is one of the three who may be taken as representative figures—men who, by strength of purpose, great native ability and sharp independence of character, exercised a powerful and, indeed, invincible influence. The other two are Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, and Benjamin Hardin, of Tennessee. Their careers open to readers scenes in the lives of the lowly and a state of semi-civilization which, to many, must be entirely new. Nothing could more vividly mark the changes this country has passed through during the last half-century than the chronicle of the wild and romantic experiences of these men, and, as already suggested, especially is this true of Crockett.

The Crocketts originally came from Ireland, landing, more than a hundred years ago, at Philadelphia. John Crockett, the grandfather of the famous Davy, with his wife and family, no sooner came ashore than he started to cross the pathless Alleghanies to find a home in the unknown West. Beside a single pack-horse, which held all their belongings except what they themselves could carry, they trudged, through dark and dangerous defiles and over precipitous cliffs, on foot. To cut their way through the forests they had a hatchet, and to supply them with food the father bore over his shoulder a gun. But they fared well. Game was abundant and by no means shy, and there was only the trouble of killing it. At length, after traversing many a weary mile, they reached the Holston River, in Tennessee. The whole region was a wilderness and swarmed with Indians. Then on to the Hawkins River they pursued their tedious march, and, following this lonely stream for many a mile, they settled, at length, at a place now called Rogersville. The dream was to achieve wealth by the rise in the value of land. It was an isolated spot. The log cabin in which the family lived was of the most primitive sort, roofed with bark of trees, and at night couches were made of the skins of bears, buffaloes and wolves. But existence was peaceful and happy and all went well until, one night, the family undreaming of danger, the Indians suddenly descended. Every member of the little circle, with one exception, was slain. The

was marked by many interesting incidents, and his speeches along the route created great wonder and amusement. At every stopping-place he had a batch of new stories to tell, and the most ridiculous anecdotes were related, many of them inventions, of his backwoods ignorance. At Washington he dined with the President, a very uncomfortable experience for him, as he says he felt like a fish in a frying-pan; but by watching what others did he succeeded in getting through without any particularly mortifying blunder. He served with great credit, constantly learning, never forgetting, and when he made a tour of the North later in the season, he was regarded as a man whose judgment on public questions was equal to that of any politician of the day. He was twice elected to Congress, but was never at his ease in Washington. The comforts and refinements of civilization were irksome to him.

When the war for the independence of Texas broke out, he hastened to take part, and performed miracles of valor in that gallant struggle. He was one of the defenders of the Alamo, where, after the surrender, with some others, he was massacred by Santa Anna, fighting to the last.

In every sense of the word David Crockett was a great man, and one of whom the country can never cease to be proud. Of his character one of his biographers says: "All were equal in his view. Without education, without refinement, without wealth or position or personal beauty, Crockett was self-possessed under all circumstances." His mind was rich in anecdote, his memory marvelous. His mode of expressing himself was rude, but full of graphic force, and he had the faculty of holding a crowd for hours. His famous phrase, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is strongly illustrative of his character, and will never be forgotten.

Turn we now to another typical American, one who, like Crockett, was of humble beginning, but whose great natural talents and force of temperament brought him into prominence, and in the end endowed him with a vast influence over his fellow-men. The name of Thomas Corwin is magical to those who knew him, or ever heard him speak. The debt the people of Ohio owe his memory is almost immeasurable, for he was, in a supreme sense, one of those who made the State great. He was a man of such variety of character that it is impossible to present a just analysis of him. He was sagacious, wise, witty, large-minded, and one who possessed a spirit that aspired to the skies. He was a voracious reader, and his particular literary passion was the study of biography.

The Corwin family came to America from Hungary, and they were accustomed to trace their origin to the celebrated Matthias Corvinus of that country. Several branches settled in Kentucky, where, in Bourbon County, on July 29th, 1794, Thomas was born. In 1798 his father, Matthias, removed to what is now Warren County, and settled on a farm near the present site of Lebanon. He became a member of the Legislature, and an Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Young Tom's first school was taught by Mr. Dunlevy, who afterward became a judge, and the house was a low, rough log cabin. The sessions were held only in the winter, as in the pleasanter months the boys were occupied on the farms. Tom Corwin was among those who received the formal part of their education in this way, but he was really an incessant student. He had a voracious appetite for books, and consecrated to them every spare moment. He was a young man of spirit and energy, for in 1812 volunteered for the war, and although he was for active service in the field,

he served as teamster, and underwent many hardships on the Northern frontier. When he returned from this expedition he resumed his labor on his father's farm.

In 1816 he studied law. He developed an early taste for politics, almost the only channel open to an ambitious young man at that time, and put himself up for the lower branch of the General Assembly of Ohio. He already displayed something of that matchless eloquence for which he afterward became famous. Indeed, at the age of fourteen, he was no unskillful orator, and the grace and spirit of his action and gesture, and the energy of his language, were often spoken of with admiration by the judicious.

It was a period when oratory was deemed the highest of gifts. The people of the country, particularly in the uncultivated sections, had a passion for public speaking, and any man who possessed the gift was almost certain to rise to distinction. There were few newspapers, and all questions were discussed in this way. Crowds would assemble from long distances to hear a popular orator; he received the same attention that we now see paid to a fine actor. Every aspiring young man, therefore, studied politics and public speaking, and looked forward to eminence as a statesman.

Corwin at an early period exhibited his superiority as a speaker by his efforts in court. He had great influence over a jury. His mind, from extensive reading, was a treasure-house of legal and miscellaneous information, and he was possessed of what was even more valuable, a fund of humor. Throughout his argument there ran an undercurrent of wit and fun which never failed of its effect. It was common then to confer upon popular favorites some nickname or designation, and Corwin was known as "The Wagoner Boy."

He was the wonder and object of admiration of Turtle Creek Valley. But it is a little curious that his first political speech was not altogether successful. He was nervous and agitated, and toward the end lost his words altogether. The situation might have been a little awkward to some others, but Corwin proposed that, as talking was dry work, there should be an adjournment for a drink. Those were days when hard and steady drinking was common—no one thought of it as an evil—and the suggestion was received with universal enthusiasm. No burst of eloquence or happy period could have rounded up the oration more satisfactorily to the taste of the audience.

Mr. Corwin was elected to Congress a number of times; indeed, no one else was thought of. Finally, in 1840, he ran for Governor. Campaign work in those times was not mere recreation, at least to a man who had achieved Corwin's reputation as a speaker. He was in clamorous demand in every direction—the idol of the people. Daily, for a hundred days, he addressed his admirers. A great crisis now existed in public affairs, and for six months preceding the election of 1840 the strain on popular feeling was intense. Business was almost suspended, and, of course, the blame was placed on the party in power. Says a writer: "Every day, in every part of the Republic, the public assembled in great crowds to be harangued. Where they came from was always a mystery. They gathered like the bees or the birds. In the wilderness, they exhaled from the swamps and emerged from the thickets and hollow sycamores. In the cities, they came down out of the garrets, up out of the cellars, and up through the mud between the paving-stones. The intelligent were as wild as the ignorant. The whole season from May to November was a frolic. Happy the man who had the talent for a stump-orator."

Mr. Corwin served for one term as Governor, and in 1844 was elected United States Senator. He took his seat upon the accession of Mr. Polk, in 1845, and served until 1850, when he was made Secretary of the Treasury by President Fillmore.

Corwin, although so admirable a speaker, had not a very powerful voice, but it was deep, and especially sweet in the lower tones. His gesticulations were graceful, animated and impressive. In addition to these gifts, he had remarkable mobility of countenance, and a story is told of a curious contest he had one Sunday afternoon with the preacher in a Baptist Church, at Lebanon. It was with the noted elder, John Finlay, who began to direct some rebukes, which applied to Corwin particularly, from the pulpit. Corwin was in a front pew, and could only answer with looks. The elder hurled his thunderbolts at him, and Corwin returned them through the medium of his facial expression, the congregation observing the battle with great interest. But the struggle was too unequal, and the statesman was beaten.

On another occasion, at a dinner in the City of Mexico, Corwin was seated between two ladies who spoke nothing but Spanish, while he spoke nothing but English. Nevertheless they conversed, each using his or her own tongue. By animated gesture and his dramatic skill in facial expression, Corwin managed to make himself tolerably understood, and the ladies afterward declared that they had never met with so delightful an American.

Popular orators and politicians have sometimes strange and amusing experiences. On one occasion, Corwin was speaking in Kentucky, and there was a tipsy fellow in the crowd who constantly interrupted him. Finally, the orator shook his fist at the disturber, and shouted: "I'll settle with you when I have ended." The man retired, apparently frightened, and nothing more was thought of the incident. When Corwin ended his oration he sought the barroom for refreshment, and, to his astonishment, was confronted by his tipsy acquaintance, who was now sober and very much in earnest, and who, with sleeves rolled up, said: "Now I am ready for you. Come around the corner." Corwin was so struck by the ludicrous seriousness of the man, that he burst out laughing and invited him to drink, and so the difficulty ended.

The old Town Hall of Lebanon was the scene of Corwin's early forensic efforts. A session of court was a great event. People came from far and near to transact business, make acquaintance, talk, enjoy sports, and hear the lawyers plead. Sometimes there was a speech of two days' length over a misunderstanding in a horse trade. The farmers had a passionate admiration for orators and oratory, and a good speaker might aspire to anything. All this has since disappeared, and the best lawyer is no longer the best speaker.

Corwin, in private life, was considered the most entertaining man of his day. After he left the President's Cabinet he returned to Cincinnati, and boarded at the Burnett House. In the evening he was accustomed to saunter into the ladies' ordinary, where a crowd soon gathered about him, and he kept them amused for hours. One gentleman describes how he passed the greater part of a night listening to Corwin's matchless conversation.

A peculiar circumstance is that, although Corwin spoke so well, and on his feet had such command of language, he was an indifferent writer. With the pen in his hand his ideas seemed hampered.

In 1858 he went back to Congress, but he was a changed man. He missed the companions of his youth, and to the new generation he was a memory only. His fame was known to them, but in seeing him they did not

appear able to realize that this was the great Corwin in the flesh. He was almost like the ghost of a departed genius. But round his seat they gathered to listen to his wonderful stories of the past, in the narration of which all the old magic was still evident. He brightened as he went back to the familiar scenes. His habitual manner, however, was sad. "The gods were gone."

Mr. Corwin died suddenly in 1865, glad, it was thought, to obey the summons.

Kentucky has had her share of great men, but has produced none of whom she is prouder than Ben Hardin. The family came originally from France, and claims Huguenot descent. Anciently the name is said to have been Hardouin. The parents of the subject of this sketch were Benjamin, Sr., and Sarah Hardin, who were cousins, and both natives of Virginia. The younger Benjamin, or Ben, as he was always called, was born at George's Creek settlement on the Monongahela River, Westmoreland County, Pa., on February 29th, 1784, and he early gave promise of unusual vigor of body and mind. When he was about four years old the family removed to Kentucky.

As a boy, Ben was fond of all outdoor amusements, such as fishing and hunting, running, wrestling and jumping; but as soon as he began to attend school, books opened a new world to his eager young mind. Nevertheless, he did not wholly relinquish his active sports. At this time the settlements in the region where the family resided were very sparse. The cabins were generally one story high, sixteen to twenty feet square, covered with rough boards, with a stone chimney or one of clay and sticks, and a puncheon floor. A worm-rail fence, or one of brush, ran round the clearing, and in a rude way the land was plowed and cultivated. Cattle and hogs, and an abundance of game, furnished the table. The men of the family worked the land, hunted, and occasionally joined in expeditions against the Indians, while the women remained at home spinning and weaving, and engaged in the various duties of the household. The style of dress was peculiar, the wearers having more an eye to warmth and comfort than beauty. But they were a hospitable, happy and industrious class of people. Their amusements were log-rollings, quiltings, weddings, musters of militia, shooting matches, and, it may be said, elections.

Hardin grew up well-read, studious, and filled with the ambition to succeed in statesmanship and the law. He soon became identified with debating societies, those wonderful fields for practice, now almost obsolete, and although his first efforts were unfortunate, the effect afterward of the experience upon his natural talent for oratory was incontestable. At Bardstown he was admitted to the Bar, and in the adjoining town of Elizabethtown he immediately began practice.

At that period lawyers "rode circuit," and the sitting of court was a momentous event in the county towns. When the judge arrived with the retinue of attorneys, which followed him everywhere, an immense sensation was created. While they remained the court business proceeded during the day, and at night conviviality and card-playing followed. The town was crowded with all classes of people, and the gaming was deep and desperate. Hardin joined the practitioners on the circuit, but derived his earliest gains to a far larger degree from the card-table than from professional practice.

In 1807 the young lawyer was married to Miss Betsy Barbour, the daughter of Colonel Ambrose Barbour, of Washington County, and his first great case after he had entered into his new condition was the suit of one May

regarding a tract of land. Hardin scarcely ate or slept for days, occupying himself incessantly with his argument, and the details of law and fact. His speech made a tremendous impression, and he was successful in gaining his cause, and not long afterward he was appointed Commonwealth's Attorney.

Hardin was twenty-seven years old when he took his first step in political life. He was chosen as a representative of his county in the State Legislature, and the most important Bill passed while he occupied this position was an act for the discouragement of dueling. Hardin's speech against this crime was considered one of the strongest arguments ever made on the subject.

In 1815 Mr. Hardin was elected to Congress, and he took a vigorous part in the debate on the treaty of commerce concluded a little while before with Great Britain. The following year he made what he always considered the best speech of his life, in reply to Henry Clay, against the measure chartering the United States Bank. "Hardin is like a kitchen-knife whetted on a brick," said John Randolph. "He cuts roughly, but cuts deep."

Hardin was very active throughout the session, but owing to the part he took in the passage of the Compensation Law, he was not re-elected. But in 1819 he ran again, and was more successful. After serving his term faithfully, he retired for a while from public life, but we find him again a member in 1833. In those days it was the practice of Congressmen, partly from economy and partly from a desire for greater comfort, to mess together, and Mr. Hardin, during two sessions, messed with his congenial friend, Governor Thomas Corwin. Frugality was more thought of by the national legislators than at present. It is related that Judge L —, representing the Louisville district, carried the principles of saving so far as to send his soiled linen home by mail, under his frank, to be washed, and his wife returned it after the process, adding to the address: "Free, Jennie L." In 1837 Mr. Hardin's congressional career finally ended.

He returned to the practice of the Bar, and took part in a number of celebrated trials, one of them the famous Wilkinson murder case, in which among the counsel opposed to Hardin was S. S. Prentiss. In these two great lawyers the whole interest of the struggle was centered. Hardin's speech occupied two days, and was a masterly effort. His interest in politics, however, remained undiminished, and in the great Presidential struggle between Clay and Polk he did immense service for the former. But the personal relations between himself and Clay were not altogether pleasant. Clay he considered jealous and tyrannical, and esteemed himself quite the superior of the great commoner as a lawyer.

And as a lawyer Hardin must rank as one of the foremost of his time. He had remarkable powers of perception, and a memory of adamant. He forgot nothing. He possessed, also, to an extraordinary degree, the faculties of concentration and mental picturing. He was laborious as a student, and omnivorous as a reader. So gifted and famous a man might have easily become rich, but he was careless of fees. It was in a jury trial that he was at his best, and his remarks sometimes, as the work of selecting a jury proceeded, were novel and striking. On one occasion he refused a hare-lipped man, saying to his colleague that "no man on whom the Almighty had put His mark would do to trust. When," said he, "the Creator has not finished His work, let it alone. Such men always wish to bring others down to the level of their own misfortune." Hardin took no notes; facts, dates, names, faces, authorities and references remained indelibly in

his memory. Says his biographer: "It was only when he came to argue a case that he manifested his highest skill and power. Sometimes he began as if a torrent, checked and obstructed in its flow, had suddenly broken bounds, bearing all before it. Most usually, however, he began with more deliberation. Straightening his stalwart form to its full height, usually standing beside a table, with the finger-tips of one hand resting thereon—his crippled hand—one foot somewhat advanced, features fixed, with expression of earnest and deep thought, the body slightly inclined forward, a few minutes of absolute silence, nervously compressing his lips, and then he began." It is a curious comment on the unceremonious ways of the people at that period that it was a common occurrence for Mr. Hardin to address the court or jury in his shirt-sleeves. He

BEN HARDIN.

began a speech with his coat on, as he warmed up he threw aside his cravat, next his waistcoat, and so stood, at length, almost *in puris naturalibus*.

He was a magnetic speaker, but not, perhaps, a good elocutionist. He was a good reasoner and always entertaining. Judge Little compares him to the late Jere Black.

His personal appearance was very striking. He was fully six feet in height, of large bone and frame, but not fleshy, and as he walked he had the student's stoop. There was much angularity in his general make-up, and he was careless in respect to dress. His face was thoughtful at all times and rarely vivacious. Foppishness of attire was his aversion.

The severest criticism ever made upon Hardin was that of the brilliant Thomas F. Marshall, who said: "Within a narrow and vicious circle, Ben Hardin is a good judge of bad men. A scoffer and cynic, with no deep moral sense himself, with neither relish nor perception of

the sublime and great, he has studied human nature in its shameful parts, and thinks he knows the whole anatomy of man. A shrewd man he certainly is, but shrewdness is not wisdom."

On the other hand, one of Mr. Hardin's greatest admirers was S. S. Prentiss.

Hardin died in September, 1852. He might have lived much longer but for a fall from a horse. In the lingering hours of his illness his thoughts turned toward religious matters, and he expressed his belief in Christianity. The powers of his mind were undiminished, and those who came to sit by his bedside enjoyed the rare treat of his conversation.

"On the farm in Washington County," says Judge Little, in his admirable biography, "where Mr. Hardin's parents had settled on coming to Kentucky, in 1788, their bodies had long been laid to rest. Others of his family, dying before him, had been interred in the public cemetery at Bardstown, Mrs. Hardin being the last. By the side of his parents, in a spot marked by evergreen-trees (and of late by some intrusive locusts in addition), in an old and neglected field, near the public road from Springfield to Lebanon, a few miles from the former, stands a stone, bearing as its sole inscription: 'Ben Hardin, of Bardstown.' There his dust now reposes."

JENNY LIND.

ALL songs that thrill the trembling heaven of Spring,
Or voice her woodlands, from the lark's first note
To Philomel's good-night, all strains that float
In music atoms on each zephyr's wing,
All melody e'er born of earthly thing,
Mellowed a thousand-fold, from her sweet throat
Leaped in one carol that all heart-strings smote,
And taught the dumbest souls of men to sing.

Alas! her spirit, with white wings outspread,
Speeds forth to sing in sunnier climes than ours!
O skies that drank her songs, stretch o'er her head
Your rainbow harmonies of sun and showers!
Strew, blossoms, strew your petals on her bed,
Tell her you wove her melodies in flowers!

WHAT TWO TOLD.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAWYER'S STORY OF FAILURE.

"I SHALL never forget the first time I saw Leona Duncerath. I suppose that when I am dying, when I ought to be thinking of other things, when I should be sure that sin has been left behind me, and that there is only sure and steadfast hope before, I shall remember that rarest of all times—the perfect night in the long-ago June when she who has been more to me than any other woman ever has been or ever can be came into my life.

Came into my life? Yes, and saved it when she came. I—I wonder whether I have been very ungrateful not to have been as steadfast and firm as she?

It was not a very strange thing, nor a very remarkable one, that she did. Only rowed out, an eighth of a mile or so, and pulled a man into her boat and took him ashore again. Any one could have done it, any one with strong arms and a steady head and a brave heart—any one with quick thought and alert faculties. But others, men too, some of them, ran helplessly up and down the beach, shouting incoherent orders to men who had no thought of obeying. She, she of all those congregated

there, was quick enough to do what she saw was needed; she, she of all those who looked and lamented, saw that delay would grow into failure if it lingered long; and she, she from among all who gave good wishes to the man who had drifted out so far as to be beyond the power of helping himself, came out and saved his life. I shall never forget it. I shall never forget her. For I was the man to whom she came. I was cramped and helpless. I was drowning. And she came none too soon.

It was as fine an evening as one ever need see. The full moon, rising in glory in the cloudless blue of the eastern sky, made ample recompense for the stars, obscured by setting the signet of her delicate brightness on tree and hill—on sand and rolling waves. Summer's clouds, piled mountain high in rugged beauty all along the west, were scarcely growing dull and dark yet, from the slow withdrawing of the magic power of the sunshine which had burned and brightened among them after the sun had gone below our horizon—the horizon of those whose home was the earth instead of the clouds, and which had beaten and burnished them into columns of gold and pillars of silver.

A perfect evening! An evening when a man can easily forget either heat or cold; an evening when it is hard to remember toil or failure; an evening when it is a terrible mockery of the impotence of human strength to be called upon to face death, and to face it in utter helplessness.

And she saved me.

I went up to my room at the hotel for a change of clothing and for something warm inside to keep out the chill, because she had done her best; I walked, instead of being slowly carried by four friends—two at my head and two at my feet—because her best had been quick and ready and wise; I went in life and strength and hope, instead of in silence and death, because she had lived.

Do you wonder that my heart warmed toward Leona Duncerath? Is it strange I chafed at the decision of my friends, who said I was too weak and too much nervously depressed to meet and thank my preserver that night, and that I found the night long and the nervousness growing, because they kept me an unwilling prisoner in my room?

I met Leona Duncerath on the morrow. I found a mutual friend, who volunteered to make me acquainted with her in the most conventional and unromantic fashion. I felt, somehow, that that was best, though I should have gone to her to thank her, even though I had had to go alone.

I had had scarcely more than a glimpse of the lady the evening before, for she had worked rapidly and silently, and I had been almost gone. I had gathered the idea that she was quite pretty, however, dark and stately and dignified. I found, when I came to meet her face to face, by daylight, that instead of being merely pretty, she was remarkably handsome. She was dark—very, very dark, her hair the blackest I had ever seen, her eyes seeming even yet blacker than her hair, and her skin a marvel of velvety brunette perfection. She was tall, self-possessed, queenly. I found in a very short time that she was as ready at repartee as at rescue, and as quick with her tongue as with her ears.

Leona Duncerath was a universal favorite. She was as generally liked by the women as by the men, a fact which struck me as rather remarkable. But, then, Leona Duncerath was a rather remarkable woman in most respects.

Strangely enough, she had no lovers—at least not

until I came. Perhaps men who go down to the seashore to spend a short Summer vacation had rather flirt with some bright and piquant little body than sit down beside so earnest and intense a creature as Leona Dunerath. It may be that her culture was against her, that most men liked more light talk, and less of sound sense. It may be—

But I don't know. So I need not pursue even so fascinating a subject as the character of this wonderful woman.

As for me, I liked Miss Dunerath. Gratitude led me to her. Interest kept me near her until I had grown well acquainted with her. And after that, I doubt whether I really cared to go.

Did I love Miss Dunerath? That is a question which is hard to answer. I was her lover, so the world said, and the world is not unlikely to be right. I walked with her in the morning, in the afternoon, in the evening; I rowed her up and down the broad bay, and along the river beyond it; I even ventured out upon the sea itself, because she liked it. We took horses, not infrequently, and rode away for a half-day's pleasure in the fields and woods and hills.

I learned to listen, for a man cannot always avoid overhearing, you know, for the remarks which followed us wherever we went. I liked to hear the name of Dudley Wynway coupled with that of Leona Dunerath; it is not always that a young lawyer, barely beyond his time of waiting for a practice which will keep him from want in the world, can monopolize the time of a woman who has wealth and beauty and talents—a woman without a trait one would wish lacking—a woman lacking nothing a man would wish her to have or to be.

But—did I love her? I didn't know. I wasn't sure. Men have passed such perfection as hers by, time and again, to love less worthily. I was not sure I loved her, but I told her I did. Where is the man who could have looked her in the face and blamed me? I had no doubt we should be happy together; I knew I should be proud to face her over our dining-table, with our mutual friends sitting by to admire her and envy me; I had no reason for thinking I should not grow to care for her more and more tenderly as time went by—no reason for believing I should not love her, some time in the future; I had never seen a woman for whom I cared so much as for her. And so—I took a lie from my soul, fashioned it upon my lips, and laid its pleading question before her for her answer.

It is scarcely for me, perhaps, even to guess how much flattery or temptation she found in my offer. I can only say, honestly if not modestly, that there was so much of passion in her words and her tones that I was surprised and a little frightened. I had spoken under no sudden impulse; I had deliberately determined upon what I was to do; I had chosen the very words I would say; I had rehearsed the sentences I would speak and the gestures with which I would give them emphasis; I had selected the very spot, and the very time—a quiet nook among the hills, where we should turn and face the sunset as we rode slowly home at night—and I carried out my programme to the very letter. A man would be a poor lawyer, whatever might be said of him as a lover, who would let the beauty of a woman, the loveliness of a landscape, or the grandeur of an Autumn sunset, compel him to fall short of his well-studied ideal of language and its accompaniments of gesture and expression. It may be that some men, men thoroughly in earnest, for instance, would have found in the hour and the surrounding an inspiration to something better than they

had planned. Not so myself. I was content to do exactly as I had predetermined.

And what need of more? What need—since I had more than the success I coveted? This peerless woman had no coyness to conquer, no shyness to overcome, no coquetry to battle against. She gave me the answer I had asked for, her very soul shining in her eyes, and when I leaned toward her for our first kiss, her lips met mine more than half way.

I rode home with her less slowly than usual. Strange to say, I wanted to be alone. Naturally enough, under the circumstances, we were more silent than usual. But I do not think Leona noticed it; she sat in the saddle as superbly as ever, her slightly stooped head more gracefully charming than its usual uprightness had ever been, and the tender womanliness and joy in her face, alike under the fading glory of sunlight and beneath the gathering gloom of twilight, was a glorious revelation.

A revelation! And so I was ill at ease. I wondered whether I had thought too much of her face, her conversational powers, her social position, and her money? I wondered whether it was possible I had thought too little of her? Had I lied to her? Would she ever find it out? What would she do if she did?

There were new arrivals loitering on the hotel-piazza when we rode up, just as the long twilight was really leaving the world to the coming night.

I had time to notice but two, and one of them only because her presence brought a something which was very like a frown into the face of the woman who had just promised to be my wife. It was not strange that a man should give a glance of curiosity to the woman who had power to print a scowl on a face which he had never seen disfigured by one before, especially when he had recently acquired a sort of ownership in the face and its wearer.

The newcomer, a tired-looking blonde, with a look in her eyes which seemed to betoken an ugly sort of temper, stood almost directly in our way, close to the door, as we went up the steps and crossed the broad piazza. The look in her eyes! It was surely there, as I have said, and yet she masked it with a smile.

She held out her hand to Leona, but in vain. Leona did not give her hers in return.

"You here?" she asked, harshly.

"Certainly. Why not?" asked the blonde.

"Who gave you permission?"

"No one; I didn't ask any."

"But, I —"

"It is none of your business, is it?"

"I think so. I'll make it my business."

"Will you? For you dare? If you try, Leona Dunerath, I'll make it the sorriest thing you ever attempted."

"You will?"

"I will. Who's he?"

The conversation had been carried on in undertones, but I could not help hearing all that was said. This was the first indication, however, of the fact that the blonde young lady had seen me at all. She did not look at me now, not directly enough for it to be admissible for me to bow, but she half turned my way, and made some little gesture which I did not fully see.

"A friend of mine," said Leona.

"Indeed? What's his name?"

"Wynway, Dudley Wynway."

"A charming name! Is he as charming himself?"

She lowered her voice still more. But still I could not help hearing what she said.

"I don't know."

Leona's manner was growing frigid. Her tones were

icy. Her face was growing pale. She bit her lip nervously. I could not tell whether she was most annoyed or angry.

"You don't? Doesn't he flirt?"

"No."

"Nor you?"

"Never, as you know."

The blonde laughed airily.

"An excellent joke, Leona, a most excellent joke: Is it because opportunity never comes your way? I shall teach this young man the mysteries of flirtation, and— and—"

"Don't you dare!" hissed my beautiful betrothed, her cheeks scarlet—but with what emotion I could not determine.

"Aha! Is that it?" said the blonde, and she laughed again; "are you in earnest, at last? And is he? How very charming! Does he know—"

But she had no one to finish her question to, unless she took a perfect stranger like me into her confidence in the matter. Leona had pushed by her, and into the hotel.

And, though I had not withdrawn many steps when the conversation between her and the other lady began, she had gone without saying a word of farewell to me, or seeming to remember my presence. Nothing of the sort had happened before since I first made her acquaintance. And, besides, she had not introduced me to the blonde. It was queer, decidedly queer.

But don't think I have forgotten the other newcomer. I

beautiful picture, and a touching one. I shall never forget it.

"Do you know that gentleman, Dr. Danton?" she asked.

"Certainly," with a strangely quizzical smile.

"I wish to know him"—promptly, loudly and a little imperiously.

"Very well. You shall."

She turned. I had stopped, instead of advancing. He walked back, gravely and quietly, with her, and paused where I stood.

"Dudley," he said, "this lady wishes to know you. Miss Raymond, this is my friend Mr. Wynway."

She smiled kindly. She put out her dainty little hand with a witchery which was delightful. She spoke with a candor and frankness in her tones and her manner which was at once shy and familiar. She was surely an entrancing sort of woman.

"I am a very exacting person where my friends are concerned," she said, with a merry little laugh; "will you walk with me a quarter of an hour, and point out all the celebrities?"

I suppose I might have pleaded any one of a score of reasons for declining such a prompt request from my new acquaintance. I was expecting Leona down soon, and meant to coax her away for a row on the bay and river. And yet, it would not have been quite the truth to have entered the plea of a prior engagement with Miss Raymond. So I made no such plea. I went with her, as she desired. Perhaps I had grown suddenly sensitive regarding

MIDDLE AGE.

"YOU'RE GETTING LONG-SIGHTED, DEAREST. YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR GLASSES."
"STUFF AND NONSENSE! IT'S NOT MY SIGHT THAT'S LONG—IT'S MY ARMS
THAT AREN'T LONG ENOUGH!"

while I stood facing her, making some childish plea of weariness for her excuse.

I was saying to myself that she was certainly very pretty and very charming, and asking myself whether I had been unjust in my judgment of her as regarded temper and a fine feminine ugliness, when she spoke. And, as she spoke, a look came into her face which was a confirmation of more than I had guessed or imagined.

one of her own blood, if her interest was on the side of wickedness and cruelty. She is the most abominable flirt——"

"Miss Raymond!"

"No wonder you are startled. I had a feeling yesterday that she had been trusted long enough down here by herself, and that I ought to come down to stop her mischief and save some one from her wiles. I warn you,

WHAT TWO TOLD.—"I FOUND LEONA, WHITE-FACED AND FULL OF AGONY AND TERROR, WATCHING OVER POOR, DEAD LITTLE MAGGIE. A LONG, SHARP KNIFE HAD DONE THE WICKED WORK." SEE PAGE 350.

"I hate Leona Dunerath," she said.

"Indeed? Do you know her well?"

"I ought to. She is my half-sister. We had the same mother."

"Did you?"

"Yes. And we've lived in the same house nearly all our lives. She's a strange woman—a very strange woman, a thoroughly unscrupulous and evil-minded woman. She would not hesitate to deceive her best friend. She would not shrink from any wrong she could inflict on

Mr. Wynway, and it will only be the worse for you if you fail to heed it. You see I am very frank, and——"

"Yes, Miss Raymond, I see you are."

"And that is because I hate Leona Dunerath," she exclaimed, spitefully, "and not because—because——"

She paused abruptly, blushed, and nervously turned over the stones and shells with the toe of her shapely shoe.

I was startled, puzzled, and—if I must confess it—a little flattered. But I made no attempt to follow up the

astounding subject which seemed to be opened before me. On the contrary, I stood on my dignity, and in the defense of the lady who had promised to become my wife.

"What reasons have you for disliking Miss Dunerath?" I asked.

The little blonde shrugged her shoulders.

"Pardon me, Mr. Wynway," she said, "but I must correct you; you have the wrong word. I do not dislike Leona; *I hate her!*"

"Indeed? Why?"

"Well, she knows too much."

"She is highly cultured," I responded.

She stared at me, as though she did not quite understand me—or, perhaps, as though I did not understand her at all—and made me no answer whatever.

"Surely you have other reasons?" I insisted.

"Yes."

"What are they?"

"Ask her. I won't tell."

"What shall I ask her?"

She looked up—looked me full in the face, and she seemed more childlike and helpless than ever.

"Ask her about Maggie," she said.

"What about Maggie?"

"Ask her."

"Who was Maggie?"

"Ask her."

"And what——"

"That's all," she replied, rising, and her whole manner seeming full of a petty malice; "that's all. You ask her that, and she'll tell you all the rest."

Nothing could shake her stubborn determination; she held to her demand that I should ask Leona about Maggie, and that from her alone should I obtain anything in the way of the information regarding which this very remarkable young lady had made me genuinely curious.

We returned to the hotel together. My conscience hurt me a little, as I thought of Leona Dunerath; it was true she had left me without a word of farewell, and that, too, after a half-day's ride, followed by a fine game supper up among the hills, had risen to the climax of betrothal; but doubtless Miss Raymond had terribly annoyed her; I should not have allowed myself to be led away as I had been; I had been listening to such language as no loyal man should have given his attention to. I may as well confess that my conscience hurt me very much.

When we reached the hotel, it was some other part of my mental anatomy which hurt me. Perhaps my pride—possibly my fear—was the exciting cause.

And yet, it was only a little thing which troubled me. Dr. Gerald Danton was seated in a pleasantly retired spot on the broad piazza, and was quietly talking with Leona Dunerath. That was all.

I don't know why it wasn't as right and as well for her to enjoy herself, as for me to do so. And yet, the sight of those two made me almost jealous. I was almost sure, when I saw them, that I had told Leona the truth when I told her that I loved her.

Danton was considerate enough to excuse himself and leave Leona alone soon after I had managed to get rid of Miss Raymond—if that is a correct and not too ungallant way of stating how my evening with the little blonde ended. Danton had always seemed a gentleman. He certainly acted like one then.

I had—not what most of you expect. It was not a reconciliation, for no word or look on Leona's part indicated that she felt there had been any difference

between us. It was not an explanation, for she neither asked for one nor gave me an opportunity to offer one. No quarrel—for she had never been kinder nor sweeter in her demeanor than she was in that pleasant half-hour just before midnight. It was a reminder of the days and the evenings which were scattered all along my memory of her acquaintance and mine, save that it was changed and glorified by the thousand intangible little things—glances, gestures, turns of her head, changes in the color on her cheeks and lips, which told me that she was glad and happy that I had faced the sunset and her sweet self with the words on my lips which I had so carefully planned and so effectively uttered.

At first, I had been fearful that there was something in her thoughts and feelings, as regarded that evening, of which I could not approve. I feared she might possibly resent my conduct, though that fear was less than one I had that she had enjoyed the evening as well as I had. Danton was a fine-looking fellow—and perhaps going away with Belle Raymond was not the only act of mine in doing which I had made a fool of myself.

But the half-hour reassured me. Danton was evidently an old friend of Leona's; he was as evidently nothing more. And so far as any displeasure with me was concerned, my return to her had dissipated all that, and driven it from her mind for ever.

When I kissed her good-night, under the shade of a friendly tree on the lawn, I was as sure of Leona Dunerath as I had been when we rode home together from the hills that evening. Sure? I was surer of her than of myself. And so far as Dr. Gerald Danton was concerned, I had nothing more than a friendly pity for him—pity, that is, if he had failed for once in a contest with me, and in a case where the difference between success and failure was as much as it could not help but be to so earnest and steadfast a man as he.

I thought over many things, events for which I had to go back into the past, as I lay on my bed that night and tried to find sleep. I thought of the old days when Danton and I had been college boys together, and firm friends, though we had been rivals always. He had won all the prizes; I had won none. I was brilliant—he slow and faithful. I was fickle—he sure and steadfast. No prize for which we two had contended had ever come to me—unless this quiet and earnest gentleman had tried to win the love of Leona Dunerath, and had failed.

I went to sleep with my thoughts full of my scarcely hoped for—scarcely desired—success. I shall not deny that my intuitive belief as to the way in which Danton regarded her had raised the value of Leona Dunerath in my eyes.

On the morrow I invited Leona to accompany me on another ride to the hills. She assented to my wishes, and her blush was very becoming to her. She seemed very glad of an opportunity to ride over, again, the route of yesterday. Why? I do not know. No one man can ever make a first declaration of love to any one woman more than once!

The day was pleasant. We enjoyed it fully. If my wooing lagged, sometimes, her matter-of-fact faith and trust bridged all the distance between us. I think, looking from the present, over the many long years which have passed over us all since then and now, that there is no happier day recorded in my memory than that one.

We started home as usual. We turned the corner in the road, as we had the evening before, and the hills opened away before us toward the setting sun. She leaned toward me, her deep-black eyes lighted with the love she felt.

"My dear one—" she began.

I interrupted her. I don't know why. I have never been able to guess. What devil brought up the memory of that weak blonde face—and the weaker words which came from her lips—I do not know.

But I looked Leona Dunerath full in the eyes, and I asked little Belle Raymond's question.

"Will you tell me about Maggie?" I demanded.

I had never seen such a look pass over any woman's face. I pray God I never shall again. Sorrow, horror, despair, all these were stamped upon the pallid countenance she half averted from me as she drew back.

"About Maggie?" she asked, and her lips seemed to find it hard to shape the words.

"Yes; about Maggie."

"What—what—"

I was startled, but I was puzzled and annoyed as well.

"What?" I cried; "tell me all."

"Is—is it possible you know nothing?"

"Nothing."

"I cannot believe it. After what you told me yesterday—told me here—it cannot be possible that I must go back and go over that wretched story again."

"What about Maggie? Who was Maggie? And what—" My unanswered questions to Belle Raymond, crowded forward to my lips; I began to dimly guess why I had had no rivals with Leona Dunerath all that Summer long; it might be that the rest of mankind had all known something, at least, of the story of Maggie.

I looked Leona in the eyes.

"I think you must tell me the story," I said.

"You told me yesterday that you loved me," was her unexpected reply; the color came all back in her face again—and more; "was it true?"

"It was," I answered. It was the safest thing to say, since any other answer could never be unsaid with such a woman as Leona Dunerath.

"Will you take my word, then, when I say that I love you with all my heart and soul?"

"Yes."

"That there is no act in all my life which is in any sense dishonorable or wicked?"

"I think so."

"And that I will try in the future to so live, as I assure you I have lived in the past, as to be worthy of even the blessing of your love, Dudley?"

Dudley! It was the first time she had ever called me by my given name. I was touched. *But worthy of my love!* I had a lingering doubt as to the exalted character of a life that would require. I fear I was not quite cordial in my answer to her question.

"Yes," was what I said, however.

"And you will let that story of Maggie go untold?"

Her question was eager, hopeful, almost prayerful.

I shook my head.

"No, I cannot do that," I replied; "what about Maggie, Leona?"

"A—a great deal," she faltered; "will you wait a little? Will you give me time to think?"

"No; I want the story now."

"But here—here is where you first told me you loved me. Let us ride on, and—"

"No! I want the story here and now."

The tears came into her eyes, but she held them back with an effort.

"Very well, I will tell you the story—here and now."

"Thank you. Who was Maggie?"

"My cousin; a sweet little girl; an orphan."

"And what—"

"Her mother left her rich. The property was held in trust for her, but was to be hers absolutely when she became eighteen years of age. Dying before that, the property was to go to my mother or to her heirs."

She paused. But I had no word to say to help nor to encourage her. I dreaded to listen, but I was determined to know all. To the very end, she must tell the story of Maggie. And, very soon, she continued:

"My mother was dead. And, one day, five years ago, poor little Maggie was murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, and—" a sudden awful pause, with a look of suspicion, a look like a hunted animal, in her eyes—"who—who told you to question me?"

"Miss Raymond."

"And—*and what did she tell you?* What was her story of this awful thing?"

"She told me nothing. She only said I should ask you."

She said something under her breath. I am not sure what it was. I think it was "*Thank God!*" Then she went slowly and sadly on with her story, on to the very end:

"They arrested me for the murder. There seemed to be no one else toward whom suspicion so strongly pointed. And, then, I gained so much by her death. They tried me. I was acquitted, and set free. That is all of the story. Believe me, Mr. Wynway." (It was Mr. Wynway, now, and the change seemed harsh and unjust, though she had only called me Dudley once). "I supposed yesterday that you knew all this. Otherwise, I—I—"

"You would have refused me?"

"No, Dudley, for I love you; but I would have told you all this before I accepted you."

"Thank you. Was the real murderer ever known?"

"The authorities never found the real criminal."

"And that was five years ago?"

"It was."

"But you—you established your innocence?"

Her head fell forward a little.

"Pardon me," she said, with a sweet, pathetic sadness; "they could not establish my guilt. There were doubts, and I had the benefit of them. But you—you *know* I am innocent, do you not?"

"I—I suppose so," I replied; "I surely hope so. But of course, under the circumstances, with—with such a cloud on your name, I couldn't—really I couldn't—"

"Sir!"

Her eyes fairly blazed with scorn and fury. I was afraid of her, actually afraid, but I held to my purpose. I could not compromise myself by doing otherwise.

"*I cannot marry you,*" I said, and I think I said it quite calmly.

She fairly reeled in her saddle, her hands tightly clasped over her heart, and her face full of agony. I thought she would fall, and urged my horse nearer in order to help her.

But she drew her rein up sharply, and swung her horse away from me. She raised her whip, and I thought at first she was going to strike me with it, though she really used it upon the beast she rode. I believed, however, as she rode rapidly away, without looking back, and with a vivid spot of scarlet shining in each cheek, that she had at first meant the blow for me; and I think so still.

I have never spoken to Leona Dunerath since, nor she to me. I have never seen her but once; I am not quite sure she has seen me at all. Last night I saw her up

me from one another. I did not let vanity suggest a reason, not in those days.

Belle needed to use no arts. Leona was not fond of me. She liked almost any of the boys better than she did me.

Years went by. I was a young man, and a student in college. Leona was almost a young lady, and attentions which were meant seriously began to come to her. And I—I had not even the poor pleasure of corresponding with her in my long absences.

I became acquainted with Dudley Wynway at college. We became friends, because we were so unlike in all things, I suppose.

I never knew a more brilliant man than Dudley Wynway. I never knew a less persistent and laborious one.

Wynway was the most fickle man I ever knew. He had a half-dozen lady correspondents, at least, and some new sweetheart in the college town as often as once every school year. Reckless, careless, insincere, Wynway was scarcely the sort of man for men to admire. But women liked him. And I was his friend.

I shall always remember the horrible day when Maggie Dalartre met her cruel fate. An orphan, living with her uncle, Mr. Raymond, I, of course, knew her well. And no one could know her and not admire the sweetness of her nature.

It was a torrid day in August, a day with stormy skies and wild electrical displays in the morning, but with fair weather and sunshine in the afternoon. Mr. Raymond was away from home, having gone to town soon after dinner. The servants were at a neighbor's house, a mile away. Belle was down at the further end of the lawn, with the deer and the rabbits and the birds, the dumb friends she still loved so well in spite of her womanly eighteen years. And Leona—the one who usually sat singing on the piazza, every pleasant afternoon, while her fingers busied themselves with some pretty bit of work—she was not to be seen nor heard as I came up to the house that afternoon.

I rang once—twice—without an answer. Then I availed myself of the long-existing friendship of our country neighborhood, and went in.

I found Leona, white-faced and full of agony and terror, but silent, hot-eyed and tearless, watching over poor little Maggie. A long, sharp knife, with a fancy hilt of silver, had done the wicked work. The little one lay as quietly and smilingly as though sleeping, but it did not need more than a glance to tell the hopeless truth. She had gone from her happy girlish slumber, a slumber into which she had fallen when weary with her play, straight down the dark halls of death.

The knife was Leona's. There was no doubt of that. She did not deny it. She would allow no one else to deny it for her.

Leona was the only one who had been in the house for hours, so far as could be learned. All the rest said it. Leona admitted it. That is, she admitted it so far as they were concerned. She had some incoherent tale to tell of a tramp who had come to the door, and who had been sent away by her. But she did not think he had entered the house, so she said, and no one else had seen him at all. Not on any road leading there; not on any way going from there; not in the neighborhood, before nor after the tragedy, had any other eyes than those of Leona Dunerath seen him at all, so far as we could learn. Had he sprung, fully grown, from the unholy conditions under which his kind flourish, and from the soil on which they live though they toil not, his presence at Mr. Raymond's house could not have been more mysterious

and unheralded; and had the ground opened and swallowed him up, his disappearance could not have been more remarkable and complete. It is scarcely necessary to say that few believed in the story of the tramp. Abstractly, as a fact entirely apart from Leona Dunerath, I cannot wonder at that.

I believed in Leona's story, of course, because I believed in her.

"Her story is true; it must be the solution; no other one is possible," said Mr. Raymond, again and again, desperately and despairingly, in the wretched days that followed. But I often thought his mental state, his thought behind the words, was hope rather than belief—that, and a purpose to make others accept the theory of the crime having been committed by some reckless stranger in retaliation for some fancied slight in the words in which Leona had told him to go.

Poor Belle! She raved and mourned over the catastrophe as though she would never be comforted. But she always insisted on ending up with a sullen avowal in her belief that Leona's story of the tramp was a piece of clever fiction.

"It is impossible that such a thing happened," she said. And she only echoed the general sentiment when she said it.

Leona was arrested. It was almost a matter of course that she should be, though Mr. Raymond did all in his power to prevent it, and I did the little which my youth and small experience rendered possible.

The case was a strong one against Leona, though there was something to urge against every argument the prosecution could advance, *except one!*

Against the fact that she was alone in the house with Maggie, there was her story of the tramp's visit. I saw, though, and wondered much at it, that she had little to say of that after the law had once laid its strong hand upon her. Others had to urge that story then, and try to make her tell it as convincingly as she had before.

Against the cruelty and deceitfulness and wickedness of it all, there were the actions and words of her whole former life to urge.

She had a good home, with every comfort which one could desire, and with much of luxury. Mr. Raymond, though only her stepfather, loved her with a tenderness which could not have been greater had she been of his own flesh and blood. And Mr. Raymond was rich. But—

When the next item against Leona came, there was nothing to advance in rebuttal. She had no fortune in her own right, for her own father had been poor, and the life of Maggie Dalartre had been the only thing between her and an enormous fortune. There was no questioning this fearful fact. There was no way in which comfort could be derived from it.

It was hard to secure Leona's release on bail at all. Mr. Raymond could find no friend who would go on her bond after he had succeeded in getting the judge to consent in letting her go for an enormous amount of money. He pledged his own property in her favor.

It did not seem as though her stepfather could do enough for Leona. He secured the best legal talent money could hire. He spent hundreds of dollars in a search for the tramp whom every one else but he and I believed had never existed; and I sometimes thought he himself doubted there having been such a man. He searched for witnesses who could throw any light on events or circumstances which were connected, even remotely, with the murder of poor Maggie. He spent weeks, entire days and far into the nights, in consulta-

tion with his lawyers. And, one night, in a sudden frenzy of despair, he tried to induce Leona to leave America. I did not know of this desperate scheme until later, and so cannot write very fully regarding it. There are just two things to write of it, before going on, however, and they are these: The plans had been so cleverly laid that Leona might have escaped trial if she would have done as they wished her to do; but she utterly refused to go.

The trial came on. Money was poured out like water from the very beginning. Every step was fought with a stubborn and despairing earnestness. Every delay which legal cunning could invent was made use of.

Money won. Eloquence prevailed.

The prosecution proved their case, if ever circumstantial evidence proved a case yet. But the lawyers for the defense brought tears and oratory to their aid, and swept the jurors so far from their footing that not even the judge's charge brought them back to solid ground again.

Mr. Raymond had hoped for disagreement on the part of the jury. He had prayed that some one or more of the men who had undergone so searching a scrutiny before they had been permitted to take the question of her future into their hands might believe her innocent, and stick stubbornly to that belief. He was ready to go through it all again, ready to fight her battle to the very end. But the jury did better than he had hoped. They acquitted her.

Public opinion was greatly outraged at the verdict.

"I *know* she is innocent," said I; for I felt I knew the noble soul which was hers. I had never doubted her for a moment, even when the shadows were darkest. I have never doubted her for a moment since.

"I *know* she is innocent," said Mr. Raymond.

But the world at large never used even so strong a word as *belief* in her favor. And some, men who had had every opportunity for learning the frailties of human nature, and who lacked only an intimate acquaintance with her to qualify them to judge with righteousness in her case, used our strong word against her, saying, "I *know* she is guilty."

There was no fight over the property Maggie Dalartre had left. Mr. Raymond would have brooked no opposition regarding the disposal of that. It went according to the will and the law.

And then he sent his stepdaughter to Europe. She was gone more than four years. I had no word from her in all that time except indirectly; in the earlier months of her absence I learned of her journeyings and her experiences from Mr. Raymond; later, it was from Belle that I obtained all the information of her which came to me. But I am getting ahead of my story.

I succeeded in my studies. I became a physician. I was a frequent visitor at the home of Mr. Raymond and his daughter. Mr. Raymond's health was not what it had been in the earlier years of my acquaintance with him, and he did not go out from home as much as had once been true.

One night I was sent for to go to him. The message bade me hurry. I obeyed.

Young though I was, I had already had too much experience not to know the signs of coming dissolution when I looked upon them. Mr. Raymond was dying. I had not a moment's doubt of that.

I was saved the sad duty of telling him the truth as to his approaching fate. He was as fully convinced that death would come in a short time as I was myself.

"It is that terrible trouble about Maggie which has shortened my life," he said, with a patient pathos that

brought the tears into my eyes. "I have been failing—failing. That has crushed me. It will be true, when I am dead, to say that that has killed me."

I made him no answer. What was there I could say?

"I think you mean to marry Leona, do you not?" he asked, and he looked wistfully up at me as the question passed his lips.

I could not equivocate nor evade with this man who had done so kindly for her lying there before me with the gray shadow of death already on his brow. I stooped over him, after I had given him some simple medicine to ease his pain—all that medicine could do for him then, and told him the simple and straightforward truth. I cannot but believe the truth is manly at all times.

"I love Leona," I said, quietly; "I have loved her all my life, and I always shall. But I have never said a word of love to her, nor have I ever seen that in her face or her actions to indicate that she cares in the least for me. But I shall be patient. I shall be persistent. I shall never give up until I must. I do mean to marry Leona, and I shall—God willing."

He reached up his hand, feebly, and took mine.

"I hope you will, my boy, and God bless you. You have no idea of how noble she is. Be good to her; she is a saint. It is not every woman who can go smiling and uncomplaining to such a martyrdom as she has silently and bravely endured."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," I replied; "but I *know* she is innocent."

"Innocent! Innocent indeed. You have been more than brave, letting faith without knowledge keep you steadfast. You have been braver than I could have been in your place. But let me tell you something; let me tell you the truth; let me help you to understand much which has troubled and perplexed you. Promise me that you will be good to Leona, if you win her."

"I will."

"Never forget that it was my dying prayer that you might win her."

"I shall never forget it."

"Nor that it was almost my last wish that you might be worthy of her."

"I shall always remember it."

"Watch over Belle, too."

"Certainly, but—"

"And if—ever—ever again—she—she—"

He started up in bed, his eyes wild and full of a baffled purpose—a failing hope. And then—

He sank back among the pillows, *dead!*

Leona came home soon after the death of her stepfather. She lived at the home which had been his, for a time, and I was a frequent visitor. I could never tell whether I was a welcome one or not—welcome in more than a friendly sense, I mean—and I did not see reason enough in her manner toward me to make me dare to inquire.

In the early Summer she went away to a resort which was not yet noted enough to be crowded with visitors. She would have the sea, the bay, the river, if she cared to bathe or row; there would be the healthful hills, among which she could walk or ride. I bade her a cheerful adieu when she went. I could not leave my professional duties and go with her. I thought seriously of telling her how much I hated to let her go. But I did not. She went away without knowing how much I cared for her. It seems strange to think that I am sitting, to-night, as I write this, in the room which was her private parlor in those days of which I am writing; it seems stranger still to think that in the room adjoining this, she—my loved

well known there, it seemed ; no one among the gentlemen had found it convenient to bestow any attention upon her—except only one ! and he—he went every-

I returned to the hotel. I found Belle. We sat through a long and elaborate meal together. For a wonder, she was not talkative. I guessed that she had been asking

1. Making the Model. 2. Joining the Head. 3. Setting the Eyes. 4. Waxing the Head. 5. Painting the Face. 6. Dressing the Hair.
7. Fixing the Head. 8. Dressing the Finished Doll.

MAKING WAX DOLLS.—SEE PAGE 363.

where with her ; he was scarcely less than her shadow. They were away among the hills then ; it was expected they would have had supper before they returned, stopping for that purpose at a quaint little inn, famous for the variety of game served there, in its season.

questions, as well as myself. I concluded that she had worked herself up into a fine rage over it all.

I saw Leona and her friend return. The latter, to my surprise, was my old friend Dudley Wynway. I felt a pang at my heart, less because I believed he had won

her than because I knew he was unworthy of her. I had an added pang soon, the reason being that she did not appear to notice me at all.

Belle and Leona had some little conversation. I do not know what was said; I think I don't care; it was certainly no one's business but their own.

I introduced Wynway to Belle. I had the satisfaction of seeing them walk away together. I felt sure that they were disposed of for some hours, for I knew Belle very well, and had not forgotten Wynway. I sat down. I tried to be patient. I waited. I watched for Leona.

She came out upon the piazza at last. I rose up and went toward her. She met me with the frankly outstretched hand of a lifelong friendship. She said what would have sounded natural from a man's lips, but quite the opposite from the lips of any woman under the sky—except queenly Leona Dunerath—as we took seats in a quiet corner.

"Congratulate me! I have found the one man in all the world," was what she said.

She told me much, though I asked her few questions. I was her true friend, that was all; she was as frank with me as she would have been with a brother, or with Mr. Raymond. I forgave her, as she told me of her new-found happiness; I suppose she forgot that I was young—that I had eyes to see with—and a heart—and warm blood. It was a genuine relief when Wynway and Belle returned.

I did not sleep any that night. Tears may be unmanly; I suppose they are. But my pillow was not dry in the morning. Let me do myself the justice of saying, however, that my regret was less for what I had lost than the misery I felt would be hers at the hands of such a man as my old friend, the fickle, unstable, wavering and changing Dudley Wynway.

I left for home early the next morning.

In two days I had a brief letter from Leona, saying:

"Forget what I told you, my dear friend, for he has failed me, after all. I shall never speak to him again, and I cannot bear the loneliness of my life just yet, with the eyes of friends looking on. I am going abroad."

She went. I had a letter from her once a month, for a year. She told me of her journeyings, her amusements, her pleasures. She said no word of Dudley Wynway in those twelve letters, those precious letters which I keep sacredly to this day. I said no word regarding him in the letters which went from me to her, across the sea.

Then, at the end of that year—her year of mourning for her dead love, as I sometimes said to myself, I went across the ocean myself. I had prospered so much that I could afford it as a pleasure trip. But it was no pleasure trip, in its ordinary sense, which I undertook. I told others that I had some desire for further study, and that I wished the advantages of experience in the hospitals of the Old World. This was true enough, but I told myself a very different kind of truth; I was going to Europe because Leona Dunerath was there; I was going to study, to be sure, but the object of my going was that I might be near her—that I might sometimes see her—that I might look into her eyes and hear her voice. I was following Leona; following her as I had followed her, in thought, at least, from early boyhood; following her as I would follow her all her life—or until I, or some luckier man, won her.

I need write little of my European trip. I studied much. I learned many things which will help me to save life when it is possible, and more which will aid in making death easier when it is inevitable.

I saw Leona frequently. I journeyed with her, sometimes, on little excursions which she took. When she decided to return to America I finished up my medical studies abroad. We returned to New York on the same steamer. I had been away almost four years. It was nearly five years since she had written me of Wynway's falsity to her.

I went to see her at her old home, the Raymond house, soon after our return.

My feelings overcame me. I could wait no longer. I took her hand in mine. I told her the truth in the simplest way. I asked my question in a manner no less simple.

"Leona, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

She gently drew her hand from mine. She rose up from where she sat. She walked away to the window.

"I—I had never thought of that," she said; "you must let me think."

I let her think. God help me, I could do no less; nor could I do more. I loved her so—I loved her so; and still I must stand by idly, and in silence, and let her face a thought which had never touched her brain before; I must let her feel her heart beat under the load of an emotion of which she had never dreamt.

She came back across the room to me at last. She did not put out her hand. She did not offer me her lips to kiss. She did not even smile. But there was that in her face which I had never seen there before—a look as solemn as she will wear when death comes to take me from her, if I go first, but a look in which there was hope and promise. He will be happy who sees such a look of promise and approval upon the face of God when the hills totter and the skies blaze on the morning of the great last day!

"You—you remember Maggie Dalartre, do you?" she asked.

"I do. I have never doubted your entire innocence."

"Thank you. Do you remember Dudley Wynway?"

"Yes."

"And that I was engaged to him?"

"I do."

"And you are content to take me as I am?"

"Content? I shall be more than blessed, more than supremely happy, and—"

And a new expression came into her face, an expression which has been my sunshine and my heaven ever since. I had my arms about her in a moment; I was kissing her lips, her cheeks, her brow; and through it all she was talking to me, or trying to, as though there was not a universal language in which some of the unforgotten joys of paradise still find expression, which was old and well established before English was ever thought of.

"Do you think one may feel a certain emotion, and never recognize it until she is asked about it?"

"I hope so," I replied.

"I—I do love you," she said, and I had no wish to inquire how closely or remotely that fact might be connected with the question she had asked.

"I am very happy in knowing it," I said.

"And—and—I guess I've loved you all my life, if I had only had the sense to know it."

Which was so manifestly an illustration of a poor memory and poorer logic, that I made no reply. It spoke well for the present, though, and promised excellently for the future; I was content; I did not dispute it; I think Leona believed it when she said it; I think she believes it yet.

We were married very quietly. We did not invite in our friends. We did not even wait for Belle, who was

somewhere in Canada, and camping out for a few weeks, I believe.

We went on a short bridal trip, a couple of weeks or so, and then returned home.

We had sent word to Belle. She came home in haste to see us.

I shall never forget the day she came, nor the way she came. My wife was sitting in a deep window, sewing; I was at my desk, engaged in writing. Belle had never been in our house before, of course, but her unceremonious habits were not to be broken down by any such a fact as that. She did not ring the bell. She took no measures to announce herself. She simply came in at the open front door, and came running up the stairs.

She came in at the door. My wife, in the window, behind the heavy curtain, was unseen. I looked up as she paused on the threshold.

And I shuddered. And I felt the blood leave my face. I grew sick and faint.

She had not changed. She did not seem a day older than when I last saw her, four years before. She was still the childish, helpless, clinging creature she had been; there was in her face the possibility of sullen malice which had always been there; she was no more than the Belle Raymond I had always known; she was no less. The change was all in me; I knew more than I had known four years before; I had not wasted my four years in Europe.

She came straight up to the desk where I sat. She looked into my eyes, out of those big blue ones of hers. She clasped her hands in a prettily pleading way.

"Is it true you've married into our family?" she asked.

"Leona is my wife," I replied.

Then you ought to know all our secrets, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"Do you remember Maggie Dalartre?"

"I do."

"Well——"

Here my wife came out from the window, and tried to turn aside the current of conversation, but without avail.

"Do you suppose Leona knows why she was killed?"

"No."

"Do you know?"

"How should I?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. I don't even know myself why she was killed, and I've puzzled over it a great deal."

"Belle," said my wife, and her voice had a sharp tone of agony in it, "we cannot tell what reasons a tramp——"

"Pshaw!" cried Belle; "no tramp——"

"There was a tramp called that afternoon," insisted Leona.

"I know it. I saw him myself. But he didn't kill Maggie."

"No," said I, and I tried to keep my voice steady, "the tramp did not kill Maggie. Will you tell me who did kill her?"

"Leona knows," said she.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. She saw it done, just too late to prevent it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And she's kept it a secret all these years, and has suffered everything, because she loves the one who did it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. Now guess who did it."

"Belle Raymond, it was you!"

The wonder in her eyes deepened a little, but neither

denial nor regret shone there. She held up her dainty little hands, as though courting admiration.

"How did you know? Did Leona tell you? Yes, I did it with my own hands! Ha! ha! ha!"

Mad?

Certainly.

As mad as ever a human being was in the world. And I knew it the moment I saw her, after my eyes had been educated in the great German schools so that I could see aright. Mad? She had been mad all her life.

Belle Raymond is in an insane asylum. She will die there. She never manifested homicidal mania but once, and it might be she never would again. But I love my wife too well, and respect humanity too much, to care to take any risks.

So she will remain there; not so much for what she has done, but for what she might do. And if I am kindly toward her, it is no more than humane. Her warped intellect was not her fault; it was her misfortune.

And—had she not done what she did, Leona Dunerath would have been Dudley Wynway's wife, I suppose, instead of mine.

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NOCTURNE.

BY A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

STILL, still is the Night; still as the pause after pain;

Still and as dear;

Deep, solemn, immense! vailing the stars in the clear

Thrilling and luminous blue of the moon-shot atmosphere;

Ah, could the Night remain!

Who, truly, shall say thou art sullen or dark or unseen,

Thou, O heavenly Night,

Clear o'er the valley of olives asleep in the quivering light,

Clear o'er the pale-red hedge of the rose, and the lilies all white

Down at my feet in the green?

Nay, not as the Day, thou art light, O Night, with a beam

Far more dear and divine;

Never the moon was blue as these tremulous heavens of thine,

Pulsing with stars half seen, and vague in a pallid shine,

Vague as a dream.

Night, clear, with the moon, filled with the dreamy fire

Shining in thicket and close,

That from the lamp in his luminous breast, the fire-fly throws;

Night, full of wandering light and of song, and the blossoming rose,

Night, be thou my desire!

Night, Angel of Night, hold me and cover me so—

Open thy wings!

Ah, bend above and embrace!—till I hear in the one bird that sings

The throb of thy musical heart in the dusk, and the magical things

Only the Night can know.

DOLLS AND DOLLMAKERS.

DOLLS are idols, and, as the name comes from the ancient Greeks, the article is even older, and dates back to the early times of the human race. The tombs of Peru and of Egypt, of Scandinavia and of the primitive Christians in the Catacombs, all combine to show that the little girls had their dolls, and loved them so dearly that their parents, grieving over their darling's early death, would not remove from its side the toy which had been a source of so much pleasure in its brief earthly existence. But, after all, the doll is more to a little girl than a toy. A child's affection seldom centres on a toy, and the destructive hand sweeps the toys down ruthlessly, whether the owner be boy or girl; but to the girl, her doll is a

description, while the manufacture of dolls' dresses, from the ruder ones sewed on, to the skilled wardrobe little girls prize, where every garment is perfect, and the task of dressing and undressing can be carried on in the morning and evening, is a field so delicate and complicated that we dare not venture to attempt a description. Dolls wear out, and the repair and restoration of a favorite often calls for artistic work by a mother or elder sister. Sometimes, indeed, there will be some jack-of-all-trades, some old sailor who is fond of children, who will take a hand in the way of repairs, and in some countries, where children are limited in the matter of toys, a doll-mender plies a regular trade.

ALGERIA.

THE western portion of Algeria is one of the most fertile districts in the world. The Metidja plain, and the country round about Blidah and to the west of this, in the direction of Oran, is plentifully supplied with water. Desfontaines mentions a spot in the neighborhood of Tremecen where there are two thousand springs in a circuit of two leagues, and yet the land is not the least swampy, owing to the varied surface of the country. In a hot climate, such as that of the interior of Algeria in the Summer time, the advantages accruing from a plentiful supply of water cannot be exaggerated. Crops flourish which otherwise would of necessity perish in the long annual period of drought. The farmer in these favored parts of the country is able to keep his stock in a way that the less fortunate individual in Eastern Algeria, *i.e.*, in parts of the Province of Constantine, knows nothing of. The great difficulty in connection with agriculture in the interior is the exceeding heat of the dry season (June 15th to September 15th); for, apart from the want of water, the sun ripens the crops too quickly, and a farmer, it is said, can only reckon on a good harvest once in three years. Pasturage, it has been noticed, is seldom or never met with in the interior, and thus the best cattle are mostly found along the seaboard. In the neighborhood, for instance, of Maison Carrée, Boufarik, Médéah and Boghari, the cattle are few in number, and what there are are lean and small for want of keep.

In some districts a system of ensilage has been tried with excellent results, especially at Mondjebeur. Maize is reckoned to give the best return in point of grain, and the most bountiful growth for purposes of ensilage, thus fulfilling the double requirement of providing food for both man and beast. An agricultural writer adds that he counsels the general adoption of a system of ensilage as being the only means by which agriculture can be carried on in some parts of the country with any chance of success.

POPPY CULTURE.

It is probable that very few owners of flower-gardens are aware that the poppies cultivated merely for ornament will produce opium. When the flower-petals have fallen, leaving the seed-capsule bare, if an incision be made in that body, a sticky juice will exude. This juice is opium. It varies in certain chemical qualities, according to the country in which it is cultivated and the variety of plant from which it is produced.

The following is the substance of an interesting account of the methods used in growing the poppy and the manufacture of opium taken from *Farm and Fireside*: Although the plant will grow in almost any climate, it is in India that it is most satisfactorily cultivated, the

opium revenue of that country being derived from two sources, those of Malwa and of Bengal. The Malwa opium is produced in the native states of the interior, and is not controlled by the British Government, except by a tax. Bengal opium, on the contrary, is under the direct superintendence of English officials.

When the land has been plowed and harrowed, the poppy-seed is sown at the end of October or the beginning of November. Six pounds of seed are sufficient for the third of an acre. As soon as it begins to germinate, as it does in a week after sowing, the land is divided by furrows into rectangular beds, about eight feet in length by four in breadth. These channels are used for irrigation, as the plants need frequent watering, sometimes requiring it until the crop is matured.

About seventy-five days after germination the flower appears, and its four petals are gently removed on the third day after their expansion, to be pasted together with the leaves destined to form the outer shell of the opium cake.

In the course of eight or ten days the capsules are lanced at night, and the juice which has exuded from the incision is scraped off in the morning with a small scoop and transferred to a metal or earthen vessel. This process is three or four times repeated, at intervals of two or three days, and the result is crude opium. The flower-petals and the plant leaves and stalks have also considerable value for packing purposes; the thicker portions of the stalks are used by the peasants for firewood.

The crude opium having been gathered is stored by the cultivator and watched, that it may remain free from mold or taint. At the end of March, or the beginning of April, when the weather is furiously hot in Bengal, the cultivators, carrying their opium, obey a summons calling them to meet the deputy agent of their village. There the opium is tested, paid for, and taken into the possession of the Government.

Finally the opium paste is made into cakes, dried, packed in boxes and removed to Calcutta for sale by auction.

MODERN PLUCK.

THE newspapers are not invariably depressing. The story of Lieutenant Fegen's fight with a slaver is good reading, so is the tale of Inspector Bassett's courage at a fire. It was in May that Lieutenant (now Commander) Fegen, with a pinnace and seven men, went patrolling the East African coast near Zanzibar. He had five blue-jackets, an interpreter and a marine.

"To him enter" a dhow, a peaceful-looking dhow. Lieutenant Fegen sent his dingy, with his coxswain, his one marine, and his interpreter, to speak with the dhow. That vessel opened the parley with a fire from a score of Snider rifles. The marine answered in their own language, with a Martini-Henry, and the nine-pounder in the pinnace joined in the conversation. Thereon the dhow, which was, of course, a slaver in disguise, bore down on the pinnace to ram her. Lieutenant Fegen issued the order to "prepare to resist boarders," and himself rushed into the thick of the action.

The Arabs were four to one, and Lieutenant Fegen accounted for two with his revolver, and for a third with his cutlass; while Pearson, one of his men, gave another the point. But Lieutenant Fegen's sword-arm was disabled, three of his five were lying wounded, and eleven out of twenty Arabs appeared to have an easy chance over the remaining force of two. Guys and Fred Russell

fought while they could stand; and the dhow tried to sheer off. But Lieutenant Fegen, his coxswain, his interpreter and his marine were not content with a Cadmeian victory. They proved bad men to run away from. Arabs were attracted to the shore by the sound of firing, and they took the side of the slaver. Luckily some one in the dingy or the pinnace shot the helmsman of the dhow; she drifted into shallow water, and there sank. The unwounded men of the crew took to the water, and only four or five of them reached land. Lieutenant Fegen, shipping his marine, his interpreter and his coxswain on board the pinnace, played with his nine-pounder on the Arabs, who withdrew. He was able to save fifty-three out of sixty-five slaves, and of his men he lost only one killed, a seaman named Benjamin Stone. The others were soon reported to be doing well, and they deserve every reward that the admiration of their countrymen can give them.

VARIATIONS OF BODY-WEIGHT.

THE human body is subject to periods of natural loss and gain of weight according to the season; the period of loss begins with September and ends in March, and that of increase begins with April and ends with August. This is based on observations made by Mr. Milner, surgeon to the jail at Wakefield. Such observations made, as Dr. Richardson says, "on persons who, like prisoners, confined in one large prison, were living in all social respects under the same conditions," appear to have considerable weight.

A gentleman made some experiments on himself with opposite results. His mean weight remained unaltered for some years, but he found that he was a little heavier (after allowing for clothing) during the Winter than during the Summer months. This, of course, may be a personal idiosyncrasy, but there is another reason for the difference. People at liberty, who feed according to their natural appetites, eat more in cold than they do in warm weather, but prisoners are limited to regulation diet, which remains the same all the year round. Prisoners would thus be somewhat over-fed in Summer and under-fed in Winter, and this may account for the difference observed by Mr. Milner.

The usual practice of trainers in bringing an over-fat man down to his "fighting weight" is to clothe him amply, and otherwise keep up his temperature. The Arabs, and other inhabitants of very hot climates, are usually spare men. Humidity is, doubtless, an important factor, probably greater than that of mere temperature, and free indulgence in liquids of all kinds, even cold water, increases weight.

GRANNY'S DEATH.

"GRANNY," a sea-anemone, who had attained the ripe age of sixty-seven years, has just died. She was originally found by Sir John Dalzell near North Berwick.

When Sir John passed away into the silent land, he left "Granny," then a permanent resident in his aquarium, to his friend Professor Fleming, of Edinburgh.

Finally, "Granny" was placed in the care of the officers connected with the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens, and here she has lived for a longer span of time than is generally granted to most mortals.

"Granny" was an ascetic in her meals.

Half vegetable and half animal, it took very little to keep her, and part of a mussel once every fourteen days is alleged to have been all the food that she required.

A MUSICAL TOAD.

It is, perhaps, doubtful whether the toad bears in its head the precious jewel of which the poet speaks, but a French curé, a correspondent of M. Francisque Sarcey's, has met with a toad which had a fortune in its throat had it only fallen in with an impressario. The curé happened to call, the other day, on one of his poor parishioners, who, in compliment to his visitor, added a fresh provision of fuel to the fire, which at once blazed up, emitting a welcome glow. Attracted by the warmth, as it would seem, an enormous toad emerged from under an old chest of drawers standing in a corner, and, hopping slowly up to the fire, stationed himself in front of it like a pet animal, which, in fact, he was.

The peasant, after a few prefatory words, proceeded to drone out an old Gascon ballad, and sang a verse of it through. To the curé's intense astonishment the toad continued, or, rather, added a sort of coda to the melody the moment his master stopped, singing first a *la*, then a *fa*, returning next to his first note, and concluding on *mi*. The voice of the little singer was plaintive and musical, reminding the curé of the notes of the harmonica. The peasant continued the ballad to the end, the other amateur chiming in regularly with the same four notes at the end of each stave, keeping its eyes fixed on its master throughout the performance, and evincing in its expression and attitude a manifest desire to do its part in the concert to his satisfaction. The peasant, who was ill at the time, died soon after, and the curé, who had meant to adopt the other inmate of the hut, could find no trace of him when he went to fetch him.

A SURPRISE PIE.

A PIE, highly fashionable in Stuart England, was the surprise-pie, which was no sooner opened than one or more living creatures issued from the breach in the crust. A pie of this kind might contain half a dozen live frogs, that, on leaping from the crust to the table-cloth, and from the cloth to a lady's plate or lap, would throw her into hysterics. Or it might with equal propriety hide a score of live sparrows that, on escaping from the pie-dish, would fly to the candles and put a large supper-party in darkness. Robert May served a surprise-pie of frogs, and another of birds, in a Twelfth Night trophy. To such a bird-pie, served at Charles I.'s table, when the "surprises" were not more absurd than novel, we are indebted for the rhymes:

"Sing a song of sixpence!
Sing it to the sky!

Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened,

The birds began to sing,

Wasn't this a pretty sight to set before the King."

Pies of live birds and frogs having become matters of course to *modish* revelers, other creatures were employed to sustain the surprising character of surprise pastry. Toy-terriers, squirrels, hares, foxes, and manikin pages were in turn used for the astonishment of people who, on the lookout for a live pie of some kind, could be startled only by the apparition of an unexpected animal. When a score of different creatures had been served in surprise-pies to Charles I., and he was weary of surprises that were no longer astonishing, his humor was pleasantly tickled by the unlooked-for appearance of the dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, who had been placed under the crust on a table-spread for the entertainment of royalty at Burleigh-on-the-Hill. The sovereign had been trapped

LOUEY.—“AS LOUEY BOKE SLOWLY TO HER FEET THERE WAS A HARD, WHITE LOOK ON HER BEAUTIFUL FACE.”
SEE PAGE 370.

RONDEAU : SLEEP.

O HAPPY Sleep! that bear'st upon thy breast
The blood-red poppy of enchanted rest,
Draw near me through the stillness of this place
And let thy low breath move across my face,
As faint winds move above a poplar's crest.

The broad seas darken slowly in the west;
The wheeling sea-birds call from nest to nest;
Draw near and touch me, leaning out of space,
O happy Sleep!

There is no sorrow, hidden or confess'd
There is no passion, uttered or suppress'd,
Thou canst not for a little while efface—
Enfold me in thy mystical embrace.
Thou sovereign gift of God, most sweet, most blest,
O happy Sleep!

LOUEY.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

ARTHUR DEET went to Tennessee fully persuaded that he would be able to make a fortune by sheep-farming. He bought five hundred acres of land near the little hamlet of Brisben, and built a house such as the people with whom he had cast his lot had never seen before. He entered upon his new life with the enthusiasm and energy natural to youth and a sanguine temperament, and his first letters home had been filled with assurances that at last he had "struck the right thing."

But after a few months he would have given a great deal to be able to recall those assurances, and was heartily provoked with himself that he had ever made them. For he had grown very tired of the dull, monotonous life he was forced to lead, and yearned to return to civilization. But he was ashamed to say so until he had at least given his experiment a fair trial. His father had warned him that he would repent the venture, and Arthur wasn't quite ready to confess that his father had been right. It is never pleasant to own that we have been foolish and headstrong, and Arthur was very proud.

"I'll stay here a year, anyway," he thought. "I'd be laughed at if I went back before that time."

So he staid, and tried to make the best of a bad bargain.

Of course he had become acquainted with every one in Brisben within a week of his arrival there. At first these uncouth, unlettered specimens of humanity amused and interested him. He liked to talk to them, and to listen to their long stories of bear-hunts, fights with panthers and rattlesnakes, and hairbreadth escapes from death.

Sam Cody was the best story-teller of them all, and never came down on Saturdays to the store that he did not have some weird story on his tongue's end.

But Arthur grew tired of even Sam after a time, and rejoiced when that individual began the erection of a small log-cabin which absorbed him to such an extent that his visits to the store were few and far between.

Every one in the settlement knew for whom Sam was working. His engagement to Louey Cray, the daughter

mated to a dull, ignorant fellow like Sam. Arthur's opinion of Sam had undergone a very material change since he had first made his acquaintance. He had liked the young countryman well enough in the beginning, but now he almost hated him.

He was indiscreet enough to tell Louey so when he met her one evening on the high road, walking toward her home.

"I don't see how you ever made up your mind to marry him," he said, "and I can't believe you ever will, Louey."

The girl did not reply, and he could not see her face, hidden as it was within the inevitable sunbonnet, which the Tennessee woman seldom discards except at night.

"I say I can't believe you ever will," repeated Arthur. "Do take off your bonnet, Louey; I don't know whether you hear me or not."

The girl laughed, and taking off the bonnet, held it by one string.

Her face was pale, her features delicate, and her eyes brown and soft. Her hair hung in two long, dark braids almost to her knees.

"There, that is something like," said Arthur. "As a reward for obedience, I will walk home with you."

She colored slightly, and dropped her eyes. It was very evident that she appreciated his gallantry.

The road wound through a lonely piece of woods, where a number of small mountain-cows were browsing among the underbrush. The birds sang merrily overhead, the scent of wild flowers filled the air.

"Do you ever think that you'd like to see a different part of the world than this, Louey?" asked the young man.

"Yes," was the reply. "But thar ain't no use'n wishin'. I've got to stay hyar all my life, I reckon."

Arthur looked at her earnestly, and then smiled.

"You're fit for something better," he remarked.

The sound of a horse's hoofs rang on the air, and a moment later Sam Cody, mounted on his lean gray mare, appeared over the brow of the hill just before them.

He was a tall, stalwart, sun-browned young fellow, with kindly blue eyes and a closely cropped head of yellow hair. He wore boots that reached to his knees, a coarse homespun shirt and blue overalls. On his head was a straw hat, the torn rim of which hung down on his neck. Certainly the contrast he presented to Arthur in appearance was very striking.

"Evenin' ter yer both," said Sam, pulling up his horse. "I've jest been ter your house, Louey, an' ef it's so's I kin, I'm a-comin' back ag'in after I see Ned Freel. He's up ter the sto' waitin' fer me."

"I'll look fer ye," said the girl, scarcely pausing in her walk.

Sam rode on again.

"I hope I'll be far away from here before you marry that fellow, Louey," said Arthur.

"Do ye?" said Louey, in a slow, uncertain voice; "and yit you're the only one as don't like Sam. Folks gin'ly speak pretty well o' him."

"Oh, he's well enough in his way, I suppose," said Arthur, with a shrug of his handsome shoulders. "But I don't believe you can love him Louey."

Before the house was a deep mud-hole, in which a huge, long-snouted black hog lay outstretched.

Arthur gave a shudder of disgust. He had never been able to grow used to the ignorance and squalor of his neighbors.

"I don't think I'll go any further," he said. "Good-by, Louey."

"Good-by," she answered, without looking at him.

He walked away, leaving her standing in the middle of the road. He did not look back, but he was conscious that she was watching him, all her tender soul in her eyes.

"Of course I can't marry her—that would be an act of madness," he thought; "but she is certainly too pretty to be thrown away on Sam Cody."

Meanwhile Sam had finished his business at the store, and was riding slowly along a mountain-path, his head bent, and a very grave look on his sunburnt face. He had loved Louey Cray ever since she had been a child, and had thought himself greatly blessed when she promised to marry him. They had now been engaged a year, and he was impatient to have the wedding-day set. But of late Louey had appeared to take little interest in his hopes and plans for the future, and had seemed singularly averse to talking on the subject of their marriage.

"I don't understand her—that's a fact," muttered Sam, dropping the reins on his mare's neck, and allowing her to choose her own pace. "She's acted uncommon queer for some time back. If it was any other girl I'd think she'd mebbe got some notion in her head 'bout that sheep-farmin' feller; but I couldn't think that o' Louey. It's bonn' ter come right, anyhow, when she sees this."

"This" was a small log-cabin on which Sam's gaze fell at that moment. It nestled in a little valley just below him. A fence surrounded it, and back of it stretched a cleared space of several acres, well planted with corn, watermelons and sweet potatoes. The cabin was quite new, and along the line of the fence were planted peach-cuttings. A large hen-house and a long, low shed stood back of the cabin, but there was no sign of either hens or cattle. The cabin was evidently unoccupied.

Sam stopped his horse and looked long and lovingly at the tiny domicile.

It was the home he had prepared for Louey, and very dear to him, as the work of our own hands is apt to be.

He had indulged himself in many bright dreams of the future through the bright Winter and Spring days when he had worked here all alone.

It had never occurred to him that by any chance these dreams would not be fulfilled. Little jealousies or trifles of any sort did not often disturb him, and then his faith in Louey was absolute.

When at last he reached her father's cabin that evening, he found her waiting for him at the gate.

"I reckon ye thought I wa'n't never comin', Louey," he said, as he hitched his horse and came toward her.

"It's early yet, Sam," she said.

Her voice sounded cold; the face she raised to him in the moonlight was pale and troubled. As he bent to kiss her, she shrank from him with a faint cry.

Sam looked a little astonished and considerably hurt. It had happened several times lately that she had shrank from his caresses.

"I didn't mean ter worry ye, Louey," he said. "Ye don't seem like ye used ter be, somehow. But it'll all come right onc't we're settled down. When'll ye set the day, Louey? Everything's ready now, and thar ain't no call ter wait, for's I kin see."

"Any time will do, I reckon," said the girl, in a stifled voice.

"Reckon we'd better say next week, then."

"I'll see, Sam. Don't worry me 'bout it to-night."

"I want ye ter go an' see the house to-mo-row, Louey. Ye ain't been thar sence I laid the logs."

"Very well, Sam."

She seemed restless and impatient, and when he mounted his horse and rode away she breathed a very audible sigh of relief.

Scarcely had the sound of his horse's hoofs died away than she slipped through the gate, and, folding about her a dark, shabby cloak, hurried down the road in the direction in which Arthur Dent's farm lay.

When she had gone about a mile she could see the lights from the windows of his house. Her heart beat almost to suffocation as she pushed open the gate which formed the entrance to his yard.

A wild wish to see the inside of his home had come over her; she felt ready to dare anything to gratify it.

But she had forgotten Arthur's great sheep-dog, which came bounding toward her as she advanced stealthily up the path.

"Bruno! Bruno!" she said, softly.

But the dog did not take time to find out whether it was friend or foe who addressed him. With a low growl, he sprang upon her and bore her to the earth.

She was conscious of falling, but remembered no more.

When she opened her eyes again she was lying on a lounge in Arthur Dent's living-room, and Arthur was bending over her, his face expressing the deepest anxiety.

There was a sharp pain in her shoulder, and she saw blood-stains on the waist of her homespun dress.

"Are you better? Do you think you can get up?" asked Arthur, tenderly. "I feel like killing that dog. It was fortunate that I happened to be on the porch, smoking, and heard him growl, or he might have torn you to pieces. You can't think how I felt when I saw it was you, Louey!"

A deep blush overspread her face. She averted her eyes from his eager gaze.

"I must go," she faltered, staggering to her feet.

"Don't ye tell no one," she added, imploringly.

"Of course not, child. I'll get my hat and walk home with you. Are you sure you are able to go? Hadn't you better wait a while? You're as white as a ghost."

"I'd rather go now."

She looked about her as she spoke. The room was poorly furnished enough; but to her, used as she was to only the barest necessities of existence in the way of furniture, it looked beautiful.

There was a large case of books, many of them in costly bindings; a bust of Pallas on a bracket; a soft Turkish rug before the lounge; a luxurious silk chair in which Arthur sat when reading, and a couple of oil paintings in expensive frames—these last a present from one to whom Arthur had written regularly since the beginning of his exile, but of whom poor Louey had never heard.

He watched her as her eyes wandered from one object to another.

"Do you like the looks of things in here, Louey?" he asked.

"It's beautiful, I think," she answered.

"Would you like to live here?"

A tide of crimson rushed over her face. She did not answer.

Arthur laughed, and threw open the door leading into the hall.

"Was ye up ter that brick house o' Dent's?"

She bowed her head. Her heart beat as if it would burst from her breast.

"Then, thar's no room in mine fur ye. Go, get away from hyar. This place ain't no home fur such as ye."

"Father! father!" she gasped. "Ye don't know. I—I—"

"I know all I keer ter. Don't gimme no words. Hyar"—he laid a heavy hand on her shoulder and pushed her out of the room. "Don't come round hyar no more," he said, brutally. "Go ter yer fine master and stay thar."

She went out into the road, bareheaded, and crept into the woods to think what was best for her to do. She knew her father too well to hope that he would listen to any explanation or that he would rescind his harsh words. In an hour Sam was to come for her to take her to see the house he had built for her. She would never live in it now, of course. But Arthur! Surely Arthur would protect her now!

He loved her—she was sure of it. Would he have kissed her otherwise? And, oh! Heaven, how dearly she loved him!

She had loved him with all the passion of her undisciplined heart ever since she had first met him. She resolved to go to him, to throw herself on his love and generosity. She felt sure he would not fail her.

The crashing of the underbrush not far away startled her. She crept into a thicket which concealed her completely, and crouched there, trembling like some poor hunted animal. A moment later she saw Arthur Dent and a stranger approaching.

The latter was a tall, grave man, of perhaps forty years of age.

"There's a house off there," he said, swinging his gun from his shoulder and placing it against a tree-trunk. "Wait here till I get a drink."

"That's Cray's house," said Arthur.

"What! the father of the girl you were making love to last night? Come with me and introduce me to the young lady."

"I'd rather not," laughed Arthur.

His friend regarded him seriously for a moment.

"I hope you have not gone very far in that direction, Arthur. It would be a cruel thing, under the circumstances, as well as dishonorable."

Arthur Dent reddened.

"The girl is engaged to that fellow whose gun you borrowed this morning," he said. "She's to marry him very soon."

"Then what right had you to kiss her? Was it fair to her, or to Amy, either?"

"She's awfully pretty, and my making love to her was only natural. It would have been rude not to. As to Amy, I don't think I'll be any the less a good husband to her because I have kissed a pretty girl or two."

"I wonder if Sam Cody knows of your gallantry?"

"I don't know and I don't care," replied Arthur.

"You may have raised false hopes in the girl's breast, Arthur. She is ignorant and uncultivated, and doesn't understand the ways of the world—*your* world, I mean."

"She's not a fool. I dare say I have been wrong, John; but let the subject drop. We're to leave here tomorrow, thank Heaven! and I hope I shall never see or hear of Brisbane again."

"Let's go on to the next house. I won't get my drink at Cr

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As Louey rose slowly to her feet, there was a hard, white look on her beautiful face. She pushed her hair back from her eyes, and looked about her as if bewildered.

"It don't matter now what becomes o' me," she muttered.

Creeping along through the woods, she came to a shelf of the mountain that overlooked the valley where nestled the little cabin Sam had built. How peaceful it looked! How new and clean everything was! But even Sam would hate her now. He, too, would believe the stories against her. Where was she to go? Where could she find a home?"

When night came on she was still crouching on the shelf of rocks, still thinking of the terrible calamity which had befallen her.

At length she rose, and, as if she had at last formed a resolution, she walked swiftly down the mountain and toward a deep stream in the valley, over which a bridge of rough logs had been built.

One moment she paused on the bank, the next she had sprung forward into the middle of the stream.

As she sank into the fast-running water she was conscious of a cry, and then some one came running along the bank; but she knew no more until she found herself in Sam's little cabin, lying on a rough bench, her head on Sam's broad shoulder, and Sam's anxious, startled face above her.

"Ye've come to, thank Heaven!" he ejaculated, as she struggled to sit up. "Oh, Louey, Louey, what made ye do it—what made ye do such a thing?"

"Ye haven't heard, then?"

"Yes, I heard that story, but I didn't think nothin' o' it, Louey. I knowed ye better'n ter believe it. A little thing like that couldn't shake my love for ye, Louey."

"But it was true, Sam. I was thar last night."

He looked at her as if he thought her suddenly gone mad.

Then she told him all, not concealing even what she had heard in the woods. When she had finished she rose to her feet and moved toward the door.

But Sam stopped her.

"Louey," he said, "wait a minute, dear. I don't blame ye. He was better-lookin' than me, better in every way. Ye ain't ter blame, I say. But I know ye'd forget all about it ef onc't ye was settled down like and him away from hyar. And I could *terra* ye to love me, Louey. Come, what do ye say? Let's walk over to the justice an' git the thing over."

"Do you mean it, Sam?"

Her voice trembled. Her eyes were full of tears.

"I do mean it, with all my heart, Louey. Oh, my dear, only *try* ter love me! I'll do what's right by ye."

A long sigh shook her from head to foot; then, turning to him suddenly, she held out her hand, a smile on her face.

"Come," she said, "I'm ready. I'll be a true wife ter ye, Sam, ye kin be sure o' that."

And she kept her word.

She never saw Arthur Dent again. He left Brisbane the day following that on which she had seen him in the wood, and gradually she learned to think of him as he deserved, to hold him at his just value, and to think only with shame of the kisses he had given her and the love-words he had spoken.

And as she grew to know Sam better, to understand

ABDALLAH THE OBEDIENT.

TRANSPORT thyself, gentle reader, to the far-off country of Algeria. Imagine thyself far removed from all traces of civilization, surrounded by mountains which are covered with thick forests, saving occasional openings made by the wandering tribes of Arabs for the pasturage of their flocks. All is wild and picturesque—country and people. The waving of the long, unconfined mantle of the one is emblematic of the unrestrained life they lead in the other. Among these roving people used to be a tribe called Ma-hat-lah, who had for their leader a certain sheik by the name of Abou Taleil. His white beard showed him to be an old man, and the weight of years made itself visible even in his powerful frame.

He was sitting in the doorway of his tent, smoking his hookah, one calm Autumn evening, when a youth came bounding toward him. There was enough resemblance between the two to show them to be father and son, although the son was just stepping over the boundary line from youth to manhood, and the father was passing from manhood into old age.

"Father," said the youth, respectfully, "there is to be a lion-hunt."

The father said nothing for several minutes, sitting with clouds of smoke curling round his head as though he had not heard a word. At length he said:

"Fools do not race; we do not use saplings for great weight."

"But I am a tree; I am a man and no child. To-morrow makes me twenty; and look!"

The youth went through with some feats of muscular prowess that made the old man's eyes sparkle with admiration, while his hookah remained unnoticed beside him.

"The lion is an ugly beast," continued the old man, a look of sadness quickly replacing that of admiration.

"Know you how fell your brothers?"

"Ay, ay," said the youth, enthusiastically, "and I go to avenge their death."

"Rather would you follow them to Paradise. Then would our noble line have naught to look for, and this tribe of Ma-hat-lah continue to be an exile from its rightful possessions."

"But if I am to be a leader and show my people the path to victory, I must be brave."

"Bravery accomplishes but little unaccompanied by wisdom. And wisdom is obtained from books, not from lion-hunts."

"But Ouled Yagout goes," persisted Abdallah.

"Yes, but his father has many sons. I let my sons go till you are the only one remaining. If a cruel beast should take you also, nothing would be left to me but to creep into my grave like the miserable jackal into its gloomy den."

The youth was moved, for his heart was as noble as was his bearing. He turned to leave his father, resolved to forego the almost irresistible fascinations of the hunt for his sake. But he had withdrawn only a short distance when he heard his father speak his name.

"Abdallah," he said, "your heart is set on this matter. Be it so. It is not good for the old to ask too much of the young. Go, my son. Keep half a score of the ablest with thee, and when the moon wanes, which to-night it will do at midnight, abandon the chase and return to me. So you will have the pleasure, and I perhaps will save you from the danger; for the last half of the night is the time for the lion to be approached in his violence."

The young man was profoundly grateful. He returned

and prostrated himself before his father, covering the old man's hand with kisses.

There was to be a large hunt. Two or three tribes were united in their efforts to rid themselves of the depredations of a family of five lions.

Nothing was known as to the location of their den. But on their first setting out the hunters heard the wished-for roar coming from afar, indicating that the den was at a distance, as it is the custom of these beasts to roar when they first leave their lair in the evening.

When a lion and lioness are together, the lioness roars always the first. The roaring is composed of a dozen sounds, which commence by gasps or inspirations, increasing and finishing as they have commenced, with an interval of some seconds between each sound. The lion alternates with the lioness. They go thus for a quarter of an hour, until the moment when they approach some dour which they wish to attack. If repulsed, they recommence, and continue until morning.

Abdallah's inmost soul was thrilled by the sound of the roaring. Here was a powerful foe whom it was just and right to oppose. He took no pleasure in any kind of a deer-hunt, and if he could have had his way, the hunters of the beautiful, large-eyed gazelle would have all been turned into hyenas, with dogs eternally at their heels.

The moon was shining gloriously as the party proceeded on its way. Slowly and carefully they went, firing into every thick clump of trees or bushes, lest in their shadow lurked a stealthy foe. Finally they came to a place where two paths met. Close inspection found prints of lions' feet in both. So it was decided to separate here.

At the sound of a given signal, either party were to hasten to the relief of the other. The more experienced assumed the lead, and instructed the others how to act in the perilous moment.

"Above everything else," they insisted, "be calm! And if you find yourselves in the presence of 'his majesty with the large head,' fall into a close, unbroken body. Start not off in flight. Death is the certain portion of such. The lion knows not what to do with a solid body of men. They have been known to pace majestically before such a spectacle, endeavoring, by the force of their eye, to separate the cowardly and weak."

The two paths came together again, and the roar of the lions, with the prints of their feet, indicated that the den was situated up a steep and rocky ravine.

The horses must all be left, with five or six men, at the foot. Just before parting, a certain sign from one of the elders of the party showed it was the hour for evening prayer. Instantly all were upon their knees.

To Abdallah's heart, always inclined to devotion, the grandeur about him was as a temple, and the moon's rays as the beams coming from the All-powerful One whose strength he felt must be given to weak man to enable him to cope with one of the most powerful works of creation.

The passage up the ravine was attended with many difficulties. The way was rough and the number of bushes great. It was hard to keep together and dangerous to be separated. Abdallah received many cautions and remonstrances because of his impatience to advance.

When the party had reached a level plateau the terrible cry, "There—there he is!" rent the stillness of the night air.

It came from Abdallah, and was followed by the bounding on to the plateau of a lion about ten rods

away from the party—a large black lion, the most dreaded because the strongest of all. Powerful and majestic, he stood and glared at the party—his tail swaying from side to side in token of his wrath.

imagine you are going to frighten me as you do the crows and jackals. But you will find a slight difference between us."

Before the men were ready to pour the contents of

A

C

B

D

A, Ribboned Sugar-cane. B, Violet Java Sugar-cane. C, Green Sugar cane. D, Yellow Sugar-cane.

A LUMP OF SUGAR.—THE SUGAR-CANE.—SEE PAGE 379.

If he could have expressed himself, he looked as if his sublime audacity would lead him to say:

"What are you doing here, you miserably weak creatures, that one sweep of my tail overthrows? What outrageous stupidity is it that causes you to stand there and point your black sticks at me? Doubtless you fondly

their "black sticks" upon him, the lion uttered a deep, terrible roar. It was a sound like Gabriel's trump, to awaken every dead feeling of fear that had ever existed in their hearts.

One of the men, forgetting the good advice, and overcome with fright, threw down his musket and sprang

away, endeavoring to reach an eminence whereon grew a tree.

But with one leap the lion overtook him, and with one blow of his powerful paw the man was laid senseless on the ground.

Bang! went the report of a dozen muskets. To very little purpose, though, for when the smoke cleared away the care of the men not to hit their comrade had resulted in only wounding the lion.

He was lashing his sides with his tail. His mane was erect, and made his head look twice its natural size. His eyes were like two coals of fire. "One paw was on the prostrate man, and, snarling and growling, he turned back his lips and showed his teeth to their fullest extent.

The men prepared to load again, when, to their horror, they saw the head of their comrade in the lion's mouth.

There was no use of firing again, for in killing the lion they would put an end to the life of their comrade. The only thing that could possibly be of any avail was to spring upon his back and plunge a dirk-knife in his heart.

But this was a very dangerous thing to do. A misguided aim or a not sufficiently powerful blow would be errors pardonable only by death.

There was but a moment to decide what to do, for the lion was rolling the man's head with his mouth, and any moment he might decide to bring his powerful jaws together. Perhaps because time was so limited none were found to be able to collect their thoughts, in order to act, saving the young and impulsive Abdallah.

Certain it is, before the others had time to draw many breaths he was seen on the back of the lion. The bright steel of his unused knife flashed in the moonlight and then descended to the hilt in the animal's body.

The lion dropped his first victim, feeling sure of being able to make a second. He reared upon his hind legs, and was about to give Abdallah the embrace of death—the youth could even feel his hot breath against his cheek—when the dirk-knife accomplished its mission, and the cruel monster fell over backward with a crash, and after a few convulsive shudders he was dead.

The party gave themselves up to the wildest joy. Their wounded comrade was found to have sustained only a few external injuries. Abdallah was embraced by three or four at a time. They bore him on their shoulders. They made the lonely ravine ring with his name, accompanied by all the complimentary epithets their ingenuity could devise. They declared he should be their leader, who should conduct them back to their former possessions.

In the midst of this delirium of joy, Abdallah noticed a change in the brightness of the sky; the trees no longer cast their shadows, and the stars appeared with great distinctness. The hour of midnight had arrived, the hour he had promised his father to return. But how could he go with only one lion found? It would be like Cæsar laying down his arms and only one-fifth of his victory accomplished. The men would think it was because he was afraid of losing the honors he had so lately won in another encounter. Why shouldn't he keep on and have it said of him: "There goes the man who, on his first hunt, killed five lions!" And if he was ever to be the leader of this tribe, would not such a name for bravery be of great value? But an inward voice seemed to whisper, "Wisdom is of greater importance, and the wise man is the obedient man. My father listened to my wishes, and I thought nothing could tempt me to disobey him."

If Abdallah could only have consulted the advanced thinkers of our day, whose noble dogmas seek to instill upon the mind that to obey is to make narrow the char-

acter, to warp the understanding, and generally degrade the man, it is not at all unlikely but he would have sought to elevate his entire being by as rigid a system of disobedience as most of the youth of the present day seek to put in practice.

But he had nothing but the dictates of a noble heart, aided by the habits of a previously obedient life, and these helped him to make a greater conquest than of lions or of cities, for by them he was enabled to conquer his own spirit, which tempted him to prove faithless to his word and disobedient to his father.

Giving a sharp whistle, he gathered his faithful ten around him, and proceeded at once to the foot of the ravine where they had left their horses.

More rapidly than they had come did Abdallah and his companions journey home, for there was nothing to be on the alert for. The head of the family of lions had fallen, and the lioness with her young was somewhere in the ravine.

On the border of a wood Abdallah called out:

"Let us rest our horses here before we climb the last mountain."

Springing lightly from his saddle, he led his beautiful horse to a familiar brook near the path.

The creature seemed to appreciate the kindness, for he uttered a low whinny of thanks, and put his soft velvety nose in his favorite place on Abdallah's neck near his ear, as though there were unutterable things he would like to say to him.

As for Abdallah, it was easier for him to believe and love God with his arms around Tabou's neck, for how could any but an Allwise and Glorious Being have created such an animal?

In the midst of his drinking, Tabou started, threw up his head, turned his ears and shook his long tail uneasily.

"Beautiful one, does the howling of those miserable jackals disturb thee?" asked Abdallah, patting his favorite on the head.

But presently one of Abdallah's companions said:

"Hist!" and, quickly putting his ear to the ground, said, "There come a body of horsemen!"

Soon there were distinctly audible sounds of hoofs, together with men's voices.

Abdallah gave a whispered command that all remain as near together as possible in the shadow of the wood, so they might see and hear what they could of those who passed but not be seen by them.

It was not necessary to hear much before being certain that the approaching horsemen were marauders or pirates of the mountain—men who lived entirely by plunder. Their boisterousness showed them to be partly under the influence of arrack.

Abdallah gathered from their conversation that they were on their way to plunder his own tribe.

His heart sank within him when he thought of his poor old father almost alone and defenseless.

His first impulse was to dash out furiously upon them and do what he could toward impeding their progress. But one of his companions, drawing his attention to their superior numbers, entreated him to desist from such an undertaking. And it was finally agreed to allow the marauders to get out of sight.

There was a shorter, though steeper, way. Abdallah and his companions could take this and arrive at his father's tent soon after these wild sons of villainy. They could then come stealthily from the rear and attack them more effectively.

But the steeper way proved worse than had been antici-

pated. A recent rain had turned it into the bed of a transitory mountain stream. Loose rocks and stones made the horses stumble and stagger.

"We cannot go any further on this path. We must go back and follow after the marauders," cried one, whose horse had fallen several times.

"What!" returned Abdallah. "And arrive in time only to find our tents pillaged and perhaps our friends and relatives murdered? No, let us keep resolutely on. Perhaps we can do better to walk."

But Tabou, as if understanding his words, made such efforts to quicken his steps, and showed such displeasure whenever Abdallah attempted to alight, that he kept his saddle, knowing all his strength would be required in the approaching combat, which he now believed inevitable.

An exciting scene lay before them when Abdallah and his men gained the plateau where their tents were erected.

The marauders had driven the women and children into a large sheep-pen, where a few were keeping guard over them, while the others were ransacking the tents. Stealing up behind these four, they gagged them, and, freeing the women and children, left them to make their captors fast with ropes. This was done so quietly, the men in the tents were unaware of their presence. But when several of them came out with their arms full of booty, they were dispatched. A fierce conflict then ensued between the survivors and Abdallah's followers.

If the marauders had not imbibed of arrack so freely the result of the fray might have been doubtful. But as it was, they were entirely vanquished.

Abdallah tried from the very first of the struggle to gain his father's tent, but he was prevented from doing this until its close. Then he hastened, agitated with fear, to find what happened to his aged relative.

There was literally nothing in his tent. His box containing his valuable papers, his few rugs and articles of luxury and convenience, had all disappeared, and the ground had been carefully dug up to gain any hidden treasure there might be secreted within.

He searched diligently in the adjoining tents, but everywhere he found similar marks of pillage and no traces of the missing one.

At length he bethought himself of the enemies' horses. He hastened down where they were tied, and found his father lashed to one.

"Allah be praised! Abdallah, my son! Thy obedience has saved us!" exclaimed the old man on being loosed. "My heart was near to breaking, for the villains had all the papers by which thou couldst establish thy claim to thy possessions after my death. I saw nothing before thee but a life of roving in wretchedness and poverty, and I groaned in anguish of spirit. How I cursed the miserable lion-hunt that had taken all the able-bodied men away, for I feared I had put thy obedience to too great a test."

Faint gleams of dawn began to appear in the east as Abdallah and his father were speaking, and by the struggling light they perceived a wounded marauder crawling with difficulty toward them. Exhausted with his efforts and loss of blood, the poor wretch made a sign that he wanted to say something.

Abou Taled and his son bent over him, and he said:

"We were to have had much gold besides the booty for delivering you both into the hands of Prince Ghelma. The people like him not, and their determination to restore you to your rightful dominion has reached his ears. He therefore engaged us to bring him your heads that he

might show them how useless would be their endeavors. If we had not waited for the booty, we should have been successful."

"Thou 'dst better spend thy breath in praying for thy soul, base creature," exclaimed Abou Taled, indignantly, "rather than bemoaning the loss of ill-gotten gains."

"But I leave a large family of children with nothing to support them," sighed the man.

"If the news thou dost impart prove true," exclaimed Abou Taled, "they shall be provided for! What name bearest thou? Where dost thou live?"

A smile of joy lit up the miserable man's face. He made a desperate attempt to say something, but Death, the stern and relentless, refused to allow his victim another word!

* * * * *

Only a few moons waxed and waned before the aged Abou Taled and his son were reinstated in the municipality from which they had been ejected by fraud and violence.

The old man desired no longer to mingle in the affairs of state, and at his request his noble son reigned in his stead, under the title of Abdallah the Obedient.

A LUMP OF SUGAR.

BY DAVID HOUSTON.

SUGAR, it is well known, exists in many varieties of form, each differing from the other in certain physical and chemical particulars; but sweetness and ready solubility in water are two of its constant and most characteristic properties. If we examine the structure of a lump of loaf-sugar, we find that it is built up of an immense number of small, sparkling, transparent crystals. Proceeding to break the lump, we find that the particles are very easily separated, in consequence of which the body is exceedingly brittle. An explanation of this lies in the fact that the shining faces of the many crystals seen on both the fracture surfaces were planes of weak cohesion. To understand it more clearly, get some large crystals of sugar—such as are found in sugar-candy—and, with a knife-blade, attempt to split a crystal in different directions. Now notice that there is one direction in which the crystal refuses to split, while there is another direction along which it will split quite easily, enabling us to remove again and again thin, shining layers from the crystalline mass. These cleavage planes, as they are called, are therefore surfaces of weak cohesive force, and hence the fissile character of all crystalline bodies. If, for the purpose of comparison, we here destroy the crystalline structure of the lump of loaf-sugar, by placing it in a metal spoon and holding it over the flame of a lamp until it melts, we can see at once, upon an examination of the cooled yellow mass, the marked difference in physical condition existing between a crystalline and uncrystalline variety of the same body.

Sugar is highly soluble in water, but scarcely soluble at all in alcohol. It crystallizes from its aqueous solution when slowly evaporated, forming oblique six-sided or four-sided rhomboidal prisms (Fig. 1). They are well seen in the sugar-candy. Now let us fully understand what being soluble in water really means. If we put a few lumps of sugar in half a glassful of water, and keep stirring it with a rod, we shall see the lumps gradually disappear, until, at last, not a particle of the sugar is to be seen. In fact, the crystals of the sugar have suffered most extreme subdivision, the separated particles

green grains called chlorophyll grains, which, during the presence of sunlight, seem to take an active part in the work going on in the cell. Water absorbed from the soil by the roots of the plant finds its way into the leaf, and thence into these chlorophyll-bearing cells. Carbon dioxide, always present in the air, also finds its way into the leaf through the pores or stomata, especially abundant on its under-surface, and thence also into the cells. Here, during the continuance of sunlight, the compound gas is decomposed by the protoplasm, the chlorophyll grains, doubtless, taking an important part in the operation. The carbon is then, under the same or similar influences, made to chemically combine with the water, and the result is generally the formation of starch, though sometimes of sugar. Upon examining a properly prepared section of a recently active leaf under the microscope, minute grains of starch may be seen imbedded in the chlorophyll grains. Their presence may be easily detected by causing a weak solution of iodine to run over the section, when the starch-grains will instantly be stained a bright-blue color. Starch is an insoluble substance, and so long as it remains in this condition in the leaf it is unable to be distributed by the sap throughout the rest of the plant's body; but under the influence of certain forces, physical, chemical, or vital, it may be variously modified into soluble compounds. One of its forms of modification is sugar, and changes resulting in the formation of sugar from starch take place in the leaf, and other parts of the plant's body. Hence all green plants contain a certain amount of some kind of sugar in their sap. The table here given shows (according to analyses made by Professor Church) the comparative amounts of sugar present in particular parts of the following plants:

	In 100 parts.
Apple (fruit)	6.8
Beet (root)	10.0
Carrot (root)	4.0
Celery (leaf stalk)	2.2
Date palm (fruit)	54.0
Grape vine (fruit)	13.0
Sugar-cane (stem)	18.0

This sugar (with other substances) is used by the plant as a material for the construction of its tissues. When it is formed in any considerable excess of the present needs of the plant, it is generally stored away in particular parts of its body in anticipation of future wants. Thus in the sugar-cane it is deposited in the stem, to be used by the plant in the exhaustive period of flowering; in the bulbous roots of the biennial beet as an accumulation of food for its second year's growth; and in the

fruit of the apples as a source of nourishment for the young plants which will eventually grow from the contained seeds. Thus we see that all our supplies of sugar must come from the vegetable kingdom, and that if we desire to obtain the maximum amount of sugar from any particular plant, we must wait until the plant has manufactured its full complement of reserve material, and then extract it before the plant draws upon this supply for further growth and development. There are several plants from the juice of which sugar is now extracted, the principal of which are the sugar-cane, beet, sugar-maple, sugar-grass and certain species of palms. The sugar-cane yields us, perhaps, the largest supply. It is a stout grass, with a stem generally varying in height from six to twelve feet, with a diameter from one and a half to two inches, the nodes or knobs being

separated by internodes varying in length from three to five inches; the linear leaves are three or four feet long, with stout white veins running parallel with the length of the leaves. The stem terminates in a clustering head of small white flowers. It requires, for its successful cultivation, a rich soil in a tropical country, and is invariably propagated by cuttings. It is grown extensively in the West Indian Islands; but it is said to be a native of the Old World, and although unknown to the Greeks and Romans, was cultivated in India, China and the South Sea Islands before the time of authentic history. It seems, however, that about three and a half centuries ago the Spaniards brought it over to St. Domingo from the Canary Islands, and from thence it was transplanted to various other parts of the West Indian Islands.

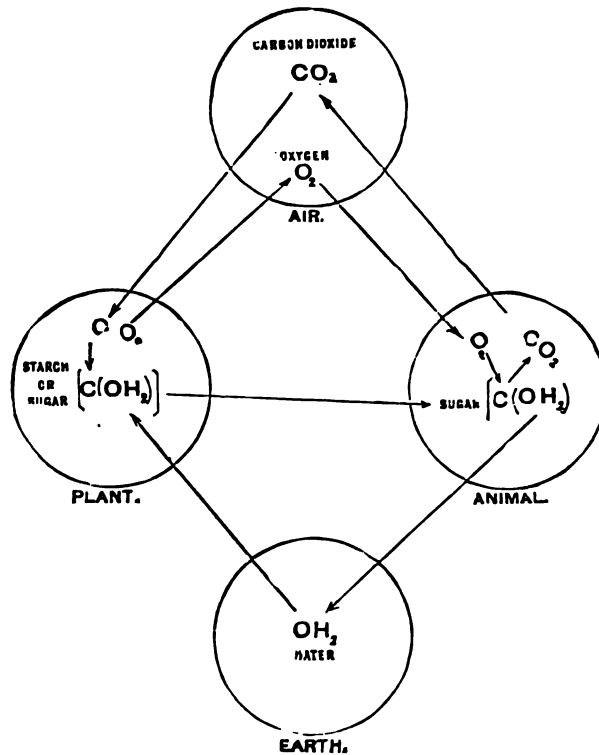


FIG. 3.—DIAGRAM SHOWING THE CYCLIC CHANGES RESULTING IN THE FORMATION, DECOMPOSITION AND RECOMPOSITION OF SUGAR.

When the period arrives, or just immediately after the expansion of the flowers, the sap of the stem is rich in sugar. The younger, and therefore growing, portions of the stem use up their supply of sugar for purposes of growth; and hence, when the stems are now cut down near their base, the growing parts are cut off and removed, with the leaves; injured parts are also carefully removed, to prevent hasty fermentation in the juice.

The extraction of the sugar is begun by expressing the juice from the stalks, by passing the canes between heavy rollers. The collected juice is then heated with lime, for the purpose of removing the free acid, after which it is heated to 60° Centigrade (140° Fahr.), to coagulate its contained albumen, and thus prevent the fermentation which would otherwise take place. The clear liquid is next evaporated in open pans, and then crystallized in open troughs, in the meantime being briskly stirred. A solid (raw sugar) separates from the molasses, which is next strained and then dried in the

sun, in which condition it is generally imported into this country.

In the process of refining raw sugar is dissolved in water, to which is added a little lime, ground bone-black, and albumen (such as the serum, or watery portion, of bullock's blood). It is then boiled by steam, which causes the albumen to coagulate, carrying with it the impurities in the juice. The bone-black partially decolors it, but the clear liquid is made to pass through a filter of animal charcoal, which completes the decolorization. The juice is next evaporated in pans, *in vacuo*, which reduces the boiling-point of the liquid from 110° C. to 65° C. (230°—149° Fahr. The resulting syrup is run into coolers, and well stirred; it is then poured into molds, where it cools slowly, and becomes in a short time white, sparkling, crystalline sugar-loaves. Sorghum, a sugar-producing plant, has at times been largely cultivated in this country, but the results have not encouraged its general adoption.

Great supplies of sugar are also obtained from the beet plant, which is extensively cultivated for this purpose in Europe. The bulbous roots, which, on the average, contain about thirteen per cent. of sugar, are from three to six inches in length; but it has been observed that the smaller the size the greater the proportion of sugar. It requires, for its successful cultivation, a deep, well-drained soil, with an abundance of soluble potash salts; but the presence of common salt in the soil renders difficult (for reasons previously stated) the crystallization of the sugar from the juice. Hence the great loss occasioned by growing these plants for this purpose upon soil near the seacoast. About September the roots are removed from the ground, stripped of their leaves, and stored away in pits. Much care is required to prevent the roots from sprouting before being sent to the works, as this would, of course, occasion considerable loss of sugar. The process of manufacture is, in the main, almost identical with that pursued in the treatment of the sugar-cane, with this exception, however, that the juice of the beet-root being sticky, its extraction is usually effected by maceration instead of pressure.

There are several varieties of sugar, but the three principal kinds are cane, grape and milk sugar. The sweetest variety is cane-sugar; it crystallizes in oblique six or four-sided rhomboidal prisms, and emits a phosphorescent glow when struck, rubbed or broken in the dark. It is 1.606 times heavier than water, and turns a ray of polarized light 73° 8' to the right. It is principally derived, for commercial and domestic purposes, from the sugar-cane, beet and sugar-maple; but it occurs in smaller proportions in the juices of other plants.

Grape-sugar is twenty-nine times less sweet than cane-sugar, and is found plentifully in the juice of all succulent fruit. It is readily formed from starch in the plant or animal body. It may also be easily produced from this same substance in the laboratory by slow boiling in dilute acid, and is sometimes prepared from paper, cotton and linen rags, and even from sawdust, by the same process. Very large quantities of grape-sugar, or, as it is now called, glucose, are made in this country, and used with cane-sugar to form the cheaper grades of sugar sold in the stores.

Milk-sugar is found in the milk of all the mammalia, but, of course, in varying proportions; cow's milk containing 5.1 per cent., and woman's milk 6.9. It may be obtained in its characteristic rhombic crystals by slow evaporation. It is not so soluble in water as either cane or fruit sugar, and is as sweet to the taste.

Sugar is universal an article of food or

luxury, and its importance in domestic economy cannot possibly be overestimated. Even in countries where it is not obtained in a separate form, it is eaten extensively in fruits, and other kinds of vegetable and animal foods. It is one of those foods which are necessary for the maintenance of heat throughout the system. The heat is generated by the burning or oxidation of the carbonaceous compound in the presence of a constant supply of free oxygen in the blood, kept up by the repeated indraughts of air into the lungs in breathing. Under this influence of oxidation the sugar is broken up, the oxygen unites with the carbon, and forms carbon dioxide, and the water is liberated. According to Dr. Frankland, ten grains of lump-sugar, when burned in the body, produce heat sufficient to raise 8.61 lbs. of water 1° Fahr., which is equal to lifting 6,649 lbs. one foot high. The gaseous carbon dioxide—or "carbonic acid gas"—is absorbed by the blood as soon as generated. The blood finds its way to the lungs, into the air-cells of which the gas is diffused, and from thence it is expelled in respiration.

We have now seen (Fig. 3) that sugar is a readily soluble and highly crystallizable organic compound, manufactured by plants from carbon derived from the carbon dioxide which exists as an animal impurity in the air, and water obtained from the soil; that when eaten by animals it is burned in their bodies, thereby producing much heat, the oxygen necessary for the process being supplied from the air; and also that the gaseous product of combustion, carbon dioxide, is expelled by the lungs into the air, thereby polluting it. And we have further seen that the oxygen thrown off by plants, when building up the molecular structure of sugar from carbon dioxide and water, is taken up by animals to enable them by oxidation to pull down this same structure, and reduce it again to the two original and simpler inorganic constituents—carbon dioxide and water—and that this operation is necessary during life to enable them to keep up the temperature of their bodies.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE destruction of beautiful wild birds for milliners' and jewelers' uses has gone on in every part of the world, until now, alarmed at their growing scarcity, even in remote regions, a universal protest is being heard. Even in India and China certain birds of fine plumage have been almost exterminated. The Government of India has just enacted laws to repress this frightful waste of innocent and beautiful bird-life. "The facts that have come to light," says *The Times of India*, "regarding the wholesale slaughter that has been going on are almost incredible. For example, the Commissioner in Scinde has reported that in a few days' time no fewer than 30,000 black partridges have been killed in certain parts of the provinces to supply the European demand for their skins. The wholesale dealers in feathers have thus been responsible for a terrible amount of damage—rollers (blue jays), golden orioles (mangoe-birds), hoopoes and other beautifully plumaged birds, all being bought up by them in any number. During the breeding season the devastation has been terrible, the gunners and trappers going forth and ruthlessly killing the cocks for the sake of their feathers, while they have not scrupled to live on the hens and the young, even the eggs being made an article of diet. Paddy-birds, flycatchers and other insect-destroying birds suffered especially, so that no small amount of harm was being wrought to the cultivators of the soil." The law now designates close seasons, when it will be criminal to kill, or even to have in possession, any of a list of birds, which embraces nearly all the land birds and game fowls of India.

In *The Forum* for last December, Mr. Park Benjamin gives a summary of what has been done toward facilitating communication between ships at sea. A steamship in the midst of a fog is almost utterly cut off, and all her splendid mechanism is helpless. Signals by sight are useless, and those by sound are almost equally so, since they are confusing in direction and muffled in volume. How to transmit messages, or at least warning of presence, from one vessel to another in defiance of thick weather, is a problem worthy the greatest and most humane minds. Two methods of establishing communication at sea have been proposed, we are told. One of these is partly electrical and partly acoustic, and the other wholly electrical in character. The first system has been experimented upon by Professor Lucian J. Blake, and, to some

extent, by Mr. Edison. Its general plan is as follows: Any sort of sound-producing apparatus, such as a whistle or fog-horn, is arranged to produce its blasts under the surface of the water, wherein the sound-waves will travel in all directions with a velocity four or five times as fast as in the air. There is nothing electrical, therefore, in this part of the contrivance. The receiving apparatus is to consist of a tube extending down through the ship, and open below, so as to become filled with a column of water, into which some of the sound-waves pass. In this tube is to be arranged a telephone transmitter (the contrivance ordinarily talked into), which will take up the sound which has passed through the water and electrically transmit the signals through a wire to the captain's cabin or other quiet room in the ship, where an ordinary telephonic receiver is provided, at which instrument, during night and thick weather, some one is constantly to listen. Professor Blake states that signals have thus been sent between boats a mile distant, through a rough sea and a dense fog, and that the sound of a bell has been heard over a distance of one and a half miles, around three or four turns of a river, when entirely inaudible through the air. Mr. Edison's plan, so far as it has been made public in the newspapers, appears to involve very much the same idea as that of Professor Blake. Nothing could be clearer than the distinguished inventor's elucidation of what he intends to accomplish, but no reported results are at hand other than a general statement that intelligible messages have been transmitted over a distance of a mile through the water of a Florida river. The second system is that proposed by Professor Alexander Graham Bell, and, as already stated, is purely electrical. He suggests an insulated wire, to be connected with a dynamo on board ship, and trailed for a considerable distance astern. The electrical circuit from the dynamo to the exposed end of the wire, or metal plate thereto attached, is completed back to the vessel by the water. The other pole of the dynamo may be connected to the iron ship herself. The reported theory of this arrangement is that when the current in the above circuit is interrupted by the making of signals, currents will be induced in a similar circuit established on another vessel, and that the variations produced in the second circuit will affect a receiving telephone included therein, so that signals will there be reproduced. Of the two systems thus briefly outlined, that attributed to Professor Bell is the most promising. The objections to the acoustic plan, as Mr. Benjamin points out, are many and serious. The motion of the vessel herself, the constant vibration of the hull, due to the moving machinery and impact of waves, the groaning and creaking of the ship's frame, and other unavoidable noises always present in a vessel in a sea-way, and intensified in stormy weather, will affect the delicate mechanism of a telephone transmitter, and tend to so confuse and obscure the signals received as to render them unintelligible.

A new form of telescope object-glass has been described by Dr. Pickering, of Harvard. The peculiarity of this glass is, that it can be transformed at will from a "photographic" to a "visual" lens by simply turning over the crown-glass lens and changing its distance from the flint-glass lens. For this purpose the crown-glass lens, instead of being made nearly equi-convex as usual is made with one side much more convex than the other. When the telescope is used for visual work the more convex side of the crown-glass lens is turned toward the flint and the two are brought nearly into contact; to fit the lens for photography the crown-glass lens is turned over and separated from the flint lens by the distance that is found necessary to make the color-correction right for photography. In an object-glass of the ordinary construction this separation of the lenses would ruin the correction for spherical aberration; in the new form this is not the case. The Clarks have made for Professor Pickering a lens of this construction with an aperture of thirteen inches and a focal length of fifteen feet, which performs admirably, both visually and photographically.

Two of the professors at McGill University, in Montreal, are conducting a series of important observations upon the temperature of the earth at different seasons and under diverse circumstances. Similar observations have been made elsewhere, and the depth at which the temperature remains uniform at all seasons is known for various points in the United States, but has not hitherto been determined in Canada. The chief interest in these observations is from their bearing on agriculture. It is important to know the exact condition of the earth as to warmth at all depths in which vegetable growth takes place, and the effects on temperature of snow, moisture, density of soil and geological formation. This depth is about five feet. A copper wire is sunk to this distance, and upon it, at intervals of six inches, are soldered iron wires and joints formed. These are connected with similar joints in the observatory, and these, with a thermo-dynamometer, which indicates the degree of heat by deflection of a needle as soon as the electrical circuit with the earth is complete.

In a recent letter to the London *Times*, Professor Max Müller contends against the view set forth by Professor Sayce in his address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science that the original home of the Aryans was not in Asia. Professor Sayce, following Dr. Schrader, of Jena, and other German scholars, transfers the original home of the Aryan stock to Scandinavia or Lithuania. Canon Isaac Taylor has supported Professor Sayce's views in a paper read before the Anthropological Institute of London.

AMONG the most interesting of the reported utterances of Professor F. W. Putnam, Curator of the Peabody Academy, in Cambridge, Mass., at a late meeting of antiquarians in Cleveland, was his announcement that ancient skulls from Ohio show, beyond

question, that the Mound-builders were allied to the tribes of Mexico and South America. These are short-headed races, the breadth of whose skulls is more than three-fourths their length. Out of 1,400 skulls from burial-places near Madisonville, more than 1,200 were of that type. Everything thus points to the correctness of the generalizations of the late Colonel Whittlessey that the Mound-builders advanced up the Mississippi Valley to Southern Illinois and Ohio, and were afterward driven back by the more warlike tribes of the lake region. The fact that the Southern tribes in America belong to a short-headed race, while the Northern tribes are long-headed, and that there is a corresponding division between the races in Southern Asia and those in Northern Asia, also has great significance in indicating the early lines of migration from the Old World. In this connection it is interesting to know that the Great Serpent in Adams County, O., has been rescued from obliteration, and restored to its original dimensions, and will be preserved. It is now the property of the Peabody Academy, through the generosity of a society of ladies in Boston. This mound is a very impressive object, as it winds, for 1,300 feet, up the side hill overlooking Brush Creek, 100 feet below. It was fast going to destruction. The zeal of the Boston ladies is having effect in Ohio, and organizations are beginning to move for the preservation of other monuments of this interesting civilization.

A CURIOUS and interesting inquiry is proceeding in *Notes and Queries* and other English journals, as to which was the mother city of America; i. e., from what city did the first European settlers of the United States come? The originator of the inquiry is in favor of Plymouth, as being the city or town of Sir Francis Drake, of Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of Virginia, and to some extent of the Pilgrim Fathers (who called New Plymouth after that port), but invites discussion as to the possible claims of other European towns, etc. The subject is of interest to Americans, and probably will excite some debate. If this claim is established, it will enhance the interest Americans will take in the tercentenary celebration of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which is to be made at Plymouth some time this year.

It was a theory of the astronomer Arago that the zodiac was of Egyptian origin, and he thought it a very ancient conception. It has since been proved that the form of the zodiac upon which Arago founded his conclusion was only of the Ptolemaic Age; but earlier than this is a zodiac discovered at Tanis (the ancient Zaan), where many engraved gems and carved boundary-stones of a far more remote antiquity show that the signs of the zodiac, as known to us, were also known to the Chaldeans. It is evident that from an early period the division of the heavens into twelve parts, presided over by twelve constellations, had been in use among the Babylonians.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WOULD the pugilist be classed as a "mill" operative?

TO MAKE a long story short—Send it to the editor of a newspaper.

"A LITTLE Burlington boy gave, as the definition of cupidity, "love-sickness."

THE latest British warship cost \$1,500,000. It was almost as expensive as a private yacht.

IT seems as if the bread-and-pastry cook might not inappropriately be termed a doughmestic.

THERE is one kind of vice which never sticks to young people enough to hurt them, and that is advice.

THE dog that goes without a muzzle in New York to save a trifling expense is penny wise and pound foolish.

SHE—"Why, Charlie, what a pile of letters! *Billet-doux*, I suppose?" HE—"Not at my time of life, my dear. *Billetts* over-due."

RICE-BIRDS sell for twenty cents a dozen in Georgia. The amateur sportsman down there can have pretty good luck for a dollar.

"You had better ask for manners than for money," said a dandy to a beggar. "I asked for what I thought you had most of," was the keen retort.

SHE—"I like this place immensely since they have the new French *chef*." HE (weak in his French, but generous to a fault) "Waitah, bring *chef* for two!"

CARLYLE says: "A man who sings at his work is a good man." Maybe so. But we have noticed in the case of a musquito that when he sings a serenade to you at night he is after your blood.

JONES—"Have you a family, Mr. Smith?" SMITH—"I have two daughters." JONES—"Have you no sons?" SMITH (sighing heavily)—"I have no sons to perpetuate my name. It will die with me."

THE cashier of a business house in New York finds that the following notice, posted in front of his desk, serves a useful purpose: "Never address your conversation to a person engaged in adding figures. There is nothing so deaf as an adder."

HAPPY ALL ROUND.—*Husband*—"If you only had the ability to cook as mother used to I would be happy, dear." *Wife*—"And if you only had the ability to make money enough to buy things to cook, as your father used to, I, too, would be happy, dear."

EFFIE DEANS.
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR J. E. MILLAR.

balance for strengthening fortifications. The revolution which the art of war has undergone, the rapidity of movement, and, above all, the great numerical strength of armies now brought into the field, have long ago demonstrated the fact of the utter insufficiency of a line of frontier fortresses as a means of national defense. Again, with the new and more effective explosives, and with the perfection of arms, the increased power of artillery since the days of Vauban, in vertical fire, rendered necessary a change in the ancient construction of her fortresses. Many good and logical objections to the old styles, following in the direct line of progress, have led to a new arrangement in many of the recent constructions of fortifications. The ground to be defended is now inclosed by a series of detached forts, works, redoubts, etc. These mutually flank and defend each other, and are located at from 300 to 3,000 yards, in direct ratio to the nature of the ground, and embrace a circumference of several miles; each work having within itself the means of sustaining a siege, with its small garrison protected by good casemates, strong parapets, etc. The advantages thus attained are held to be these: They remove the actual scene of operations to such a distance from the inhabitants that their sufferings and privations during the operations of a siege shall be greatly diminished. Within the circle of these works people can carry on the production of those materials which sustain life and provide comfort. The space which an assailant must occupy to invest such a circuit of works requires an immense force, and weakens his line to such an extent as to afford opportunities to the defenders to fall upon his decimated fronts with heavy attacks. The vast interior space thus inclosed, on the other hand, not only gives cover to the largest body of troops and enables an army after defeat to rally, reorganize and assume the offensive, but affords, likewise, ample space for the formation of vast magazines of every description.

The most complete embodiment of these modern principles makes Paris what it is to-day, the strongest fortress in the world. The works now consist of the old bastioned *enceinte* revetted to the height of 35 feet, built during the reign of Louis Philippe, surrounded by a ditch with *lunette* 45 feet broad, and covered by a centre scarp of masonry. The gateways or entrances through this huge wall are fifty in number, arranged so as to form casemated barracks fitted to contain, in times of war, batteries to flank the ditches and the approaches, and form in reality so many citadels. The ditch, by means of a *barrage* of the Seine, could be flooded to the depth of eight feet in less than forty-eight hours. There is also a second line of fortifications which consists of seventeen old and thirty-eight new detached forts and ninety-four bastions, varying in their outline and properties, but all the new works constructed upon the most approved principles of modern art. This exterior line, combined with the natural topographical obstacles of the country, extending beyond St. Denis, Pantin, Vincennes, Charenton, Ivry and Mont Valérien, intersected by woods, rivers and heights, embraces a circumference of upward of seventy miles. The distance between the two lines varies from 2,000 to 7,000 French meters. The right bank of the Seine represents sixty-seven fronts, the left twenty-seven. The exterior line is connected with the *enceinte* by strategic roads, both railway and wagon, which so radiate around the city that should an enemy have captured a fort and mastered the whole position of the line of which it forms the head, he could not advance on any portion of the *enceinte* without being taken in flank. The armament of the *enceinte*

requires 2,000 guns of heavy calibre, that of the detached forts 2,000. The powder magazines of the latter contain nearly 25,000,000 pounds of powder. Of the exterior line, St. Denis, with Forts de l'Est and Charenton, form the two great centres of manœuvre and defense of this central system. But the difficulties which an invading army would have to encounter in a march on the French capital can be best appreciated by a rapid glance at the dispositions made for the general defense of the entire territory, of which, as it has already been observed, Paris and Lyons form the two great pivots. The sphere of action represented by a simple fortified post is limited to the range of its artillery; of a fortress, the distance to which its garrison can act with safety; of a grand fortified position, the whole range of country upon which an entire army can operate. It is the combination of all these conditions that renders France to-day no longer the plaything of 1871, but unassailable on her own ground. The attitude of this people for the past year, the direction of her policy, always independent and aggressive, demonstrates how firmly they themselves are impressed with this fact.

Under the first empire the French continental frontier was bounded by the Rhine and the Alps, the right resting on the Mediterranean, the left on the German Ocean, its front covered by the States of the Confederation of the Rhine. But the peace of 1815 gave a new determination to this frontier, converting some of its most salient points into advanced bases of operation for an enemy in case of war.

Thus the Allied Powers dispossessed her of Chinay, Marienburg and Philippeville, which brought their advanced posts within seven marches of Paris. They deprived her also of Serrelouis, Landau and Hennungen, leaving Alsace and Lorraine completely uncovered, and compelled years after to suffer German annexation. The possession of Parenburg established them beyond the Jura; while in the Alps they remained not only masters of all the great military roads, but likewise of several valleys which descend toward France. Open thus on many sides to hostile aggression, the French Government, with admirable foresight and consummate sagacity, have since the year 1830 been, though not unremitting in their exertions, endeavoring to endow their country with a well-combined and powerful system of defense, in order to render impossible the reoccurrence of the disasters of 1814, and those transpiring later, in 1870. The renewed labors of the past seventeen years have advanced the defense to its perfection. France has now upon her frontiers a line of fortresses in ratio to their extent and physical configuration; and upon each great line of invasion two or three fortified intermediate positions, such as Lyons and Bordeaux, where there exist recently built intrenchment camps, in which an army could maintain itself for almost any length of time. These points are directly connected with the frontier fortresses, and the interior by a chain of posts and positions, to cover and facilitate the movements of her defensive army, and in the very centre of the country a great place of arms, under cover of which, in case of disaster, a last struggle for national independence could be successfully made. The rules of this modern French art of defense have caused to be established two different descriptions of fortified places—fortresses of depot, and fortresses of manœuvre. The former are strong and comparatively few in number, capable of maintaining the material for the supply of a large army, artillery equipages, reserves of small arms; in fact, ordnance stores of every nature and kind. Several of them also contain an arsenal of construction, and extensive

magazines for provisions. The troops ordered to these places are thus enabled to leave, well armed, organized and ready for immediate operations in the field. At a later period, as the theory of the utility of such places continues, the reinforcements of the army are to be organized, and, if the commencement of a campaign prove disastrous, or should the French army be so inferior to the enemy that from the first it was compelled to act on the defensive, it would double its force by resting on one of these places, nearly all of which are located on navigable rivers, the better to obtain supplies and facilitate the manœuvres of the army. The next are fortresses of manœuvre, which, as the term implies, serve to facilitate the actions of an army and to fetter or defeat altogether those of an enemy. They are exclusively situated in the mountains, the valleys of which are blocked up, and upon rivers running parallel to the frontiers.

But, above all, does it appear to have been the policy of the French to secure her capital against a *coup de main*. Says a writer upon the subject: "For if the heart of a state be uncovered, it is useless to fortify the extremities. In fact, under the centralized system of modern governments, the military power of a nation is in direct ratio to the invulnerability of its capital." It was the combination of these military and political considerations which presided over the renewed fortifications of Paris. Now, an invading army must be sufficiently strong, not only to gain half a dozen battles, but to undertake the siege of several of the frontier fortresses prior to an advance on the capital. But it was not a particular system of fortifications, territorial configuration, or the constitution of an army, that was the basis of the recent operations, but a combination of them all; for of all dramas, war is held to be one in which the unities should be most rigorously observed. But, after successively rendering impregnable the frontiers, securing the capital and completing the defensive operations of the interior, it was found indispensable, in order to mature this perfect system further—by taking advantage of the natural features of the country, the rivers, mountains, woods and valleys—to establish between the different frontiers themselves, a well-combined *ensemble*, and, by the direction of military roads, the formation of magazines, strong fortified positions, *têtes de pont*, to connect them in order to enable the armies charged with the defense of each frontier to rapidly concentrate and move *en masse* on the flanks and rear of the enemy. The rapid development of the system of railways, to which the Government has taken care to give a strategic direction, will greatly facilitate this operation. Up to the year 1870, France had been exceedingly backward in recognizing the importance and the many advantages of rapid transportation, for in that year there were only 9,008 miles in operation, while across the border, in Germany, there were 12,118 miles; but since that period she has spent an enormous amount in developing these useful accessories to the operations of war. In consequence of a convention held for that purpose, the interior network of railways was to be brought up to at least 14,165 miles within ten years, and that at an expenditure of \$2,057,359,220. Of this amount the companies had to provide \$1,714,609,440, while the state granted a subsidy of \$342,749,780 and further, according to a decision of Parliament in 1879, it was decided to proceed with the construction of between 6,381 and 7,600 miles of new lines; and now, at the present time, France has nearly 25,000 miles passably well equipped and in active operation.

To resume the examination of the new works which have been constructed since 1870: Before the Prussian

dénouement the frontiers were in precisely the same condition as in 1709 and 1793, but the necessity of reorganizing their defense was not long in making itself felt. Especially was weakness noticeable on the sides of Belgium, Germany and Italy. By means of new forts and outlying works there have been created strong positions arranged in groups and fortified camps. The great centres of defense are:

1. Frontiers of Belgium on the north:

- a. The great Dunkerque group, composed of Forts Dunkerque, Burgues, Gravelines, and several other smaller ones.
- b. The great place of Lille, surrounded by seven detached forts.
- c. The region between the Rivers Escaut and Sambre—the chief centre of defense of the northern frontier—where are located Forts Le Quesnoy, Condé, Valenciennes, Bouchain, the Citadel of Cambray, the fortified position of Maubeuge, Landrêcles, and several forts.
- d. The region of the Ardennes, defended by Givet, Montmercy and Longwy.
- e. Second line of defense: Peronne, La Fère, Laon, Soissons and Reims.
- f. Paris and its fortifications.

2. On the frontiers of Germany and the northwest:

- a. The first line of defense is the fortified Camp of Verdun, on the Meuse, composed of the place Verdun and twelve forts, which command the roads from Metz to Paris.
- b. The great Camp of Toul and eleven forts, which command the roads from Strasbourg to Paris.
- c. The place of Epinal and five forts, situated between Epinal and Belfort.
- d. The fortified Camp of Belfort, consisting of its ancient circle of six forts and a new one of ten forts, located further in advance and armed with powerful batteries.
- e. Behind this line of fortifications, Langres, another fortified camp, with two circles of forts commanding the road from Belfort to Paris; and then, lastly, Nogent-sur-Saône.

3. On the frontiers of Switzerland:

- a. The new Forts and Works of Montbéliard, Pont le Boide and Lomont.
- b. The strongly fortified position of Besançon, placed beyond danger of bombardment by twenty-two detached forts and fortifications, among them Fort Toux, and, on the south, the *Place des Ruisseaux*.
- c. The great Fortress and Citadel of Dijon, with eight large forts.

This colossal work upon the French frontiers, planned and carried into execution by General Rivière, a veritable modern Vauban, is now practically finished. To arm the forts and fortresses, in 1884, ninety-six batteries were created, to which are added, in time of war, the artillery force of the territorial army.

For imparting to this system of defense all the energy of which it is susceptible, France possesses, by reason of her reorganizing upon the principle that every man owes military service to his country, an army in time of peace of 144 regiments of infantry; 4 battalions of 4 companies each, and 20 others stationed at depots; 16 fort battalions with 6 batteries each; 38 regiments of field artillery, 19 with 12 batteries and an equal number with 8; 3 mounted batteries; 12 batteries in Algeria—making a total of 449 batteries with 3,694 cannon, and the entire equipment manned by 502,000 men with 125,000 horses. In time of war France can dispose of twenty classes of 150,000 each, 3,000,000 in all, from which must be deducted one-sixth for losses, exemptions, etc., leaving the effective number in war 2,500,000. With this force splendidly equipped as it would be, there seems no doubt but France could hold her own against any attack and be enabled to sport with her antagonists. The fact that, as indicated by

and especially in France, and are emphasized by the disclosures which resulted from the examination. While other Continental Powers have manifested unusual conservatism in the adoption of new expedients, the French Government seems to have had a craving and hearty appreciation of every device which bore the stamp of novelty or contained some promise of usefulness. The blind dependence upon their mitrailleuse and chasseur guns in 1870 has been succeeded by a desire to supplant them, and, in fact, every other piece of war apparatus of that lamented historical period. Although in the main the French arms have been undergoing marked changes, and although innovations were as frequent as the means presented, very little has or will be heard of the metamorphosis of her military system and equipment. In connection with the renovation and remodeling of her armament and apparatus of war she has quietly been working parallel reforms of an important nature in the theory of her armies. Since the reverses of 1870-71 that part of her military system relating to her army has been completely overthrown, and the principles of 1789 adopted as the groundwork of reorganization. According to these precepts every able-bodied Frenchman owes military service to his country. A law enacted in 1872 created two armies, the active and territorial, somewhat after the model set by the Germans many years ago. Other important changes have followed, permanent *corps d'armée* were formed, and a mode of rapid mobilization by railway organized, so that, it is estimated, in three days she could concentrate 200,000 men on her frontier. The means of defense on the frontiers themselves were changed; the artillery reconstructed; a new system of tactics adopted; the cavalry was transformed; the *intendance* reorganized and considered apart from the medical staff; and a Committee of Control over the whole administration of the army was created. In this energetic manner her armed forces have been adapted to accepted modern military principles, and what at one time was considered routine was eagerly combated by new methods of operation, renouncing in the process many old legends and prejudices.

These monster changes in the equipment, administration, etc., and the necessary increase in the standing army which resulted, cost the Republic \$600,000,000. The new recruiting law decrees: 1st. That every Frenchman owes his country military service. 2d. Every Frenchman capable of doing military service may be called out from the age of twenty to forty years. 3d. All kinds of substitution are suppressed. 4th. Every Frenchman fit for service is enrolled in the active army for five years; in the reserve of the active army for four years; in the territorial army for five years, and in the reserve of the territorial army for six years. The applications of these decrees have done much for the army of France; but changes in her equipment of these forces have been even more marked.

It has been held by the leading writers on military science that this army is better equipped and more fertile in fighting expedients than that of any other nation on the globe. Her inventive genius has worked out some curious problems. Especially during the past year have advances in this direction been noticed.

Of the most unique of these may be considered the subject of the war-balloon and its utility. Since the usefulness of these air-ships in war was first brought to the notice of military men during the siege of Paris, much attention has been given to it by scientific men.

be indestructible from bullets and well adapted to use during a campaign or a siege. The principle of the invention is illustrated in an accompanying cut. Inside of the usual envelope of silk is a series of connected conical sacks, likewise of silk, and suspended loosely in vertical tiers. Each column of cones is separate, but all unite near the mouth of the balloon, where they are supplied with the gas through small tubes. Around the interior

1. Silk Sacks. 2. Silk Suspended. 3. Centre of Connecting-tubes.
4. Envelope of Silk. 5. The Basket. 6. Steel Plates.

INTERIOR OF WAR-BALLOON.

of the envelope are ascending rings of silk, attached at the upper end and hanging loosely. These rings cover the envelope from top to bottom, and are intended to be drawn into the aperture made by a ball by virtue of the outward rush of gas which would occur. The basket which would contain the adventurer is designed to hold two or three men and leave room for photographic or other apparatus. The bottom will be of steel, and like a double plowshare, to turn bullets from their course. With a balloon of this nature many things would be possible. For use in fortresses and during battles it could be let out by cable to a sufficient height, at which the position and defenses of the attacking army might be photographed or communicated to the staff of officers below by means of telegraph or telephone. It could be also used as an aerial battery, conveying bombs or shells over the heads of the enemy. The experiments are carried on with the utmost secrecy and only those

presented to the department is the dynamite rocket, which promises to prove an efficient implement of warfare. In design it is somewhat similar to the large rockets used by the United States Signal Service, although its interior arrangement is different. The rocket proper is divided into three distinct chambers, the first two—those nearest the fuse-end of the rocket—being, however, connected with a fuse. In the lower and the cavity is filled with slow-burning powder, which can be timed to suit the necessities of the case; the second chamber contains giant powder, and the one under the

case a charge of concentrated dynamite.

The slow powder expelling force while the giant is the dynamite made in this case sent to a distance of a mile, and claim great success when they are thoroughly tested. The theory of their use seems to rest upon the known downward explosive force of the heads of soldiers, it is said will result in a life less than a bomb.

The carrier enlisting the French and uses to which they are almost experienced to a service of immense value. The German War, early in 1870, appointed a borrowed birds from all the for use by the Government, and the for a long time these birds for

There have also been numerous additions to the almost perfect system of military signaling, and the various chains of

DYNAMITE ROCKET.

fortification extending from the frontier to Paris have been connected by telegraph and placed in further communication by means of the heliograph.

The army of France having been thoroughly renovated and brought into a state of perfection—that is, at least theoretical perfection—since 1872, the mass of the army, rendered distrustful by past events, demanded a practical test be made of its capacity.

Accordingly, a law was created by the Chamber of Deputies, and sanctioned by the Senate early in August,

also promulgated by the President of the Republic, which authorized the Railway Superior Military Commission, upon the indication of the Minister of War, to have prepared by the Committee of Plans and Projects, "what combinations could be applied most usefully and most economically for an experiment of mobilization to be applied to a single *corps d'armée*, and that independent of the combinations to be hereafter determined in case of a more extended one." The Seventeenth *Corps d'Armée*, at Toulouse, was chosen, and all the preparatory operations carried out under normal conditions, with a hypothetical objective created for the occasion. Then, after the mobilization, which in itself is always the same, the concentration was to be effected in a distance relatively restricted for the *corps d'armée*. The commission selected the railway of Carcassonne as its basis of operation, which town was to become the quarter-general with its numerous services, and the Thirty-fourth Division of Infantry, while at Castelnaudary was ordered stationed the Thirty-third Division.

The concentration of these two divisions was thus ordered, to allow the manœuvres of division against division, and thereby effect a double end. Then, these manœuvres finished, the basis of operations was inverted, and Toulouse was to become the objective, while the concentration was, in reality, changed to Castelnaudary and its environs.

The mobilization was successful.

Though this essay was made under conditions not altogether natural, it is no less positive that all the parts of the organization worked normally, and that from it the country can form a good idea of the results of the instruction of its army, on men, horses, material, and also on the strategical employment of railways.

This experiment, which has been so successfully begun, is not yet terminated, for numerous reports will be sent in, preparing the way for another theoretical one, soon to commence.

As a result of the experiment, the country now has had evidence of the value, the power of its military organization, and the moving capacity of railways. The Southern Railway Company, which has at command 18,000 cars and carriages of all sorts, including the engines necessary for the traction, only represents just the fifteenth part of the rolling-stock at hand for strategical transports possessed by the great companies. About 270,000 cars are ready to transport upon short notice all the army of the first line—more than one million men with horses, material and carriages.

The material of the other *corps d'armée* is exactly the same as that of the seventeenth, and is really in existence. The requisition-horses have largely sufficed to draw the material. The provisions in store as a reserve have amply provided for the troops in food and clothing, medicines, etc.

The French have now a right to feel that its army is ready, and will guarantee its independence. This essay, also, has shown the real value of reserves. Officers, functionaries, and the soldiers, exhibited the earnestness, activity and comprehension which was expected from them, but of which the great mass of the people were incredulous.

In order to understand the complete theory of French defense from the map on page 397, the following comprehensive glance at the dispositions of her army in case of invasion is necessary. An enemy of superior strength having entered the French territory by driving back the outposts, causes the defending forces to retire to the protection of the first *redoubts*, or system of fortifications,

which extends from Mezières to Belfort. This *rideau*, which is the most formidable in the world, has three breaks—that is to say, places or extents of country where fortified works are wanting. These breaks, indicated by the heavy broken lines, lie: the first, between Mezières and Verdun; the second, between Toul and Epinal, and the third, between Belfort and Montbeliard; but at these three localities a knowledge of the country reveals the fact that there are important natural obstacles which make fortification unnecessary; between Mezières and Verdun, the Meuse; the Moselle between Toul and Epinal, and a region of precipitous hills at the break of Belfort. Besides, directly opposite, and behind these apparent weak spots, are located three formidable sentinels in the works of Reims, Langres and Besançon.

1. *From Mezières to Verdun.*—The fortified place of Mezières closes one of the bends of the River Meuse. It

Batteries of Martemosselle. Independent of these, are the Redoubts of Justice.

3. *From Toul to Epinal.*—The only true defense here is the Moselle, but an enemy crossing this line would run the risk of having their retreat and supplies cut off. Epinal is a large intrenched camp, surrounded by forts, the new ones numbering ten. Independent of these forts there are the Batteries of the Voivie and the Adelphe, between Forts Longchamps and Rezimont; the Batteries of Triches, between Forts Roulon and Bambois; Battery of Ticha, between Forts Roulon and Girancourt, and that of Sauchey, between Forts Girancourt and Uzegney.

4. *From Epinal to Belfort.*—Between these two great places of arms are the upper *corvée* of the Moselle and the Voegian Heights. The forts are the Arches, Remiremont, Rupt, Chateau Lambert, the Ballon de Servance and Giromagny. Belfort is, perhaps, the largest in-

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Redoubts of Dussny, with batteries; of St. Michel, with the Battery of Tavannes; the Fort Moulainville, with batteries; the Redoubts of Flandamville, with batteries; Redoubt of Dussny; Fort Lamrecourt; Redoubts of Regret, Chaume, and the Fort de la Muse, besides other defensive posts.

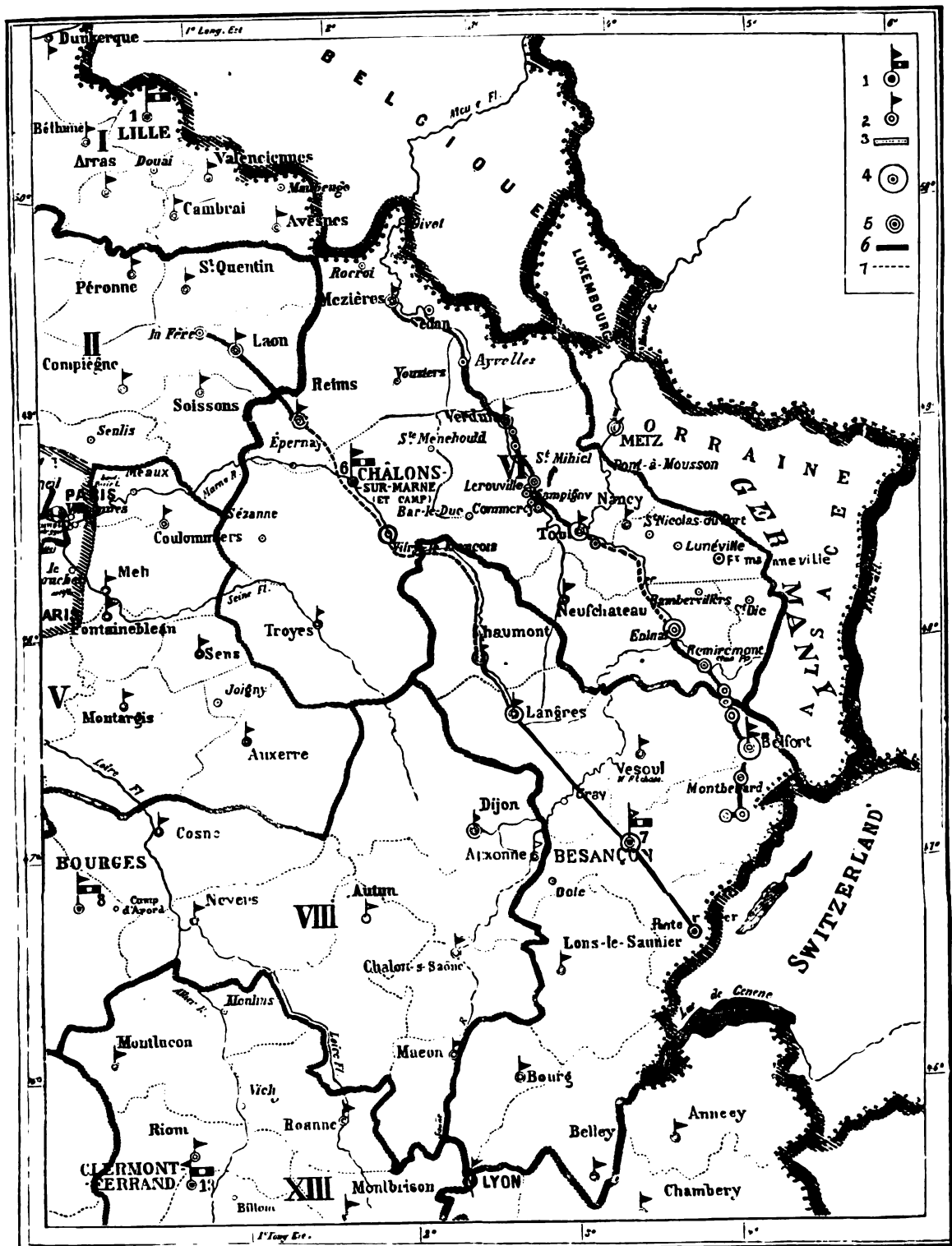
2. *From Toul to Verdun.*—Between Verdun and Toul are the impregnable slopes of the Meuse, of an average altitude of 300 meters. On these heights have been constructed the forts of Genicourt, Troyon, the Roman Camp, near St. Michel; Lionville, Gironville, with the huge batteries of Yony on the south sides. Toul is a large intrenchment camp, surrounded by Forts Lucey, with Batteries of Bourron, Sanxay, Brucy, Troudes, Lunenville, Fayeumont, La Pointe, Rammont, Du Signal, and the Post of Bruley. Also, Forts St. Michel, Villey, with batteries on the north and south, and the Redoubt of Chandenay. Near these are Forts Doingerman, D'Ecrouvés, with the

VIEW OF BELFORT AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

trenchment camp, and is protected by sixteen forts. To the south of Belfort there are other fortified points, such as Montbeliard, with the batteries of the Parc, the Citadel and the Forts of the Chaux and Mount Bart; further on, to the south, are the Mountains Lomont, the Batteries of Pont de Roide and des Roches, and the Fort of Lomont, with its battery, on the east.

Between the first and second *rideau* of defense there are natural obstacles, such as the forests of Argonne and the Mountain Faucilles, the courses of the Rivers Aisne, Ain, Arnain, the Upper Saône, the Ognon and the Doubs, the canals that connect the Marne and the Rhine and the Canal de l'Est. The fortified points are the Forts Pagny-la-blanche, with battery; Bourtermont, Fortresses of Chaux, Mont Bard, the battery of the Roches and Lamont.

The second *rideau* of defense has as its adjutant several natural barriers in addition to fortified places. It commences with La Fère, which is an intrenched stronghold camp of like nature, with seven forts and numerous batteries. Vitry-le-Français is a little fortified place. Langres, with its citadel, is an intrenched camp sur-



with four forts and numerous redoubts with batteries. Laon has a citadel and batteries, and is an intrenched camp surrounded by three forts and two large batteries on the north and east, while Reims is an intrenched

rounded by forts, viz.: St. Mengé; D'Amplière; Plesnoy, with four batteries; Peigney; the Redoute of Montandon; Cognelet, with batteries; Bonelle; Buzon; Pointe de Diamant, with battery. Besançon, with its

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more than to be at the end of his travels, so that he might throw himself at her feet, beg forgiveness for his former violence, and prove his constancy by again offering her his love.

At length the time came for his return. His father, pleased at Alice's marriage, and convinced that foreign travel would have the desired effect, had made great preparations for the occasion.

A feast was in readiness, and the neighboring gentry were assembled to welcome the young heir. All were in eager expectation. As the cavalcade approached, the company went to the gates to meet the returned traveler. Arthur, bronzed but haggard, leaped from his horse, and greeted the company. He cast an eager look around, but the face that he sought was not there, and his heart sank in despair.

His sister Isabel remarked his careworn expression, and noticed how anxiously his eyes wandered from face to face. He was her only brother, and she was devotedly attached to him. She knew for whom he was looking. She linked her arm through his, and drew him aside.

"Alice is not here, dear brother," she said. "Have you not heard—?"

"Heard what!—is she dead?"

"No, no; be calm! You still love her, then, poor boy? She is married!"

"Married!—to whom?"

"To Mr. Syme, of Inverkeithing."

Alexander turned deadly pale, and staggered as if struck by a dagger. Isabel saw his emotion, and, placing her arm round his neck, she kissed his cheek.

"Dear sister," he exclaimed, with sudden calmness, "farewell! I have registered a vow, and I will keep my oath."

He pressed his burning lips to her forehead, and then left her.

She watched him in mute surprise, and his departure was not noticed by the rest of the company.

He found the groom in the stables just about to unsaddle his horse. Alexander sprang on the animal's back and rode away, taking no notice of the astonished groom.

Alice was gathering roses at the gate of her pretty cottage, and singing to herself, full of content and happiness. The setting sun and the scent of flowers recalled the scene when she had parted with Alexander.

"Just a year ago," she mused. "I wonder where he is now? I trust that he has forgotten me, and that he will be happy."

She did not often think of him, and her thoughts soon wandered to other matters. Suddenly she was aroused by a horseman galloping toward the gate at a great pace. She looked up, and as she did so, Alexander Balfour drew rein before her.

For a moment, as he looked at her, some of his old affection seemed to light his eyes. Perhaps if she had had presence of mind to hold out her hand and welcome him his agitated breast might even then have been soothed.

But his expression quickly changed as he thought of all his useless longings and disappointed hopes.

"I have returned!" he cried, in a harsh voice. "Dost thou remember my parting words?"

Alice was so startled by his sudden appearance, his haggard face and hoarse voice, that, with a superstition common in Scotland at that period, she thought she saw a ghost. She could make no answer. His eyes seemed to transfix her, and she could not withdraw her own. She uttered a piercing scream, and fell to the ground in a swoon.

Mr. Syme, who was within, hearing his wife scream, immediately ran to her assistance.

Balfour no sooner saw him than he drew a pistol, and, waiting till the unfortunate man was near enough for the shot to take effect, he fired, and Syme fell dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Balfour immediately rode away. The news of the murder quickly spread over the country, and a few days afterward he was apprehended in Edinburgh.

The trial excited great interest throughout the country. Balfour was convicted, and sentenced, in consideration of the nobility of his family, to be beheaded by the "Maiden," an instrument in use at that time in Scotland and somewhat resembling the guillotine.

Great efforts were made to obtain a reprieve, without success. On the day preceding that fixed for the execution, Isabel Balfour went to the prison to see her brother. She saw the scaffold erected, and everything in readiness for the execution. As she looked, with pale, calm face, upon all these preparations, she murmured to herself, "Perhaps there may even yet be hope."

As she entered the cell there was a set expression of determination on her face, and the jailer remarked how striking was the resemblance between brother and sister.

"Quick!" she exclaimed, directly he had closed the door. "There is no time to lose! You must exchange clothes with me and escape!"

"Dear girl, it is impossible," said Balfour. "I should certainly be recognized."

"No!" cried Isabel. "We are about the same stature. Here is a razor. Take off your beard quickly."

Balfour took the razor and soon removed his beard, after which the exchange of clothes was effected. He passed the jailer in the twilight unrecognized, and, having mounted a horse, which had been placed in readiness for him, he rode to a distant village, where he remained until an opportunity presented itself of escaping to France.

Isabel was released, and Lord Burleigh obtained a pardon for his son from Queen Anne. On the death of his father, Alexander Balfour succeeded to the title and honors of his family, and died in the year 1752, sincerely penitent for his crime.

THE UNRELIABILITY OF HUMAN EVIDENCE.

THE following illustration of the unreliability of human evidence is commended both to complainants and to impatient critics of those who cautiously investigate complaints. When Von Ranke, the great historian, who recently died at an advanced age, began to collect facts for his history, a small bridge gave way, and some passengers fell into the swift current below. He was absent, and on his return the next day, he inquired into the particulars of the accident.

"I saw the bridge fall," said one. "A heavy carriage had just passed over it, and weakened it. Two women were on it when it fell, and a soldier on a white horse."

"I saw it fall," declared another, "but the carriage had passed over it two hours previous. The foot passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian on a black horse."

"Now," said Von Ranke, "if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noonday only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?"

"I have," she said, with decision. "I allow no trespassers upon my property."

"Your property!" I exclaimed. "You are Miss Bastrop, then?"

She bent her head with a slight affirmative gesture.

I looked at her with a new interest, strongly tinged with repugnance. Though I had never met this woman before, her name was only too familiar to me. To Leonie Bastrop and her father I owed the hateful wrong which had stripped me of wealth, station and the world's regard, and embittered my whole life with unmerited misfortune. Yes, I had, indeed, good cause to abhor the name of Bastrop.

"Your property?" I repeated, with cold resentment. "There may be those who might deny your title to it."

"What do you mean?" she retorted, with an angry spot rising into her pale cheek. "Who are you?"

"If justice were done," I responded, calmly, "the rightful owner of this land, from which you order me to depart, as if I were a wandering vagrant."

"Waldo Hastings!" she exclaimed, advancing a step toward me, in evident agitation.

I bowed coldly.

"I perceive," said I, sarcastically, "that you recognize my right involuntarily. I had not expected so prompt a concession of it from you."

"I concede nothing," she replied, angrily; "I shall not discuss this or any other question with you. You are an intruder here, and I command you to go at once."

"Of all these acres, which were once mine," I said, bitterly, "you have left me nothing. You have made me an outcast from the home of my childhood and a trespasser upon my own patrimony. And now you deny me the simple privilege of revisiting, as an alien, the scenes which I loved when their ownership was unquestioned. Truly this is hard measure!"

"If you had asked permission——" she began, somewhat hesitatingly.

"No, madam," I interrupted; "to have asked permission to enter these grounds would have been to admit your right, which I shall never do while I live."

"How dare you speak to me so!" she exclaimed, her anger flashing forth again. "I command you to leave this place at once, or——"

"Or what?"

"I will have you expelled by force," she answered, laughingly.

"There I should, indeed, recognize your father's daughter," I retorted, contemptuously. "Force should naturally follow fraud."

She drew in her breath quickly. My taunt had goaded her proud spirit beyond all bounds.

"Carter, come here." She beckoned to one of the keepers who had been loitering at a little distance. "Show this person out of the gate. If he resist, compel him to go."

"Take care," I said, in a suppressed, voice. "I am a gentleman. If this indignity is put upon me, 'I will not answer for the consequences.'"

The man hesitated, and looked doubtfully at his mistress.

His reluctance seemed to irritate her still more.

"Do what I have told you!" she exclaimed, stamping her small foot upon the ground.

The man approached and laid his hand heavily upon my shoulder. In another instant he was sprawling among the brambles of a dry ditch near at hand, where I had thrown him. Then, without a word to his mistress, who stood mute and motionless, with a colorless

face, I quietly collected my painting materials, and, lifting my hat to her with studied politeness, walked leisurely away.

The cottage where I was stopping, formerly the dwelling of my father's gardener, was, with the six acres surrounding it, the last remnant of the once extensive Hastings estate. Even this, it now appeared, was to be wrested from me. My servant handed me a letter from my lawyer, which informed me that again judgment had been entered against me, and that, in a few days at most, I should be dispossessed. Well, let it go with the rest. The long agony would be over at last. I should have no more to lose, my enemy no more to gain.

The bitter persecution which had robbed me, piece by piece, of my ancestral domain, had been begun by old Lionel Bastrop, proprietor of the adjoining estate, during my father's lifetime. Bastrop's claim, which was as unjust as it was absurd, was founded upon an obscure grant, made some two centuries before. There had never been the vaguest doubt of the Hastings title, until, searling for evidence, an important link was found to be missing. It was an old deed, and was known to have been kept in a casket among the family papers; but it could not now be found, and Bastrop, a hard, grasping, avaricious old man, had pressed his advantage to the utmost. Worn out and heartbroken, my poor father died, followed six months later by the enemy, whose inveterate persecution had shortened his life and ruined his fortunes.

But he left a worthy representative in his only daughter. Old Bastrop had been an iron foe, but compared with her, he had been generosity itself. She seemed inspired by an implacable determination to accomplish my utter destruction, pursuing me with a malevolence as untiring as it was relentless. Every attempt at compromise was met with a harsh denial. Her enmity to me was all the more remarkable since we had never met until to-day; my defense having been carried on by my lawyer, during my sojourn in Italy. His letter concluded with the significant sentence: "As the case stands, I see no hope for you. If the missing deed could be found at this juncture, not only would you recover all you have lost, but, what with costs and damages entailed by a reversal of the decisions, Miss Bastrop would be reduced to comparative poverty."

I saw nothing of my beautiful enemy for some days. But one morning, a week after my first encounter with her, my old servant came hastily into the room where I was at work, with the information that the sheriff and his men were at the gate. Arising and stepping to the door, I was confronted by that official, with a peremptory demand for possession of the place in the name of the owner, Miss Leonie Bastrop.

Some mad impulse of resistance entered my mind for a moment, but looking over the official's shoulder, I saw Miss Bastrop herself, seated upon her horse, calmly surveying the scene, and it died away in a feeling cold, hopeless resentment. Bidding the man do his duty, I walked over to where she was. She flushed slightly, and then turned very pale, as she saw me coming, but remained motionless, with compressed lips.

"You have come to witness the final act in the drama," I said, with a bitter smile. "This humble roof was the last shelter in the world which I could call my own. To-day you drive me forth, homeless, friendless and penniless. Are you satisfied with your work?"

A withered, crafty-looking personage, whom I took to be her lawyer, interposed at this point.

"All quite legal and regular," he said. "Due notice to quit was given. Ah yes. All quite regular."

I turned my back upon him without reply, and gazed at the sheriff's men, who were busily removing my few shabby articles of furniture from the cottage, with rage and despair tugging at my heart.

Some faint emotion of shame or remorse seemed to touch the woman who had brought ruin upon me, for she suddenly leaned forward and said, in a low, unsteady voice :

"Mr. Hastings, I may not be as hard as I seem. Acknowledge that I am the rightful owner of this place, and there shall be no further question of your removal."

Something peculiar in her voice affected me, in spite of the dark thoughts at work within me. I turned and looked at her in surprise.

"I do not"—she hesitated and turned paler—"it is not my wish to be unjust to you. It is a matter of principle."

"You really ask me to admit that the monstrous wrong which you and your father have done me and mine is right and proper?" I asked, with quiet scorn. "No, Miss Bastrop, not if life itself were at stake."

She drew herself up, and her mouth closed in a hard, stern line.

"It must go on to the end, then," she replied, coldly. "I am my father's daughter. Any terms but those I offer would wrong his memory. I know my duty, and will do it at all hazards."

At this moment there was a violent commotion in the stables, and one of the sheriff's men appeared, leading a horse by the halter, while my servant tugged at the animal's mane, uttering cries for help.

"Mr. Hastings, they are taking Ahmed!—help! help!"

I started forward, with an exclamation of anger and alarm. Ahmed was a valuable Arabian, a gift from my poor father and the sole relic of my happier days. Through every misfortune I had clung to him, and he had grown dear to me as a tried and trusted friend—ay, a friend who had remained faithful when all others fell away with my falling fortunes. I loved the beautiful creature, and a pang of actual misery smote me as I reflected that he, too, might be taken from me in the persecution which had robbed me of all else.

I whistled, and the noble animal, answering with a neigh, shook off the detaining hands and trotted up to me. Placing my hand upon his neck, I turned and faced Miss Bastrop and the lawyer defiantly.

"He is mine," I said, in a trembling voice. "He is more than my property; he is my friend and companion. I cannot, will not surrender him. Give me a little time and I will pay you whatever price you exact, but I will sooner kill him with my own hand than yield him up to you."

"The horse is included in the judgment—" began the lawyer, but Miss Bastrop restrained him with a touch of her gloved hand.

"Keep your horse," she said; and again I heard that strangely softened tone vibrating in her voice. "We shall not dispute your right to him, Mr. Hastings."

I bowed and turned away. Bidding my servant secure my canvases and painting materials, and taking the small cabinet, containing my family papers, under my own arm, I called to the horse and went out of the gate, leaving the remainder of my possessions at the mercy of the sheriff and his men.

I found temporary lodgings in the village, where I installed myself until I could decide what to do. My position was gloomy enough. My means were exhausted, and an unknown artist, without friends or connections, is but poorly armed for the bitter struggle for existence. Still

I managed, by dint of hard work, to support myself and the old servant, who persisted in remaining with me, though I could pay him but a mere pittance.

I contrived, too, to keep my horse, and my sole pleasure in those unhappy days was the long rides I took among the hills. More than once, during these expeditions, I met Miss Bastrop, either on horseback or in her carriage. On these occasions no signs of recognition passed between us, though several times, when I came upon her suddenly, I saw her cheeks grow pale and her lips compress themselves. Cold and hard as she might be, it was evident that she could not face the man she had so cruelly wronged without agitation.

On my part, I was at a loss to understand my own feeling toward her. Surely if ever hatred were justifiable, I had cause to hate her. Yet I did not hate her. In the course of time my first keen resentment died away. I even found excuses for the wrong she had done me.

Day after day found me loitering along the road where I knew she would pass, merely to obtain a hasty glimpse of her face. Awaking, at length, to the folly of my actions, I resolved to break loose from the fatal fascination which had grown upon me unawares. If I was not already in love with this enemy of my house, I was dangerously near it. Every instinct of my manhood revolted against my own stupendous folly. Cost what it would, I determined to tear myself away from her neighborhood, and, in the struggle and hardship of life in the great city, cure myself of my madness.

In a melancholy mood I mounted Ahmed for a last ride among the hills, on the day before that set for my departure. In spite of my better judgment, I took the road which led past her dwelling. I could not deny myself one final look upon that beautiful face which to me had always been, and must henceforth be, the symbol of misfortune, sorrow and despair.

Snow had fallen during the previous night, but the afternoon was clear and cold, and the sky, visible through the ice-fringed branches overhead, shone with a keen, dazzling azure. The road wound along the side of the mountain, with a high bluff on one side and the precipitous slope of the hill on the other. Midway between the village and the Bastrop mansion it dipped downward at a steep incline, and taking a sharp turn, almost at right angles, crossed a narrow bridge spanning a deep gorge. The stout wooden railing which had formerly defended this portion of the road had fallen to decay, and vehicles descending the hill were compelled to go slowly to avoid plunging over the brink into the gulf below. To-day, coated as it was with a smooth surface of frozen snow, it was more than usually dangerous, and several times, surefooted as he was, my horse slipped, and would have fallen but for a prompt pull at the bridle.

I had ridden onward some distance when the faint sound of sleigh-bells caught my ear, and drawing up at one side of the road, I waited for their approach. The sound seemed to advance with unaccountable rapidity. And now mingled with their musical chime was the confused trampling of hoofs, as of horses driven at a reckless speed.

In another moment the sleigh appeared in sight, coming on at a furious rate. The driver was not in his seat, and the loose reins lashed the maddened horses, which were evidently running away, to a still wilder pace. The light vehicle swung from side to side, every instant threatening to dash its single occupant, in whom I recognized Leonie Bastrop, to certain destruction. Deadly pale, and with rigid features, she crouched upon the

of papers, which stood in the room, she extracted one of the number and handed it to me.

"In your delirium," she said, "you constantly referred to a missing deed, which you said, if found, would give you back all that you have lost. It is there," she added, pointing to the document. "I have found it for you."

The lawyer's words flashed into my mind.

"If it is found you will not only recover all you have lost, but she will be reduced to poverty."

"Do you know what this is?" I asked, without touching the parchment.

"The proof of your right and my just punishment," she answered. "I am grateful that it is I, and no other, who have put the rod for my own chastisement into your hands, for it will help to lighten my great remorse."

"Leonie"—I took her hand and drew her toward me—"if you indeed desire to make full amends for the wrongs I have suffered, something must be added to this document, something of greater value than a hundred times the wealth I have lost—yourself."

"Oh!" she breathed, covering her face with her hands, "I, so unworthy, so cruel——"

"And so dear," I interrupted. "My darling, will you give me the great recompense I ask?"

"Yes."

The word was barely audible, but it was sufficient. And so my enemy capitulated, and the peace made between us that day has never been broken. For, well said the old rhymist:

"From hell below to heaven above,
So blackest hate wins blindest love."

THE ROTHSCHILDS AND THEIR MILLIONS.

THE Jewish quarter of the City of Frankfort, as described by Goethe, Heine, Börne and many other writers of less celebrity, has been long since modernized out of its proper existence. The Judengasse itself, formerly a narrow, dirty street running through the heart of the quarter, and lined with dilapidated-looking houses, has thrown off its squalor and its picturesqueness together; and since 1872, when one of the old rookeries fell, only a single row of the narrow, high-gabled, many-windowed structures of past centuries remains. One of these old houses has recently undergone a careful restoration, and will stand, for generations to come, as one of the most interesting historical monuments of Frankfort. It is the cradle of the Rothschilds—the birthplace of that great dynasty of financiers who have, since the beginning of the present century, held in the balance the fortunes of all the nations of Europe.

In this House of the Red Shield (Rothschild), toward the middle of the last century, lived one Amschel Moses, a Jew, who had adopted Rothschild as a surname, and who did business in a small way as a dealer in old coins and artistic *bric-à-brac*. Tradition credits him with a share of that shrewdness and foresight which in after years raised the fortunes of his descendants to such dazzling height. Rothschild was one of the limited number of Jews of Frankfort who were permitted to marry; and in 1743 a son was born to him, who was named Mayer Amschel. This boy was destined, as he grew up, for a religious career. In 1755 both his parents died, and his relatives sent him to Fürth to complete his studies of the Talmud and the doctrines of the Jewish faith. His instinct for business, however, had already begun to assert itself. He became, while at college, quite a numismatist, and did not fail to profit by his dealings in old coins amongst his fellow-students. He finally determined to give up theology for a commercial career, and obtained a position in the banking-house of Oppenheim, in Hanover. Here he remained for several years, winning gradual promotion by his abilities and energy, until he had saved from his salary sufficient capital to make a start for himself. He dealt in old coins, bullion, and anything of a similar character in which he saw a profit. It was uphill work at first, and more than once the budding firm was near having to shut up shop; but energy and honesty triumphed, and eventually placed the business on a sound basis.

A few years later, young Rothschild transferred his business to his birthplace, Frankfort, where, in 1770,

he married Gudula Schnappe, settling down in his father's house in the Judengasse. From coins, bullion, curiosities, bills of exchange, etc., he extended his business to speculations, at once cautious and bold; and these being almost invariably successful, he was soon enabled to strike out as a regular banker and financier. One of his earliest investments was the purchase of the freehold of the house in the Judengasse, the cradle of the family. His strict integrity won him the title of "the honest Jew," and his reputation began to spread through the surrounding provinces.

Mayer Amschel Rothschild's connection with the Court of Hesse-Cassel, marking, as it did, the rise of the financial house into national importance, has afforded scope for much romancing on the part of historians and biographers. According to a popular version of the story, derived from the "Sprichwörter der Deutschen," this connection began by Rothschild's casually dictating to William IX., Landgrave of Hesse, a shrewd move in a game of chess, in which the latter happened to be engaged when the banker called upon him. When the Landgrave fled from Frankfort at the approach of Napoleon's soldiers in 1806, continues this legend, he left his whole fortune, mostly in specie, in the care of the honest Jew, who concealed it in the cellar, and diverted the attention of the French from the treasure by permitting them to plunder his own property. When the Landgrave was finally raised to the dignity of Elector, and enabled to return from his exile, Rothschild astonished him by saying: "For the last nine years, your highness, I have taken the liberty of making use of your thalers to compensate myself for the loss of mine. All my speculations have been successful, and I can at this moment, without inconvenience, restore the whole sum to you, with interest at five per cent." The Prince was deeply moved. "Friend Mayer," said he, "you are the most honest Jew I know; keep my money, and do what you think fit with it. I want no interest on it for the time it has been in your custody, and for the next twenty years I undertake to leave it with you, and to receive no interest on it above two per cent."

The plain, unvarnished truth would probably read very differently. Some writers maintain that Rothschild's connection with the Court of Hesse-Cassel commenced during the lifetime of the Landgrave Frederick II., who died in 1785, leaving an immense fortune of 56,000,000 thalers. This he had acquired by means of his poor subjects, whom, for hand-

some subsidies, he had placed at the disposal of the English Government. These mercenaries were, of course, the red-coated Hessians of our Revolutionary days, nearly 20,000 of whom were shipped here by the British Government. For the services of these men he received from England 22,000,000 thalers. On his death he was succeeded by his son, William IX., a warlike prince, who had seen some service under Frederick the Great. He followed his father's plan, and increased, by large subsidies from the English Government, the vast fortune left him. Whether M. A. Rothschild was appointed Court Jew by Frederick II., as some assert, or first became connected with the Court, owing to some dealings he had with William IX., an ardent lover of old and rare coins, and whether his honesty and integrity had won the Landgrave's favor, is shrouded in doubt. It is certain, however, that when William IX. became Landgrave, M. A. Rothschild was the "Court Jew," and managed all the Landgrave's financial affairs. The bulk of the Landgrave's fortune, there is every reason to suppose, was invested in the English Funds, as being the only safe and reliable investment, and it was Rothschild's duty to collect the dividends as they became due by drawing upon the firm of Van Notten in London, in whose hands the stocks were deposited. The commission he charged for this business must of itself have amounted to a large sum. That the Landgrave was satisfied with the way in which Rothschild managed his affairs may be inferred from the fact that he gave Rothschild's third son, Nathan, when he established himself in London, full power to deal with his stocks as he deemed best, and transferred to him all the business which the Van Notten firm had formerly conducted. His confidence must have been great, as Nathan Rothschild was allowed perfect liberty of action, and could sell out and reinvest the stocks confided to him as he pleased. When William IX. fled from Cassel, his first great care was to provide for the safe custody of his money, and this we know M. A. Rothschild undertook to do. What was the exact sum intrusted to him on this occasion we cannot say with any certainty, though it is stated by some to have amounted to 2,000,000 thalers. Now, instead of hiding or burying the money, as some have asserted, it would surely be more characteristic of such a shrewd man of business as Rothschild to have transmitted this sum to London to be disposed of as Nathan Rothschild thought fit. To conceal so large an amount from the French would be next to impossible, and, besides, it would have been madness for M. A. Rothschild to have kept the money himself, when its safety could have been secured by sending it to London, and that he did send it we have his son's word. The romantic version, therefore, seems to have very little truth in it, with the exception of the main point, that the fortune of the Landgrave was the original cause of the subsequent success of the Rothschilds. The commission gained by the London and Frankfort houses every year for managing the Landgrave's affairs must have been considerable, and would of itself have formed a sufficiently strong base for the many successful speculations which the Rothschilds entered into in the money market. Under these circumstances, they may not have speculated for their own benefit with the Landgrave's money at all, and were therefore able to restore it to its owner whenever he thought fit to claim it back.

During the war in Spain the Duke of Wellington experienced great annoyance and embarrassment from the failure of the specie supplies, and the English Government were unable to assist him in his difficulty, as they could induce no bankers to assume the responsibility of

conveying the money to Spain. At this juncture M. A. Rothschild stepped forward and offered to undertake the task for a pretty heavy commission. His offer was accepted, fortune smiled on his enterprise, and the money reached the Duke safely. This was a most profitable piece of business, as Rothschild is said to have cleared annually, for eight years, a sum of about £150,000. The success of this operation, and the punctuality which distinguished its execution, induced the Government to intrust the Rothschilds with the payment of the enormous subsidies to the various Continental princes, and this, again, still further increased the growing reputation and influence of the firm.

Thus it was that the Rothschilds made their first millions, and few can say they have gained their fortunes in an equally honorable and praiseworthy manner. When once the first million had been made, it was a comparatively easy task to add others. Water always flows to the sea, or, in other words, money makes money. But streams, in their progress to the ocean, become discolored by the muddy waters of affluent streams, and so with the Rothschilds' millions. The first were gained by the fairest of means, but some of those that succeeded were undoubtedly won by recourse to those expedients and artifices, common on the Stock Exchange, which are open to serious moral objections.

Mayer Amschel Rothschild died on the 13th of September, 1812, in his sixty-seventh year. Just before his decease he summoned his five sons to his bedside, and with his last breath, after giving them his blessing, enjoined them to remain faithful to the law of Moses, to remain united until the end, and to undertake nothing without having first consulted their mother. "Observe these three points and you will soon be rich among the richest, and the world will belong to you"—a prediction that has been fulfilled to the letter.

He left five sons, Anselm Mayer, Salomon, Nathan, James and Carl, who soon after his death established a pentarchy, Anselm retaining command of the original house in Frankfort, whilst the others founded new branches in Vienna, London, Paris and Naples respectively. By so doing they wonderfully increased the reputation and influence of the firm, and gradually gained that control over the different money markets which enabled them to augment their fortunes with such astounding certainty and rapidity.

Although Mayer Rothschild is known to history merely as an eminent financier, money-making did not monopolize his time or thoughts. With all his engagements, he still managed to find leisure and opportunities for administering relief from his well-lined purse to his suffering fellow-mortals, and many tales are told of his benevolence and charity. He would often stop a poor, starving creature in the street to place a coin in his hand, and hurry away to prevent his face being recognized. He, moreover, exerted his influence to obtain an extension of the civil and political rights of the Jews, and the abolition of the tyrannical restrictions from which they suffered.

His wife, Gudula, survived him many years, dying in 1849, at the ripe old age of ninety-six. Notwithstanding its dismal and filthy surroundings, the old house in the Judengasse was her home to the last. No entreaty or attempt at persuasion could induce her to abandon the house so intimately associated with the growth and success of the great firm, whose very name was derived from the sign by which the house had been distinguished from its neighbors. Superstitious scruples and a love of the old place combined to prevent her forsaking

amount demanded. The quite unexpected success that attended the Government's action has had an immense bearing on the mode in which State finances have since been conducted, and has proved highly beneficial to the State itself, as well as to individual persons. Since that time the immense preliminary profits, in the way of commission, which always went into the banker's pockets, have been abolished, and, whilst the business is conducted far more economically, the intervention of bankers and others is done away with, and the State and its subjects brought into closer contact. The result of the new measures was, that all the great banking firms who had been accustomed to undertake loan business for the Government were unable to secure for themselves any advantages not enjoyed by every private person, by every citizen; the old connections with the Government were severed, and thenceforth financiers, banking-houses and citizens were equal.

The new arrangements of the Government were a severe blow to the Rothschilds, who had issued for many years the majority of the loans needed by the different States. From that time forward, from that "mad year, 1848," so detrimental to their interests, the great firm have pursued an entirely new path. They have, for instance, aided in the formation and establishment of every description of industrial enterprises, in railways, mining, and such-like companies, but more especially in banking and credit institutions, all of which formed admirable foundations for speculation. It cannot be denied that the immense and preponderating influence possessed by the Rothschilds up to that time began to wane when they lost the business which had been regarded as peculiarly their own and could no longer sway the money market by their nod as of old. Not that the pecuniary resources of the firm were affected by the change; their financial position was as strong as ever, but naturally their having been for so long the trusted and favored agents of the Government had lent their name a certain pomp and splendor which disappeared when the Government determined to act in future without their aid. Backed up as the Rothschilds are by the enormous wealth of the whole family and the immense credit attached to their name, they are able still to make large profits in their enterprises, as they are able to wait until a favorable moment occurs for securing the success of their operations. Nothing proves more strongly the energy and vigor of the firm and their capability of still engaging single-handed in colossal enterprises than the assistance they have of late years lent the English Government. In 1876, as is well known, they advanced the sum of four million pounds sterling to the British Government, to enable the latter to complete the purchase of Suez Canal shares from the Khedive, and in 1884 they once more responded to an appeal for pecuniary aid, by lending the Egyptian Government a sum amounting to one million sterling. Though, perhaps, more sedate in its movements than in its earlier years, the great firm shows no sign of decay or weakening of its powers.

Anselm, the eldest son of Mayer Amschel Rothschild, directed the affairs of the Frankfort house until his death, on the 3d of December, 1855. The third brother, Nathan, guided the fortunes of the London firm until 1836, in which year he died. James de Rothschild, the youngest of the five sons, presided over the destinies of the Paris house; he outlived all his brothers by some ten or twelve years, dying on the 15th of November, 1868. Salomon von Rothschild, of Vienna, died on the 27th of July, 1855, and Carl Mayer de Rothschild, the head of the Naples firm, on the 10th of March of the same year.

The Naples firm has since ceased to exist, but at the head of the remaining four firms are the descendants of the five brothers. In addition to these great establishments managed by members of the family, there are, in every great capital, agents and representatives who watch vigilantly over its interests, and execute the orders given them.

The Rothschilds belong to no one nationality; they are cosmopolitan, and, whilst on the one hand they provided supplies for the armies of Napoleon, on the other, they raised loans for his foes, who used the funds thus obtained in defraying the cost of their campaigns against him. They belonged to no party, they were ready to grow rich at the expense of friends and foes alike. The fall of Napoleon was the rise of Rothschild. By means of couriers and expresses, who brought the great firm news of Napoleon's defeat long before the world generally was in possession of the intelligence, the Rothschilds were able to purchase on a gigantic scale, so that when the news became known, and the funds, in response to the public joy, rose with a bound, the gains accruing from the transactions were unprecedentedly large. From that time forward the house occupied a prominent position in the political world; it was regarded as a power whose opinions must be consulted before any great financial operation was undertaken.

No firm or family has ever figured so prominently in history, and maintained, at the same time, so quiet and unassuming a demeanor.

It never tries to force the public to adopt its opinions, but is content to bring the weight of its influence to bear privately, in a manner which cannot fail to secure careful consideration to whatever plans or suggestions it may think fit to propose. In France it is well known that Baron James was one of the most trusted and esteemed counselors of the Bourbons and of the Emperor Napoleon, and it is the same in England, Germany and Austria. The late Baron Lionel de Rothschild was for many years a Member of Parliament, and sat on many of the committees, where his opinions always commanded respect and attention. Nothing demonstrated so clearly the immense power exercised by the firm as the guarantee given by Baron Lionel at the conclusion of the Franco-German War to the German Government, to maintain the stability of the foreign exchanges—a guarantee which greatly facilitated the payment of the indemnity.

The Rothschilds are not content to allow their influence to rest merely on the possession of boundless wealth; they seek to extend and increase it still further by becoming owners of land on a large scale—a course by which their interests and those of the nation are more closely linked together. In England, France, Germany and Austria they possess immense estates, and there can be no doubt that the fact of their possessing such an important stake in the continued prosperity of the different countries, leads the public to attach greater weight to their opinions, and greater importance to their proceedings, than would otherwise be the case. One of the largest estates belonging to the family was that acquired by the purchase, in 1844, of the manors of Schillersdorf, Oderberg and Hultschin, in Ober-Schlesien, near the Austrian frontiers. Schillersdorf was at one time in the hands of the Jesuits, and afterward passed into those of the Von Eichendorff family. This extensive property, which included a number of villages, was at first laid out for agricultural purposes by its new owner, and supplied the beetroot and turnips for the sugar manufactories which were erected on it. The profits derived from the estate were, however, not large

enough to please its owner, and it was afterward split up amongst a number of tenants.

In France the Rothschilds have several very large estates and vineyards. Baron Alphonse's chateau at Ferrières is famed for the brilliant hunting parties that frequently assemble there, and has been the scene of more than one historic meeting. During the siege of Paris it was chosen as the headquarters of Prince Frederick William of Prussia and Prince Bismarck. It was there that Ferry went to negotiate for an armistice, and that the terms of the capitulation were finally arranged. In England the Rothschilds are amongst the largest land-owners, and own between them a large part of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, in which counties there is quite a cluster of their estates. Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild owns a fine property at Tring; Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has an estate at Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard; Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, one at Alton; Lady Anthony de Rothschild, one at Aston Clinton; Baron Ferdinand, from Vienna, one at Waddesden. In addition to these country estates, they each have a palatial town residence, where the most brilliant receptions and most sumptuous dinners are given. There is still to be mentioned the grand old Gunnersbury House, with its magnificent grounds, where the late Baron Lionel de Rothschild used to reside.

It only remains now to sketch briefly a few of the personal characteristics of the principal heads of the great house of the Rothschilds.

Of Anselm Mayer Rothschild, who succeeded old Mayer Amschel as head of the Frankfort house, a contemporary wrote as follows: "Anselm Mayer is the oldest of the European Nabobs, with thoroughly Eastern features and all the old Jewish customs and practices. He wears his hat down on the back of his head, which is covered with snow-white hair, and his coat, usually unbuttoned, hangs negligently down from his shoulders. He has an open and frank countenance, on which rests an air of assumed vivacity, whenever he thinks he is observed. His hands are usually in his trouser pockets, playing with money. He invariably goes on foot, and to every beggar who accosts him he gives a coin of more or less value. His beneficence is very great—indeed, the poor Jewish families in Frankfort are mostly dependent on his bounty. His house in the Fehrgasse is an ill-looking building from the outside, and no stranger, as he passed, would guess that it was the abode of one of the richest merchants in the world. Anselm Mayer sits in his office in the midst of his clerks like a Pashah; below him are his secretaries, and around him may be seen a crowd of brokers, for ever coming and going. He observes and keeps the office hours as scrupulously as any of his clerks, and has indeed less opportunity for recreation than they have, seeing that even in the theatre he is likely to be disturbed and called away by the arrival of one of his couriers. For the same reason he is often forced to rise from bed in the night, to peruse the news and dispatches just brought by an express, so that he can, in case of need, forward them on without delay to his brothers in Paris, Vienna or London. To facilitate this business he has had an office erected adjoining his bedroom. He has many orders and titles, but usually he wears only the Hessian ribbon. The diplomatists resident in Frankfort, and those who may make a transitory visit there, vie in doing the great financier honor, and the most splendid banquets are given on each side. At these entertainments Anselm Mayer sits in true penance, as he never touches any viands or dishes that have not been cleansed or prepared in the Jewish

fashion. This strict and unaffected observance of the religious injunctions of his faith is greatly to his honor; he is indeed regarded as the most religious Jew in Frankfort." Since the death of Anselm Mayer, the business of the Frankfort firm has been managed by his nephews, Baron William and Baron C. von Rothschild. The latter died recently, leaving his brother the sole head of the house.

Nathan Mayer, who founded and built up the London house, was the third and, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the sons of Mayer Amschel. His financial abilities were brilliant, and he contributed more than any of his brothers to the fortunes of the family.

It may not be out of place to mention that Nathan Mayer attributed much of his success to the observance of two maxims: "Another advantage I had. I was an off-hand man; I made a bargain at once." The second maxim shows that he had a grain of superstition in his composition, for he would never, as he said, have anything to do with an unlucky man or an unlucky place. "I have seen many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves, and, if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?"

His methods of business and his conduct procured him many enemies. The satirists were ever ridiculing his portly figure and slovenly appearance, caricaturing his Jewish accent and his uncouth manners. He was, indeed, a subject created for caricature, but he was at the same time utterly insensible to the jeers and laughter he occasioned. He pursued his path without paying the least regard to anything that might be done to give him offense. Undoubtedly he was responsible for much of this satire and ridicule. In his manners and address he seemed to delight in displaying his thorough disregard of all the courtesies and amenities of civilized life. They were to him superfluities and shams. He appeared to pride himself on his blunt and outspoken style of speech, which he mistook for frankness, but which was usually so violent and uncouth that in any other than a millionaire it would not have been tolerated. He was, like most of his family, a man of unbridled temper, which led him into excesses of passion and language quite unworthy of his position in society.

Nathan Mayer Rothschild left four sons and three daughters to participate in the immense fortune he had won. Of these four sons, one, Nathaniel, chose France as his home, whilst the other three, Lionel Nathan, Mayer, and Anthony, succeeded to the management of the fine business bequeathed them by their father. The control and management were really confided exclusively to Baron Lionel, for his abilities and skill justly entitled him to that proud position; whilst his brothers, having no great inclination for financial matters, were content to concentrate their attention and energies on more congenial pursuits—the encouragement of art and sport in all their forms.

He died in 1879, both of his brothers having gone before him, and the destinies of the London firm have since rested in the hands of Sir Nathaniel (Lord Rothschild), Leopold, and Alfred de Rothschild. It is but two or three years since Queen Victoria raised Sir Nathaniel to the Peerage—an honor which is the greater as Lord Rothschild is the first avowed Jew who has entered the House of Lords.

Baron Carl von Rothschild, of the Naples house, for the many valuable services rendered to the Italian States and Princes, both by loans and by advances of money, was

Mayer Amschel Rothschild's grandsons. For some years before his father's death he took an active part in the conduct of the firm's business, whence we may infer that he is indebted to the careful training he then received for much of the remarkable skill he has since displayed in operations of the greatest magnitude.

The Rothschild women, from Mayer Amschel's wife Gudula down to Helène Betty, the strong-headed young daughter of Baroness Salomon, whose recent marriage to a Belgian marquis was a Parisian sensation, and whose domestic difficulties already bid fair to furnish another one, would require a chapter to themselves. Suffice it to say that there have been some remarkable characters amongst them, and that generally they have been superior in most respects to the numerous barons of which the male side of the family is composed.

"PUSS IN BOOTS."

THE story of "Puss in Boots," according to Mr. Andrew Lang, was probably altogether unknown in England before 1798, when Perrault published his "History of Times Past, and Legends of my Mother the Goose." This was a series of nursery tales in French, including, among others, "Puss in Boots" and "Hop o' my Thumb," which were believed to have been written down by Perrault from the dictation of his little boy, who probably got them from his nurse. It was noticeable that "Puss in Boots" was without a moral. Cruikshank rewrote it because he considered that it represented merely a series of successful falsehoods. Puss, in fact, contrived to make a royal marriage for his master by fraud, and enriched him with the spoils of a murdered ogre. But outside France and the region influenced by Perrault's book, the story in some cases had a moral. The question which Mr. Lang submitted was, whether or not it is to be supposed that the story was originally told for the moral's sake, and whether the forms in which there is no moral are degenerate versions. If this were accepted, then "Puss in Boots" was either Arab or negro, for the most moral and purposeful version of the story was that found at Zanzibar. In India, whence, according to some writers, most stories come, no version with a moral has been found. In the Zanzibar version the animal is a gazelle, who is represented as being buried with public honors; and between Arabia and Zanzibar there is a country in which the gazelle is held in veneration, and has the honor of a public burial. Supposing, then, that the story originally came from Arabia or Zanzibar (and he did not himself lend any great faith to the theory), it will readily be understood that it may have been carried by slaves to Sicily and other places in Europe.

FOOLSCAP.

EVERY one who has to do with paper recognizes foolscap as a sheet 13 x 16 inches. This is used as a standard size all the world over, officially and commercially. It will therefore be interesting to know where and how this word originated.

After the execution of Charles I., Cromwell and his staff, in organizing the Commonwealth, made all possible efforts to remove everything which had anything to do with the old monarchy. The paper in official use up to that time had, as a watermark, the King's crown, and, when Cromwell was asked what he should put in the place of this watermark, he replied that he would put in the

everything concerning royalty, he directed a fool's cap to be put in place of the crown. This was done, and when Charles II. ascended the throne of England it was at first forgotten to replace the cap by something else, and then, too late, the King was afraid to do anything to recall things dangerous to touch, and so it was neglected, and the fool's cap may be seen as a watermark on nearly all official papers.

THE HISTORY OF THREE DERELICT VESSELS.

THE danger to commerce from derelict vessels on the high seas cannot be too often pointed out, as it is not generally realized how long they are liable to keep afloat and pursue their aimless course, a constant menace to navigation, and the cause of the loss of many a fine vessel by collision. This is well illustrated by the following instances, taken from the official records. It should be remembered that no such record can be complete: long intervals often elapse without any report being made, and the track during this time, assumed as a straight line on the chart, must generally fall short of the actual distance traveled.

Ship *Ada Iredale*, voyage from Androssan, Scotland, to San Francisco, was burned in the South Pacific through the spontaneous combustion of the coal with which she was laden. Abandoned October 15th, 1876 (latitude 13° 30' S., longitude 107° 45' W.), about 1,900 miles east from the Marquesas Islands. The crew of twenty-three men reached the Marquesas group in twenty-five days, with the loss of one man and one of their three boats. The still burning wreck of the vessel drifted slowly to the westward, in the south equatorial current, to Tahiti, Society Islands, 2,423 miles distant, and was towed into port by the French cruiser *Seignelay*, June 9th, 1877. She continued to burn till May, 1878, when she was repaired, and, as a handsome bark named *Annie Johnston*, has done good service in the trade with China. Drift, 2,423 miles; time, nearly eight months.

Ship *Oriflamme*, abandoned on fire in June, 1881 (latitude 18° 12' S., longitude 92° 42' W.). On October 24th the steamship *Iron Gate*, voyage from Adelaide, Australia, to Portland, Oregon, passed, in latitude 13° 27' S., longitude 125° 19' W., an iron ship apparently burned; no masts standing; sent a lifeboat alongside, but could see no signs of life. February 12th, 1882, the hull of an iron ship, laden with coal and iron, drifted ashore on the Island of Raroria, one of the Paumotu or Low Archipelago (latitude 5° 55' S., longitude 142° 12' W.). She was visited by some natives, who brought away a small bell upon which was engraved "*Oriflamme*, 1865." She was completely burned out, and in a short time sunk in deep water. Drift, 2,840 miles; time, about eight months.

Abandoned schooner *Twenty-one Friends*. First reported March 24th, 1885, about 160 miles off the Capes of Chesapeake Bay (latitude 36° 45' N., longitude 72° 40' W.). The Gulf Stream carried her in a direction about E. N. E. to latitude 51° 30' N., longitude 27° 40' W. (2,130 miles in four and a half months). Thence she drifted in an easterly and southeasterly direction toward the northern coast of Spain, and was last reported, December 4th, of the same year, in latitude 45° 00' N., longitude 8° 00' W., about 130 miles N. N. E. from Cape Finisterre. She was reported, in all, twenty-two times, which in itself shows how especially dangerous such a derelict is on the North Atlantic. Drift, 3,525 miles; time, eight months and ten days.

TO ONE WHOM I LOVE.

By J. C.

As I'm borne along in the railway train,
What is the thought that fills my brain—
The thought that ever comes up again?
I think of Thee.

When I sail in ship through the deep, blue sea,
While the wild waves dance in joyful glee,
And I know *who* keeps me from peril free—
I think of Thee.

When I look abroad on our God's green earth,
On the fields so rich, and find no dearth,
And I hear the feather'd songster's mirth—
I think of Thee.

And when there comes back the genial Spring,
Which ever does with it the sweet blossoms bring,
And the flutter of hope to everything—
I'll think of Thee.

When gladsome Summer smiles again,
With sunny heat and kindly rain,
And garlands with sweet flowers the plain,
I'll think of Thee.

When Autumn's yellow waving corn,
Does the golden fields so much adorn,
And while earth's fruits are gladly borne—
I'll think of Thee.

And when sour Winter comes at last,
With snow and ice and stormy blast;
Even until that season's past—
I'll think of Thee.

When bowed down by weight of years,
And the eyes are brimming with salt tears:
Waiting until the dawn appears—
I'll think of Thee.

And when the pulse of life beats slow,
And life's dull candle is burning low,
And the eye grows dim before I go—
I'll think of Thee.

—“YEARS SINCE LAST WE MET.”

By ANNIE WEST.

It was November, but November of a semi-tropical clime.

On the far-reaching billows of prairie there was as yet scarcely a hint of brown; the cacti, in stiff groups by the wayside, still bore their abundant harvests of purplish-red pears.

Bending above was a sky, in every way all that fancy could paint it, and sweeping the wild virgin plain was a breeze as sweet and pure as God ever sends on our fetid earth.

All unregarded was Mother Nature, or viewed but dully, vaguely, by a solitary horseman traveling on the La Soledad Road toward Del Seco.

His was an erect, elegant figure. He had black eyes, with a sombrely impatient expression, a mouth that glimpsed grim and sad through a drooping brown mustache; he was tired, and his name was Robert Langlande.

Long ago for Robert Langlande had passed away “a glory from the earth.” He was merely thinking now that he would like pretty soon to reach a shelter. It was after sundown, in a strange region to him, and as the air was getting perceptibly sharper, a square meal with hot strong coffee, such as frontier people brew, loomed largely in Mr. Robert's vision.

The horse the gentleman rode was jaded, and thirsty too, for he sniffed the air repeatedly, neighing as he did so. He smelled water. Left to his own unerring instinct, the brute, abandoning the beaten track, made glad, quickened paces for a cover of chaparral to the right of the road.

Soon horse and rider were dodging in and out of a mesquite thicket, behind which rose the taller, darker green of spreading live oaks. Presently water flashed, mirror-like, in the traveler's eyes, at the same time rose a plash, with a flutter of wings, from the pond, followed by the report of a gun. Fell quacking to earth a broad-billed fowl, the majority flapping swiftly away, and Mr. Langlande, with his arm peppered by buckshot, roared

out, “What the devil do you mean there?” at the unseen sportsman.

“Gracious! have I hurt some one?” came floating from the opposite brink of the reedy pond.

It was a woman's voice.

That voice! that voice! There was no other such in all the world. Hearing it, Mr. Langlande drew rein sharply, paled, stared through leaf and rushes as if there were a ghost coming out to him from behind that jungle.

And so there was—the ghost of his youth, the ghost of his first passion and the best years of his life. Swift footsteps, a crackling of underbrush, and there rose suddenly to Robert Langlande's view the face of the only woman he had ever loved.

In one hand she held up the long skirt of her riding-dress; in the other, the unlucky shotgun.

With a flash of recognition in her eyes, she started at sight of the man, with a cry and a passion equal to his own, but she quickly recovered herself. The burning blush which had dyed her face faded and left it pale, but quietly smiling.

The man and woman of the world, who had wandered many a weary foot since days of auld lang syne, slipped back from melodrama, shook hands, and asked politely after each other's health.

“I am so sorry!” she said. “Are you much hurt?” in a quietly concerned voice.

Mr. Langlande was off his horse by the lady's side.

As he coolly wiped away the blood trickling from his arm to his fingers, he laughed lightly.

“Do you know those are the very words you said to me the last time we met? ‘I am so sorry! are you much hurt?’ was the *finale* eight years ago. Upon my word! Now, since the *old* pain is healed, here you are going for me again!” and he flashed a comical look at her. “Are you never to cease warring on me?”

The old pain healed, indeed. The thought that it could be possible was to her like a keen stab; but she only said, with even more composure than before:

WAYS AND WORDS OF AMERICAN LAWYERS.

BY MARY TITCOMB.

THE personal peculiarities of lawyers, their facetious sayings and witty retorts, seem more marked than those of men in the other learned professions. Perhaps the courtroom develops natural eccentricities; it certainly arouses wit and repartee. Jurists whose humor is abundant, whose words are keen and forcible, speedily earn success and reputation, if to tact and learning are added gifts.

The stories told of lawyers reveal, far better than any set delineation could do, their personal and professional characteristics. Hence the stories are always welcome.

It was a peculiarity of Chief-justice Parsons that his hold on mere names was as weak as his grasp of most other things was strong, and he would miscall words strangely. On one occasion, when there was a dinner party at his house, a famous new "cooking apparatus" was used. Some difficulty had happened the same day in regard to the aqueduct which conveyed the water to the house. Dinner was announced, and the company being seated at the table, Judge Parsons took up the carving-knife, and, gravely addressing a lady whose name was Mrs. Seaver, said:

"Mrs. Schooner, all the food on this table was cooked in the aqueduct!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Parsons?" exclaimed his wife, in great consternation. But presently all the company burst into an irrepressible laugh.

The judge had been trying a case about a schooner; and that, and the aqueduct, and the new cooking apparatus, got mixed together in his mind.

Judge John Worth Edmonds was subject to fits of abstraction. One Saturday he worked hard on a case until late at night, and rose in the morning with it uppermost in his mind. Taking his papers, he started for his office. He thought the cars were unusually empty; he wondered that so few people were in the street, and so few shops open. Finally, he asked the car-conductor why there were so few people about that morning.

"I don't know," replied the conductor, curtly, "unless because it's Sunday."

"Sunday!" exclaimed the judge. "Is it Sunday?"

When Daniel E. Sickles was about thirty-four years old, in the flush of a full practice at the Bar, which brought him in a large income, he was asked: "How would you like to be Secretary of Legation under Mr. Buchanan, the new Minister to England?"

"What's the pay?" was the response.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars a year."

"Why, bless you," said the prosperous young lawyer, "that would scarcely pay for my wine and cigars. My annual income is fifteen times that sum. I could not think of such a sacrifice."

But Sickles slept over the matter, and then thought better of the suggestion. The residence abroad, and the new experiences, would be valuable.

Mr. Buchanan knew him only as a brilliant lawyer, politician, and man of the world, but after one interview he selected him for the post.

The Minister and his Secretary got along together very well, although they had some amusing experiences from differences of habit and methods. The American Legation, including the ladies, were invited on one occasion to dine with a lady of high rank. After having been driven to her residence, Mr. Sickles directed the coach-

men and other attendants to go to a little inn, near by, feed the horses, take care of themselves, and "have a good time" while awaiting the hour for the return of the party. On the way home, Mr. Buchanan ordered the carriages to stop at the inn, that he might pay the charges. The host presented a bill for various delicacies, including dinner, amounting to twenty-five dollars, Buchanan exclaimed in amazement at the sum.

"Let me pay the bill," said Sickles, coolly. "I told the boys to enjoy themselves."

"No, sir," replied Buchanan, "I will pay it myself, and keep it as a souvenir of English extortion, and your economy. Why, my dear sir, do you know I could have got just as good a dinner for twenty-five cents apiece at the tavern in my own town of Lancaster as this man has charged five dollars a head for? No, sir, I will keep this bill as a curiosity of its kind—an autograph worthy of historical mention."

This incident illustrates the open-hearted but reckless generosity of Sickles, no less than the exact business habits of Minister Buchanan.

John C. Spencer was once rated soundly by his friend, Erastus Root, for what he termed his "confounded haughtiness," but which was more truly abstraction of thought.

"Why," said Mr. Root, "I met you on State Street yesterday, and although I gave you one of my best bows, you did not return me so much as a nod."

"I have not the least recollection of meeting you. I do not mean to be haughty."

"I know it. When you met me you were studying out the argument you are to make against me next week. But the people, Mr. Spencer, don't understand such abstracted thoughts. They are imperious. They must have a nod or a bow on all occasions. So learn to bow to everybody, for it is the court etiquette of the day, and makes great men out of well-dressed nobodies."

David Paul Brown practiced law almost exclusively in his native city, Philadelphia, where he gained a high reputation. He made a point of being always well dressed, but his habits were simple, and he was not extravagant in the ordinary sense of that term. Yet he was often "out at pocket" because he did not care enough about money to keep it.

He had studied law with William Rawle, the celebrated lawyer. After Brown had attained a high position at the Bar, he one day met his old preceptor.

"My dear Mr. Rawle," said he, "fifteen years ago I gave you my check for \$400 for your valuable legal instruction. Since then I have received for professional services myself upward of \$100,000."

"You must have been very busy," responded Mr. Rawle, "to have made such a large sum in so short a time."

"Oh, but you don't know how busy I have been," rejoined Mr. Brown. "I have spent it all. I have not a dollar left. But I have spent it upon principle. There are two kinds of extravagance—one arises from love of display, and another from contempt of wealth. Mine is the latter. If I became rich, I should grow indolent, and lose in fame what I gained in money. Perhaps this is not the case with all, but it is with me."

Mr. Rawle laughed heartily at this amusing candor of his former pupil.

Mr. Brown relieved the wearing toil of his professional duties by changes of employment—by miscellaneous reading, writing poetry, and by lecturing on political and other subjects.

"How is it possible for you to accomplish so much business?" asked a friend of Mr. Brown.

"Because," was the practical reply, "I have so much to do."

"But how can you indulge in poetry and general literature?"

"Because it enables me to return to my more rugged pursuits with renewed zeal and strength," replied the lawyer. "The mind takes its direction from habit. If you want to strengthen it, you must sometimes turn it into other channels. A mere lawyer is a mere jackass, and never has the power to unload himself, whereas I consider the advocate—the thoroughly accomplished advocate—the highest style of man. He is always ready to learn and always ready to teach."

Justice Mullen of the New York Supreme Court once brought to the city a valuable silver teapot, which needed some repairing. He was staying at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and on going out one morning he did just what he would have done at home, took the teapot in his hand to carry to the silversmith. Just as he stepped on the sidewalk he slipped it under his overcoat, an action which a detective, who happened to be passing, noticed, and concluded the pot had been stolen from the hotel. He followed the judge a few rods, and then tapped him on the shoulder.

"I want you," said the detective.

"What for?" said the justice.

"Oh, you know! Just come along!"

"Come with you? What do you mean?"

"Oh, no use to try that on me; you understand—that teapot under your arm."

"Why, that's my teapot," said the now indignant judge.

"Oh, certainly, by all means! Of course it is your teapot! That dodge is played out. Don't bother, come along."

"Sir, I am Justice Mullen of the Supreme Court. I don't know you, and I do not wish to be annoyed."

"Justice Mullen! Oh, certainly, of course you are Justice Mullen! Justices of the Supreme Court are always going down Broadway with silver teapots under their arms—always doing that sort of thing!"

The judge stopped in front of a large store, and said:

"The proprietor of this shop will at once identify me."

But, unfortunately, the proprietor was not in, and the detective became impatient. The judge, perceiving he was in a ridiculous predicament, proposed returning to his hotel, and the detective acquiesced, sure he had got an old offender. But he left the St. Nicholas a very "cheap"-feeling "expert."

Judge Joseph L. Richardson once became a man's debtor to the amount of six cents, in making change.

"I'll pay you the next time I see you," he said, and they parted.

A year afterward Richardson met his creditor in the street, and, walking up to him, said:

"Now, Mr. L——, I will pay what I am owing you."

"Owing me, judge? You owe nothing but good will, sir."

"Yes, I owe you six cents," handing it to him.

"Oh, that trifle—no sort of consequence."

"My dear sir," said Richardson, "no sum is so small but it ought to be paid. Small sums are like small stones, in a great wall, as necessary to be in their places as the

large ones. When many small stones become loose and detached, the whole wall will fall."

Lawyer Martin had the coolest way of transferring money from the pockets of his clients to his own, but he had many a sharp contest with a close-fisted farmer in Alleghany County. They had once been trying their wits for a couple of hours to see who would get the advantage of the other, when the farmer turned suddenly, and said:

"Martin, I had a fearful dream last night, and I can't keep it out of my mind."

"What was it? Tell it, Brooks," said Martin.

"I dreamed that I was in hell. The devil sat in his big chair, pointing out their places to his new subjects as they came in. I was surprised to see so many of my old neighbors there. At length the door opened, and you entered. The devil had told one to take this seat, and another that; but when he saw you, he rose, and, politely pointing to his own seat, said, 'Here, Lawyer Martin, you can fill this a great deal better than I can.'"

Rufus Choate had an eye that gleamed brightly when he was aroused. A woman who had some reputation as a fortune-teller once came to consult him. In the midst of her story, she suddenly broke off, exclaiming: "Take them eyes off me, Mr. Choate; take them witch-eyes off of me, or I can't go on."

Choate always talked to *somebody*. In court he would stare into the eyes of the jury with a basilisk gaze, which fascinated while it almost terrified. Or, in a speech, he would fix his eyes so intently on one person, or group of persons, that when he rushed forward, in his impassioned gesturing, they would absolutely start back with momentary fright.

Choate studied, pen in hand, standing up at his desk. He talked, pen in hand, writing down everything he thought might bear upon a case.

He took numerous papers and periodicals at his office, but seldom read one.

Theoretically, he was a lover of order; practically, his papers were a confused mass. He lacked manual dexterity in arranging things.

He was courteous to all, yet exceedingly nervous; was watchful of everything going on in court, and often annoyed by trifles. Once, when addressing a jury, a woman went out from a distant part of the courtroom, with some rustling of silk. Being asked, afterward, if he noticed it, he exclaimed, "Noticed it! I thought forty battalions were moving!"

Choate made often a curious application of words. Speaking of a disappointed candidate for an important nomination, he said: "The convention *ejaculated* him out of the window."

When a noticeably plain artist had painted a faithful representation of himself, Choate pronounced it a *flagrant* likeness."

Choate employed two extraordinary instruments of gesture—his *nose* and his *heels*. After a long burst of passionate eloquence, he would straighten himself, his head would erect itself like the crest of a serpent, he would draw in the air through his large nose with a loud noise, which, strange to say, was not ludicrous, but most emphatic. Then, if he wished to intensify the force of his words, he would close his sentence by coming down on his heels, with a muscular rigidity which would absolutely shake the whole courtroom.

Sometimes he would give his whole body a convulsive jerk, which would seem to shake every bone in its socket, and displace every rag of clothing—then he would resume his speech with fresh enthusiasm.

armed and powerful foe could not effect an entrance ; and if your verdict is against my client to-day, it will be because the money of a jackass has found its way to some of your pockets. I allude only to a part of the panel before me. Gentlemen, let them be weighed in the balance ; let corruption to-day put on incorruption, and the right will triumph."

We are unable to give the name of the author of the following singular address to the jury : "Gentlemen of the jury, you are impaneled here to try a cause of the vastest importance to this community. The defendant has been guilty of a crime and cruelty unequaled in the annals of crime, which show him to be the most carnisiferous wretch that walks this celestial football. Gentlemen, when I think of it, I can scarcely help gushing out in a flood of tears, and crying out with one of the Apostles, 'Oh, that my head was waters and my eyes a fountain of tears !' While this poor unoffending hog, whose only bad trait was an innocent waggishness, and that confined to one of his extreme extremities, was quietly nipping the miserable grass that grew in the defendant's miserable pasture, thinking of no harm, this cruel monster, armed with a deadly gun loaded to the muzzle with missiles of death, stealthily approaches his unconscious victim, and discharged the whole deadly contents of that still deadlier gun right into his solar system, and, with one fearful squeal of agony, he fell dead on the ground !"

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Elisha Williams, in closing a plea for a client charged with murder, "if you can find this unhappy prisoner at the bar guilty of the crime with which he has been charged, after the adverse and irrefragable arguments which I have laid before you, pronounce your fatal verdict ; send him to lie in chains upon the dungeon-floor, waiting the death which he is to receive at your hands ; then go to the bosom of your families, go lay your heads on your pillows—and sleep if you can !"

But the effect of these words was neutralized by an unlettered pettifogger who, having volunteered to follow the prosecuting attorney, arose and said :

"Gentlemen of the jury, after the weeping speech which has been made to you by Mr. Williams, I should despair of saying anything to do away with its eloquence. I never heard Mr. Williams speak that piece of his'n better than he spoke it now. One't I heard him speak it in a case of stealing down to Schaghticoke ; then he spoke it ag'in in a case of rape up to Esopus ; and the last time I heard it, before jist now, was when them niggurs was tried—and convicted, too, they was—for robbin' Van Pelt's henhouse over beyond Kingston. But I never know'd him to speak it so elegant and affectin' as what he spoke it jes' now."

And so coarse shrewdness got the better of learning and graceful oratory.

One Mr. Clark, eighty years of age, had made a will disposing of a large amount of real and personal property in a manner which seemed unreasonable and unjust, and to indicate great imbecility of mind. Elisha Williams was counsel for the heirs-at-law, who desired to set the will aside. On the trial, after using every argument that could be drawn from the facts in the case, Mr. Williams closed thus : "Our bounds to three-score-and-ten are set. Shall a man, then, eighty years of age, make a will ? No, he has outlived God Almighty's statute of limitations."

Choate's intense earnestness enabled him to say and do things in court that no other man could have done without exciting shouts of laughter or appearing ridicu-

lous. A cashier of a bank was charged with embezzlement, and Choate, in defending him, argued that he was compelled to do what he had done by the directors ; that they had swindled the public ; that they were the responsible parties. One of the directors rose in court, and in great anger began to denounce Choate, who scarcely allowed himself to be interrupted, but mildly requested the director to be seated. Then, suddenly breaking out impetuously, he exclaimed : I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, my client was as helpless, in the hands of those directors, as an infant surrounded by *ten thousand Bengal tigers !*" But nobody smiled at this extravagance.

One of the last trials in which Choate was engaged originated in a collision between a railroad train and a wagon, the driver of which was injured, and soon afterward died. A witness testified that the driver was intoxicated. On being cross-examined, the witness said he knew it because he leaned over him while he was dying, and "his breath seemed as if he had been drinking gin and brandy." Commenting on this, Choate said : "This witness swears he stood by the dying man in his last moments. What was he there for ? Was it to minister those attentions which are ordinarily proffered at the bedside of dying men ? Was it to extend to him the consolations of that religion which for 1,800 years has comforted the world ? No, gentlemen, no ! He leans over the dying sufferer—he bends his face nearer and nearer to him—and—What does he do ? (in a voice of thunder) *What does he do ?—Sneels gin and brandy !*"

Webster once, by a sentence and a look, crushed an hour's argument of this curious intellectual workman, Choate. The case was about two car-wheels which, to common eyes, looked as alike as two eggs ; but Choate, by a fine hair-splitting argument, showed the jury that there was a worldwide difference between them. Webster rose, and with his great eyes, wide-open and black, stared at the twin wheels before him. "But, gentlemen of the jury," said he, laconically, "there they are—look at 'em !"

And the distorted wheels seemed to shrink back into their original similarity, and the long argument died a natural death.

Webster's eloquence was intensified by his adroit choice of words and the singular emphasis he gave to them. Once, when speaking in the Supreme Court at Washington on the Wheeling Bridge case, he alluded to a large sum of money involved which had been shut up for many years in the vaults of the Bank of Georgia. "Now, your honors," said Webster, "we want that bark to come out—to show its hand—to render up—to give forth—to *disgorge !*"

A person who heard him remarked that the word "*disgorge*," as uttered by Webster on that occasion, weighed about *twelve pounds !*"

Governor Wisner was great in Bible quotations. Once, in a suit for wages, he became much excited, and exclaimed :

"That's the doctrine ; that's the pure biblical doctrine, gentlemen. *If a man will dance, he must pay the fiddler !*"

"Where will I find that doctrine ?" said the opposite counsel.

"What chapter in the Bible do you refer to, Mr. Wisner ?" added the judge.

The Governor drew himself up with dignity.

"Is it possible, your honor ?—is it possible ? You, a judge for twenty years, and my brother a lawyer for thirty years, and both in utter ignorance of an old familiar Scripture quotation like that !" He won.

A text of Scripture having been quoted to prove some point, John Holmes, of the Maine Bar, remarked that he did not think that text had any application to the matter in question. "It reminds me," said Mr. Holmes, "of a clergyman who preached from this text, 'And David took from the brook *three* smooth stones.' 'Now, my hearers,' said the preacher, 'by these words I intend to prove, explain and illustrate the doctrine of the *Trinity*.' 'It was *five* smooth stones,' said the deacon, in a low, respectful tone. 'We will see,' said the preacher, and, opening the Bible with some excitement, he read, "'And David took from the brook *five* smooth stones.'" Well, my hearers," said he, "I made a little mistake in the *fact*, but it makes not the slightest difference in the *argument*.'"

An eminent and eloquent lawyer of New York—who was, however, more familiar with "Blackstone" than with the Bible—when summing up a case before the jury, remarked: "I have always admired that beautiful expression in the Lord's Prayer, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you'!"

Probably the learned gentlemen never knew what was the cause of the peculiar smiles that followed his words.

A learned counsel, having suffered himself to become quite angry at the introduction of evidence he considered as false, assured the jury that the witness "deserved, as Shakespeare says, 'to be thrust into outer darkness.'"

There is great difference among judges in regard to the stress they lay upon the observance of formalities in court business, and their care to preserve the judicial dignity; and there is, also, a marked difference in the pertinacity with which lawyers will insist upon carrying a point, in spite of the interposition of court and judge.

Chancellor Kent had listened, on one occasion, to a long argument by Caleb S. Riggs, and, being satisfied that he was in the wrong, showed him plainly that he did not wish to hear anything more. But it was difficult to stop Mr. Riggs. Balancing his pen in his hand, in his own peculiar fashion, he began again:

"If your honor pleases, I undertake to say——"

"I don't care what you undertake to say, Mr. Riggs," said the chancellor, "my mind is made up."

"But if your honor would only hear——"

"I have heard you fully, Mr. Riggs."

"But, your honor, there are some considerations I could adduce——"

"Talk away, but my mind is made up."

"If your honor pleases," rejoined Riggs, "I think I may safely undertake to say——"

The chancellor resolutely looked out of the window, saying:

"Talk away—talk away, but it will be no use."

And Riggs finally sat down.

"Stop a moment, Brother Blake," said Judge Parsons, interrupting an argument. "What points do you propose to present to the jury?"

"I will, if your honor pleases, state them to the jury," said Mr. Blake.

"No, you must state them to the court, first."

"I decline doing so, may it please your honor. I insist on my right to address the jury in my own way."

"Certainly, if you address them at all; but I must first know whether you have any case to speak about."

"That," said Mr. Blake, "I will endeavor to point out to the jury."

"You must do so first to me," persisted the judge.

"You will waste the time of the court, jury and county by any argument."

Mr. Blake arose, and began: "Gentlemen of the jury——" When the judge instantly said: "Mr. Sheriff,

commit Mr. Blake to close jail," and began at once charging the jury. The sheriff approached Mr. Blake, who rose to follow him, but the judge, interrupting his charge, said to the officer: "Stop, sir, a few moments." And after he had finished his charge, he turned to the lawyer, and quietly asked: "Brother Blake, will you go to jail now, or wait until you get through some of your cases?"

"I think," was the cool response, "if it is all the same to your honor, I will wait a little."

"Do just as you like," was the reply. And that evening, at a supper at Mr. Blake's house, judge and lawyer laughed over the affair, which did not seem in the least to diminish their cordial friendship.

Judge Nelson was holding court in a certain Western town, and the mayor of the city, who was a lawyer, was counsel for one of the parties in a case. When the judge came to charge the jury, to the surprise of Mayor More, who had been sure of his case, he charged against his client, whereupon More arose, and said:

"Your honor, I object to your charge."

"Sit down, Mr. More," said the judge, indignantly.

"I shall not do it, sir," replied More.

"Mr. Sheriff," said Judge Nelson, turning to the officer, "arrest Mr. More for contempt of court."

"Mr. Sheriff," retorted More, "as mayor of the city I command you to stay where you are!" Then, turning to the judge, he added: "Judge, if you don't behave yourself and keep quiet, I will have you arrested!"

Soon after this crisis the judge thought it expedient to adjourn court until afternoon.

"Mr. Coalter," interrupted Judge Child, in a Virginia court, "put down that book. I have read all the law in the world, and recollect well what I have read. I want no aid from the musty volume you have brought into court. If you have any original views to bring forward, I will listen to you, otherwise I think you would do well to take your seat."

Coalter, in mute surprise at such wonderful learning so modestly confessed, took his seat.

One of the early justices of Texas was Judge Williamson, who was not lacking in courage or wit. One day in court a lawyer named Charleton stated a point of law which the court refused to admit on his mere statement.

"Your *law*," said the judge. "Give us the book and the page."

"This is my law, sir," said Charlton, pulling out a pistol; "*this* is my book," drawing a bowie-knife, "and *this*, sir, is the page," pointing the pistol toward the court.

"Your law is not good, sir," instantly replied the ruffled judge. "The proper authority is *Colt on Revolvers*," and he brought a six-shooter to bear on the head of the counsel, who dodged the point of the argument, and turned quietly to the jury.

Judge Barnard's rapid way of disposing of business was often enlivened by a brush with the counsel. One morning, two lawyers before him, each holding a pile of "pleadings," spent half an hour or more in alternately saying: "I ask leave, your honor, to amend so as to insert *this*," and "I move, your honor, to amend by inserting *that*."

At length the judge quietly arose, and taking his hat and cane, remarked: "Gentlemen, you each have leave to insert, if you wish, the *whole of Webster's Dictionary*. This is my birthday. I am going home to dinner. Court's adjourned!"

The sparkling witticisms and courteously spoken pleasantries of members of the Bar often enliven the tedious

Choate's style of oratory was so ornate and extravagant that it was, of course, open to ridicule. On one occasion, after he had piled his frenzy very high, Jeremiah Mason began his argument on the other side by saying, in his blunt, homely way: "Gentlemen of the jury, I don't know as I can *gyrate* before you as my brother Choate does, but I want to just state a few *pints*."

"May it please your honor," blandly inquired Mr. Brady of a judge who had indicated by several rulings in a cause that his mind was favorable to the opposite side—"may it please your honor, who is engaged on the other side of this case besides the judge?"

In replying to a lawyer who had been addressing the court in a boisterous manner, Choate jocosely referred to his "stentorian tones." To his surprise the lawyer took it in high dudgeon, and rose to protest against the "hostile attack." He became so much excited about it that his voice rose to its highest key, and rang through the courtroom as if he were haranguing an army. In the midst of it Choate half rose from his seat, and stretching out his hand with a deprecatory gesture, blandly said: "One word, may it please the court; one word, if my brother will allow. *I see my mistake*. I beg leave to retract what I said."

The effect was irresistible. The court and spectators were convulsed with laughter.

The following brief correspondence speaks for itself:

"SIR: I understand that you have called me a 'bob-tail politician.' I wish to know if it be true? and if true, your mourning?"
"WILLIAM B. GILES."

"SIR: I do not recollect having called you a bob-tail politician, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I cannot say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not."

"Very respectfully, PATRICK HENRY."

A young lawyer, making his first speech before Judge Pearce, of Ohio, had spread wide the wings of his imagination, and apparently was preparing to soar into unknown space, when the judge struck his ruler upon the desk, and called out: "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir. Don't go any higher; you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court!"

John Randolph was once lying on the sofa in the parlor of a country tavern waiting for the stage. A young dandy, just from a drive, stepped into the room, whip in hand, and standing before the mirror, arranged hair, collar, etc., posing in various attitudes, quite regardless or unconscious of any one's presence. Suddenly Mr. Randolph asked:

"Has the stage come?"

"Stage, sir, stag!" said the fop; "I've nothing to do with the stage!"

"I beg your pardon," said Randolph, "I thought you were the driver!"

Time was when the town of Hornellsville did not enjoy its present high reputation, but was infested by tricksters and roughts, making it a disagreeable residence for the eccentric John Baldwin. Once, while breakfasting at Elmira, where he was attending court, a lawyer said:

"Well, Mr. Baldwin, how are matters at Hornellsville now?"

"Oh, about so-so," was the reply.

"I learn," continued the lawyer, "that things are improving there very much."

"Oh, yes, they are improving very rapidly, very, very. Why, it has got to be almost as good as hell now," said Baldwin, with entire gravity.

A gentleman of the Bar, who weighed nearly four hun-

dred pounds, once applied to the court for the postponement of a cause, alleging as a reason an acute pain in the small of his back. "Well," said his opponent, "I would like to accommodate Mr. Brown upon any plausible ground, and the case may be postponed if he will only tell us where the *small* of his back is!"

"Have you read Brown's 'Sertorius,'" asked a legal gentleman once of William Rawle, Jr.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Rawle, facetiously, "I have waded through it."

"Waded!" was the response; "you must surely have been over your head."

"What is your business?" asked Mr. Brown of a witness upon cross-examination.

"That is none of your business," replied the witness, tartly. But on being told by the court that he must answer, he turned to the lawyer and said: "Well, sir, I am a baker; and what have you to say to that?"

"Why, only this: that, although you are the *largest* (the witness was of gigantic proportions), you are far from being the *best* bred man in town."

Wit may ward off a quarrel, as in the case of Judge Breckinridge, who, during the Revolutionary War, severely lampooned General Lee, and was hotly pursued by the irritated officer for the purpose of personal chastisement. The judge retreated to his house, locked the door, rushed up-stairs and looked down upon his enraged pursuer.

"Come down, sir," shouted the general, "and I'll give you a cowskinning!"

"I won't," was the ready reply, "not even if you'll give me *two*!"

"I don't know about that, I don't know about that," exclaimed a New York judge, interrupting Charles O'Connor in an argument.

"I see your honor don't know, but I do," was the quick response.

"Mr. Gunn," said a lawyer—S. H. Hammond, of New York State—when he had finished examining a witness on the stand, "Mr. Gunn, you can go off."

The judge instantly added:

"Yes, Mr. Gunn, you are discharged."

An explosion followed.

During the last illness of Curran, his physician remarked one morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty. "That is rather surprising," answered Curran, smiling sadly, "for I have been practicing all night."

George Hosmer was a successful lawyer though a small man, and far from handsome. On one occasion an opposing lawyer named Root had been induced to take a number of sheep, said to be the Merino breed, in payment for services. When delivered, they turned out to be poor, ill-looking, small and of coarse wool. Afterward Hosmer and Root met at a friend's dinner-table. During the meal Hosmer called out:

"Mr. Root, by what rule do you select Merino sheep?"

"By the same rule that your clients select a lawyer," was the quick reply, "who take the smallest and ugliest-looking one they can find; and they are always satisfied with you—in that respect."

In a trial before a justice of the peace, Thomas F. Marshall had exhausted all arguments and all his eloquence in attempting to convince the judge that he had made an erroneous decision, but with no success. Finally he said, curtly:

"Will your honor please fine me ten dollars for contempt of court?"

"For what?" asked the astonished magistrate. "You have committed no contempt of court."

"But I assure you," returned Marshall, in his provokingly ludicrous way, "I have an infernal contempt for it."

A thoroughbred merchant having heard William Lewis, of the Philadelphia Bar, discuss the commercial relations of this country and Europe, at a dinner party, observed to the guests that Mr. Lewis seemed as familiar with commercial affairs as if he had been at the head of a counting-house all his life.

"Let me tell you, sir," said Lewis, "that a competent lawyer knows everything that a merchant does, and a great deal more."

It was once said of Horace Binney, the friend and rival of John Sergeant, that "he never *lost* a case that he ought to have *gained*, except when Mr. Sergeant *gained* a case that he ought to have *lost*."

"Pray, Brother Hare," said Levy, abruptly interrupting a lengthy dissertation upon political economy, which was absorbing the attention of a large dinner party, "have you ever read Quintilian?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Hare.

"Well," said Levy, "I think he mentions that nothing is so effective in an orator as, occasionally, a *solemn pause*."

"I have a constitutional right to speak," insisted an advocate when the hour for adjourning the court had come.

"That is true," replied Judge Gibson of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, "but the Constitution does not compel us to listen. Yet, if you insist upon it, go on, and as Sir Toby Belch says, '*be curt and brief*.'"

Judge Mitchell professed to have discovered that, in order to make a perfectly safe and effectual electioneering harangue, it was needful that the speaker should carefully avoid ever making a single distinct point. "A speech of this kind," he used to say, "should be *blown up like a bladder*, leaving no handle to be seized by the enemy."

Gouverneur Morris dispensed a liberal hospitality, and was noted for the excellence of his *cuisine*, and the quality of his wines. But evidently he drew the line at another point; for once, when a guest inquired of him, as a hint for cigars, "whether gentlemen in France (where Mr. Morris had been Minister) generally smoked?" the curt reply was: "*Gentlemen smoke nowhere*."

Judge Samuel H. Fitzhugh was once dining at a hotel-table with a lawyer noted for a large mouth and unceasing garrulity. While the latter was indulging in a pompous flow of words, a passing waiter stumbled and a large cup of coffee was lodged on his head. Blinded and frightened, he sprang to his feet, nearly overturning the table, and roaring out an avalanche of words. Landlord, waiters and dry towels were quickly on hand, and it was found he was uninjured. When seated again, he began: "What abominable carelessness!"

"You might have avoided the accident yourself," remarked Fitzhugh.

"I should like to know how?"

"By opening your mouth when the cup fell; neither cup nor coffee would have been seen afterward, if you had!"

The lawyer with the big mouth joined in the roar that followed.

"You need not argue that point, sir," said Judge Thatcher, interrupting a lawyer in his argument; "to my mind it has no more weight than the lightest feather upon a bumble-bee's wing."

At a social meeting of the Boston Bar, Judge Parsons gave the following toast: "The laws of the land—the

common law for the people; the civil law for our friends; the canon law for our enemies."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a noted judge, "cases are to be supported by evidence; evidence is to be given by witnesses; witnesses must testify to facts; facts, to satisfy a jury, must be prominent and conclusive."

A country lawyer once entered the New York Court of Appeals while Daniel Lord Jr., was arguing a case, and inquired of Charles O'Connor, "Who that was addressing the court?" Mr. O'Connor, whose feelings had been somewhat nettled by the method of argument, replied: "That is Daniel Lord Jr., and he puts *junior* after his name so that he may not be mistaken for the Almighty."

William Wirt, having in a case stated a familiar and important legal proposition, was asked by his opponent for his authority—the book and the page. The eloquent advocate turned upon his questioner: "Sir," said he, "I am not bound to grope my way among the ruins of antiquity, to stumble over obsolete statutes, and delve in black-letter lore in search of a principle written in living letters in the heart of every man."

An important witness had been under examination two or three hours, when the court adjourned for dinner. On resuming the case in the afternoon, Mr. Perley, a popular marine lawyer, requested that the same witness be called again. The judge, remarking that he had already been on the stand a long time, added:

"Brother Perley, what more do you expect to obtain from him?"

"The *truth*, your honor," was the prompt reply. "I have obtained everything else."

"Who tries this cause for the plaintiff?" asked the defendant's lawyer, who was often abusive and browbeating.

"I do," replied young James Mullett, who as yet had no experience in the law.

"What! are you going to try it? Where are your mallet and chisels? or are we to be hacked with broad-axes here by this fellow?" asked the lawyer, sneeringly.

"No, sir," was the reply; "I shall hack you with something you know less of than you do of broad-axes and chisels."

"And pray, Mr. Thingum, what is that?" asked the insulting lawyer.

"Good, plain, common sense," was the keen response of young Mullett, which raised a roar of laughter against his opponent, and common sense and law won the day.

"I am happy," said a gentleman of the Bar, on being introduced to John Van Buren—"I am happy to know you on your father's account."

"And I, sir, am happy to know you on your own account," was the immediate response.

A lawyer asked Judge Bosworth, on one occasion, to repeat the grounds on which he accepted some documents connected with a trial. The judge began to do this, but the lawyer, unable to follow him understandingly, threw down his pen, exclaiming:

"Well, I declare, judge, I cannot comprehend it!"

"I don't know as I can help *that*, Mr. W.," returned Judge Bosworth, calmly.

Samuel A. Collier was addressing the Court of Errors in a slow, composed manner, when Attorney-general Samuel A. Talcott, passing behind him, said:

"Why are you so vehement and impetuous? Be slower and more diffuse!"

Collier humored the suggestion to such an extent that the judge finally said:

"Mr. Collier, the court does not quite appreciate your meaning."

or sheet, and sit for four and a half months upon a large white cushion or mattress which is spread upon the floor of the most secluded room in the house. She is not supposed to leave the cushion during the four and a half months.

If the house is large and there is a mother or mother-in-law to look after her, this is easily managed. But among the middle classes it is more difficult, as the whole family often live in one room and the widow is likely to have a very hard time during her seclusion.

They partition off one corner of the room, with matting for her, and there she must stay day and night, until her period of mourning is over.

If there is a window in her corner, the shutters and sash must be kept closed, no matter how stifling the atmosphere, lest some man in some other house should see her. If the shadow of a man should fall upon her on the last day of the four and a half months, she must commence over again and sit for four and a half months longer. Her female relatives may visit her, to condole with her, when there will be a great deal of wailing and beating of breasts.

On account of the difficulty in keeping little girl widows sitting so long, they do not marry their daughters as young as the Hindoos. They wait until they are eleven or twelve years old. The girl never sees the person she is to marry until the day of the wedding ceremony, and she may not know whether he is a youth not much older than herself, or an old man who has had several wives.

A well-educated Mohammedan gentleman who had spent several years in Europe and could speak two or three European languages fluently, complained to me of the young wife whom he had married soon after his return to India. He said: "Of course I never saw her before we were married. My mother made the match for me, and she represented the girl as handsome and intelligent.

MOHAMMEDAN WOMAN OF THE KHOJAN SECT, BOMBAY.

"I do not appreciate it myself, your honor, but I borrow it from my friend, the attorney-general, and put it before the court at his suggestion."

Daniel Webster was once engaged in a case where the opposing counsel was William Wirt, whose "Life of Patrick Henry" has been called a "brilliant romance." Mr. Webster had introduced a witness whose testimony annihilated his opponent's case. Wirt rose to cross-examine, but not knowing exactly what plan to pursue, he assumed an incredulous expression, and eying the witness coolly, asked:

"Have you ever read a work called the 'Baron Munchausen'?"

Instantly Webster rose.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for interrupting; allow me to ask of the witness one question I forgot."

"Most certainly," said Mr. Wirt, blandly.

"Sir," said Webster, in a solemn manner to the witness, "have you ever read 'Wirt's Patrick Henry'?"

The effect was irresistible. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the general laugh, and Webster's client won the suit.

WOMEN OF INDIA—MOHAMMEDANS.

By S. F. NORRIS.

A MOHAMMEDAN may have four wives if he can support so many, but, in India, he rarely has more than one, unless he is very rich. Of course there is no limit to the number of wives which a Shah, Nizam or Nawab may count as his own.

When the King of Oude was deposed, it was found that he claimed several hundred women as his wives. He was allowed to take ten or a dozen of them to Calcutta, and the others were left to shift for themselves.

When a man dies, his widow must mourn for him in this wise: She must shroud herself in a white chudder

first-rate ability, though we have many excellent examples of diversified talent, as Goldsmith, Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt and others.

Of writers who have shown ability outside the domain of letters one may mention Vanbrugh, who was at first a soldier, and who attained notoriety both as a dramatic author and as an architect. Another striking example is the novelist Hoffmann, who exhibited in early life, along with marked ability in verbal composition, both musical and pictorial talent, and who, when he grew up, won a reputation as a lawyer, as a musical composer (he composed among other things the opera "Undine"), and as a painter. Hoffmann's versatility almost puts into the shade the encyclopedic attainments of the Admirable Crichton, and the miscellaneous accomplishments of Brougham. Other instances that just need to be alluded to are Rousseau, who joined to his literary gifts a respectable musical talent; and Thackeray, who, when young, showed a marked proclivity to art, and actually began a professional study of it. Other cases of a conjunction of literary and artistic ability are Blake and O. Madox Brown, the latter of whom, unfortunately, died too early for his striking gifts to become widely known.

If we look into the graver walks of literature, philosophy and science, the same thing is observable. Among philosophers, with whom we may take theologians, we light on well-marked instances of versatility. Pascal, Descartes and Leibnitz were not only eminent as philosophic thinkers, but made valuable contributions to mathematics. Indeed, Leibnitz belongs to the truly astounding instances of wide-ranging capacity of the first order. He was great at once in scholarship, in law, in politics—to which he devoted a large part of his life—in mathematics and in philosophy. Kant and Reid were both eminent as students and teachers of mathematics and physics before they won distinction in philosophy. Of theologians, the most illustrious instances of versatility are Isaac Barrow, who was equally famous for his contributions to mathematical science and for his sermons; and Robert Boyle, who combined with the peculiar genius of the divine a strong bent to physical science.

Among men eminent in science, one may pick out a fair number that displayed other kinds of power as well. And here one first thinks of Benjamin Franklin, who was not only a scientific discoverer of the first rank, but a practical statesman and a man of letters; indeed there seems no particular reason why one should reckon him among *savants* rather than among statesmen. Of those who clearly belong to science, Galileo showed a decided bend toward art, and more especially music and poetry; indeed it has been said that his attainments were as wide as those of Da Vinci. The father of modern physiology, Haller, was, and is still, known in the Fatherland as a poet. Among other men of science, the name of Thomas Young stands out conspicuously as an instance of versatile power. If he had not become so well known by his discoveries in optics he would still have won a place among the famous by reason of his linguistic researches, and more particularly his discovery of the process of interpreting hieroglyphics. Even in this age of extreme specialization in science we may find examples of original power breaking through the barriers that divide different regions of thought. The late Professor Clifford may be selected as a remarkable instance of a combination of eminent mathematical capacity of a special kind with a far-ranging general ability, which, among other ways, displayed itself in valuable contributions to the logic of the physical sciences, to ethics, and even to the more abstruse branches of metaphysical speculation.

As we leave the *terrain* of literature and enter that of art, the instances of diversified talent appear, on the whole, to grow less frequent. Among painters, it is true, we have some decidedly noteworthy examples, but, oddly enough, they are almost exclusively found in Italy. Of these, the most illustrious is undoubtedly Leonardo da Vinci. Although most widely known as a painter, he was, at the same time, sculptor, architect, engineer, poet, musician, and man of science. In the latter domain, he anticipated, in a crude form, some of the greatest discoveries of modern science. If he had devoted himself to physical science, he might not improbably have reached the fame of Galileo or of Kepler; and even as it is his writings, including the "Treatise on Painting," are acknowledged by eminent living *savants* as a valuable mine of facts and theories. Of less illustrious examples, one may mention Orcagna, who was painter, sculptor, architect and poet; Benvenuto Cellini, who was taken into the service of Pope Clement VII. in the double capacity of goldsmith and flutist, and who afterward developed considerable literary skill both as a poet and as a prose writer; Piero della Francesca, who wrote on mathematical subjects; Michael Angelo, who proved his power not only as a sculptor and a painter, but as a poet; and Salvator Rosa, who to his pictorial gifts united so much poetic and musical capacity that he takes, even now, a high place among lyrists. Among English artists, Reynolds and Hogarth may be named as having reached considerable proficiency in literary composition. Hogarth's speculations, indeed, on the ideal of linear beauty have attained an assured place among modern æsthetic writings.

Among musicians, the absence of versatility is very conspicuous. More than any other group of creators they have devoted themselves with singleness of purpose to their chosen craft. While a number of scientific men and painters have shown a respectable skill in music, it would be difficult to find a really eminent musician who has made his mark in any other branch of production. Schumann attained some literary skill as a musical critic, and Mendelssohn, as we know from his charming letters, was not only a man of much wider culture than the bulk of musicians, but acquired a certain facility and grace in the use of his pen; but neither of these has any strong claims to a literary reputation. Perhaps the one exception to the general oneness of musicians is Richard Wagner, whose dramatic poems are by many placed on a level with his musical compositions, and whose critical prose works are marked not only by real philosophic acuteness, but by a clear and forcible style.

THE Castle of Monkstown, near Cork, is reported, by popular tradition, to have been built in the year 1636 at the cost of only a groat. It happened in this way: Anastasia Gould, who had become the wife of John Archdeken, determined, while her husband was in Spain, serving in Philip's army, to give him evidence of her thrift on his return, by surprising him with a noble residence which he could call his own. Her plan was to supply the workmen with provisions and other articles they required, for which she charged the ordinary price; but as she made her purchases wholesale, upon balancing her accounts it appeared that the retail profit had paid all the actual expenses of the structure except four pence.

CHARACTER, judgment, virtue, unselfishness, mastery of one's own self—it is these that tell in the long run, far more than the most brilliant qualities.

THE TWO CHILDHOODS.

clumsy wooden blinds, and one might almost look through the cracks in the house and see what the occupants were doing.

Outside the inclosure formed by the orange-trees stood four or five enormous cactus-bushes, great creatures of green flesh that seemed almost to palpitate with life, their bristling points shining like so many eyes in which appeared a certain intelligence. A century-plant, of great height, stood just inside the rude paling, and around the circle between that and the house were plants dotted with the richest tints—blood-red, crimson, spotted yellow and other gorgeous colors—clothing the flowers that pertain to that country, and all of that passionate depth and brilliancy seen only in tropical or semi-tropical climates. Beyond these, on the opposite side of the house, were fig-trees and lines of honey and peen-to-reach trees, the fruits just turning to soft shades of pink and straw-color, stretched to the limits of the fence behind the house.

The owner of this little plantation had come but a year before from the biting winds and heavy snows of Canada, bringing with him his only child—a daughter. In his own person he was a protest against the inclement climate he had left. Tall and thin, his face saved from being cadaverous only by its extreme beauty, his eyes shone under straight, black brows with a brilliancy almost overpowering—one read at sight the warrant of death upon his countenance. For years he had been slowly dying of consumption, but in this balmy Florida atmosphere he seemed to have taken on a new, if short, lease of life. His wife taught music in Montreal, and used her exquisite voice for the entertainment of the public in her native country. Her money had bought the little wilderness home, which had been for some years deserted and neglected, but his taste had planned and executed the lovely surroundings to which the house itself was a rude appendage. On the lower floor there were three rooms—sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen. Four chairs, a dilapidated lounge and piles of books, constituted all the furniture of the sitting-room, yet it was made bright with pretty tidies, flowers, pictures and rugs, and when the fat pine blazed redly in the fireplace, there was an illumination no other light could equal.

Up-stairs, in the front bedroom—there were only two rooms on that floor—on great down-pillows brought from the colder Canada home, reclined a figure that deserves more than a passing notice. If I say her eyes were like diamonds moving in liquid pearl, her complexion, roses and lilies, her lips so perfect in whatever expression they assumed, that they would have been the rapture and despair of an artist, I say no more than the simple truth, for a picture of greater loveliness it was never my good fortune to see. A robe of white, delicately ornamented with tucks and laces, clung to the limbs, round the lissom waist and over the rich swell of the bosom, that rose and fell too rapidly for health. She had come to Florida, drooping and delicate; her extreme beauty had made her the rage, as the saying is, and balls and parties, games of all sorts, and lake and forest picnics, had been the order of the day, of the whole year, indeed, given in her honor. Passionately fond of pleasure, and missing the brilliant assemblages that had welcomed her in the colder climate, she had gone imprudently near to license and ruined her health.

Florida is very kind to the careful wooer of her many charms, the conscientious seeker after health; to the careless, heedless votary of pleasure she is as cruel as more northern climes, and spares neither youth nor

beauty. And so, being unkind to herself, the climate was unkind to this beautiful girl.

But what a picture she was! The form was made for soft southern skies, the eyes held love's own passion, the lips were eloquent even in silence—and had Death indeed claimed her for his own he could not have found a lovelier victim.

Suddenly a grander strain, perhaps an improvisation on the old Gregorian sounding chant, reached her ears, and she listened, smiling. At that moment her father came in. He had been working among the lilies in one corner of the little garden—rare southern lilies, whose petals of pale pink threw a soft, rosy halo over the pale sand beneath them.

"Papa, come here; sit down, you look so tired." He seated himself in the large easy-chair at the head of the bed, and she put her hand in his. "How beautiful the roses are! and the honeysuckles are all out! Listen to Clum. She won't tell me what she sings; says she don't know; the Lord taught her, and it hasn't any words. What a rich voice she has! I never get tired of it, only it makes me long for mamma. Shall I ever see her again?"

"That's what I came to speak about. Little Gabe Berry just rode up from the post-office," her father said, cheerily, "with a letter which has been delayed. If all goes well mother will be here to-day—by five o'clock."

"Oh, papa!—to-day! to-day!" and the girl sprang from her reclining position. "So soon! I can't realize it."

"Lie down again, my pet; now see how you breathe! You never will be prudent. There, there, listen to Clum. My heaven! if she was white she might have the world at her feet. Who would imagine the owner of that voice black and fat and ugly? There, there, there." He patted her with slender, loving fingers as she fell to the pillows, panting. "There, little one, there. You are going to get better, pet, only be careful. Mamma shall soon sing you to sleep with the old lullaby—to-night, to-night! Ah, I seem to see your baby face in the little French cradle in which once a princess had been rocked. My heaven! how happy I was when you were a baby! Then mamma staid beside you and me. Ah, then it was home; but ruin came, both to purse and health, and she gave her voice to the public. How could she help it? It was right noble in her—it was the only way to get bread—but, ah, God! what lonesome days for you and me! It's better here," he murmured, "since she must sing to fill the purse. It killed me that everybody could command her presence, and you—she could not even spare you a lullaby. But she is coming! dear mamma!"

"I'm so happy!" said the girl, Eda, in an almost inarticulate voice; "so happy; for do you know, dearest, I have fancied I might die without seeing her. Oh, papa, the thought has frightened me in the black midnight—it frightens me now!" and the fear in her splendid eyes made him shudder.

"No more sick fancies, my darling. I say you will get well, and sit under the orange-trees before the blossoms fall—I say it, and you shall, and pretty mamma beside you."

"What time is it now?" the girl asked, eagerly. "Almost four? There, I am better—I breathe more easily. Yes, I almost think I shall live. And, after she comes, happiness." A quick shadow crept up her brow, over her eyes; her lips quivered, her eyes filled; she turned her face and hid it in the pillow—hid it in the very depths of the linen-covered down. A few shivering sobs, and she was very still, so still that her father held his ear close to her side to hear if she yet breathed, while

his set lips and flashing eyes seemed still to say, "She shall not die!"

The poor father! his heart was just one great throb of love for this his only child. In it were centred such hopes for her; yes, even now, when there could be no hope. She die!—after all the money that had been lavished upon her accomplishments!—she, who had given the valedictory in one of the foremost schools in Canada only one short year ago? And all the papers had predicted a brilliant future for the favorite pupil. She die, under whose touch the ivory keys of the piano, the silvery strings of the violin, guitar and harp assumed almost miraculous power of expression! Why, he could easily have made his fortune by her gifts, only he was jealous of every finger-touch, and would rather be poor and have her all to himself. She die! Where would be the use of that expensive outlay for her education—of that rich voice, of her mastery of languages, her knowledge of all the wonder-studies she had loved and excelled in? No! she could not, should not die.

"O God," he cried, "you have all the grand universe, all power, all knowledge, all beauty—I have but this one ewe lamb—spare her!"

But she had not spared herself. She had drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs; she had enjoyed every moment of her Florida life; she had loved—yes, that was the most terrible of all—she had loved, and hopelessly.

On and on went the hour, the minute-hand of the little clock on the wooden mantelpiece. Great banks of gold were piled against the sun in the western sky, while he, like a royal barge, floated amid banners of azure, of purple—dyed royally—of crimson and bronze, and ever and anon some cloud more splendid than the rest hung heavily over the king of light, enveloping the whole landscape, sky, sand, trees, flowers, atmosphere, in a mirage of color, pink, or pale, translucent green, and then Florida became Paradise.

At last! The girl lifted her head. She was pale now—white as the lotus lily, but her eyes were more like stars than ever.

"It is mamma! John Lichmer has brought her from the depot. Those are John's great, strong gray horses," she said. "And *he* brought my mother!"

The last sentence was like music, like the soft notes of a lute melting into silence.

"Oh, mamma!" And then Eda's tender arms encircled her, while the father tried to clasp them both.

Then the mother stood up, a wide-chested, large-limbed woman, with a face only a little less beautiful than that of her child lying there.

"Sick in bed, my child! Why didn't you tell me, Horace? You said she was complaining, longing for me. I never thought of finding her on the bed, really sick."

"No, mamma; only one of my languid days. I am well now, quite well and happy. I only wanted you. To-morrow I shall be up and strong. Oh, we have had such a delightful Winter, papa and I—Summer days, and the soft sweet nights of Autumn. You must stay. You have no idea how beautiful it is! Yes, and you will find plenty to do for poor careless me. Perhaps you will be so good as to look over my wardrobe. I expect everything wants seeing to. I put some of those lovely dresses very carelessly into the cedar trunk; I was so afraid of moths. And now you will see to them, and to everything, and sing me to sleep. Yes, I'm going to be selfish to-night; I must have you all to myself. Oh, now I shall sleep."

"Indeed I hope, so darling!" said the woman, casting

an anxious glance toward the father and husband, who stood apart, looking down into the heart of an orange-tree.

He had been terribly shaken by what his child had said, and the meeting with his wife under such sad circumstances.

She saw it, and spoke more cheerfully.

"How lovely the garden is! I never saw such orange-trees, and the blossoms—oh, delicious!" And she drew a long inhalation of the sweet odors. "But the house! that makes me laugh. Dreadful, my dear! Only pine planks. What do you do in cold weather?—such draughts! Oh, dear me, just the bare necessities! How have you lived?"

"Jolly!" said the daughter, faintly, with a bright smile. "We've lived outdoors most of the time."

"Alas! I fear too much," was her mother's reply, "or why should I find you sick?"

"It is only a weakness; I shall soon be well again. Mamma, I wanted to meet you when you came. It was shameful, no one was at the depot. But we have no horse, you know, and papa didn't like to leave me, and so—"

"Never mind, darling. I fancied my letter had miscarried. I wondered how I should find you, when a young man came forward. He seemed to know me, and at once invited me to a seat in his carriage behind two splendid horses. He told me his name. It was John—John—"

"That will do, mamma dear. He's only John, everywhere, though his name is Lichmer. Everybody knows John Lichmer."

"German, is he? Well, he's a study. He took every pains to make me comfortable. A little rough in his manner, though tender as a child. I took a great fancy to him—a Florida product, thought I—and studied him all the way. A singular, but striking, countenance; not unhandsome, in a rugged way; and his style, brusque and gentle all at once—quite a complication—I can't describe it."

"That's he, that's John," said the girl, and a little sob followed, under her breath.

"Makes havoc of the King's English now and then, though," said her mother. "When I thanked him, he said 'Tain't nothin'.'"

"Yes, sometimes," said Eda; "but, then, he's very, very good. It makes all the difference where one has early advantages, and he has a horrid family; but, well, he is self-made, you know. Never mind him now," she added, with a little gesture of impatience. "Tell me all the news from home; all about old friends, old sights. Oh, so good, so heavenly, to have you with me again!"

"And you are sorry you ever left there, my precious? It is like burying one's self here, it seems to me."

"Oh, no, no—a thousand times no. I have lived a long life in one Winter. Everybody has been kind, and it's such a curious, ideal life. Every day out among the pines and the flowers; every day visitors; and every night invitations, bonfires and illuminations, lovely drives, charming parties, until—once I was imprudent, and I took cold. It's only a cold, really, mamma—that is, I think so sometimes."

"My darling," said her mother, with a tender caress, "how long have you been this way?"

"Not long, mamma; don't fret the least little bit for me. Now you are come I shall get well, and you will see me under the orange-trees, or down by my favorite water-oak, where papa has made me a nice seat. We will carry our sewing and sit there together in the long

"Oh, mother, mother!" and the white arms clung closer and closer; "but he doesn't care for me. They say he is engaged to a cousin, mother! Hold me close, my heart beats so. Oh, I am so miserable!"

"And after those dances you walked with John, or somebody else, out in the cool night-air, just as you were, hot, flushed."

"But, mother dear, it was so lovely and warm."

"And so it happened, night after night—and you had a cough before you came here! But love and vanity stepped in, and pleasure—and meantime——"

"Oh, mamma, don't scold me, I'm so tired!"

"I won't, my darling! Lie down now. I will finish putting the things away."

She knew in that moment that Eda would never want them again, but yet would not give up hope. The girl's hot face was pressed to the pillow again, and she strove hard to hide the fact that she was weeping piteously.

"Hark!—horses!" she said, a little while after, in a low, broken voice. "*His* horses!—the grays! I know the moment I hear them. What has he come for, I wonder!"

"You mean John?"

"Yes, mother; he liked that dress so well—the one you are folding. He said to some one that I looked like a bride in it; and to another, that it was like moonbeams on a bed of white lilies—wasn't that beautiful? It is pretty enough for a bride. I never wore it but once. Hark! that must be John knocking. Go down, dear mother! Of course he has come on business."

Her mother threw the dress of white illusion, all frosted with delicate lacework, over the foot of the bed, and went down-stairs.

Eda gathered the shining thing toward her.

"It is quite pretty enough for a bride," she said again; then smiled and lay down exhausted, but oh, so beautiful! Her hair, wonderful in length and of an exquisite color, had fallen from its few confining pins; her cheeks were like pink sea-shells; her eyes, so shining they made one query how far it was to the soul that gave them such a divine lustre.

Presently her mother came up-stairs. On her face was an expression of anxiety that she did not try to repress.

"You are tired, dear," she said, noting how wearily the girl turned her head.

"Oh, no. It was John, then?" said Eda.

"Yes, it was John. He wishes to see you. I came to learn what you think about it. You have had so much to excite you —" Then she stopped. Jealously her lips worked. Surely the joy of seeing her own mother, from whom she had been separated a year, had not so lighted up her child's face! It was radiant.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, a ring of transport in her voice. Then she added, more calmly: "I should like to see him."

"But oh, daughter, darling, he would never be a fitting match for you!"

And down-stairs she went, heartsick and sighing, the sad mother.

Presently steps. Eda's hands fell at her side. Had she been praying for strength? Then a tall, imposing-looking man, not graceful, but with a manner born of self-conquest and proud endeavor—the manner of one whose nature it is to command—entered the door. He paused for a moment, drew a breath that lifted his chest and shoulders, as if to impose thorough control of mind and body, then slowly, softly went toward the bed.

Eda was looking for him. She held forth her slim, white hand. Whatever constraint he had imposed on

himself vanished at sight of her. He caught the slight fingers in his grasp, fell on his knees at the bedside, and held the hand close to his hot lips.

"John," she said, softly, "I thought you had forgotten me!"

"Forgotten!—I forget!" he said, in a tremulous voice. "I am always asking myself how I dare to remember, but forget—never!"

And then came words of such passionate love as made even Eda wonder, filled as her heart was with his image.

"I didn't dare—I never dared to presume," he went on. "How could I! Why, I loved you from the first moment I saw you, but you were up in the seventh heaven—oh, so far above me! How could I gather courage to touch the hem of your garments—I, a poor self-taught Cracker, and you a lady born, refined and cultured! But when I heard you had been very sick—I've been away some two months on the coast—I wanted to come, but I fought against it; I did not dare. And then your mother came; she is like you, so good, so sweet. I didn't like to ask to come in then; but I haven't slept all night, thinking about it—how I might get to see you for one, one little moment. When I came this morning, the sight of your mother unmanned me. She was so different from the joyous woman who came yesterday—so sad, so sad! And I told her how I loved you—madly, wildly, above everything on earth, and in heaven too, I fear. Of course I know there's no hope!"

And he lifted his head. What did he see? Something that went as straight to his heart as the humming-bird goes to the heart of the flower—eyes swimming in tears, yet eyes full of encouragement. Could it be love?

She settled that as her impulsive nature prompted. She put both arms about his neck.

"Now are you satisfied?" she asked.

"I am in heaven," he said.

"Where, perhaps, I may soon be," she said, eyes and smile radiant; "but yours wholly, even there."

"Not even to heaven will I yield you up. No, I must keep you here!" he cried.

"I am so happy! so happy!" she made answer; "but if I do go, will you always love me?"

"To all eternity," was his solemn response.

"They told me you were engaged to your cousin," she said.

"I have no cousin. I was never engaged. I have loved but one woman in my life," he said. "You are she, and men of my nature never love twice."

"If I could only have known it before!" she sighed.

"It is not too late. I shall keep you. I cannot let you go—by heaven, I will not!" he cried, passionately. "Only live, and I will take you over the sea, to all those beautiful places we used to talk about—only live!" But even as he spoke there came a gray shadow adown the exquisite face; the lips grew pale, the great eyes in amazement looked as if they saw visions beyond—and she was gone. Then all was silence save the voice of old Clum, and verily it sounded as if she were chanting a dirge for the dead.

They dressed her in the shining robe she loved so well, and at John's sobbing request laid the folds of a soft white veil, as if it were her bridal veil, round the lovely, marble face.

That night, as had been his custom, the clergyman of the parish came to stop over Sunday, and his visit was most welcome to the bereaved parents. Clum sat up in the death-chamber, the mother and father lingered late in the rooms below with John, who had asked the privilege of staying till the last sad rites were over, the

clergyman sat out on the porch under the soft moonlight. The hands of the little wooden clock were on the hour of twelve, when suddenly Clum came clattering down the stairs, her hands uplifted, her eyes shining, and a strange, ashen look in her face.

"Fore de Lord 'n' hebenly Marster," she cried, between chattering teeth, "I done gone seen dat ar chile breave. You may b'leeve me or not, but I was singing de tune to myself, 'n' sort o' moaning like, when I look at her 'n' I suttinly sees her move, right here!"—she placed her hand over her chest. "As de Lord lives, I b'leeves dat chile ain't dead, on'y swooned like, 'n' dey's gone fur a coffin!"

Up-stairs at almost a bound went John, the father and mother following. Yes, Eda was sitting up in her bed, her eyes now fixed upon the dress in which they had clothed her, now wandering vaguely about the room.

"Dearest!" said John, in a low, awe-struck voice.

"I was hoping you would come," she said. "But where have I been? what have I seen? I can't remember, and yet it was very bright. How came I in this dress? Who put this veil on? It is all so strange!"

John was equal to the emergency. With wonderful presence of mind, he said:

"You have forgotten, dear; because you were so tired we let you go to sleep, but you are dressed in your bridal gown, you know, and the minister is here. We were only waiting"—he choked for a moment, and his strong voice trembled—"till you waked up. But now you are all ready, and refreshed with your sleep. Won't you call the minister up here?" And he turned to her father.

"Oh, that accounts for it," she said, still wonderingly. "Then, of course, mamma has given her consent?"

"Yes, daughter," was the quick response, for the mother dared not trust herself to say much, so great was the rush of joy with which she beheld this wonderful resuscitation, this rising from the dead.

"I must have slept so soundly, to forget," she added; "but, then, I remember now, I dreamed I was dead—that's the sign of a wedding isn't it? Oh, John!"

For John had come in, his face bright with a solemn joy; and there, at that dead hour of the night, the marriage service was performed, and who knows if it was for time or for eternity?

God was good. Eda lived, and was carried away to the sea by her happy husband. The little house is deserted now, for the mother is teaching again in Canada, but the father stays with his daughter on one of the loveliest plantations in all Florida, and John watches over his beautiful wife with all the solicitous care of a lover who has so nearly had his treasure snatched away for ever. Clum lives with them, and sings the old chants with more abandon than ever, for she firmly believes it had something to do with the waking of her darling mistress. To everybody that will listen she never tires of telling the strange but beautiful story of the midnight wedding.

TOPOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITIES.

ALL queer names are not American. England furnishes the following names of places: Windrush and Churchdown, Drypool and Drainy, Foulmire and Freshwater, Horn and Hound, Chew and Cowbit, Easter High and Advent, Sleep and Snoring, Tongue and Wrangle, Bury and Corse, St. Blazey and Kettle, Eagle and Cliffe, Ewes and Sheepwash, Offcoat and Coldstream, Snow and Fallowfield, Warboys and Slaughter, Arrow and Badshot,

Hope and Paradise, Uphill and Down, Hooke and Eye, Manor and Shotover, Grove and Underwood, Brigg and Cargo, Rockland and Heap, Dollar and Miserden, Morebottle and Hartburn, Rod and Yell, Bobbing and Cotton, Ham and Swallow, Locking and Box.

THAT ECCENTRIC ENGLISHMAN.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

"Oh, those English! those English!" exclaimed a dear little American lady, clapping her tiny hands together, after a noiseless and grotesque fashion. "Do you see that big hulking man over there, with the long, reddish beard and the pipe in his jaw? What do you imagine *his* mission in life to be? Mind you, he has a splendid estate in one of the counties, a 'pill-box' in Belgravia, and £10,000 a year, which, as you know, means \$50,000. Well, that man's whole aim and object in life seems to be in making a collection of canes. Ah, there he goes!"

It was on the Piazza San Marco at Venice. A big, hulking, round-shouldered, sunburnt, long-bearded man was striding, with huge strides, in the direction of the wondrous old cathedral, opposite the grand portal of which he stopped, and literally collared a passing gondolier. In the brown fist of this son of the Adriatic swung a cane, or wattle, or walking-stick. The Englishman pounced upon it, carefully examined it, and in a trice became its happy possessor.

Three years later I was sojourning in the City of Mexico. If you want a bargain you must seek it in the *empesos* or pawnshops. I was in search of a Spanish fan, one of those rare, old enormous fans, with ribs like a windmill, and hand-painted, the designs depicting the joyous horrors of the bullfight. A man was engaged in dusting a moldy old walking-cane. It was the Englishman of the Piazza San Marco.

"Oh, I have done a lot in the way of collecting sticks," he said—we had become intimate over a cocktail at the *Iturbide*. "I think I have over two thousand in my place in 'Bukshire,'" and he proceeded to describe his collection with all the enthusiasm of the faddist.

I met him again at Cairo in Egypt.

"I have done a good stroke this time," he rapturously exclaimed. "I bought a cane from an Arab boy, who was belaboring the jackass that he rode on out to the Pyramids. I saw that the wood was old, yet flexible. I also saw that it was covered with notches. I took it from him. By Jove, sir, it was covered with Arabic inscriptions. I shall get a devil of a knowing fellow in the British Museum to decipher them."

"What do you consider your most precious cane?" I asked.

"Well, I was in Central Africa after big game, you know, and shot a gorilla. The beggar had a cane in his hairy fist—a most jolly old cane, with all sorts of queer things carved on it. My fellow at the B. M. (British Museum) could make neither head nor tail of 'em. It is my most valued cane."

Once again I met this cane-finder. It was in Ireland, at the celebrated Fair of Ballinasloe, and he was bargaining for a blackthorn, with which its owner was exceedingly loath to part.

The traveling Englishman is, without being in the least aware of it, a most amusing person. His insular prejudices advertise themselves at every turn, while his "get up" is simply that of the screaming farce. The loudest patterns in clothes, the thickest-soled shoes, the

whalebone, about thirty years ago, the fad was an umbrella as tight as a one-inch lead pipe; with this, a very high silk hat and a very long clerical frock-coat. Buckstone was immense in a short farce, "His New Umbrella," in which he figures in this costume.

There is an old gentleman who haunts the Bedford, at Brighton. This foggy bravely sticks to nankeen, to the high shirt-collar of the Grand Old Man and the black satin stock, with a buckle to tighten it round the throat. I imagine that he is the last of the race. The Whigs in their blue coats, brass buttons, stuff waistcoats and ditto extensions, have still a few whitehaired adherents left, and there is one old gentleman in Wiltshire who indulges in a queue or pigtail.

There was a worthy of the latter part of the last century who was known to society gossip as Pea-green Haine, from the fact of his never appearing in daylight save and except in a quaintly cut suit of the most delicate pea-green. There is yet a chance for some youth on this continent to have himself laughed at, lampooned and caricatured, but talked about, if he but chooses to follow in the footsteps, not of Oscar Wilde, because he has brains on top of them, but of Pea-green Haine.

I met an Englishman in Washington once, who carried with him his own cup and saucer, of the good old willow pattern, and from the care with which he handled both, it would have been a sore blow to him to have lost either. He washed the cup and saucer after each meal, and bore them to his apartment with a gingerly caution that was a source of exquisite delight to his sable waiter, who grinned from ear to ear at each performance as only a gentleman of color can grin.

I was much astonished at Shepherd's Hotel, at Cairo, when an Englishman, who sat next me at the *table d'hôte*, pulling out of his waistcoat-pocket a tube, resembling a silver pencil-case, unscrewed the lid and offered me some pepper.

"I always carry my own pepper. Enormous lot of sand in so-called pepper, you know, and sand is only good for a pelican."

The plague of the Englishman's life is his tub. For the sake of his tub he makes himself a nuisance all over the world. His tub he wants, and his tub he must have, let the consequences be what they will. His first inquiry on arriving at a halting-place, whether it be a Persian khan or an Irish shebeen, is in regard to his tub. Deprive him of this evident necessity, and he pines like a plant without water. The worthies who carry their tub with them are always conscious of their superiority, and seldom fail to let the world know that they are armed *cap-à-pie*. On this subject the traveling Englishman will always speak, and he becomes almost energetically loquacious when tackled about the best "clawss of tub" for traveling with. Nothing irritates a foreigner more than to be reminded by an Englishman of his tub, especially an Italian, of whom report avers that— But no, that is *his* business, not mine. This story *en passant*, however. At a large house party in England the subject of the carelessness of Italians about the use of water was discussed. A howling swell was about to arrive, and he was to prove this a test case. On his arrival his bath-sponge and tooth-brush were both secretly removed, and *he never missed either of them. Se non è vero, è ben trovato*, and with a vengeance. At the "Passion Play" at Ober-Ammergau, an Englishman, who slept in the same loft with me, instead of plunging into the clear and sparkling waters of the Ammer, just bubbling past our window, went to the trouble of filling a small pitcher about twenty times, by means of a cord, in order to enjoy the luxury of his tub

in quiet. Well, he *did* enjoy it. I never saw a duck preening its feathers in a shaded pool with greater *vim* than my excellent friend in his tub.

"Why did you not follow my example, and take a flop into the stream?"

"My dear boy," he replied, "a stream is a stream, you know, but there is a *flavor* about the tub."

I encountered two Britons in Bohemia at a little town called Leising. They had quarreled, not over their wine, but over their tub, and were just like a pair of sulky schoolboys. They both desired the much-coveted tub at the same moment, and water was scarce. Neither would yield, and both were tubless, hence irritable and miserable to the last degree.

The home of eccentric Englishmen used to be at the Traveler's Club, now one of the most palatial in Pall Mall. It was founded by a dozen or so of Britons, who had diverged from what was known as the "grand tour," that is, a travel all over Europe in a post-chaise, with relays of horses.

The more venturesome went further, usually to fare worse, and travel being then a luxury, and very expensive one to boot, the man who strayed out of the beaten track returned to his beloved London very much of a hero. "The Traveler's" was organized by a dozen of these heroes, and no one was eligible for membership unless he could prove that he had continuously traveled three thousand miles outside of Great Britain and France. By degrees "The Traveler's" made the entrance more difficult, the mere covering of three thousand miles being held insufficient, and the test for admission called for something eccentric in the way of travel. This called forth the native eccentricity, and "cranks" of the most wondrous pattern aspired to the club. One man, who was not popular, but by birth and rank and fortune absolutely eligible, essayed to pass the gates on three or four occasions, only to be ignominiously rejected. He was informed that his travel was not eccentric enough, and that he had performed nothing very much out of the ordinary routine. Having resolved upon entering the club, this persevering and eccentric person repaired to the Dead Sea, and *walked around it backward*. Oh, yes, he was admitted without a single black ball.

It is in clubs, especially foreign ones, that the eccentric Englishman is at his best. Regarding himself as the representative of the greatest nation on earth, he unconsciously airs his superiority. I say unconsciously, for he is always well-bred, and coldly courteous. If he is the happy possessor of a "fad," he is sure to air it, and invariably earns an unenviable reputation for his sanity. I have seen Englishmen do things in foreign clubs that they would shudder over at home, and if subsequently remonstrated with—"Oh, what do these foreign beggars know?"

Yes, the Englishman is the most eccentric person going, and the most amusing feature in his case is that he is absolutely unconscious of his shortcomings. He is very much with us now. Every boat brings him over. So let the readers of this article make a study of him whenever he comes across their path.

ONE of Brillat-Savarin's aphorisms declares that a dessert without cheese resembles a lovely woman who wants an eye. A French writer tells a story of a Gascon who, seeing a lovely Roquefort cheese at dessert, exclaimed: "Ah! it is superb; where shall I make the first cut?" And then, turning to his servant, added: "Take that cheese home: it is *there* that I will make the first cut."

TO MARGUERITE.

By L. W. LYDE.

I AM alone; and all is still.
Already love's good-night is pressed
On tired lips that soon will rest;
And I have watched the night, until
The darker mood has left my eyes;
And there is peace; and I would sing;
But I am loath to touch a string
Which you might welcome—might despise.
Hereafter, when the lights are low,
I'll take my pen again, and write:
It may be that the overflow
Of sadder thoughts will suit the night.

For somewhere long ago I read
How shadows always fall behind;
And, as I turned the page, I said,
"But when the sun has all declined,
And yet the moon is dim, why then
No shadows will be seen at all;
For underneath the one dark pall
Are deeply hidden things and men."
Thus darkness can interpret best
My mental shadows, and can fling
A restful shade on the unrest
Of one who would, but cannot, sing.

For I am grieved at my mischance;
I did my best, but I was tired;
I thought to win a kindly glance
By having done as you desired;
And I have failed. 'Tis nothing new.
I should have wearied of the load
Of failures; but my heart has glowed
With some successes; yet 'tis true—
It will not matter in the years,
Whether our lives were sad or not.
We soon forget, and are forgot;
Time cannot stop to count up tears.

And yet at times a vague regret
Is with us—for the charm mislaid—
The faded piece of mignonette—
The hazel spray, which only played
Above a woman's heart, and thus
Is yet remembered; while the doll,
Where others bloomed, browned, and fell,
Is nameless—like to most of us.
Chance singles out the one for fame;
And sunshines smiles an hour on him:
The others never have a claim
On memory. 'Tis fortune's whim.

"THE ANTIQUE."

GRANDMA TELLS HER STORY.

By M. D. BRINE.

LAWFUL sakes! shall I ever forget that day! The old man—that's Asa—he had gone to the field after a load of hay, and I was in the kitchen washin' dishes, and kind of envying the rich folks a-drivin' by in their kerridges, as cool as if it warn't as hot as blazes.

Wal, all on a sudden there came a knock to the front door. I just tidied my hair a speck and smoothed my apron and went to the door, and there stood two stylish gentlemen, a-bowin' as perlite as possible. I made my best bow, and said, says I:

"Won't you kindly step in?"

They stepped in, and set down in the setting-room.

"Madam," says one of 'em, says he, "we've heard of some antique furniture you have. Would you kindly allow us to see it?"

Lor! I was that flustered I couldn't answer to once. But finally I said, says I:

"Oh, sir, as to antik furniture, I don't know as it's antik at all; but it's powerful *olt* stuff, and I ain't no objection to your seein' of it, if you're so cur'us."

The men they larfed considerable, and then I let 'em look about the setting-room and in the kitchen, and I see they looked mighty pleased at each other all the while. By-and-by, when we was a-passin' the garret-stairs, one on 'em said, quick as lightning:

"Oh! We would not like to miss a peep up there!"

I let 'em go through the hull thing, but I *was* beat at such cur'usness from them two strange folks. Says I: "There ain't nothin' there but a pile o' rubbish and sich like."

I was ashamed of havin' 'em seen, you know; but them two creeturs, would you believe? declared the older the stuff was the better they liked 'em, and they went up and poked about through the things, which wasn't of no carthly use to any human creetur, they were so old and hombly.

Wal, after a while we got down-stairs again, and after

I give 'em each a dish of milk, they sat down and coughed once or twice as if they wanted to say something and dassent to. But pretty soon one said:

"Madam, we want to buy some old furniture like yours. We'll pay a fair price if you'll sell."

I do declare! my breath was clean taken away.

"Lor' sakes!" says I, "I dunno; you better come agin, and I'll see what my man says."

With that they went away, and I went back to my dishes. 'Twan't long till Asa he come along in and sat down in the old easy-cheer, kind of tuckered and beat out with the heat.

"Betsy," says he, a-leanin' his head agin the back and lookin' comfortable in his shirtsleeves—"Betsy, old woman, what would comin' home be without this 'ere cheer to rest in—eh?"

Now, would you believe it? that cheer had been the thing those men had pinte out in partickler as something they'd like to hev, and somehow I felt sorter sad about it.

But I up and told Asa all about their coming and all they said, and, says I, kind of coaxin'-like:

"You know, Asa, dear, there *is* lots of things we can spare, if people is such fools as to pay us for the old truck. And we *du* need a trifle more money. You could buy that critter of Deacon Jones's you like so much; and Lor! I'd like a few extra things myself in the way of a new bonnet and sich."

Wal, I can't say that Asa fell in with me at once, but he came round after a spell, and the thing was settled. I was to sell the things I could spare best, and maybe, as Asa said, says he, "It'll be *good* to clear the place a bit," says Asa.

All that night I was thinkin' about it, and worryin' for fear the gentlemen would forget to come back the next day; but sure enough the next morning they came to the door and bowed perliter than ever. Husband had bin

the Lord know sit. Why, Betsy, I'd get rid of the hull lot of this old stuff if I could, and give you nice new-fangled things to fix up with, only, you see, I *should* hate to part with this old cheer. Somehow it minds me of our courtin' and honeymoon days—eh, wife?"

"Oh, husband," says I, a-most ready to cry again, "I wish I hadn't a-let a mite of it go. The empty places make me sick and lonely, and I must a-been crazy to let the dear old table go! Oh, Asa, the money is there—forty dollars—but I'd rather have less and have our table back."

And do you know, I just mourned about that table for weeks, until at last Asa larked me out of my feelin's.

Wal, about a year ago, my darter's child, she that married the rich man in New York city, she sent a letter to me to make her a visit. "Twaren't the first time she sent, but I wouldn't ever go before, somehow. And now I took a notion I would just try the trip, and so started with all my Sunday things one day, 'cause Asa he promised not to be lonesome a mite.

Lor, I was that amazed at my grandchild's house to see so many things a-lyin' round loose in the way. Tiggers all round the settin'-rooms on marble stools, and you never knew when you wouldn't run into a lookin'-glass that looked like another room. Sakes! I bumped into 'em more than once. But, one mornin', we were a-settin' in the boodoor, and I see a table that looked amazin' like the old thing I sold to the men.

It was all shinin' and bright as could be, and the brass things at the side and on the drawer in front were as shinin' as gold.

Says I, "Bessie Jane, where did you get that thing. It's as old as the hills, and I used to have one amazin' like it."

"Why, grandma," larked she, "I gave about sixty dollars for that table. It's very old and valuable, and you know antique furniture is all the rage."

At that I went over and pecked around the thing, and sure enough it was my old table—the very one I'd cried over the loss of, and now I belov'd it agin.

Wal, I just sot down and laid my old cheek agin it, and, and—there, it warn't any use, I had to polish up them spectacles agin and agin. And that Bessie Jane, she sot and larked and la fel t'il she cried.

Then she told me why the men wanted to buy my old trash, and how they were collectin' for their big store on Broadway here in York all the old-fashioned things they can buy; and, do you know, the thing that made me mad was that I only got forty dollars for the hull lot, and here Bessie paid sixty for that one table. Such cheatin' men I never see, for such perlite fellars, too!

But, oh, the table—the dear old table! I was that glad to find it safe in the family that I writ to Asa that very night and told him all about it; and I told him, too, that antik furniture was valyble now-days. Old times had come back, and new-fashioned times was behind the age, so Bessie Jane says, and that he must not sell any more of our old duds, 'cause they're too fashionable to part with. I don't believe Bessie Jane values me any the more for being antik; but, Lor! what's an old woman to an antik old table?

THE plain principles of truth and honesty are familiar to most of us, and need no elaborate argument to elucidate or uphold them. They demand our unhesitating obedience, and the more cheerfully and promptly we act upon them, the more firm, manly and consistent will our characters become.

THE FAUST LEGEND IN GERMANY.

COMPARATIVELY few German students are aware that long before the subject was treated by Goethe the Faust legend enjoyed a great popularity in Germany. That Marlowe's play of "The Tragical Historie of Dr. Faustus" was played in Germany is known. A catalogue of the pieces performed by English actors in 1626 at the Court of Dresden is still in existence. Among many plays of Shakespeare and other writers, occurs the mention of Marlowe's masterpiece. The notice is as follows: "*Julius 7. Ist eine Tragödie a von Dr. Faust gespielt worden.*" (July 7. A tragedy of Dr. Faust was performed.) That the old German play on the subject of Faust, of which frequent mention is made by stage historians, was a translation of Marlowe's work, is probable, but is not known for a certainty. It disappeared from the stage, according to Engel ("*Zusammenstellung*") in 1770, and nothing appears now to be known concerning it. Another play which obtained some popularity in Germany, "*Arlequin als Faustus Diener*" (Harlequin as Faustus's servant), seems to have been a rendering of "The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus . . . with the Humors of Harlequin and Scaramouche" (160, 1697; 8vo, 1720), a pitiable farce of Mountfort. It is, however, as a puppet play that the story of Faustus appears first to have obtained high popularity in Germany. Only in the present century has the curious work been rendered accessible to the reading public. The showmen who knew the words or possessed a copy refused on any condition to make either public, nor was it ultimately obtained without great difficulty and more than a little treachery. Of this "puppet play," published anonymously, in 1850, by Dr. Wilhelm Hamn, Mr. T. C. H. Hedderwick has now issued a translation, from the admirable preface to which most of the foregoing information is derived. Without justifying the praises passed upon it by German criticism, which, in some cases, places it before Marlowe's work and on a level with that of Goethe, the puppet play has extreme interest. Its termination, so far as Faustus is concerned, is tragic—Faustus being carried off by furies through the air. To leave, however, a pleasant flavor in the mouth, some comic scenes follow, in which Casper, the servant of Faustus, who has made with a demon called Auerhahn a bargain similar to that of his master, escapes, owing to his being a night watchman, over which mysterious fraternity the demons have, it seems, no power. The concluding words are, "Now I'll cut at once to my comrades, and we'll make merry with a can of *schnapps* over the stupid devils." In this form the legend is well worthy of being studied. In his translation and its accompanying introduction and notes Mr. Hedderwick has rendered an important service to scholarship.

FOOD SUPPLY IN THE FAROE ISLANDS.

It may be wondered how those extraordinarily barren isles, the Faroes, can support a population of 11,000 people, and support them without stint. But, to apply a Faroe proverb, "He is a foolish mouse that has but one hole." The Faroese do not rely on their fishing or their crops singly, though the former seldom, if ever, fails to be remunerative. They are notorious for the excellence of their hosiery. *Føra öldur Føra guld* (Faroe wool is gold to Faroe). And by export, a considerable revenue comes to the isles from the Faroe sheep, whose mutton, however, thanks to an execrable custom of killing according to seniority, is not good. But there is

also a speculative element in the prosperity of the Faroes which has probably some beneficial influence upon the wits of the people. Besides their kine, their grass and cereals, their wool, skins and codfish (the staple fish), the whales have to come into count. And whereas in one year a couple of thousand of the "grind" (as they are called) may be driven to their deaths up one or other of the different sounds, in the succeeding year a couple of hundred only are killed. So important is the whaling industry that it affects every member of the community. The sysselmen, or provincial judges, look to their percentage on a capture as a matter-of-fact addition to the small stipend allowed by the Danish Government. The parish priest has his legal share also, as a matter of course (one-thirtieth of every catch within his district), and even the Crown itself does not disdain to participate in the profit—receiving a share equal to that of the priest. This profit is considerable. For not only will an average "grind" yield in oil alone about thirty gallons, worth perhaps ten dollars, but will furnish sufficient food for a Faroe household for weeks. Each whale is worth in all about twenty dollars. It will be seen, therefore, that Faroe may well be grateful to the ocean which surrounds the isles. Ever since records were kept at Thorshavn (*i. e.*, since 1584) nearly 120,000 of these "grind" have been slaughtered in the isles; and to this day the whales, with predictions about the luck or ill-luck of the actual season, furnish the most exciting topics of talk in Faroe. A Faroeman swears by the oil-whale as a Switzer by his cow. From the very intestines of the sea-animal to the oil, fat or "spek" of it, nothing is wasted. The fat in particular may be melted down and exported as train-oil, eaten in a solid and raw state, salted, and served like fat bacon, spread on the rye-bread which the Faroese commonly use as a substitute for butter, or given to the sickly ones among them as an equivalent for cod-liver oil.

But besides the whales and common fish, I must not forget the sea-birds as an article of food. Throughout the month of August the Faroe fowlers are hard at work snaring these by the thousand. A party of twelve men, working in combination and rotation, will net between 3,000 and 4,000 of them in a day, valued at two cents apiece. And, a little later in the season, you may see these birds hanging by hundreds at a time in Faroe out-houses, there to dry, after a fashion, for future consumption. A native Faroese would consider he was dining luxuriously on half a dozen of these shriveled anatomies stewed or baked in whale-fat. But, even apart from the whale "liqueur," to a stranger the birds do not especially recommend themselves. The manner in which a Faroe fowler goes to work is rather interesting. He has primarily to consider the wind, inasmuch as this is the chief assistant force which he presses into his service. If the wind be favorable, he takes his long net, mounted on a stout wooden handle and frame, and goes to that particular cleft or crevice in the sea-rocks which he knows to offer a chance of sport. Down here he carefully clambers, until he finds good standing and working room, where the birds are bustling past him before the wind. It is then a matter of muscles and routine. By barring the passage with his net he inevitably catches all the birds that continue their flight through the rift; and his attributes then must be mainly those of strength and endurance. Of course, not everywhere can a fowler attain to his perch by the exclusive use of his legs. Infinite pluck and nerve are both necessary. And so honorable a calling in youth is that of a fowler considered that you may hear grave and gray men of means

and position recounting with sparkling eyes the adventures of their younger days, on such-and-such a rock, with an understood, if not uttered, regret that such days are over and past for them. A member of the Lagthing, or Faroe Parliament, was delighted, for instance, to tell me the tale of some of his early tricks on the rocks by Sandoe. A curious custom used to prevail here with regard to the fowlers. If one of them, in the exercise of his vocation, happened to slip, fall and kill himself thereby, the body was not recovered by his comrades. They probably looked upon the accident as a visitation of God.

SCRATCHES.

THROUGH the garden
Ran the maid,
"I must have a rose," she said;
"Take a lily," some one whispered,
"Take a lily, child, instead!"

But the roses hung in posies,
Brightly blushing overhead;
Up she sprang, and, lightly laughing,
Snatched one; but her finger bled.

So she chose
Her own sweet rose,
And her own sweet will—she had it,
Had a cruel thorn as well;
Wouldn't tell old Pride forbade it.

When a maiden says, "I will!"
Pin may prick in bridal favor,
Still she bears it, wears it, till
All things end—no saint can save her.

MADAME DE ST. BELMONT'S DUEL.

THE Duchy of Lorraine, or Lothringen, was for many centuries a subject of contention between Germany and France. It was for a long time a fief of the German Empire; but from the middle of the sixteenth century the royal family of France became connected with its rulers, and assumed thenceforth a right to interfere in its internal arrangements. During the Thirty Years' War the French drove Duke Charles from his throne on account of his close connection with Austria.

It was during this war that Madame St. Belmont, who has been styled a second Joan of Arc, performed the gallant deeds for which she became so famous.

Barbara of Ernecourt was born in 1609, at the Castle of Neuville, situated between Verdun and Bar. She belonged to a good family in Lorraine, and from her earliest childhood she trained herself in military exercises and the use of arms. Her chief delight was hunting and every kind of field sport. One day, when she was engaged in her favorite pastime, she met with the Count de St. Belmont, and, being mutually charmed, they married shortly after.

Barbara was scarcely more than a girl when she married, and at this time her face was excessively pretty, though it was afterward spoiled by the smallpox—when, so far from being made unhappy by the loss of her beauty, "she was as pleased," says the Abbé Arnould, "to be marked with it as other women are afflicted on a similar occasion, and said that it would enable her to look more like a man." Her figure, however, was small and ungraceful; but she was robust, and able to bear a considerable amount of hardship without feeling it.

When the French invaded Lorraine, the Count de St. Belmont, who had always occupied a high place in the

"ON A PILE OF SOFT RUGS SAT A WOMAN PLAYING WITH A HEAP OF SEA-SHELLS. I LOOKED, AND RECOGNIZED THE ISLAND GHOST. NOTE HER FACE AND HAIR WERE AS WHITE AS HOAR-FROST."

PRINCE LUCIFER.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—JETTA STILL SPEAKS.

I AM Basil Hawkstone's promised wife! How strange and unreal it all seems! I can scarcely believe my own great happiness. He will have no secrecy about our love. By the time the late breakfast was over at Tempest Hall, everybody—the revelers of last night, and the household servants also—knew that the island lord was engaged to that very insignificant and unexpected person—his daughter's governess.

Some of the ladies wished me joy, in a cold, and constrained way. Violet Van Dorn looked unutterably
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indignant. Miss Rokewood was the only one who congratulated me heartily. Colonel Latimer grew very pale and drew out his watch.

"I've an engagement in Whithaven at noon," he stammered; "sorry to say good-by so abruptly!"

Bee was radiant.

"And you are to be my mamma!" she cried. "Oh, I am so glad—I will love you so much!"

And she clasped me close in her little arms.

Mrs. Otway received the news with a grave face.

"My dear child," she sighed, "I wish you joy, but don't look for it as Basil Hawkstone's wife!"

I felt a creeping chill.

"Why do you say that, Mrs. Otway?"

"Are you so ignorant of the history of the family, that you should ask? The fate that has overtaken them all will not spare you." The tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks. "How can you hope for peace or happiness, Miss Ravenel, while she—that other woman—lives? You have heard of the tragedy that happened here in your father's time? How much happiness did the second bride of Philip Hawkstone ever know?"

We were together in the housekeeper's room, where Mrs. Otway was sorting household linen. The windows opened on great beds of Autumn asters and geraniums, lifting shining faces to a cloudless sun; the sails of the windmills turned lazily in a soft breeze; the distant bleat of sheep came from the island moors. All was security and peace, and "the light that never was on land nor sea" filled my happy eyes. How could one talk of trouble on such a morning, and at such a time? Mrs. Otway put her arms suddenly about me.

"You are surrounded by foes," she said; "I fear for you—I fear for you——"

A shadow appeared at the window, and Basil Hawkstone looked in upon us. He had heard part of the conversation, at least.

"Mrs. Otway," he said, gravely, "don't attempt to frighten Jetta. I know she is making a bad bargain, but we must not tell her so"—smiling. "Love is stronger than hate, and rest assured"—with a flash in his grand, gray eyes—"I shall be able to protect my wife from all enemies!"

"I hope you may, sir," said Mrs. Otway, sadly; "yet I cannot help thinking that you will not succeed."

"Because I know that you have her welfare and mine at heart, I forgive your dismal prophecies, Mrs. Otway," he said, lightly. "But do not seek to part us now—only death can do that!"

And I, looking up into his powerful, bronzed face—into his eyes of solemn gray, silently repeated the words:

"Surely death alone can part us!"

* * * * *

Already the guests are departing. I cannot but think that some of the ladies seem indifferent to a longer visit now that they have heard of Hawkstone's engagement. Of course, those who go to Whithaven will carry the news with them.

The yachts vanish in the blue distance, the house grows still. Miss Rokewood and her guardian alone remain. The latter has had a relapse, and Hawkstone will not permit him to leave the Hall until he is stronger.

* * * * *

It is all arranged—I am to be married in this little island church, one month from date, and sail at once for Europe. He will go back to Egypt—to a Winter on the Nile, according to his original plans, and I am to share his wanderings in the land of the lotus—I am to see Cairo and Thebes and Luxor with him.

"All this seems very hasty," I tried to say, when he had thus taken possession of my future; but he silenced me with a passionate embrace.

"Why should we wait?" he cried. "You have no friends to consult—I have none. Moreover, delays are dangerous. I dare not dally long with Happiness—I have found her too fickle, too uncertain—I must seize and make her my own at once!"

Why should I not bring a little joy into his life? Why should I not help him to forget his past? There can be

but one supreme evil before me now—to lose Basil Hawkstone, and one supreme good—to share his future, whatever it may be.

"Oh, let the solid ground

Not fail beneath my feet,

Before my life has found

What some have found so soon.

Then let come what come may

What matter if I go mad,

I shall have had my day."

The morning mail brought me two letters. The first, from Vincent Hawkstone, contained these words:

"You are on the brink of a precipice, Jetta. You must not, you shall not, marry Prince Lucifer! I wish to Heaven that I had killed him that night in the garden! If you persist in your present folly, you will bring destruction upon yourself, as well as upon him. Be warned in time."

The second letter was from my poor brother, and ran as follows:

"I am in great peril, Jetta—I need your help. To-night at sunset, meet me at Peg Patton's Inlet House. I am now a fugitive from justice, so, in the name of our dead father, come alone to your unhappy
GABRIEL."

A fugitive from justice—terrible words! My heart leaped into my throat. A black cloud seemed to fall on all my new-found happiness. I gave Vincent's letter to Hawkstone, but concealed Gabriel's in my handkerchief, and smiled when my lordly lover asked me the cause of my sudden pallor.

After lunch Miss Rokewood went over to the lighthouse, on an extreme point of the island, and took Bee with her in the pony-cart. It is a long, lonesome ride, and the roads are rough. I charged her to be very careful of Bee.

"You will make a model stepmamma, Miss Ravenel," she answered, gayly. "I pledge you my word that I will return the child to you unharmed."

I saw them go off together, Bee shaking the lines over the fat backs of the ponies—Miss Rokewood's kind arm thrown firmly around her, and a half-dozen dogs barking at the wheels of the cart. Some business matter had called Hawkstone to Whithaven—he would not return till dark. The invalid, Mr. Sutton, was a prisoner in his room. So I found the coast quite clear, and a little before sunset I started alone for Peg's Inlet.

Somehow the walk across the dunes had never seemed so lonely as on this night. The chill of Autumn was in the air. How would Tenpe Island look, I wondered, in a shroud of snow? Ah, before the falling of the white flakes, I should be far away with my lover, in a Summer land!

I reached the beach where I had once before met Gabriel, and turned up the forest path to the Inlet House. Dead leaves rustled under my feet. Here and there a red tree stood up, like a torch, in the gloom. I heard

"—the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the cove."

In nervous haste I went on till I came in sight of the house. In the doorway sat Peg Patton, with her brown hands clasped around her knees, and a long pipe between her lips. She arose as I approached.

"Is any one waiting for me here, Peggy?" I asked, my heart beating fast.

"Yes, miss," she answered, and motioned me to enter. "You will find the person inside."

I stepped across the threshold into Peg's living-room. The light was fading fast, and at first I could discern

no object clearly in the low, dark place, but as I stood gazing around it in vague alarm, a figure started out of an obscure corner, and advanced toward me with a cat-like tread—not Gabriel—not my unfortunate brother, but Mademoiselle Zephyr, the former wife of Basil Hawkstone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JETTA STILL SPEAKS.

"I WEAR no disguise this time, you see!" These were mademoiselle's first words, as we stood together in Peg's darkening room.

I felt a curious shock.

"Where is the person who summoned me to this house?" I demanded, indignantly.

Mademoiselle shrugged her shoulders.

"She stands before you! That was a little *ruse* of mine. Your brother is at present under a 'prodigious ban of excommunication.' It would be scarcely prudent for him to venture again to the Tempest. He wrote the letter you received at my dictation—I knew it would bring you, and I was anxious for an interview."

She was dressed in some rich fabric that swept Peg's bare floor in shimmering folds. Her yellow, babyish hair clustered about her face in little rings and tendrils—it was the same blonde, angelic face that had brought shame and grief to Tempest Island six years before.

"Our last meeting in the Hall garden was not altogether satisfactory," she continued, with an airy toss of her golden head. "On that occasion you put the poor gypsy basket-seller to total rout, and proved yourself to be a rival whom it is not safe to despise. Well, I drove you from the island six years ago—see how time and fate have avenged you, Jetta Ravenel! I am now the out-cast, and you the power behind the throne—the shrine at which Prince Lucifer kneels. One can always find revenge for most things in this world, I notice, if one has patience to wait."

I tried to keep an unmoved front.

"Gabriel has been guilty of an unworthy trick," I said; "but I will not blame him, for he is in your toils. You have changed his whole nature—you have ruined his future prospects—what more would you do? Where is he now hiding? Since you have forced this meeting upon me, I demand my unhappy brother at your hands!"

She burst into a mocking laugh.

"I am not Gabriel's keeper. Have I ruined his prospects? Ah, it is plain that Hawkstone, who can be delightful when he is in love, conceals the truth from you, and unwittingly leaves to me the pleasure of revealing it! Perhaps you may understand some things better when I tell you that your brother is a—thief! that he robbed George Sutton in his Newport house a few weeks ago, and then attacked him savagely and left him for dead. Where is he hiding? In dens and caves, I presume, as all criminals hide from justice. The chief business of his life now is to evade the officers of the law."

I did not faint or cry out—I did not lose my head. I looked her full in her fair, malicious face, and said, calmly:

"It is a falsehood!"

"If you really believed that," she answered, "you would not grow so pale! Of course, Gabriel's insane passion for me is at the bottom of his crime. He loves me so much—absurd boy!—that he would cheerfully murder any one who stood between us—rob any one, to supply me with diamonds and other trifles. Miss Ravenel, you have struck at me through Basil Hawk-

stone—I can wound you with your own weapons through your brother Gabriel. I always hated you furiously, you know."

"I fail to see how that fact justifies you in destroying Gabriel," I gasped. "Are you a woman or a fiend, that you would make him sin and suffer simply because he is my brother?"

The wicked laugh bubbled over Vera's lips again, as she went on:

"In the battle betwixt you and me I shall neither give nor expect quarter. I mean to destroy you and yours without mercy. You have taken from me my husband—the father of my child. Don't say that the law had already separated us—but for you I should have won him back, sooner or later. Great Heaven!"—passionately clasping a pair of lily hands heavy with jewels—"I always *meant* to win him back! I am Bee's mother—I am Basil Hawkstone's wife! I love him still—love him madly, passionately, and what right have *you* to step betwixt those whom God hath joined?"

I stood and looked at her, stunned, overwhelmed, and at that moment the airy structure of happiness which I had built in the last few days collapsed and went down in utter ruin.

"You dare to love my husband!" hissed Vera. "It is a criminal, unholy love! I cry out against it! In a month you will marry him and go abroad—to Egypt—to some Eden that he will find for his new Eve? You cannot go so far that my vengeance will not pursue you—the vengeance of a wronged, outraged, heartbroken woman!"

I fell back a step, and passed my hand across my eyes—I seemed scathed by lightning.

"Have you nothing to say?" sneered my enemy. "Can you make no defense? Had you known the secret history of the Hawkstones, you might have hesitated before you set yourself to bewitch my husband!"

She swept up to the mantel, and lighted a candle. Then she called out, suddenly and sharply: "Peg—Peg Patton!"

The brown woman appeared in the door.

"Take the light, Peg," commanded mademoiselle, "and we will follow you. You have something to show Miss Ravenel—a little story to tell her."

Peg took the candle in one hand, and made a motion to me with the other. Mechanically I obeyed the beckoning fingers, and stepped out into a long passage. There, a door that I had not perceived, opened to Peg's touch. She drew me forward into an apartment, the luxurious appointments of which might have surprised me at any other time, and Mademoiselle Zephyr followed us. From the ceiling a lamp was suspended, and below it, on a pile of soft rugs, sat a woman playing with a heap of sea-shells. I looked, and recognized the island ghost—the mysterious person that I had first seen, years before, in the Hawkstone tomb. She did not lift her eyes as we entered—did not seem to see us. Both her face, and the hair that streamed loose on her shoulders, were as white as hoar-frost. She wore a trailing white gown, which added to her spectral appearance. With fingers like streaks of foam, she went on sorting the shells, and crooning, brokenly:

"Oh, the moment was sad when my love and I parted,

Savournen de-lush, sigh'n o'!

As I kissed off her tears I was nigh broken-hearted,

Savournen de-lush, sigh'n o'!"

The pathetic voice went through me like a knife. I started back a step and looked at Peg Patton, who was gazing steadfastly at me.

"Did you ever see this woman before, Miss Ravenel?" she said.

"Yes."

"Do you know who she is?"

"No."

Something tragic came into Peg's heavy brown face.

"Look at her!" she cried. "She is the mother of Basil Hawkstone, and the *murderess of his father!*"

I stood dumb. Mademoiselle Zephyr sank gracefully down on a sofa, with a mocking smile on her lips.

"The night that Philip Hawkstone brought home his second bride," said Peg Patton, "this, his divorced wife, followed him, in a common fishing-boat, from Whithaven, entered his chamber, and stabbed him to the heart as he lay sleeping beside his new love."

"Who shall say that she did not do well?" interrupted mademoiselle from the sofa.

"I was sitting in the church-porch that night, thinking of my false lover," went on Peg—"for Philip Hawkstone was that, as perhaps you know, miss—when a strange apparition came flying toward me from the direction of Tempest Hall. There was a flash of lightning, and I recognized Hawkstone's former wife; her dress and her hands were stained with blood, and she was like one distraught. 'Hide me,' she exclaimed, 'for I've killed him!'"

"I hurried her to this very house, where I lived with my old blind granny—"

"Our friend was kindly disposed toward the murderess, because she had done the very deed which Peg herself longed to do!" said mademoiselle, from the sofa.

"Never mind about that!" answered Peg, sullenly, "We had both suffered, and for the same man. I'll own that I felt akin to her that night. As soon as we got to the Inlet she began to rave in delirium. What do you think I did then? Locked her up from the blind granny, flew back to Tempest Hall, and told the new wife the whole truth! I, the sweetheart that Philip Hawkstone had jilted, stood that night 'twixt the two women he had wedded. 'Will you give her up to justice?' I said to Jetta Hawkstone. 'She'll be hung sure if you do! Her heart is broke and her wits are gone. Your coming to the island has fairly driven her mad. Will you give her up?' And she answered, 'No, never! Besides, there's the child.' 'Yes,' said I, 'there's the child. Is he going to be told, in after years, that his mother murdered his father? We must conceal her, and keep the secret always.' 'We will,' said Jetta Hawkstone. 'Go home, Peggy, and take care of her at the Inlet House till I come.'"

"The poor creature was shrieking in brain fever by the time I reached home. With the help Mrs. Hawkstone sent me I nursed her night and day. I barred every door and window of the house, and nobody on the island, or off it, dreamed of what I was doing here. We knew from her ravings that she had adored her husband, and that he cast her off simply because he was tired of her."

"Well, miss, the keeping of the secret was the punishment that Jetta Hawkstone imposed upon herself for the part she had innocently played in the tragedy. She declared that she was to blame for the awful deed the first wife had done—that, by marrying Philip Hawkstone, she had brought destruction upon him, and to the end of her days she was full of regrets and remorse. As for Master Basil, she loved him beyond belief, and vowed to hide his mother's crime from him while her life lasted—to hide it from the world, too, for the boy's sake. And she was a woman of her word—was Jetta Hawkstone. She suffered herself—she let others suffer, but year after year

she kept her lips sealed, and sheltered the murderess here, and provided abundantly for her wants. Apart from our two selves, the only person on the Tempest who knew the whole truth was Harris, the overseer. Master Basil never dreamed of it till his stepmother died.

"Well, *she* got well of the fever"—jerking a brown hand toward the madwoman—"but her brain was left weak and queer—her wits never came back. Mrs. Hawkstone built this room for her, and put in the secret door, to guard against surprises, and made her comfortable in all ways, even to indulging her whims for white gowns, and sea-shells, and the singing of songs. She's harmless enough, but sometimes she gets out, in spite of me, and frightens the island folks, who think she is a spook."

"Basil Hawkstone still keeps her here, not from fear of the law, for she's only fit for a madhouse, but because she seems fond of the place and of me. We both think that at this late day, when the world has forgotten the murder, her miserable story had best be left untold—unknown. Now, Miss Ravenel"—turning sharply on me—"I s'pose you wonder why I've brought you to see her to-night—why I've raked up the old tragedy? It's because you've promised to marry Philip Hawkstone's son! Am I not your friend when I try to show you the rough path which that other Jetta trod before you—when I try to turn your feet out of it?"

The white woman started up from the pile of rugs on the floor, and held out to me a shell.

"Listen!" she said, in a sad, gentle voice. "There's a message inside it for you. Do you hear? *Go away from this island—go at once, or you are lost!*"

"Even lunatics have moments of wisdom!" laughed mademoiselle, as she arose from the sofa and shook out her silken train.

Peg Patton retreated into the passage. I followed with the circus-rider. The secret door closed noiselessly on Hawkstone's mad mother.

"Do not forget the story you have heard, Miss Ravenel," sneered Mademoiselle Zephyr. "And wait! I've a message to send Basil Hawkstone. Three times I have failed to get possession of my child, but as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, he shall not keep her from me one day longer! Now, farewell."

How I escaped from the house I cannot tell. The first that I remember I was flying down the forest path to the beach. The owls hooted in the twilight, the night-hawks flew over my head. I leaned, at last, against the rock of the "Old Woman," and looked out with blank, sightless eyes on the gray sea. My dream of love and happiness was done—the gate of my Eden had already closed behind me. And then I heard a step, and I knew he was coming to seek me—he was even then at my side.

"What a fright you have given me, Jetta!" he cried. "I returned from Whithaven to find the house empty and desolate. Miss Rokewood and Bee have not yet appeared, and you—"

He stopped and turned my face toward the afterglow of sunset.

"Jetta! how white and strange you look! Why do you shrink from me?—what has happened?"

"Take your arms away!" I answered, wildly. "Do not touch me, Basil—never again! We are parted—we can never, never marry!"

And I told him all.

His face grew turbulent for a moment, then hardened into ominous lines.

"My poor darling," he said, gently, "you have fallen

A BLACK FOREST MAIDEN.

BY A. R. R. P.

too readily into mademoiselle's net ! I do not regret that you have seen my mother, or heard her story, for I would have no secrets from the woman I love. But what can I say of that second-rate actress—that vindictive, mischief-loving cheat, Mademoiselle Zephyr ? Believe me, she has but two idols—herself and the circus-ring. Bee, she never loved—her desertion of the child, and the cruel physical injury which she inflicted on her six years ago, prove that. No she hates with her whole heart. The farce that she is playing would be amusing, if it did not threaten my future happiness—I would laugh at her plots, if they were not directed against your peace as well as my own. Do you say that we are parted from each other, Jetta ? Not on this side of the grave, and not by any living mortal !”

I looked straight into the eyes of the man I loved, and answered :

“After what has passed to-night, could I ever be happy as your wife ? The broken heart of that woman at the Inlet House, the protests of Bee's mother, the shame, the disgrace which my brother Gabriel has brought upon me, all hold us wide apart ! There's a great gulf fixed between us. Your wife I can never be ! My heart may break, but not this my resolution !”

His volcanic eyes, the hard lines of his mouth, told me that I had met my master. Yet he drew my hand very gently through his arm.

“My darling, let me take you back to the house. I will not try to reason with you now,” he said, with unutterable tenderness. “I will not even reproach you, for you are already overwhelmed. As for Gabriel, it is quite true that he owes his ruin to Mademoiselle Zephyr. Leave him entirely to me—leave all your troubles to me, Jetta, for the fact that they *are* yours makes them mine also.”

In silence I went on with him over the dunes. My ears were still ringing with Vera's threats and reproaches, my eyes could see nothing but the madwoman playing with her heap of shells. Never could I marry Basil Hawkstone till these things were for ever blotted from my memory.

Mrs. Otway met us at the door of Tempest Hall.

“Oh,” she cried, in great distress, “a dreadful thing has happened. Miss Bee is lost !”

“Lost !” we echoed, in the same breath.

“The ponies ran away,” explained the housekeeper, “when Miss Rokewood and the child were returning from the lighthouse. Both were thrown out. Miss Rokewood's head struck a stone, and she fainted. When she came to herself, she says, she could find nothing of Bee. The child had disappeared, leaving not a trace behind. She searched everywhere, and was finally obliged to come home, and call Harris and the servants to help. Not ten minutes ago they all started off on the road to the lighthouse—they thought it wasn't best to wait for you, sir.”

“One woo doth tread upon another's heels,
So fast they follow,”

muttered Hawkstone. “At what hour, and at what spot in the road, did this mysterious disappearance take place ?”

“I'm not sure,” answered the housekeeper, wildly. “Miss Rokewood will tell you. I wish you would order somebody to ring the alarm-bell, sir !”

He turned to me with bent brows.

“Mademoiselle Zephyr has fulfilled her threat,” he said. “In some unknown way she has got possession of the child at last !”

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PARTING.

THE alarm-bell rang sharply from the steeple of the island church, and directly every able-bodied man on the Tempest had gathered at the door of the Hall.

Hawkstone's words were few—his little daughter was missing—the whole place must be searched at once. He himself mounted a fleet horse and started out to overtake the party led by Harris and Doris Rokewood. He came up with it at that very spot in the road where Bee had so mysteriously disappeared. Miss Rokewood, pale and distressed, rushed to meet him, and related the same story that he had heard from Mrs. Otway. The ponies had taken fright and bolted, as she was returning from the lighthouse. She had been thrown out and stunned, and in that interval of unconsciousness—not more than ten or fifteen minutes, she thought—Bee had vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed her.

“What frightened the ponies ?” asked Hawkstone, quickly.

“Something moved suddenly in a thicket by the roadside,” Miss Rokewood answered, in great grief and remorse ; “I caught one glimpse of a dark object crouching there—whether man or beast I cannot say, for my attention was instantly drawn away to the beasts. Oh, Mr. Hawkstone, will you ever cease to blame me for this disaster ?—can you ever forgive me ?”

“There is nothing to forgive,” he answered, kindly ; “nothing for which I can blame you. Do not distress yourself. Please God, we will find Bee again, and before many hours. I ought to have been on my guard, knowing, as I did, that an outrage of this kind was always imminent. Harris shall take you back to the Hall, Miss Rokewood—leave the search to me—I know into whose hands my daughter has fallen.”

He gave a few orders to his servants, then turned his horse's head, and rode off through the gathering night straight to Peg Patton's Inlet house.

The brown woman was still sitting in her low door, smoking her cob pipe. Hawkstone swung himself out of his saddle, and strode up to her with an ominous air.

“Peg !”

“Master ?” she answered, inquiringly.

“Is that woman still in your house ?”

Peg unlocked the swarthy hands that held her knees, and answered :

“No, sir. She went back to Whithaven an hour ago.”

His face was dark with anger. He put one hand heavily on her shoulder.

“I am not quite pleased with you to-night, Peg. My daughter has disappeared from Tempest Island. Now tell me the truth—don't dare to trifle with me. When Mademoiselle Zephyr went back to Whithaven, did she take Bee with her, and what help did *you* give her in the bush ?”

Peg dashed down her cob pipe, and confronted her master boldly.

“Have I served the Hawkstones for more than twenty years, sir, to be suspected, at last, of treachery to you and yours ? Is your opinion of me so poor that you think I would stoop to help any one—*and you, any one!*—steal your daughter ? If Mademoiselle Zephyr, as you call her, has taken the child, God is my witness that I had no part in it ! I haven't set eyes on Miss Bee. A Whithaven boat brought your former wife to the Inlet, and also took her away—I didn't watch her come or go—it wasn't my business.”

“In that case, you do not know whether she was alone or not, eh ?”

"I can see some things, master, without watching," answered Peg, dryly. "There was a dark, thickset man with her when she appeared at my door. He turned and went off into the wood."

"Jasper Hatton!" thought Hawkstone. He regarded Peg with unappeased wrath.

"Why did you lend your aid to decoy Miss Ravenel here to-night? Why did you fill her ears with a story which might better have been told at another time? How dared you, at the bidding of Mademoiselle Zephyr, seek to turn from me the heart of the woman I love?"

Peg looked the island lord squarely in the face, and replied:

"I gave your former wife the shelter of my roof for an hour or two, master, because I could not deny such a small favor to one who had once borne the name of Hawkstone; but I didn't decoy Miss Ravenel here—that was the work of Mademoiselle Zephyr. True, I spoke my mind to her, sir—I told her your mother's story. For the sake of Philip Hawkstone's second wife, I could not let the girl that she brought to this island rush into marriage with you without knowing something of the fate of those who had been before her—something of what she herself may expect, if ever she becomes your wife." He winced visibly. "Answer me, master, would it not have been a sin and shame to stand by and see Miss Ravenel marry you with the truth untold?"

He frowned.

"You have meddled with my private affairs in an unwarrantable manner, Peg," he answered, sternly. "Were it not for your long service to me and mine I should find it hard to forgive you."

"I did right, sir—I *know* I did right!" persisted Peg, stubbornly.

With a dark suspicion in his eyes, he stepped suddenly into the Inlet house, and seized a candle from Peg's mantel.

"With your permission," he said, dryly, "I will go and see my mother!"

Peg followed him as he strode down the passage, and through the secret door to the apartment of the mad-woman.

The lamp was still burning there, the sea-shells still strewed the floor, but the place was empty.

"What has become of her, Peg?" demanded Hawkstone, sharply.

"It's likely she's slipped out on one of her flights round the island, sir," answered Peg, looking blank, "though I didn't see her go—I never do. She's more like a spirit than a woman. If I try to lock her in, she grows violent. I've found from experience that it's best to let her have her own way. Besides, she knows how to manage the secret door as well as I do."

He gave a searching glance around the room, then put the candle in Peg's hand.

"I see, master," she said, sadly, "you doubted me—you thought I might be hiding Miss Bee here. "Can't you believe me when I tell you again that I haven't seen the child, and know nothing of her? Won't you believe me for the sake of my past service?"

"Yes!" answered Hawkstone, "I can—I do believe you, Peg! Now come and show me the way which that dark, thickset man took when he turned into the wood."

She went with him in silence. The salt tide was gurgling in the creek; the brown leaves rustled down upon them, as they moved together under the twisted pepperidge-trees. Peg pointed to a little path running away into the deeper silence and darkness of the forest, and Hawkstone nodded.

"It joins the island road," he said, "at the very spot where Miss Rokewood's ponies took fright at some strange movement in the thicket. Yes, all is now quite plain to me, Peg."

Then he mounted his horse again, and rode away by the border of the creek.

He had small hope of finding there any track of Bee's abductors. The incoming tide had been at work before him, and of course he was ignorant of the exact spot where the Whithaven boat had waited for Mademoiselle Zephyr. Dark as it was, however, his keen eyes suddenly discovered something swinging from a low bough near the entrance to the creek. It was a sash of pale ribbon, worn, as he remembered, by Bee when she started with Miss Rokewood for the lighthouse. He slipped it into his pocket. All was plain to him, indeed! Madame Vera had with great success substituted the aid of Jasper Hatton for that of luckless Gabriel Ravenel.

He went back to Tempest Hall to await the return of the searching party. He could not leave the island till he had arranged certain affairs with Harris, as it was difficult to tell how long a chase Mademoiselle Zephyr might lead him. Jetta Ravenel and Miss Rokewood stood waiting in the porch as Hawkstone dismounted at the door.

"No news," he said, grimly, before either could speak, "Bee has been carried from the island. I shall start in pursuit as soon as possible." Then aside to Miss Ravenel, who leaned white and cold against a pillar of the porch: "I must see you alone before I go—I have something to say to you."

She made a slight gesture of acquiescence. Doris Rokewood followed Hawkstone into the Hall. Her usually calm exterior was greatly ruffled.

"All this is very dreadful," she cried; "and my guardian is in a fever of anxiety because Bee was in my care when she disappeared."

"Have I not assured you that you are in nowise accountable for the loss of Bee?" he answered, soothingly. "I beg you to cease reproaching yourself. Before many hours, I shall return with the child."

The night was fast spent before Harris and the searching party came back to Tempest Hall. They had found no trace of Bee. After a long conversation with the overseer, Hawkstone ordered Sampson and his catboat to await him at the wharf, then snatched a hasty breakfast alone, for neither Miss Rokewood nor Jetta Ravenel appeared at the meal, and repaired straightway to the old library for a last interview with the woman he loved.

After a brief delay, which seemed an eternity to his furious impatience, Jetta Ravenel entered with a slow, reluctant step.

She was very pale—the dark shadows under her eyes told that she had not slept. He took her hand—it lay cold as snow in his clasp. About her lovely mobile lips were resolute lines that filled him with alarm.

"I see—you have been thinking over our conversation of last night?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, and drew her hand significantly from him. "My determination remains unshaken."

"You will not marry me, Jetta?"

"No!"

"And you can stand and say this, knowing that you are deliberately putting a knife through my heart?"

"There is a knife in my own!" she answered, drawing a shuddering breath.

The pain, the pallor of her face, in its drift of dark rich hair, maddened him. He tried to take her in his arms. She repulsed him—gently, indeed, but firmly.

always generous, Prince Lucifer—always noble. I'll admit that I've tried your patience abominably in the past, but can't you make up your mind to forgive me once more?"

A frown knit Hawkstone's brows.

"If I find it more easy to distrust than to believe you, Vincent, you have only yourself to blame," he answered.

"True—too true!" said Vincent, airily. "Nevertheless, peace must be patched up between us—shake hands and be friends."

Hawkstone put out his hand, coldly, reluctantly. He pitied quite as much as he despised his ingrate cousin.

"You will probably give me abundant cause to repent my weakness before many days are over," he said.

Vincent seized the hand with great eagerness.

"Heaven forbid! Don't think so poorly of me, Magnanimous Prince Lucifer; thanks awfully for this ghost of a pardon! I am mad to help you, now that you find yourself in trouble. Don't frown—I know the errand that has brought you to Whithaven—yes, and I saw at the hotel last night your lost daughter, secure in the clutches of her triumphant mamma! Of course, nobody here had any right to interfere 'twixt mother and child; so Madame Vera and her offspring remained undisturbed at the Eagle House till seven o'clock this morning; then madame, with bag and baggage, her French maid, little Bee, and last but not least, a swarthy fellow called Hatton, departed for New York on the early express. And, 'pon my soul, Prince Lucifer, he that follows in the hope of overtaking that party must have swift heels, and all his wits to the fore!"

Hawkstone's face grew dark.

"That Hatton again!"

"Yes; one of Madame Vera's many lovers—he has pursued her for years, I hear. Now they're off for Europe, probably. You'd better look them up on the transatlantic steamers. You see, they're safe in Gotham by this time—have got a good start of you, for you can't follow till the next train, which won't leave Whithaven for a half-hour yet. Come up to the Eagle House, and hear the facts which I have given you confirmed by the people there."

Hawkstone went—in a furious frame of mind. At the hotel he found Vincent's story to be perfectly correct. Madame Vera had brought a child to the house on the preceding night—a little lame, pale-faced girl, who cried piteously, and was hurried out of sight by the French maid. And that morning the beautiful circus-rider had settled her bill, and departed with the aforesaid child and all her other belongings, including Jasper Hatton, who seemed to act as her guardian, on the seven o'clock express for New York. Hawkstone smiled grimly. It was rather late in the day for Vera to select a guardian.

While the clerk was thus corroborating his own statements, Vincent stood drumming on the office-window with careless fingers.

"Of course you'll not rest, Prince Lucifer, till you recover possession of Bee?" he said.

"That goes without saying," replied Hawkstone, dryly: "but first I must send some dispatches before me, which may possibly result in the detention of my daughter by the proper authorities—at least they will reduce Madame Vera's chances of running the child off safely."

He went away to find the telegraph operator. When he returned, Vincent was still beating a tattoo on the window.

"Wish you would permit me to bear you company, Prince Lucifer," he cried, "and share in the hunt—would like to see Madame Vera's little game played to

the end. It was the fellow Hatton who bagged the child for her. That poor devil, Gabriel Ravenel, she has utterly thrown over, you know."

Hawkstone's stern lips tightened.

"I know nothing about it! Thanks, Vincent—I am familiar with Madame Vera's ways, and shall be able to rescue my daughter without your assistance."

"You mean that you can't tolerate my company, eh?" drawled Vincent, with a lance-like gleam in the corners of his blue eyes. "Well, then, let me walk to the train with you."

They went down the steps of the hotel, and off along the elm-shaded street.

"When you return to Whithaven with the child," said Vincent, "I hope you'll be generous, old man, and permit me to go down with you to the Tempest."

Hawkstone frowned.

"Your audacity, Vincent, is worthy of admiration! Before you ask that favor, give me other proof than words that you are really anxious to wipe out your past misdeeds."

Vincent bit his lip, and laughed.

"I will! When you return you'll hear unexpected things of me—'pon honor, you will! I'm not altogether incorrigible. Just now, you remember, I was speaking of that idiot, Gabriel Ravenel. You see, I am cursed with an unlucky fondness for play." Hawkstone frowned again. "Well, I've encountered the fellow at the gaming-table tolerably often. He's been hiding all along in Whithaven. Wild horses, no, nor the fear of the gallows, wouldn't drag him from the place while a chance remained of seeing Zephyr here. Last night we met again in the usual way. He played like a lunatic—he's going all to pieces of late—got felled to his last cent—had some valuables about him, but lost those also. For your sake, and—and Miss Ravenel's, I couldn't see him left in the street, or at the police station, so I took him to my boarding-house and hid him there. Of course, he's likely to be apprehended at any moment. He's sick, too, as well as penniless—a desperate, half-delirious spectre of a man. Don't know what's to become of him, I'm sure; but now that Zephyr has left, perhaps 'twill be possible to send him out of the country. Wonder what he's done with all the loot he abstracted from old Sutton! Plainly he can't make up his aristocratic mind to use it."

They had reached the depot by this time. Hawkstone paused and looked hard at his cousin.

"Is this true?" he demanded.

"'Pon my soul it is!"

He thrust a roll of banknotes into the other's hand.

"Then keep Gabriel Ravenel at your boarding-place till I return, and use this money for his needs. I will then take him off your hands, and reward you well for the service."

"All right," replied Vincent, as he pocketed the notes. "Greatly obliged, I'm sure. Hope you'll come back speedily with the kid. Good-by and good luck, Prince Lucifer."

As the train moved out of Whithaven, Hawkstone glanced from the window of a drawing-room car, and saw on the receding platform the face of Vincent turned after the departing train with a look so evil, so full of vindictive hate, that he gave an involuntary start.

"Is that boy deceiving me again?" he thought, irritably. "Is he pondering new mischief? I am far too lenient with him. It is my misfortune that I can never find the heart to punish him according to his deserts."

The train moved on.

Hawkstone leaned back in his seat, and dismissed from his thoughts the cousin whom he heartily despised, and therefore could not fear. Straightway his heart flew back to Tempest Island and the girl who had inspired him with the one tremendous passion of his life. With the recklessness of baffled love, he said to himself:

"She's mine, and I will have her—
I seek but for my own."

For years Fate has been keeping her for me, and not the angels above, nor the demons below, shall hold us apart now!"

Before him arose her face—pale, maddening, as when he had last seen it in the library at the Hall—the great eyes heavy with tears unshed, a passionate despair lurking in their soft darkness. A girl slender as a reed, and yet, in purpose, strong as steel! How he was to undo the mischief that Zephyr had done he could not quite foresee; but on one point he was sternly determined, and that was to marry Jetta Ravenel in defiance of all opposition, all scruples, all malice. Love, the omnipotent, should conquer everything. She loved him, and being not a Spartan, but a girl, with a girl's heart, sooner or later he felt that she must yield to the mastery of his passion.

With his arrival in New York, the torment of fruitless search began—search for individual atoms in the vast crowds of a great city.

No tidings of Bee awaited him there, although his telegrams had set in motion the power which is supposed to ferret out all solvable secrets, and arrest with Briareus hands the steps of evil-doers. The hotels, the outward-bound steamers, the offices of transatlantic companies, yielded not the smallest clew to the whereabouts of the child and her captors. The official whose aid Hawkstone had invoked said, quietly:

"No persons answering to the description of the party have yet been seen or heard from, Mr. Hawkstone; but if these people are in the city, you will have news of them before many hours."

That they were in the city he could not reasonably doubt—that they would be found was equally probable, since Argus eyes were watching, here, there and everywhere, for a stout, dark man, a small blonde beauty and a pale, lame child. He must bear the torture of indefinite delay as best he could. With this purpose in view, Hawkstone set forth to cool his impatience among the crowds of the great thoroughfares. He had never been a doting father, but the thought of his child Bee in the power of Vera and Jasper Hutton goaded him now beyond endurance.

He panted to regain his daughter and fly back to Tempest Island. For hours he walked the streets, all his senses painfully alert. The echo of a child's voice, a carriage flashing by, with a little face behind the glass, some petite veiled woman darting by him on Broadway, a peal of mocking feminine laughter, set his pulses leaping more than once. All this was delusion, however—of Bee, and her fair, wicked mother he found no trace.

He dined at Delmonico's; then called a carriage, and started for the opera-houses and the theatres.

From one to another he hurried, searching with hawk-like gaze orchestra-chairs, brilliant tiers of boxes, balconies aglow with color, and starting whenever, in the long curves of lighted stalls, his eyes chanced to alight on a fair face, a milky throat, a head of soft yellow curls. At midnight, weary, baffled, exasperated, Hawkstone retired to his hotel, and there poured out his heart in a letter to Jetta Ravenel—a wild, vehement letter, yet how

feebly it shadowed forth the tempest within him! In despair at the impotency of words, he started up, at last, and thrust the sheet into a gas-jet. As he did so—yes, while he stood watching the flame reduce all that passion and pleading to a pinch of gray ashes, something stabbed through him like a Soudanese spear—a premonition of evil, mysterious, inexplicable. The ear of his spirit heard suddenly the wash, wash of salt leagues of boisterous water, the rustle of dead October leaves on the terrace at Tempest Hall, and then the voice of Jetta herself, full of desperate need, calling to him from far away:

"Basil! help, oh! help!"

Verily he heard it! It hovered in the air above his head—the whole room palpitated with the horror and despair of it.

"Jetta," he answered, wildly, "where are you? What has happened?"

His only reply was the noises of the street outside. He rushed to the door—looked out into the corridor. All was silent there—it was an ugly fancy. Jetta was safe at Tempest Hall. How could she be otherwise than safe in his own domain, surrounded by his servants? He laughed at his momentary weakness.

"With all this infernal business, I am growing as nervous as a woman," he thought; but he went immediately and telegraphed this message to Miss Ravenel:

"Is all well with you? If you need me, answer at once."

No answer came, for Jetta Ravenel's eyes never saw the message.

The second day of the search was a repetition of the first. The silent hunt went on, but Argus eyes discovered no Vera, no Bee, no Jasper Hutton.

At noon of the third day the officials before mentioned said to Hawkstone:

"I fear you are on the wrong track. It is my belief that no such parties are in the city, nor have they escaped by foreign steamer or other line of exit."

The same suspicion was taking form in Hawkstone's own mind. He had been duped, deceived, misled. He went back to his hotel to make ready for immediate departure, and found awaiting him there the following strange message from the woman when he was vainly pursuing:

"Since my revenge is accomplished, come back from your wild-goose chase! I have not been out of Whithaven. You were directed to New York only that I might obtain a little time. Would you learn something of Bee? Then, at seven o'clock to-night, come to the gray church in Whithaven Square. It will be our last meeting on earth. (To be continued.)

VERA."

LINUS, THE KING'S SON.

THIS story is current in Iceland. It was told to a German traveler in that out-of-the-way part of the world by a poor joiner—evidently a true-born Iclander, well versed in the folk-lore of his country, but a somewhat prosy narrator. The story is here given in a condensed form. True, there is not much said in it about music; but its chief incidents are brought about by the agency of magic songs. The singing of the swans lulls the king's son into a death-like slumber, and it is by means of music that the sweet foster-sister of Linus, when she finds him reposing on the couch—but all this the reader will see in the story itself, and to tell it first in a preamble, and then a second time, would be even worse than the prolixity of the honest Icelandic joiner. So let us proceed to the story.

There was once a king and a queen who had a son

sprang out from behind the trees, and snatching it up, threw it on the ground and shattered it into fragments. In a moment both the giant and the giantess fell down dead.

Now the girl ascended the ivory-golden chariot, took up the golden whip, and smacking it, recited the spell:

"Run, run, my precious chariot,
And take me to Linus, the king's son!"

When the chariot had entered the cavern, she at once commanded the swans to awaken the king's son, and this they did in strains of music so melodiously beautiful that no mortal had ever heard the like. Linus and his dear foster-sister, having provided themselves with as many jewels and as much gold and silver from the cavern as they could carry, took their seats in the chariot and commanded it to take them straight to the king's palace. Oh! how they all rejoiced throughout the whole kingdom! There was no end of festivities!

But the most glorious festival was that when they celebrated the marriage of Linus, the king's son, with his sweet foster-sister. On that day the old king, in his happiness, resigned the crown in favor of his dear son. Of course, King Linus and his beloved queen were quite happy then, and ever after.

"KIANG-SHI."

A STRANGE PHASE OF CHINESE SPIRITUAL BELIEF

BY EDWARD GREY.

MODERN spiritualism, with its mysterious revelations, has its Chinese counterpart in Taoism, which, B. C. 604, was founded by the sage Lao-tze, whose followers believe not only in the impalpable presence of spirits, but in the existence of Kiang-shi, literally, "the dead who walk by night."

When I resided in China, it was not considered correct for a foreigner to associate on terms of equality even with the educated and refined classes of natives; however, my chief object in visiting the East being to study the people, I disregarded the prejudice of my countrymen, and in so doing made a number of true friends, among whom were two cousins, Lin Yuen and Lin Chang, the first-mentioned a firm believer in Taoism, and the last a philosopher and literary graduate.

Although differing widely in our religious morphology, we often discussed each other's faith, and, save upon one occasion, our arguments were conducted dispassionately, the exception being the day upon which I first learned about the Kiang-shi.

Yuen had purchased an illustrated copy of the Scriptures containing an appalling representation of the Day of Judgment, which I was requested to describe.

"Ah!" ejaculated Chang, when I had finished: "my cousin believes in a resurrection of the body, but does not ever wish to experience it."

"Hush!" commanded Yuen. "How dare you speak lightly of such a subject?"

"Oh, I am not afraid of the Kiang-shi," answered Chang. "Even if the things exist, they will never trouble me. They only haunt you Taoists."

"The scoffer laughs at the supernatural," observed Yuen. "It is by faith that we acquire knowledge."

"What is faith?" demanded Chang, appealing to me.

I gave him our definition of the word, ending with: "By faith we remove mountains."

"I thought you accomplished such work by digging," he slyly retorted.

I explained that the sentence was metaphorical, and expressed my great regret at the personal turn our conversation had taken; whereupon he said:

"Metaphors are very beautiful, and form the bulk of all classics, though they more often mask than reveal the truth. As to the Kiang-shi, I will believe there are such things when I see them."

"Yuen," I said, turning to his relative, "will you enlighten me upon this matter?"

"Yes, he is the one to give you information," merrily observed Chang; "for he is well up in all their tricks."

Yuen shuddered at this *persiflage*, and it was some moments ere he spoke, as follows:

"Many centuries ago, during a disturbance between the two great elements, heaven and earth, a malignant demon obtained a victory that enabled him to exercise supreme control over the 'spiritual essence' of certain mortals, the number of whom, happily for humanity, was limited to thirteen hundred. Descending to the earth, he appeared at night, sometimes as a beautiful girl and at others as a handsome youth, and, pretending to be terribly hungry or thirsty, begged his victims to give him wine or cakes that had been used in sacrificing to their ancestors. Upon his request being complied with, the benevolent persons who took pity on him were transformed into Kiang-shi, and sent forth to transmit their curse to others."

"What do you mean by their curse?" I asked.

"Ah," he gravely replied, "that is a thing I do not care to describe."

"Oh, go on!" urged his cousin. "Sung-tie never hesitates to enter into particulars with regard to his religion. Who knows but that you may convert him to Taoism?"

Yuen solemnly rebuked Chang, and reminded him of the fate of a certain Chinese scoffer; then addressing me, said:

"Upon becoming one of these unhappy creatures, the body does not decompose, while its *karmma* (spirit), instead of being freed by death, is at night reunited to its clay and sent forth in order to find a victim to whom it can transmit its burden of thirst and hunger. It is asserted, if the tomb of a Kiang-shi be opened and the head separated from its trunk, the malignant demon ceases to have any further power over that person, and the number of the accursed becomes lessened by one."

"Now I breathe more freely," laughingly remarked Chang. "If what you say is correct, the Kiang-shi must be getting mighty scarce, as, to my knowledge, several graves have lately been desecrated under the pretense that the bodies contained in them had been seen walking about at night."

Yuen did not reply to this, but, indicating me, inquired:

"What is your opinion?"

"Have you ever encountered these materialized spirits?" I asked. "Although not wishing to treat the matter lightly, I am far from being convinced of their existence. Like you, I have studied the works of Lao-tze, who was certainly a profound thinker, but I do not remember any reference to the subject in question."

Yuen passed his hands across his forehead, and during several moments appeared to be lost in thought, after which he said, in a hesitating manner:

"I certainly know of persons who have beheld the Kiang-shi."

"That is what the Taoists always say," whispered Chang to me, as he replenished his pipe. "Stick to

him and make him give you his authority in Lao-tze's writings."

"I can do that," warmly retorted Yuen, who had overheard his cousin's remark. "Our sage instructs by metaphor; that is why you and our friend here have failed to grasp the true meaning of his words."

"Come," I said, "do not let us grow angry over this discussion, but remember the saying of Mencius, 'Respect the belief of your friends and you will retain them; failing in this, they will become your enemies.'"

My words acted like oil upon troubled waters, and we resumed our usual relations.

A few days after this occurrence I received an invitation from Yuen to be present at a ceremony called *Tsing-ming* (pure and bright), literally "sweeping the tombs of ancestors," which is universally observed by the Chinese, even their philosophers taking part in the rites proper to the occasion.

I entered my sedan about eight o'clock in the morning, and was conveyed to the south gate of the city, where I found my friends and their kinsmen, to whom I was introduced by Yuen, and when this was accomplished we were carried some miles into the country, until we reached a private cemetery, surrounded by a high wall, above the door of which was placed this inscription:

"The Ancestral Tombs of the Liu Family."

I descended from my equipage, and, joining the party, halted while Yuen burnt a quantity of fire-crackers, as an offering to the Portal; then I took my place by the side of Chang, and we filed into the inclosure, which contained a high mound, pierced by a number of the horse-shoe-shaped tombs common to that part of the country, and sparsely studded with willow and pine trees.

As we advanced up the main pathway, Yuen staggered back in affright, and, pointing toward a granite structure in front of him, exclaimed:

"Look! look!"

His voice and manner caused us all to crowd forward, and, to our amazement, we saw that the slab had been removed from the central grave, the coffin withdrawn from its niche, and its cover displaced.

For a few moments Yuen appeared dumfounded; however, when he had somewhat conquered his horror, he said:

"This is a shameful act of sacrilege. The two youngest men present, Lin Chang and Lin Soo, must restore the casket to its resting-place."

The persons addressed immediately responded, and were proceeding to carry out their duty, when they discovered that not only had the coffin been tampered with, but the body mutilated by decapitation.

At first few would believe in Chang's assertion. However, when all of them had inspected the remains, they admitted it was so; their muttered verdict being:

"Kiang-shi!"

"My kinsmen," said Yuen, in a solemn voice, "this is the body of my grandfather. Let us pledge ourselves to silence with regard to his state. One thing is certain—it will convince those who have hitherto been skeptical as to the truths of Taoism."

Everybody, including myself, gave the required promise, and we quitted the cemetery, the door of which was carefully locked and sealed.

"Sung-tie," whispered Chang, as I re-entered my sedan, "you will excuse our asking you to accompany us home to-day, will you not? We have to hold a family council."

"I understand," was my answer. "Please express to

your cousin how deeply I regret the misfortune that has befallen you."

I had started for a day's holiday, and did not wish to return home until nightfall, so directed my bearers to proceed to what are known as the Peach Gardens, a beautiful spot on the bank of the Hwang-poo River, where, spite of the foregoing unpleasant adventure, I passed a very agreeable time.

It was nearly a week ere I saw anything of my friends, the first to pay me a visit being Chang, who, to my astonishment, spoke very gravely about the Kiang-shi.

"I thought you did not believe in them," I remarked. "Have you received a visit from one?"

"My good Sung-tie," he gravely answered, "it was all very well for me to jeer as long as my family was free from this trouble; but now the case is different. It comes home to a fellow when he finds his grandfather has been one of the wanderers; besides the discovery happens at an unfortunate time, and is a bad omen for Yuen, who is shortly to be married."

"Don't be so foolish," I said. "I expected better things of a philosopher like yourself. It was only a few days ago you were making fun of Taoism, and now you pretend to credit one of its most astonishing delusions."

"It may not be such a delusion as you think," he significantly replied. "If one of your ancestors had got into such a muddle as ours has, you would feel just as I do. We are going to have a universal rescue," referring to a Taoist ceremony, "and hope thereby to appease the malignant spirits. Possibly, after this trouble has been removed from our family, I shall go back to my old way of thinking; meanwhile, I feel a respectful regard for my cousin's faith. Depend upon it, all men are influenced by the two elements—heaven and earth."

As I attributed his change of sentiment to nervousness, I refrained from any further comment, and after that the subject was dropped by us, and Chang gradually resumed his old way of thinking, though I noticed, when Yuen was married to a lady named Ah-meen, that his cousin took part in the Taoist ceremonies.

In the Summer of 1858 I was summoned home, the last of my Shanghai friends to bid me adieu being Lin Yuen and Lin Chang, who accompanied me as far as Woo-sung, and with whom I promised to correspond, which pledge, on account of my constant traveling, I found impossible to keep.

On my return to China I went to reside in Amoy, where, to my astonishment, I one day encountered Chang, whose appearance was so greatly changed that I scarcely recognized him.

Our meeting occurred at a reception given by the Taonti to the foreign residents, and when it was over, my friend, who was secretary to the mandarin, led me into his private apartments, and after heartily welcoming me, solemnly exclaimed:

"It appears as if you had returned from the dead!"

"Oh, no, I am not a Kiang-shi," I laughingly answered. "How is your cousin Yuen?"

At the mention of the latter's name he turned deadly pale and trembled violently, then, mastering himself by a great effort, rose, carefully shut the doors of the apartment, and, seating himself close to me, said:

"You remember I was once, like yourself, a disbeliever in the unhappy one. Alas! I am no longer so. Soon after your departure from Shanghai, Ah-meen, my cousin's wife, died suddenly, and was buried among our ancestors, from which hour Yuen began to pine away, though none of us suspected the awful truth. Being the next head of our family, I took upon myself to question

assistance, why, then, it's also our duty to come to the rescue. Eh, sister mine? That's logical, at any rate;" and the speaker glanced sunnily into the other's face.

As the widow was often in the habit of saying, she did not know what in the world she should do without Janet. It was not always the most agreeable business, this letting her first floor; but it seemed, after all, the best course to be adopted. A small income, such as theirs, would not suffice without some additional means of support.

They had been decidedly unfortunate of late as regarded the occupancy of the "floor" referred to. An eccentric tenant like their last was anything but pleasant; not, by-the-way, that they had been much troubled with his presence in the house, for, as a rule, he had been more away than at home. His proceedings in general had, however, been peculiar. His manner had from the first been not only absent, but nervous, and he had frequently seemed at a loss as to what to say for himself. True, he had paid well and regularly, but this fact did not in itself serve to account for his sudden departure.

"You will take good care of my luggage, won't you? But I need scarcely even ask the question," had been his parting remark, gruffly uttered, as usual. "It will soon be sent for, or I may even come myself and fetch it. Good-morning, ladies."

The 15th of last February, dated, however, now many weeks ago, and there still stood the late lodger's two brown trunks, precisely as he had left them.

"It might have been better, after all, if, instead of advertising, I had kept the money in my pocket," observed Mrs. Westerley, somewhat drearily, several days later on.

There was a brief pause within that certainly comfortably furnished parlor, during which the ticking of the timepiece on the mantelshelf was distinctly audible. The two sisters were hard at work this morning, painting, in delicate fashion, fancy jars and other ornaments, for which articles they found a ready sale.

"Ah, if you were only married, Janet—married, I mean, to some rich man! Things might be very different then, child—for yourself, at any rate."

There was a slight flush visible upon Janet's face as the last words fell, only that she had risen up suddenly at that instant to poke the fire, and therefore no one perceived it.

"You wish this, then, so very much, dear Daisy?" came presently, when the speaker had resumed her seat. "Yes. I know, of course," fell hesitatingly. "It's easy enough to understand that it would be better far for us both. But, then, sister mine"—and Janet now spoke gayly—"rich men don't exactly drop from the clouds every day. Ah, there's the postman! Quite a packet of letters," she observed, presently, laying them upon the parlor-table. "I wonder what is in them? that is the next question. A wine merchant's circular! Tuts! They should have sent it elsewhere. 'Prices for funerals; cheap and otherwise.' Better have kept the stamp," was the running commentary. "A letter from Uncle Fido. Wants us to send him several quart-bottles of his favorite delectable patent medicine, of course. Now, Daisy, what's your news?" and Janet suddenly changed her tone. "Why, what on earth is the matter? A glass of water, dear? Of course, directly."

The glass of water procured, Janet herself, without more ado, was hurriedly reading the missive which had apparently thus served to disturb her sister's mental composure.

"The trunks, with their contents"—thus ran the wording—"left on the 15th of February in Mrs. Westerley's possession, are

entirely at her own disposal. She can sell them, or otherwise; precisely as she likes. It may be well, however, that she should first examine said contents carefully. They will, it is believed, nearly serve to reimburse Mrs. W. for expense of storage."

"Well done!" exclaimed Janet, hotly and indignantly. "I fancied, somehow, that we were being duped all along. The man's wig, and horribly old-fashioned mode of dressing, to say nothing of those aggravating, double-buttoned gaiters, always served to rouse my animosity. Instinct has never yet failed me. I had my suspicions from the beginning."

"And so had I," was the faint response. "We must, however, get rid of the trunks immediately, child. There's no time to be lost. Who knows—"

"The sooner the better" broke in the lively Janet, excitedly, before whose mental eye there arose sundry visions as to dreadful infernal machines being hidden away beneath those securely fastened lids. "We'll send for a policeman," she ejaculated, energetically, "and open everything in his presence."

"Janet!" came in a tone of astonishment, and also keen reproach.

"That's the way to act, of course," went on Janet. "We sha'n't be in any scrape, then. Why, the case is clear enough, Daisy."

"So it is; but I object to the policeman," was Daisy's timid expostulation. "They are a stupid set of men, to begin with; and in the next, the Dobbinses over the way would be only too much delighted to think something was amiss."

"Never mind the Dobbinses, Daisy; and what's more, let us have the policeman."

At that particular moment, however, there came a sharp rat-tat-too at the house-door.

"You have rooms to let, I believe, or, at any rate, had some last week?" demanded a deep-toned but gentlemanly voice, addressing Janet Winyard, as that young lady answered the summons.

"Yes; the first floor," came demurely in reply. "It is still unoccupied."

"Glad to hear it. You may consider the rooms engaged, then—that is, of course, with your permission. I shall be in somewhat late this evening. Have an engagement to dine with a friend at the club. Don't often do that kind of thing, you understand; but to-day proves itself an exception," and the words fell cheerily.

"It might be wiser, perhaps, to discuss details before arriving at any decision," suggested Janet, sagaciously.

"And being strangers to each other," broke in the widow's voice, "references must be exchanged. You offer no objection?"

"Certainly not," and the speaker eyed her narrowly. "Your rooms have been most highly recommended to me by my old friend, Mr. Abraham Tinkler."

He paused a moment. The look of consternation visible upon the countenances of those near him was only too self-apparent.

"Mr. Abraham Tinkler cannot say enough in your favor," he pursued, presently, with an air of supreme unconcern. "And it is to that gentleman I must beg to refer you as to my own respectability. You will have every reason to be satisfied. You have, probably, Mr. Tinkler's present address. If not, here it is. I pay in advance, of course," went on the speaker, volubly, appearing not even to notice the air of marked suspicion, also indecision, with which his speech was received. "There is the money, in fact, *down*," and he took out his purse. "The rule with strangers, I believe. Good-morning."

Mrs. Westerley's first floor was let, then, even without her own actual consent. The stranger had simply taken the citadel by storm.

"Too peculiar!" as Janet remarked, when Daisy and herself were again left alone. Why in the world had they both been thus artfully talked over by the handsome stranger?

A strange sense of mental uneasiness was the natural result on the part of both sisters.

"We have acted like lunatics," as Janet observed, "and must abide by the consequences. How I hate lodgers of every shape and description!"

"Marry some one who is rich, then, and your own fight will then be over. But, seriously, Janet, what else is to be done?"

The girl thus addressed shook her head sympathetically. She, too, had her own little secret, as who in this world has not? If she could not marry Max Eden because he was poor as a church-mouse, she was also firmly resolved not to marry any one else. Why not do as she liked in the matter, knowing for a certainty that Max, on his part, liked her every bit as well as she did him?

Thus ran the present tide of affairs in No. 2 Touchcumton Terrace; and Daisy, in true sisterly fashion, had been Janet's confidant. There were many preparations to be made that evening. The late tenant's property, the presence of which had created such a tide of bitter animosity, was dragged ignominiously from its recent quarters and landed despairingly within the precincts of the parlor itself.

"Full of nothing but trash too, I'll be bound to say—stones, probably," added Janet; "but after running through their contents to-morrow evening we will get rid of them."

Meanwhile Mr. Philip Vance had duly arrived, and seemed, on the whole, quite as much at home as if he had lived there all his life. Neither did he take refuge in his club the following evening, as it had been fondly hoped. On the contrary, he remained cozily at home, his feet on the fender, and the fingers of one hand tapping lightly those of the other.

"The game, so far, has been played well," he soliloquized.

Considerably later on, as arranged, when all was quiet, the sisters set about the task of inspecting the personal property of Mr. Abraham Tinkler.

Yes, of course; the respective upper portions were raised easily enough when the trunks were unlocked. There was no soft woman's clothing obtruding itself unasked between this hinge and that, this inner tray and the other.

Only a solid, compact mass, it would seem, lay before their eyes; a mass carefully overspread, too, by a thick coating of white cotton wool.

And then Janet, somewhat indifferently, removed the layer of wool belonging to the trunk standing near her. The next moment, with a sudden exclamation, she had started to her feet like one who had just received a violent shock.

The widow also had all at once become pale and agitated.

"This, then, explains everything!" exclaimed Janet. "A hider-away of money like this can have but one object in view—no other."

"This mass of golden sovereigns, layers upon layers of them, as it would seem, has been stolen," and Daisy's voice trembled with intense nervousness. "Mischief will come out of this, Janet—mark my words! Our home has been made a shelter for that which the man who brought it

dared not take elsewhere. We have been used, Janet, I tell you. Look here! Ah, I quite expected it. The other trunk tells the same disgraceful tale. Oh, Janet, child! why did I not take your advice?"

"Oh, about the policeman!" broke in Janet, trying hard to recover some amount of self-possession; more, it seemed, for Daisy's sake than her own. "Well, I don't know that that would have done so very much good, after all. It's an ugly piece of business altogether."

"And now we have actually been insane enough to take in an accomplice," moaned the panic-stricken Daisy.

"We have not distinguished ourselves, certainly. See! Here is a paper," cried the younger sister; "stuck carelessly into one of the corners. It may possibly serve to enlighten our darkness."

The slip of paper in question failed, however, to do anything of the kind. There stood the two trunks open before them. The sisters simply stared at each other in bewilderment. So engrossed had they been in the task now engaging their attention, that neither had heard the bell which sounded from the new tenant's room. They had but one thought—that the contents were certain to be sought for. Every investigation would be made. No expense would be spared by the rightful owners of such wealth. Large printed notices, giving details, were probably already posted in many directions, and the last point of resting-place would soon be successfully traced.

Unable to bear the vision any longer, Janet stooped down hastily and caught up one of the displaced sheets of cotton wool, with the view, as if in desperation, of shutting out such vision for ever. She was about to lay it once more in its old resting-place when a carefully folded sheet of letter-paper showed itself as laid snugly in between the folds of the soft padding.

With the speed of lightning she had torn it from its hiding-place, and Daisy was quickly glancing over her sister's shoulder. They read:

"DEAR SISTERS: You have both more than half-forgotten Kenneth, I'll be bound to say, who ran away when a boy and was never heard of afterward. You thought, perhaps, he was long since dead and buried; but if so, you are grandly mistaken. He always hated poverty, and vowed to himself that he would never return home until he was a sort of millionaire. Thank God, he has at last accomplished his desire, and now sends his sisters a couple of trunks-full. If they prefer selling the contents, they are still at liberty to do so. KENNETH WINYARD."

"Dear, bonnie little Kenneth!"—as Daisy exclaimed, softly, sobbing meanwhile—"whose running away in that fashion nearly broke mother's heart!"

"And then, such an extraordinary jumble of mystery altogether," observed Janet, who scarcely even remembered Kenneth. "If these trunks were really his, they could not by any possibility have belonged to Abraham Tinkler; and if they belonged to the latter, what had they to do with Kenneth?"

"But where is he?" questioned Daisy, still overcome with a sense of gladness. "I would rather see his dear face again than gaze upon all the wealth in Christendom!"

"Bravo, my Daisy!—my own simple-hearted sister!"

"Yes, there stood the new lodger within the open doorway. He had evidently been quietly watching all that had lately been going on.

"Mr. Vance!—Mr. Philip Vance!" fell simultaneously from the lips of both sisters.

"Nonsense! Call me Kenneth, can't you? I'm no more called Philip Vance than you are, either of you,

named Robinson Crusoe. You want some sort of credential, I suppose? All women do this. Perhaps, too, it's best. This, I think, Daisy, will serve to satisfy you as to the real state of the case. This miniature, tell me, do you remember it?"

So saying, he advanced toward the table, and laid upon it, almost with an

But I seem in an extraordinary dream, my own Kenneth." And as the words fell, she drew the once pet boy's hand within her own, and glanced up admiringly into his handsome, already bronzed face. "Explain this dream to me," she added. "I cannot do so myself."

"You would be clever if you could," he returned,

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air of reverence, a small and evidently well-worn, clasped case.

"Unfasten it," he said. "Only see for yourselves."

"You took this, then, the night you went away?" said Daisy, softly — gazing meanwhile earnestly at mother's now faded picture. "It was missed, I remember, the next day.

RAILROAD TERMINUS AND BAY.

with a laugh. "It would puzzle a conjuror to do so, I think."

"But even if you *did* take the name of Vance, what in the name of fortune have you to do with the trunks of Abraham Tinkler?" burst forth Janet, vehemently. "It's my own firm belief still that you are an impostor, in spite of

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your credentials, as you call them. And why did you call yourself Philip Vance? And if you're Kenneth, why didn't you come back years ago?"

"I did pretty well, too, as Abraham Tinkler! What say you?" fell merrily.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you were actually——"

"I had the honor of appearing in that character, also, and was thus in a position to learn something as to my sisters' sweetness, and also earnestness, in their hard fight through life. The wig and horribly old-fashioned clothes formed a capital disguise—eh, Janet?—gaiters included."

"And double-buttoned, too!" broke in Janet. "You certainly did not wish to create a very agreeable impression."

"I only wanted to have a quiet peep at you both before formally introducing myself; and was already on my way to retake the rooms when your response to 'D' was casually shown me by some acquaintance. He had already, however, obtained what he required. Thought I, Why not represent 'D,' as well as 'Abraham Tinkler'? I can then throw off all disguise. I am in all reality a stranger to them, and the wig is unendurably hot? Quick as thought, I flew back to the hotel, paid my bill, determined upon assuming my natural voice, which, I flatter myself, is a trifle more agreeable—and here I am."

Only to think, though, how they had both been duped! as Janet said. It was simply disgraceful.

* * * * *

There was a wedding soon afterward at No. 2 Touchumton Terrace. The happy bride did not marry poverty either; but the riches are, in this case, her very own—a gift from the brother who has been absent nearly all his life.

As Max Eden himself observes: "It is not every bride who can boast the possession of a trunk-full of gold, presented as a marriage dowry."

"There has been a turn in the tide, that's very certain," remarked Mrs. Dobbins, "for the people over the way."

BUENOS AYRES.

By L. E. C.

THE voyage of 6,000 miles from France to Buenos Ayres was made in twenty-six days, which includes the day we spent at Santa Cruz, that sun-baked town of Teneriffe, and two days at Montevideo. It was the middle of July when we cast anchor in the River La Plata, therefore we had arrived in the very heart of Winter. The afternoon sun was warm, but the mornings and nights were cold, about the same temperature as January in the north of France. All the heavy, warm garments which had been laid aside when in the tropics were now resumed. Although midwinter, the mosquitoes were as lively as those on Summer days in New Jersey; but here they are three times the size, and the venom of their bite corresponds in like manner.

From the bay Buenos Ayres presents the appearance of a very large city. The myriads of domes and the campaniles of the churches give one the idea of a city rich in architectural beauty, but on close acquaintance all such illusions vanish, and one is fearfully disappointed at the narrow streets, which are so full of ruts and holes that you would be pardoned for supposing that an earthquake had passed along them. The paving and repaving is an endless job in Buenos Ayres. The

fault lies in the original paving of the streets without laying a solid foundation. The consequence is that the heavy wagons and carriages passing over sink or loosen the stones, so that the work has always to be recommenced; in fact, it is never finished, for no sooner is it ended in one place than it must be recommenced in another. Sometimes a heavily loaded wagon gets a wheel caught in one of those holes. Does the driver vociferate and lash his horses as they do in New York? Not at all; the horses seem accustomed to this state of affairs. A word from the driver and they tug with all their might, and provided the wheel and axle hold good, all goes well; however, sometimes the wheel prefers breaking to yielding, which is not at all surprising to the spectators.

The sidewalks are narrow—just room to pass and repass. They always retain their level, and where the street descends into a hollow, leaving the pathway some four feet high, a narrow iron bridge is thrown across the street for the use of pedestrians. There is also at each corner of the block a flight of steps leading to the street crossing. Buenos Ayres covers an area of 2,000 acres, and is laid out in blocks 45 feet square. The houses in general are of one story, but in the busiest part, that which centres around the Plaza Victoria, they reach two stories. There are no large mercantile houses, no large warehouses, no mills or manufactories. All that is exported comes from the interior, and consists of raw material, the crude products of the country, wool, corn, hides, dried meat and horn. The importations are what are found in the stores, which, on their arrival, triple their value. Wine, in particular, is sold at a fabulous price, at least five times its value in France. A five-franc bottle of St. Esteph is here five nacionales, that is, twenty-five francs; the *vin ordinaire*, worth thirty cents, is sold at a dollar and a half, and so on through the list. Money is quickly made here, but as quickly spent. The people have something of the ways of those of our Western States—a certain free and offhand manner, and a carelessness where money is concerned. In receiving change, no matter whether it be in a store or restaurant, your Argentine never thinks of examining whether it be correct. The city markets are numerous, and well stocked with meat, fish, vegetables, and fruit mostly oranges and bananas, all of which are sold at a low price. Very little can be said for the stores. They are small, the windows narrow and low; in some cases the store is without windows or door, but is open its entire width on the street. The *Almenga á la Americana*, the *Almenga de Londres* and "El Progreso," in the *Calle Florida* (Florida Street), form a few exceptions. Although not large, their windows are filled with rich and brilliant merchandise. The *bric-a-brac* stores are but a repetition, on a very small scale, of those in Paris. The pastrycook and book stores are the largest and most attractive in appearance.

In the streets you will meet representatives of every nation, and of every Province of the Argentine Republic, from the dark, straight-haired Indian to the bright-eyed Spanish doña, who still retains the traditional headgear of her country, and flirts her fan as only a Spanish beauty can. Yet, with all the variety a cosmopolitan population gives, there is no brightness, nothing attractive, in this city; for there are no boulevards, no *cafés* opening on the street, as in France and Spain, to tempt one to an hour of idleness and pleasure; no trees to give a shade during the hot days of Summer; nothing of the seductiveness that one would expect to find in a southern city, where life is usually spent so much out-of-doors. There is but one small promenade, the *Paseo de Julio*, over-

looking the bay, and it is really charming, this terrace, with its well-shaded *allée*, its pretty pasture and sweet-smelling flowering shrubs. At the end of the promenade is a white marble statue of Mazzini, which tells of the gratitude of the Argentine Republic to the fraternity of Italy. Down below, the small stretch of rocky shore is crowded with women who, barefooted, are doing their washing. Clotheslines are raised on poles, from which float every imaginable garment, of all hues and colors, Spanish yellow predominating.

Much remains of the habits and customs of the early settlers of this colony. Everything is carried on horseback, for there are no delivery-wagons—the very beggars go on horseback. The milkcans are fastened into pockets of cowhide on each side of the saddle; the mails are carried through the city in like manner—two enormous cases, always covered with cowhide, one on each side of the horse, while the rider, an *hijo del país*, is mounted in the centre. All bundles and baskets are transported in this way.

As one continues down the street, the *almengas* (stores) become less frequent, and the barred windows, which denote the private dwellings, more numerous. They are but one story high, with flat roofs, around which is a balustrade in stone or iron. They are all painted in bright colors, every house different—buff, violet, cream, pink, blue and yellow follow each other. The interiors are not less brilliant with mirrors and gilding. Those are but *sals* (drawing-rooms) which give on the street. The house extends into quite a depth, each suite of apartments, or what would have been a story if the house had been built upright instead of lengthwise, is divided one from the other by a *patio* (courtyard), which is filled with flowers, palms and orange-trees; a fountain or a well is usually in the centre of the first court; a large garden extends beyond the house in the rear.

A word for the churches, whose steeples were the first objects to attract our attention. They are large stone buildings, with no claim beyond that of the Tuscan order of architecture; some even simpler. The interiors, according to Spanish taste, are most brilliantly decorated and profusely overlaid with gold. Every niche and available spot is filled with figures of saints, martyrs and apostles. The old-time female saints have a square, dumpy look. They are not represented in the traditional clinging garments, but are robed in rich stuffs and silks, with voluminous skirts that would do credit to the days of the Virgin Queen of England. The figures of bishops, apostles, etc., are all in full pontificals, mitre and crosier; the lesser saints, in the ordinary dress of their calling. The pictures are not less peculiar. I saw a Virgin and a St. Joseph represented with faces as black as any negro, while another black saint had an expression anything but "heavenly." Small altars line each side of the church, gayly decorated with flowers and lace. Bows of very broad ribbon are attached to the right-hand side of every altar-cloth; they are of bright colors, varying from deep-red to pale-blue. Some of the churches have *priedieux*; others are strewn with rich carpets and have a few seats, but it is rare to see any one seated during service.

After the dwellings of the living, the spot the most picturesque is the *Recoleta*, the resting-place of the departed. It is truly a village erected for the dead. Each family has its own vault, over which a monument is raised, taking always the form of a miniature chapel or shrine; some large, some small, some with high gabled roofs, others domed like mosques; nearly all are of white marble, a few are of black and white gray and red marbles. In all are little altars, deco-

rated with flowers, statues, wreaths of immortelles, and in nearly all, wax lights, according to the old tradition, are kept burning by the relatives of the deceased. Sometimes a coffin is placed in the altar, and through the iron grating in the pavement one can see the family for generations past reposing on shelves, one above the other. When the vault is completely filled, as there is no way of enlarging it, the surviving members are obliged to emigrate to a distant corner of the cemetery, and there build a new mausoleum and resting-place for the future generations.

There is no natural beauty in the country that surrounds the City of Buenos Ayres, no luxuriance of vegetation, but a few small trees here and there, except at the suburb of Belgrano, where there is a fine drive and well-shaded walks; but those trees have all been planted and carefully cultivated; an occasional hedge of much ill-used-looking aloes alone reminds one that it is the South. Standing on a slight eminence, you look across a flat, bare country where nothing breaks the view to the horizon. That is the commencement of the great plain, of the Pampas, that stretches without a break to the Straits Magellan, and to the west until it meets the Cordilleras. But civilization does not extend so far. Three hundred and sixty miles south, and two hundred and forty west, on the Pampas, is the frontier of the dominion of the Indian, who wages a continual warfare against the colonist to rob him of the produce of his industry, and to prevent further encroachment on the barren, uncultivated tract of land still left the native tribes, which, in its savage state, produces only a hard, dry herb, called *paja brava*. This is the Gynarium of the naturalists, but well known in Europe as a garden ornament under the name of pampas-grass.

Until, like the primeval forests, this land had undergone the baptism of fire, it was as barren and unyielding as a stretch of sandy desert. Therefore great patience was required in those who first imported horses and cattle, as they had to feed them with forage brought from Europe. The ground is fertile where cultivated, yielding cereals and the Spanish trefoil, and where the fire has passed over the pampas-grass good pasture has been produced from European seeds. The cattle graze and grow fat in the Winter, but in the Summer everything is dried, leaving the black clay visible. The Autumn rains bring back a luxuriant vegetation, which gives provisions for the Winter, but should they fail before the frost of April and May, and the cold which is often rigorous in June and July, it is death for the small and more delicate animals, and a forced emigration for the stronger ones. In such a case, it is ruin for the colonist; only a passing ruin, however, for time and patience will quickly repair the loss.

One must not look here for the comfortable, and in many cases the handsome, residence of a North American ranch, nor even for the snug little cottage home of the smallest farmer. A thatched roof, supported by four mud walls, a low door and no window, a well without a stone curb to afford protection, and without a post to hitch your horse to, such is the habitation where many a family vegetates in privation and idleness. Sobriety carried to such a point ceases, I think, to be a virtue.

A few miles from Buenos Ayres some rich landowners have erected handsome houses, surrounded by gardens and fields sown with grain, and acres of forest land. But, unfortunately, it is not within the reach of all thus to make Nature yield; to create forests where she had not raised a tree, where blow the most variable winds, where the drought of Summer brings destructive insects, where

Poppea Note, *liberta* of Priscus—and both seem to have very cleverly managed their affairs. In the first deed Poppea Note sells to Margaritis two young slaves named Simplex and Petrinus. In the second the same lady declares herself a debtor to Margaritis for the sum of 1,450 sesterii, which she had evidently borrowed from her friend. The meaning of the third cannot be made out with certainty, but the repetition of the word *mancipia*, which occurs in every other line, makes it evident that Poppea Note is still engaged in her favorite sport of dealing in slaves.

MACREADY AND MR. IRVING.

FROM the best written notices or descriptions of a performance it is difficult to obtain a just and an adequate idea of it. To one then, who, like myself, has not seen Macready's *Werner*, a parallel or a contrast between the first and the latest representation of the part is not easy. Talfourd, however, describes Macready's *Werner* as "a man, proud, voluptuous (?), and, above all, weak—craving after the return of his fatherly love with more anxiety from his sense of inability to repose on his own character and resources, and vainly lavishing his fondness upon a son, whose stern, simple, unrelenting nature repels all his advances with disdain." To this may be added the fact that in the concluding scenes Macready carried away his audience by an electrical outburst of passion. Of these qualities, the weakness alone is prominently shown by Mr. Irving. The voluptuousness, whatever Talfourd meant by it, is gone, and we see a nature irresolute, tender, suspicious, refined and ennobled by pride of race and transcendent affection for his son, who is less intentionally vicious than indifferent to the means he employs to further his ends. With Mr. Irving, the play might almost be called by a name wholly in keeping with the old drama, "The Father's Tragedy." Mr. Irving's performance had extreme dignity, pathos and power, and in the stronger scenes carried away the audience. Exceptional interest attended the occasion, which was a complimentary benefit to that worthy gentleman and fine dramatist, Dr. Marston. In undertaking to supply the shortcomings of recognition of successive governments, Mr. Irving drew to himself all that was best in letters and art. The fact that Miss Ellen Terry played the small character of *Josephine*, taken originally by Mrs. Faucit, contributed also to the signal success of the revival.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A YOUNG girl who was in service at a farmhouse in the Province of Schleswig, in Germany, had to work daily so very hard, that she became at last quite dissatisfied with her lot.

One morning, when her master sent her into the field after the cows, she had to pass a hill in which people had often heard the subterranean little folks singing and dancing. The girl thought to herself how enviably happy those dear dwarfs in the hill must be, who work but leisurely and sing so cheerfully. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "could I but live with them, how gladly would I bid farewell to my present home!"

Her words were heard by one of the dwarfs, a young lad who had just been seriously contemplating how very advisable it would be for him to look out for a wife. So, when the girl returned from the field, he presented himself to her, and soon persuaded her to marry him. They are said to have lived happily together in the hill for many

years. They had, also, about half a dozen children; funnily small, dear little creatures these must have been, to be sure.

The dwarfs in that district possessed in former times a peculiar kind of cradle song, of which some fragments have been caught by the listening peasants, and are still preserved.

The music which the dwarfs produce is, as might be expected, remarkably soft and soothing. Loud and noisy music is not at all to the taste of little folks. A peasant who one day had been to town to purchase rice, raisins and other luxuries for the wedding festival of his daughter, which was to take place on the following morning, fell in with one of the dwarfs near an old graveyard situated close to the road. In the course of conversation which they had together, the dwarf expressed a wish that he might be permitted to witness the festivity, and promised to bring with him for a wedding present a lump of gold as large as a man's head.

The delighted peasant said he should be most happy to welcome the generous guest; indeed, he should consider it quite an honor.

"Apropos!" remarked the dwarf, just as they shook hands at parting; "what kind of music do you have to-morrow?"

Whereupon the rejoicing peasant somewhat boastingly replied:

"First-rate music! We shall have trumpets and kettle-drums!"

Then the dwarf begged to be excused attending; for (he said) trumpets and kettle-drums he could not endure.

CURIOUS CHANGES OF FLOWERS.

MANY persons, though well acquainted with flowers, are unaware of the changes through which the seedling tulip passes. It is four or five years before it flowers, then it takes on the self-colored or breeder form; but in the breeder state it is easy to class it with the bizzarres, roses or bloemens, according as it may belong to either of these three divisions. Then, at the expiration of sometimes one or two years up to six or seven years, it breaks into its true character, and becomes what is termed "rectified."

Why the tulip should be an exception to the universal law observed in seedling flowers, and have an almost exceptionally intermediate state, passeth knowledge. The practical florist asks of the botanist the why and wherefore of this, and no reply is forthcoming. It is said that in the whole range and history of plants there is no analogy to this phenomenon.

SUPERSTITIONS OF SAILORS.

THE age of marine romance supplied the mariner with many extraordinary privileges. We cannot control the winds as those old people did. There are no longer gale-makers from whom Jack can buy a favorable blast. The very saints have deserted us, since it is certain that—at sea—we now pray to them in vain. Observe that in fifty directions, despite our propellers, donkey-engines, steam-windlasses, and the like, the ancient mariner was out and away better off than we are. Did he want wind? Then he had nothing to do but to apply to a Finn, who, for a few shillings, would sell to him in the shape of a knotted handkerchief three sorts of gale, all prosperous, but one harder than another, by which he could

maintop. Who now regards, save with mild curiosity, the corposant—the St. Elmo's fire—the dimly burning meteoric exhalation at the yardarm? It is no more to modern and current imagination than the phosphoric flashes in black intertropic waters. But the ancient mariner made an omen of it—a saint—a joy to be blessed; he wrought it into a beneficent symbol, and endowed it with such powers of salvation as comforted him exceedingly whilst he kneeled on quivering knees in the pale illumination of that mystic marine corpse-candle. Who now scratches the mast for a breeze? Who fears the dead body as a storm-maker? What has become of the damnatory qualities of the cat? who now hears the dimmest echo of comminatory power in her loudest mew? And, most galling of all reflections, into what ocean unknown to man has sailed the *Flying Dutchman*?

TWELFTH NIGHT.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Crown the cup that knows no sorrow,
Steal we now a flight from earth;
Night will come that brings no morrow,
Gild it then with radiant mirth.

Time yet points a warning finger,
Moments such as these are rare.
Here, while smiles and laughter linger,
Wreath the bowl that conquers care.

Warming ev'ry sense to pleasure,
Waking love's tumultuous joy,
The grape is earth's sole real treasure
To age, youth, and maiden coy.

Beauty's smiles are fleeting ever
Though they thrill with rapture's glow;
Wine alone betrays us never,
Light up, then, its sparkling flow.

Weave we now a lay of gladness,
Crown the cup that knows no care.
We will drink a truce to sadness,
Pledge our love to ev'ry fair.

Shed the juice that soothes all morrow,
We will take a flight from earth.
Ebbing hours may leave no morrow,
Gild them, then, with radiant mirth.

LAUGHTER.

BY AUSBURN TOWNER.

THE capacity of laughing belongs, with sleep, appetite and taste, among the best gifts to man. It deserves to stand at the head of the various attributes of the human species too, because we hold in common with all animate creation our faculties and capacities, this one being the only exception. It especially belongs to the human race, and is so entirely distinct, peculiar and different from any act performed by any other species of animals—it is such a bar between man and the lower order of creation—that it forms an argument against the notion of evolution, impossible for Darwin and his disciples to climb over. It is something that could not have been developed, evolved or grown up to. The first diaphragm or midriff must have been as sensitive and elastic as is the latest to respond to the emotions excited by mirth or other pleasant reflections.

I am disposed to disagree with the commonly accepted notion that there are various kinds of laughter, and the origin or etymology of the word bears me out in this. Its true meaning involves the notion of mirth, merriment,

joy, gladness and exhilaration, and to mix with it any sense of scorn, frivolity, derision, or other uncomfortable sentiment, entirely destroys its character, beauty or usefulness. Where these latter, or ideas akin to them, are expressed, it may be that the same organs of the body are used, and in a similar manner as where there is genuine laughter, but it is no more like than is eating when you are not hungry, or drinking when you are not dry, to eating with a vigorous appetite, or drinking to quench thirst. What is more uncomfortable to execute or observe than a forced laugh? In all of these instances, the same organs are used and the form is gone through with, but no satisfaction follows, if positive injury is not the result.

I think the poverty of the early English language is shown in the use of the term *laughter*, where something else is intended, like a sneer or scorn. In the Bible, for instance, the word is never used, with one exception, in the true sense, connecting it with gladness and good feeling.

In the well-known quotation from Job, "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," how much better it would have been if the word "laughed" could have been used in the translation, instead of the one in italics, and I am of the impression that that was the sense intended in the original. Certainly, to laugh for joy would be more expressive than to shout, and quite as natural.

Where there are mentions made of other personages laughing, the term means something else, except, perhaps, in the case of Sarah, the one exception alluded to above, who, when she was well stricken in age, on hearing one of the three angels say that she should bear a son, laughed.

She might have done so, either because she thought it a good joke, or because she was pleased that such an event was possible. And she had a right to laugh for either reason.

The other laughing of the Bible has to do with scorn or calamity. "At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh"; "I also will laugh at your calamity"; "All they that see me, laugh me to scorn," and the like. Our own consciousness tells us every time that some other term should have been used, for it is as inaccurate as another expression of Job, in relation to leviathan: "He laugheth at the shaking of a spear."

Although in the Bible proper the term is so misapplied, there is one curious instance in the Apocrypha, where an account is given of some genuine laughter.

In the "History of Bel and the Dragon," the King rebukes Daniel for not worshipping the idol.

"Thinkest thou not that Bel is a living God?" the King asked. "Seest thou not how much he eateth and drinketh every day?"

"Then"—says the history—"Daniel smiled."

He knew well enough that the priests themselves, and not the idol, ate up the fine flour and fat sheep, and drank the wine provided for the temple.

Further along, after Daniel had fixed up his trap for the priests and had caught them in it, he laughed, and with good reason.

This was genuine laughter, founded on what was fun for Daniel.

It is a somewhat singular fact, that, although we are told that our Lord wept, we never hear that He laughed or even smiled. A French philosopher, who contended that laughter was caused by novelty or surprise, suggested that the cause of the above fact was, that nothing was new to Him.

Other more plausible and patent reasons suggest them-

selves, and indeed, I know of no two words joined together that would strike harder on the sensibilities, or seem more ill-connected, than the two, "Jesus laughed." His whole character and life being so much more made up of tears, sorrow and grief, than gladness or joy.

Still, what is more gracious or more indicative of His loving-kindness than the expression, "The smile of Jesus"? and a smile is the skirmish line of a laugh.

The English language of to-day is largely indebted to the Bible for what it is, and it is more than probable that the intermingling of sentiment in the term "laughter," employed in that book, has given it its present complicated meaning, and thus somewhat degraded it. Besides, the sombre cast of character of the ancient Jews, like that of the American Indians, may have made hearty, honest, genuine laughter impossible for them.

When thinking of these people in this light, one is reminded of the incident of the little girl who was reading the history of England with her governess. They came to the statement that the great Henry I., after the death of his son, never again laughed.

The little girl stopped, looked up and asked: "What did he do, then, when he was tickled?"

It is a reasonable subject for regret that our tongue has no term that expresses the real meaning implied by the word "laughter." You are obliged to qualify it to indicate what sense you would convey to your hearer or reader. "Received with shouts of laughter," may mean shouts of scorn, sneers, sympathy, dislike, gladness or merriment, and so, really mean, nothing. It is to be deplored that we have to use the same word to describe the merry and amused manner in which an innocent child expresses its emotions of pleasure that we do to speak of the horrid shrieks of a maniac.

Besides the influence of the Bible in the construction of the language, already alluded to, there are other causes that have combined to lower the act and the term in the estimation of mankind.

This most exhilarating, health-giving and strengthening exercise of some of the most important portions of the human body has been deemed a device of the devil, a trap by which the unwary are sometimes caught!

This was the Puritanic notion of laughter.

But if you were to choose between two strangers which one to intrust with an important matter, would you take the one who never laughed, or the one whose quick perceptions caught hold of a point instantly and responded to it with an open, free and hearty laugh?

Laughter has also been considered an evidence of ill-breeding. Lord Chesterfield disapproved of it on this account, and further, because the noise was disagreeable, and because of the "shocking distortion of the face that it occasioned"!

Just as wise a man as Chesterfield, Lord Bolingbroke, said that "gravity is the very essence of imposture," and a wiser man than either has observed that "the gravest beast is the ass; the gravest bird is the owl; the gravest fish is the oyster; and the gravest man is a fool."

Plato, the great philosopher, was once, with his attendants, indulging in the gayety of his heart, no doubt laughing unconstrainedly, when he suddenly stopped, and, smoothing down his face, exclaimed: "Silence, my friends. Let us be wise now; here is a fool coming!"

Laughter has been found to be a weapon that can overcome any argument, and its good-natured character has been degraded by being put to such a use. It has also been called undignified, unmanly and childish. This was a notion of the Stoics and many of the religious

Orders, the value of whose opinions may be estimated from the fact that they endeavored to repress, if not to destroy altogether, all of the gentler, kindlier and humane sentiments of the human heart.

And as to dignity, where can be found more dignified characters in history than Philip of Macedon, or Sulla, the Roman general, both of whom delighted in jokes and laughed at them? or Julius Caesar, and Tacitus, the historian, both of whom loved so well to laugh that they made a collection of jests and enjoyed them constantly? or Queen Elizabeth of England, who could laugh at a joke or a smart saying with the lightheartedness of any of her maids-of-honor?

It is unfortunate that all of these things have conspired to complicate the notion of laughter. It would have been much better if it could have retained its single meaning and not have been confounded even with frivolity; when the expression, "the laughter of fools," would have been inconsistent, and such lines as that of Goldsmith, in the "Deserted Village," "And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind," could never have been written.

I do not pretend to say that what I define as laughter is by any means one of the most important duties of life, or that it cannot be untimely or out of place; but I do claim that it deserves a higher place in our estimation than it has with many, and that those who can produce it in its purity and innocence, without any alloy of malice or unkindness, merit the title of benefactors and philosophers rather than that of clowns, apes or fools. If a man who can make two blades of grass grow where there was before but one is entitled to immortality and blessings, one who can strike out a new thought or uncover a new vein, so surprising and taking that it will lift the diaphragm into a hearty convulsion of laughter, earns for himself just as enviable a place.

I say this with much reason, too, for mankind has been laughing for ages at the same humorous stories. The famous rhyme,

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter.

Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
And don't go near the water,"

which no one can read or hear for the first time without laughing, is 1,300 years old, we know; for it was in a book of jests issued in the sixth century by Hierocles, and we don't know where he got it from.

In the same book is the story of the man who complained that his horse died just as he had taught it to live without food and of; the one who, meeting a friend, asked whether it was he or his brother who had just been buried!

That is a laughter-provoking remark that appears now and then, fresh and new, where a friend presents to a visitor some very old wine in a very small glass, and the visitor remarks, as he receives it, that it is very little for its age. It was said 2,200 years ago, and we do not know as then for the first time, by Phryne, the Athenian courtesan, who was the model for the Venus of Praxiteles. Every one knows of the beauty and story of this woman.

These are but examples that might be indefinitely extended, going to show how high are the merits of one who discovers a new source for the creation of laughter. The world, whatever it may think of, or however it may treat, these discoveries, speedily catches up the laugh, and it goes dancing around the world.

Dickens, in his "Sam Weller," originated a species of laughter-compelling quibbles that were very enjoyable,

Further on he came to a little open space or square. Nothing grew there, not even a tuft of sage-bush, but it was evidently regarded as a sort of plaza, for a couple of sorry-looking mustangs stood fighting flies in a desolate way, and a swarm of dirty Mexican children played and wallowed in the dust that was ankle-deep around them.

Ralph stopped and addressed the eldest of the group in his best Spanish, but his only answer was a stupid stare. He turned away with the intention of speedily leaving a place which afforded so little attraction of any sort, when suddenly, like the song of a lark out of the sky, a strain of melody burst upon his ear. A fresh, young voice singing. Loud, clear and sweet, and throbbing with a strange, passionate longing, the familiar words rang out on the morning air. Many times, years ago, sitting by his mother's side in the little church among the New England hills, his young heart had ached and thrilled to the mysterious pathos of these words:

"This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh.
'Tis not the whole of life to live
Nor all of death to die!"

The last note died away, and Ralph Palmer looked around for the singer. He had not far to look. Just ahead, on the other side of the road, was an old adobe building which had evidently been used as a stable in the town's more prosperous days, and in the broad, low doorway stood a young girl not more than sixteen years of age. She leaned with careless grace, her bare feet crossed, her arms hanging at her side. Her small head was crowned with yellow hair that shimmered in the sun, and her eyes were as blue as the sky into which she was gazing so wistfully.

"What a voice! What a face! A rustic St. Cecilia, by Jove!" exclaimed Ralph, under his breath. "Who is she, and what is she? Not a Mexican, I'll be bound! Whatever she is, and young as she is, she has suffered, or she could never sing like that!"

Obedying a sudden impulse, he crossed the road, and doffing his hat, addressed the girl in his gentlest manner—and Ralph Palmer could be very gentle. We all know such men, men in whom children and all timid young things confide instinctively.

"May I ask you for a drink of water? It is a hot morning, is it not? and I am so thirsty."

She looked a little startled, but turned instantly, and going inside, returned with a mug, which she filled at the great *olla* on a bench by the door. He emptied the cup and gave it back, meeting her eyes with a glance so frank and friendly as to set her at ease with him at once.

"You have a beautiful voice," he remarked. "I heard you singing just now. The words were pretty but sad, were they not? Where did you learn them?"

"Of my mother, when I was a child," she answered. "There were some more verses, but I only remember this one."

"You are not Mexican?"

"Oh, no, I am American. We came here from New England when I was about twelve years old. Things went wrong with father in the East, and so after mother died we came here."

"But of whom did you learn music? Your voice shows cultivation."

"Oh, my father; he is a musician. And the birds teach me. Listen!"

A meadow-lark just at that instant perched on a dead limb above their heads and poured forth a strain of

melody. The girl laughed, threw back her head, and gave him note for note, then suddenly stopped and flushed painfully, remembering that she was not alone.

"Bravo! bravo!" Ralph cried, with enthusiasm. "You have genius as well as a glorious voice! How would you like to go out into the world and be a famous singer?"

"Oh, señor, do you think I could? That would be grand indeed! My father has sometimes spoken of it, but he fears—oh, he fears a good many things for me. And, then, we are so poor!"

"It might not bring you happiness, after all," said Ralph, musingly. "I wonder, now, what is your idea of happiness? Do you mind telling me?"

She took the question seriously enough, and answered, with an earnest tremor in her voice:

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know! I only know that I am never happy now, and that I often suffer—suffer!"

"Child, what is it, tell me? Perhaps your father is unkind to you—"

"No, no; it is not so. But, I am *here*"—putting out one hand in a gesture of utter loathing, and closing her eyes as if to shut out the dreary waste around her—"and I am *alone*—oh, so terribly alone! And every day, as I grow older, I feel it more and more. Oh"—clasping her hands tightly over her bosom—"I have such feelings here! such longings! Were it not for my music, I could not live!"

He looked out over the desolate plain, the scanty, dust-covered vegetation, the tumbled-down huts, the dirty group on the plaza, then back at the girl standing there in her splendid beauty, with the glow of genius burning in her face. It were cruel to confine her to such a place. The lark had soared away, so might she.

"Why does not your father take you to the city? Why does he stay here?" he asked.

"My father hates the world. He says it has used him ill. I do not think he will ever leave this place?" she answered, dejectedly.

"Perhaps if I come often and make friends with him he will let you go to the city with me some day—that is, if I bring a kind lady to take charge of you?"

"Oh, yes, yes; I really think he would. How good, how kind you are!"

She seized his hand and pressed it gratefully to her lips. The action, simple and childlike as it was, stirred him to quick and strong emotion, and aroused a thought, a suggestion, that caused him to flush hotly, and suddenly bethink himself that he should be going on his way.

"I must leave you now," he said; "but sing to me once more. Stay! Sing the first verse of the hymn."

He repeated the words:

"Oh, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul!
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole!"

She looked at him wistfully.

"I like the other verse best," she said. "It is not 'rest' I want; it is 'bliss'—happiness."

But she sang the words to the same weird music.

"I have not asked your name," he said, when she had finished. "It ought to be St. Cecilia."

"My name is Pauline Preske," she answered; "but the people here call me *Pajarita*—little bird."

"A pretty name and appropriate," he said, lightly; "but I think St. Cecilia suits you better, though, unlike her, you seem to prefer happiness to everything else. But come, now, since I must leave you, tell me how I can make you happy until I see you again?"

She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then smiled and shook her golden head.

"I do not know, I cannot say! Indeed, señor, I wish I could, but I only *feel it here*," pressing her hand to her heart. "I cannot put it into words."

"But there are things you would like, I suppose?" he said, a little impatiently. "Pretty dresses, for instance?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, ingenuously, looking down at her coarse frock and bare feet. "Oh, yes, I should like a white dress and some shoes. Then I could wear a flower. I would dearly love to wear a flower, but I am not fit now."

"You are yourself a flower, and the fairest of them all!" he exclaimed, impulsively. "But I must really go now. Let us say *Adios!* and, meanwhile, do not forget me. I will come again soon."

"I could never forget you, señor," she murmured, her eyes soft with tears; "but *adios, adios, amigo!*"

As the Summer days went by, Ralph Palmer came often to Oldtown. Señor Preske, although embittered against the world in general, yielded at once to the charm of this young man's society, and they were soon the best of friends. Many a pleasant hour they passed together, chatting of music or of art, while Pauline busied herself in household duties or rolled their cigarettes.

It often happened that the young people were left alone, and such time they usually passed in singing or in sketching; for Ralph had undertaken to teach the girl, and found her an apt pupil.

Then they were fond of going of an afternoon to Fremont's Hill to see the sunset; the only pleasure, from an artistic standpoint, that the poor place afforded.

Meanwhile, had the young man forgotten his promise to take Pauline to the city? It would seem so, indeed, for he had not mentioned the subject again, and the girl waited in vain for the "kind lady" he had promised to bring to her. But what matter, since now she felt no more the pain and longing at her heart, the terrible loathing for her surroundings? All was changed. In some mysterious, inexplicable way it had come to her—the "bliss" for which she sighed. She asked herself no question, she only felt that she was happy; that was enough. And it made of the child a goddess! Her splendid beauty developed into something altogether marvelous. Her new friend marked the change and understood it well, but still he was moved to question her about it.

"You are happy nowadays, are you not, Pajarita?" he said to her one day, as they sat beside a dusty clump of sage-bush which, for lack of something better, they had been sketching.

"Happy? Oh, yes, always! Do you know?"—with a little embarrassed laugh and reddening—"I believe I have found the 'bliss' for which I sighed, though the hymn does say this world can never give it."

"Yes? And in what does it consist—the happiness?"

He was sure of her answer beforehand, but he wished to hear it.

She put out one hand and barely touched his with her finger-tips.

"To be near you, to have you for my friend," she said, softly.

A sudden pang of remorse seized upon him. This child loved him with all her innocent heart, and he—what could he give her in return? Only a little pleasure, a little present happiness; disappointment and pain afterward. He had selfishly delayed making any effort toward bettering her condition, because in so doing he might become less necessary to her. He suddenly felt

ashamed, condemned. It should be so no longer. He turned toward her.

"I am indeed your friend," he said, gravely; "but I cannot be always near you, and it is best that you should have other friends besides me. We have been idle and thoughtless long enough, have we not? To-morrow I will send the kind lady to you, who will, I hope, help you and your father to make some plans for the future."

A look of distress came into her face.

"I no longer care for the future; I do not want to go to the city—to be great—I want only to be near *you!* Do not let anything take me from you—I want only you!"

She stretched out her arms to him beseechingly, with all her innocent young soul in her face.

It was more than he could bear. Yielding at last to the maddest of impulses, he snatched her to his heart, murmuring wild words of love. His fierce passion frightened her, and her lips paled under his hot kisses; but she lay passive, obedient in his arms, till once more his better nature triumphed, and he released her.

"Forgive me! Oh, forgive me!" he cried, in bitterness of spirit.

The color came back to her face, and she smiled faintly.

"Forgive? What can there be to forgive? But, señor," she added, timidly, "you were so strange—I do not understand. You are always so gentle. See!"—holding up a crushed and broken rose he had that morning brought her—"See! you have spoilt my poor rose, and it was so fresh and beautiful!"

He groaned aloud.

"Pajarita, we must part—we must part!" he said.

"Yes? but you will come again soon—to-morrow, perhaps?"

"Oh, no, no! it must not be! Sweet saint, forgive me if you can, and say farewell!"

"Not farewell, only *adios*," she said; but even while she spoke he tore himself away and vanished down the dusty road.

* * * * *

One day a coach, drawn by four prancing horses, glittering with jingling silver decorations, and heralded by clouds of dust, stopped before the one miserable inn at Oldtown, and the pompous driver, with a supercilious glance at the gaping loiterers on the piazza, jumped down and addressed the person sitting inside the carriage—a lady with a very beautiful but haughty face, who, after a little delay, alighted and proceeded on foot to the house occupied by the Señor Preske and his daughter.

Arrived there, she pushed open the rude door—which, according to Oldtown custom, was never fastened, night or day—and entered.

A young woman came forward and bade her a courteous "*Buenos dias*"—a young woman in a white dress, with wonderful yellow hair, and a face of indescribable beauty and charm.

The stranger returned the greeting, adding a slight apology for her seeming rudeness in entering without knocking.

"You are stopping in this house, perhaps," she said, "and can you tell me anything about the little girl they call Pajarita? My husband, Ralph Palmer, the artist, is somewhat interested in her. She has a remarkable voice, I am told. Is she here?"

Pauline sprang forward, her face glowing with delight.

"Oh, you are his wife, then?—señor Palmer's wife?"

She seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

She threw up her arms in a gesture of unutterable despair, and sank backward, a stream of blood pouring from her lips.

In the morning they found her lying there in her blood-stained white dress. But a lark was singing near by, and the sunshine rested like a halo on her yellow hair.

IN THE AUSABLE RAPIDS.

THE two forks of the Ausable River rise in the Adirondacks, and, uniting, rush down to Lake Champlain by a short cut which the waters have plowed for themselves through the rock-ribbed hills. The famous Chasm, sometimes called Birmingham Falls, is two or three miles west of Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, 154 miles north of Albany. Here the river enters a deep, narrow defile, and runs two miles between lofty, vertical walls of Potsdam sandstone. The falls, foaming and roaring in a plunge of seventy feet, are near the entrance. Following the mossy paths, rocky stairways and high-perched bridges, the tourist passes gorges, islands, cascades, "pot-holes," sudden narrowings and widenings, deeps and shallows, in quick succession. The sunlight filters down through a rich canopy of forest boughs. The Devil, according to the nomenclature of the Chasm, has a Slide, a Punchbowl, an Oven and an Anvil here. Then there is Jacob's Ladder and Well, the galleries, caves and gorges, and the Post-office in the rocks, where tourists from all parts of the world deposit their visiting-cards.

The great sensation of the trip, however, is reserved for the end. It is the boat-ride, or rather, the shoot, down the rapids. Fortifying themselves with ginger-pop at the "shanty," the adventurous tourists intrust themselves to a long, narrow boat, guided by a boatman who sits in the stern, paddle-in-hand. Whizz! down she glides, like a coasting-sled down-hill. The rapids swirl and foam at the foot of cliffs 200 feet high, which almost overhang the narrowing stream. At one point the river is only 13 feet wide, but its depth is 60 feet. The boat darts through a flume about a quarter of a mile long, and emerges into a broad, placid basin. This marks the exit from the Chasm, and the broadening river flows on through a flat, open country until it empties into Lake Champlain.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN EGYPT.

BY COLONEL C. CHAILLÉ-LONG.

IN the record of the "American Soldier Abroad," we must present to the reader some of the types of the American soldiers who served with distinction in the Army of the Khedive of Egypt. The so-called American Mission in Egypt was a misnomer. It was purely a personal venture on the part of the individual officers, and with the exception of a few officers furloughed by General William T. Sherman, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, as a special favor, the United States Government was in no way interested in the results, and Mr. Fish, then Secretary of State, took great pains to forbid that his diplomatic agent in Cairo should refer to these officers as Americans. There is little wonder that the "Mission" was a failure when subjected to such a display of diplomacy—Heaven save the mark!

The employment of Americans was brought about in this wise: The "French Mission," composed of officers of the French Army, duly authorized by that Government, had been engaged for several years in organizing

and instructing the Egyptians. They were recalled summarily after the inauguration ceremony of the Suez Canal.*

Ismail Khedive was anxiously looking to replace the French officers, when General Thaddeus P. Mott arrived in Egypt bearing a letter from Blacque Bey, some time the Turkish Minister at Washington, and who had married Mademoiselle Mott, sister of Mott. At the same time the formal application, in writing, of an ex-American officer, attracted the attention of the Khedive, and thereupon General Mott was charged with the employment of American officers, and given, as a "send-off," the rank of Major-general and Aide-de-camp to His Highness. The immediate and urgent reason of this move—it was well known, and even boldly asserted by the Khedive himself—was to sever the Turkish yoke, and by an appeal to arms declare Egypt a free and independent Moslem Power. This, indeed, had been the dream of Mehemet Ali, his illustrious grandsire, when, thundering at the very gates of Constantinople, his victorious army was obliged by the Great Powers to return to Egypt with no other result than to establish the hereditary claim of his family to the sovereignty of Egypt. Mehemet Ali had accomplished this with the aid and genius of a French soldier.

Colonel Sevès was at Waterloo with Napoleon I. Rather than continue in France after the fall of his great captain, he went to Egypt at the moment that Mehemet Ali was nursing his dream of empire and independence. Sevès was asked to organize an army out of the fellahs—little better than slaves—for it will be remembered that the drama enacted at the Citadel—the massacre of the Mamelukes—had deprived Egyptians of the only soldier element of the country. The task was an herculean and seemingly impossible one, but he succeeded. In the place of the Mameluke he substituted the Albanian Greek, Syrian, Turk and negro. The fellah element was mixed in with these, but with a result which proved wellnigh fatal. The fellahs are not brave. Patient toilers of the land, drawers of water, these *adscripti glebæ* have been in fact, though not in name, the slaves who, under the lash of the taskmaster, have been the inexhaustible mine from which the Pharaoh, and the Mameluke as well, have drawn their wealth. The fellah is neither Arab nor Egyptian—he is a nondescript, a strange intermixture with the negro and the servile class, of the conqueror and the conquered, who have handed him down from century to century, from Menes to Mohammed. Bound to the glebe, he has always been treated as a bondman in fact, though not in name. He is a fanatic of the most malignant type. That which he proved himself under Ismail he was also at the time of Mehemet Ali.

It is told that General Sevès, one day, exasperated by the insolent attitude of the newly formed troops, who refused to obey his command, turned and galloped off to the palace, where he offered his sword to Mehemet Ali. His high spirit could not brook the insults offered to the Christian colonel. He would return to France.

Mehemet Ali, his eye blazing with anger, ordered out a battery of artillery of the guard. "Come with me, Sevès; we will see to this." Arrived before the mutinous line of infantry, the battery was unlimbered, and Mehemet Ali commanded himself, "Fire!" The first shot killed

NOTE.—Generals Larmée and Minié Pashas were each attached to this mission and remained; the former as Director of the Military School at Abbasieh, the latter, the celebrated inventor of the Minié ball and rifle, was charged with the post of Chief of Ordnance.

ten men. "Close up the ranks!" he cried, and another shot, another shot—six shots went crashing into the torn and mutilated ranks. And when this had been accomplished, he sternly ordered the survivors to be marched to their *caseres*.

Fancy, if you may, the feelings of Colonel Sevès! When he had returned, this strange, lion-hearted man turned and said to Sevès: "Now, one thing remains—you must do away with the religious pretext, and we may have an army." The following day Colonel Sevès was announced to the army as a Moslem—one of the Faithful, who henceforth was to be known as Soliman Pasha. From that day, his name became a legend in the East, and the Egyptian soldiers under Ibrahim Pasha at Nezib were called the Tigers of Soliman. Fifty years of instruction, more or less continued by the French, has, after all, made but little impression upon the Egyptian. His religion and fanaticism cause him to move in a perpetual *cercle vicieux*. He is perhaps the best illustration of the familiar admonition, "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone."

With a Soliman Pasha and a Mehemet Ali in 1870, the Americans might have accomplished some lasting results, but there was neither a Soliman Pasha nor a Mehemet Ali. There was only an officer (the Chief of Staff) of very moderate capacity and little or no firmness, and Ismail. The failure of the "American Mission" could have been readily anticipated in 1870.

We have already referred to General Thaddens P. Mott, the first officer to take service with the Khedive, who was born in New York, December 7th, 1831, the son of Dr. Valentine Mott, M.D., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Surgery of the University of New York. Young Mott early developed a spirit of adventure. To a splendid physique and elegant appearance he joined a wonderful facility for languages. He was seventeen years of age only when, restive under the restraints imposed at the University of New York, he "bolted," and when heard from by his parents he had joined the revolutionary movement in Italy, and, serving in Sicily and elsewhere, attained, though a mere boy, the rank of second-lieutenant.

Exposure and privation were too much, however, even for the sturdy boy, and we next heard of him as returned to the States, where, on the plea of ill-health, but perhaps for further adventure, he shipped in 1850 before the mast on the clipper-ship *Hornet*, bound for California. In the following year, he was promoted to the post of third-mate on the clipper *Hurricane*. In 1852 he was second-mate of the *St. Denis*. In 1853, first-mate of the *St. Nicholas*, returning after several voyages, in 1855, to California. Mott was in Mexico, under Comonfort, in 1856 and 1857.

In 1861, at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, Mott organized a battery, known as Mott's Battery, which formed a part of the Third Independent New York Artillery. Captain Mott was then transferred to the Nineteenth United States Regular Infantry. In 1862, he was Lieutenant-colonel of Cavalry, and in 1863, promoted to Colonel of the Fourteenth New York Cavalry, and in this capacity was chief of the outposts of the Department of the Gulf, under Major-general Franklin.

Colonel Mott participated in several engagements on the Peninsula and in the Department of the Gulf, and resigned the service in 1864. In 1867, Colonel Mott was nominated as Minister Resident to Costa Rica, to succeed General Lawrence, but declined. In 1868, Colonel Mott was in Turkey, and in the following year, at Cairo, was appointed by Ismail Pasha to the rank of General and

Ferik Pasha, and, later, Aide-de-camp to His Highness. In 1874, by reason of the expiration of his contract, Mott quitted the Egyptian service and removed to Toulon, in the south of France, where he now resides. General Mott is possessed of a generous, frank and enthusiastic character. It was this which led him to engage General C. P. Stone as one of the officers to serve in Egypt. A few months after the latter's arrival, an estrangement took place between these officers, which resulted in General Mott's voluntary retirement from control. The American Mission being left thus practically without a chief capable of holding its own against the intrigues of an Oriental Court, left to contend with the jealousies of England and Germany—who each seized the occasion to demand the dismissal of the Americans—and obliged to bear the wretched, but just, reflections cast upon the American name by the consular representative who should have been its main prop, there is but little wonder that all parties concerned had very much the sort of experience reported by the parrot as having happened between his birdship and a pugnacious monkey—i. e., "a h—l of a time." It is but just to say, however, that the American officers "were more sinned against than sinning." They were, comparatively speaking, parrots, their rivals and opponents playing the more enviable rôle of monkeys.

General H. H. Sibley—Lewa Pasha—was born in Louisiana on January 15th, 1815, and graduated at the Military Academy. He was appointed Second-lieutenant of the Second Dragoons on July 1st, 1838; promoted First-lieutenant, March 8th, 1840; Captain, February 16th, 1874; and Major, First Dragoons, March 25th, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the affair at Medelin, near Vera Cruz, Mexico.

General Sibley served as a subaltern in the campaign against the Seminole Indians, and subsequently in Mexico, and in the Utah Expedition; was promoted Major, First Dragoons, May 13th, 1861, and shortly after resigned, to cast his fortunes with the Confederacy.

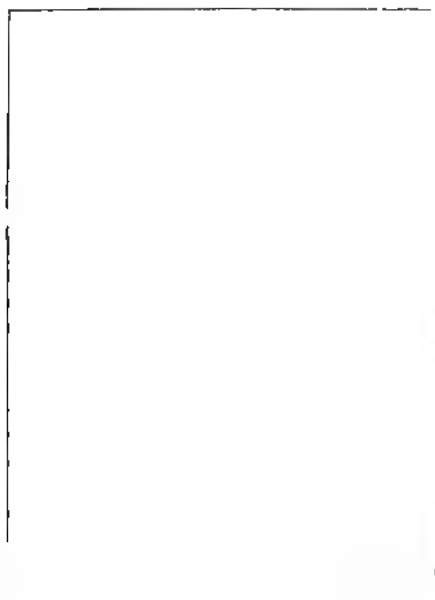
He was the inventor of what was known as the "Sibley tent," and this interest was naturally forfeited to the United States Government when he turned his face southward.

He was made a Brigadier-general in the Confederate Army, June 17th, 1861, and placed in command of San Antonio, Texas. In February, 1862, he attacked Fort Craig, in New Mexico, and was repulsed.

In January, 1870, General Sibley, in company with General Loring, was appointed a Lewa Pasha in the Egyptian Army, and placed in command at Rosetta of the defenses there, as Chief of Artillery. General Sibley was a gallant, high-minded soldier, but his health, seriously impaired by the Egyptian climate, could not resist the change, and early in 1871 he resigned and returned to America a confirmed invalid. He died at Fredericksburgh, Va., in January of the present year, within a few weeks of Loring and Stone, who fell suddenly whilst in the enjoyment of perfect health. As one of the Egyptian veterans remarked, "this turnout seems the final roll-call for the *old guard*."

General William Wing Loring entered the Egyptian Army in January, 1870, as a Lewa Pasha, or Brigadier-general, but was subsequently promoted to the rank of Major-general and Ferik Pasha. He was born in Raleigh, N.C., in 1818, but removed when an infant with his parents to St. Augustine, Fla. It was there, in the everglades of his adopted State, that the talent of war—which, like the inspiration of the poet, is born, not made—was first called into action and developed.

It reads like a romance to turn back and retrace the rugged steps by which this gallant one-armed chieftain climbed the ladder of fame; for, reader, the subject of this sketch was a real hero—not one of the trumpet-blown sort, but one of the silent, modest kind rarely



GENERAL H. H. SINLEY.

noticed by the canting groveler and hero-worshiper. Loring was a warrior, a fighter. Others might have in their composition a deal of thunder—his nature resembled the lightning. In the wars with the Seminoles, in the forest fights at Osceola, Mikinopie, in the Wahoo Swamp, and along the Withlacoochee River, at Okechobee and Alaquá, there the boy soldier fought, and learned the first rude lessons which laid the solid foundation out of which sprang the genius of later years. The first note made of his service on the record of the War Department reads: "Served as Second-lieutenant, Florida Volunteers, in the Indian war in Florida, from June 16th to August 16th, 1837."

In the interval of ten years which elapses before he is noted again he made an ineffectual attempt to join the cause of Houston in Texas, but his parents sent him to school at Alexandria and at Georgetown, D. C., where he studied law. Entering politics, he was elected to the General Assembly of Florida. The Adjutant-general's note resumes: "He was appointed Captain Mounted Riflemen, May 27th, 1846; promoted Major, February 14th, 1847; Lieutenant-colonel, March 15th, 1848; and Colonel, December 30th, 1856."

He received the brevet of Lieutenant-colonel, August 30th, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, Mexico; and of Colonel, September 13th, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Chapultepec and the Garita de Belén, Mexico. It was there he lost an arm whilst gallantly leading the Mounted Rifles into the very jaws of death, for such, at that critical moment, was the storm of lead and flame which belched from the Belén Gate. The record scarcely mentions the incident, which, in another army and another government would have been eulogized in general orders, and rewarded with some substantial token by the Government. A republican government contents itself in such matters with the

reflection that, inasmuch as republics are said to be "ungrateful," it should not be an exception to the rule. General Scott, addressing the Mounted Riflemen on the field of Chapultepec, used these memorable words: "*Brave Rifles, you have gone through fire and blood, and come out steel.*"

The people of Appalachicola, remembering with pride the boy soldier who but ten years before had shown such gallantry on its soil, presented him with a handsome sword, upon whose blade they caused to be engraved in letters of gold the note of praise uttered by Scott on the field of Chapultepec.

In 1849, the gold fever broke out with great violence. The Government was obliged to provide protection from the Indians to the multitude who flocked to the Eldorado of California. Colonel Loring was ordered to the arduous service, and marched the Mounted Riflemen with full ranks, accompanied by a train of 300 six-mule teams, a distance of 2,800 miles across the continent to Oregon. There he was assigned to the command of that Department, and, subsequently, the Rio Grande frontier, being constantly engaged during a period of the five years which ensued in conflicts with the hostile savages.

In 1856, now a full Colonel, Loring was ordered to take his regiment to Fort Union, a distance of 2,000 miles. Another twelvemonth, and again Colonel Loring and his riflemen were called into arduous service, marked by interminable marches and conflicts with the Indians in the Sierra Blanca or in the Territory of Arizona.

In 1858 Colonel Loring's regiment made another march of 2,000 miles to Utah Territory, where he was associated with that great soldier whom Mr. Davis declares to have been the ideal genius of the warrior, General Albert Sydney Johnston, who was then occupied with what was known subsequently as the "Mormon War."

At the post of Fort Union he received a leave, with permission to visit Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land, returning to his command of the Department of New

GENERAL WILLIAM WING LORING.

Mexico on March 22d, 1861. On May 13th, 1861, Colonel Loring resigned from the United States Army. It was the commencement of that "irrepressible conflict" which had been foretold, and in obedience to the voice of his adopted State, he, as almost all others of the South did,

forces, under the command of Colonel Baker, was engaged in the combat of Ball's Bluff—a combat in which Baker was killed, and almost his entire command annihilated. Some time after, General Stone was suddenly arrested, and sent hurriedly to Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, where he was incarcerated, with strict orders that he should be kept in close confinement. No charges were preferred against him, no court of inquiry or court-martial held. He was confined at Forts Lafayette and Hamilton until August 16th, 1862, when he was released. The whole matter was, and is still, involved in mystery. General Halleck, when asked of the cause, was silent, and the President, who received General Stone on his return, said: "If I told you all I knew about it, I should not tell you much."

General Stone's friends refer to the Hon. James G. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress" for his vindication, and promise that the secret history of this extraordinary case will appear in its own good time.

In the month of July, 1870, General Stone, who had been recommended to General Mott by General Loring, was appointed Brigadier-general in the Khedive's Army, and, shortly after his arrival in Egypt, was assigned by General Mott to the duty of Chief of Staff. In a military sense, as the sequel has shown, little was done for the organization or the morale of the Egyptian Army. The campaign in Abyssinia and the flight at Tel-el-Kebir would badly reflect upon the work of the American officers—instructors of that army—if those officers had ever seriously performed such duties. The truth is, that fanaticism and hatred of the Christian deterred both General Stone and the American officers from ever holding intimate relations or having actual contact with the fanatical fellah army of the Khedive.

It is true that many officers were enabled to render service in the several departments, but it is also true that this service, although placed to the credit of the War Department, effected little result toward the principal object for which General Stone and other Americans entered the service of the Khedive—namely, the reorganization and instruction of the Egyptian Army.

Individual officers succeeded in their various rôles, but the American Mission work, in its relation to the army, was a lamentable *fiasco*. It required talent of a different order from that possessed by General Stone, who was essentially a bureaucrat and of a mild and yielding nature—characteristics which the wily Oriental soon knew how to turn against the general himself and the American officers *en bloc*.

General Stone was in great favor with Ismail Khedive, and was the only officer retained in service after the dethronement of the latter. He remained with Tewfik, and was with him in Alexandria when the Khedive escaped to the Palace of Ramlé—escape which was rendered possible by the timely *reconnaissance* of the American Consul and the aid given that officer by Admiral Nicholson, the commander of the American squadron, who placed two hundred marines, commanded by their officers, and sailors, at his disposition.

General Stone found himself shortly after in Alexandria, without money and without shelter for his family, about to arrive from Cairo. The Government having no money in its treasury, the Acting American Consul (Colonel Chaillé-Long) came to his rescue, and placed the general and Mrs. Stone in one of the palaces abandoned by the fugitive American Consul, Baron Menarce, who, from his hiding-place in Europe, had telegraphed to Colonel Long to take possession and control of his immense property, much of which the Consul had saved

from the conflagration. General Stone's gratitude and that of his family was unbounded.

General Stone left the Egyptian service in January, 1883. He had received during his service a number of important decorations from the Egyptian Government. He was President of the Geographical Society at Cairo, and also a Member of the Egyptian Institute.

Returning to New York, he was appointed Engineer-in-Chief to the committee for the construction of the pedestal of the great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," known as Bartholdi's Statue.

General Stone died suddenly, of pneumonia, in New York, in January, 1887.

CHARLES LAMB.

By M. E. W.

A SMALL, spare man, close-gaitered to the knee,
In suit of rusty black whose folds betray
The last loved dusty folio, bought to-day,
And carried proudly to the sanctuary
Of home (and Mary's) keeping. Quaintly wise
In saws and knowledge of a bygone age,
Each old-world fancy on a yellowed page,
Tracked by the "smoky-brightness" of his eyes.
Shone now-illuminated; or in daring flight
That outvied Ariel, his spirit caught
The reflex of a rainbowed cloud, and taught
The glories of a Dreamland of delight!
A hunter of the bookstalls! Even now
We listen for the eager, stammering speech
That clinched a happy bargain—think to reach
And clasp those nervous fingers—watch the brow
Grow lined with trouble at another's pain
His large-souled sympathies had made his own,
Or linger till the bitterness had flown
And low-toned laughter proved him bright again.
This man's identity, so sweet, so clear,
Could never die with death. We do not say
"I should have loved him had the self same day
But found us living," but, "I hold him dear
Now, at this moment;" and if patient ears,
Wrapped in God's silence, dimly now and then
Catch echoes of the grateful love of men,
Charles Lamb rests happily through all these years.

SHELLEY'S HALCYON.

If our poets do now and then misrepresent the characters of our birds, there is no reason, that I know of, why our naturalists should make the matter worse by misrepresenting the writings of our poets. Allow me to protest against a perfectly astounding imputation on the poet Shelley, to which no less eminent an authority than the Rev. J. G. Wood has lately given utterance in the columns of a periodical devoted to the instruction and amusement of young ladies. In one of a series of pleasant articles, entitled, "The Brook and its Banks," Mr. Wood, treating of the kingfisher, writes as follows: "Poets really seem to vie with each other in depicting the bird in so absurd a fashion that no one could recognize it. Perhaps we need not be very much surprised when Cowper (essentially the poet of the town) describes the kingfisher as catching its prey on the ocean; or when Savage, another poet of the town, ranks the kingfisher among the songsters; but it is more than startling when Shelley, of all poets, represents himself as having seen two kingfishers clinging with their backs downward to a branch, and *feeding upon its berries*." Now it is utterly incorrect to say that Shelley "represents himself" as having seen anything of the kind. The utmost that can be said of him is, that he represents himself as wishing he might see it. The reference, of course, is to

"Prometheus Unbound," Act 3, Sc. 4. But the words which Shelley there puts into the mouth of the Spirit of the Earth are supposed to be spoken in that ideal age which follows the fall of Jupiter and the liberation of the elements from his control. Describing the delightful metamorphosis which had suddenly come over the universe, the Spirit announces that

"All things have put their evil natures off";

and adds this double illustration of the happy fact:

"I cannot tell my joy, when o'er a lake
Upon a drooping bough with nightshade twined
I saw two halcyons clinging downward,
And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries."

Is it not "more than startling" that Mr. Wood should have so totally missed the point of the above passage? The kingfisher and nightshade have alike cast off their "evil nature" as life-destroyers; the kingfisher by turning vegetarian, and the nightshade by becoming wholesome food. Need this artistic little vignette for a volume on the "sagacity and morality" of the plants and birds of the future startle any one acquainted (as I suppose Mr. Wood is) with Isaiah xi. 6-9?

MACRUIMEAN'S BAGPIPE.

THERE is in Scotland a family of hereditary bagpipers whose name is Macruimean (or M'Crimmon). Now, it is well known how it came to pass that the famous bagpiper Macruimean got his fine music. He was plowing one day near a haunted hill, when one of the "Little Folks," a tiny green man, came up and invited him into the mountain. After they had entered a cave, the tiny green man gave Macruimean an exquisitely fine bagpipe, and told him that so long as any part of the instrument remained, either with him or with his offspring, they would continue to be the best bagpipers in Scotland. When the lucky Macruimean had arrived with his bagpipe at his house, he found, to his surprise, that he could play upon it beautifully any tune which occurred to his mind. Indeed, his performance was so powerful and impressive that it astonished every one; and the people in the Highlands have still the saying, "*Co arid ri' Pìob mhoir Mh. Chruimean*"—(As loud as Macruimean's pipes).

There is also still in the Highlands a cave called *Uimh na'm Piobaireim*—i.e., "The Piper's Cave," into which the famous Macruimean, with his children, used to repair to practice the bagpipe. This cave is on the top of a brae, or rising ground, eight miles north from Dunvegan Castle. Even his daughters, people say, would occasionally steal to the cave, if they could lay hold of their father's favorite set of pipes, and indulge in a vigorous practice for an hour or so. Moreover, at what time the Macruimean family was first established as the hereditary bagpipers of the Lairds of MacLeod, no one can say now, for it was so very long ago.

THE FIRST LIGHTNING-ROD.

AN Austrian paper claims that the first lightning-rod was constructed by a monk in Bohemia. The apparatus which he set up in the garden of the Curate of Preuditz, in 1754, was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod supporting twelve curved-up branches, and terminating in as many metallic boxes, filled with iron ore and closed by a boxwood cover, traversed by twenty-seven sharp iron points which plunged at their base in the ore.

All the system was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of Diwisch, jealous of his success at the Court of Vienna, excited the peasants of the locality against him, and under the pretext that it was the cause of the great drought, they made him take down the lightning-rod, which he had utilized for six years. What is most curious is the form of this first lightning-rod, which was of multiple points, like the one which M. Melsen afterward invented.

BOOKWORMS AND THEIR EXPLOITS.

VARIOUS animals, popularly known as "bookworms," are, says Mr. John Timbs, found in paper, leather and parchment. The larvæ of *Crambus pinguinalis* will establish themselves upon the binding of a book, and, spinning a robe, will do it little injury. A mite (*Acarus eruditus*) eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding, and so loosens it. The caterpillar of another little moth takes its station in damp old books between the leaves, and there commits great ravages. The little boring wood-beetle also attacks books, and will even bore through several volumes. An instance is mentioned of twenty-seven folio volumes being perforated in a straight line by the same insect in such a manner that, by passing a cord through the perfect round hole made by it, the twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once. The wood-beetle also destroys prints and drawings, whether framed or kept in a portfolio. "The death-watch" is likewise accused of being a depredator of books. These details were collected by the experienced keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford in 1841.

A JOURNEY THROUGH NO MAN'S LAND.

BY AUGUST LOCHER.

TWELVE years ago I was a resident of the British colony at Natal, South Africa. At that time the colony was separated from the colony of British Caffraria by an extensive region, then known to South African colonists as "No Man's Land," probably on account of having up to that period not been claimed or "annexed" by any European Power. This very same territory, however, was marked on charts and known in geography under the more definite name of Independent Caffraria, or Caffraria Proper, in order to distinguish it from British Caffraria.

No Man's Land, or Independent Caffraria, was at the time I speak of inhabited almost exclusively by powerful and warlike Caffro tribes, numbering together close on three hundred thousand people. These tribes, when not at war with each other, combined in making occasional cattle raids into the colonial frontier settlements, varying the entertainment by stealing horses, cattle, sheep and goats, now from the frontier colonists of British Caffraria to the southwest of them, then from those of Natal to the northeast of them, and then again from their only other neighbors, the Basuto Caffres and Griqua (the latter a bastard Hottentot tribe), who inhabit the northern slope of the Quathlamba Mountain Range, which forms the northwestern boundary of Independent Caffraria.

Not satisfied with preying upon their neighbors, who were numerically too weak or living too much scattered to prevent these bold, unexpected dashes into and rapid retreats from, their settlements, these troublesome Caffres received with open arms all refugees, white as well as black, who fled from the wrath of outraged colonial

shotgun, the other with a double-barreled rifle; and each carried, moreover, two large revolvers, a cutlass, two blankets, and, wrapped up in the latter, a change of clothing and a pound or two of tobacco.

This formidable armament and the ponderous saddlebags made us rather heavy-weights, but did not prevent our powerful animals transferring us, on the first day, from the town of D'Urban, or Port Natal, to the right side of the colonial boundary, the Umzimculu River, a distance of seventy-two miles, and on the second day to the domain of the Amaponda Caffre tribe, eighty-four miles from the river just mentioned, and that, too, without any mishap to either man or beast. To be sure we had to "rough it" in some places. We narrowly escaped drowning in fording some of the rivers that crossed our path.

My servant got an unexpected spill, and landed on the top of his head, by his horse inadvertently stepping into one of those treacherous holes dug by the ant-lion; and further on, a huge puff-adder, less than three feet long, but from nose to tail-end of an almost uniform thickness of the size of a man's arm, lazily basking in the sun, rather than get out of the way, darted viciously at my horse's nose, and barely missed its aim with its deadly fangs. A good charge of buckshot, however, scattered the venomous reptile into atoms, and rendered it harmless for ever.

Wild-animal life was conspicuous everywhere along the path we traveled. On the densely wooded banks of the Umzimculu we saw hundreds of lively ring-tail monkeys sporting in the bushes and on the tops of the lofty giants of the forest, vaulting from branch to branch, chattering, squealing and executing the most astonishing gymnastical feats with marvelous skill and rapidity, and every now and then our progress startled the magnificent "lory," whose bright-crimson, blue-and-white wings and resplendent plumage of dark-green and azure of a metallic hue flashed in the sunlight as he took his flight and vanished in the gloomier recesses of the virgin forest, where his melancholy call gradually died away.

Here and there one of those gentle, diminutive creatures known in the colonies as dwarf-deer crossed our path in the gloomy parts of the woods, but with such lightning rapidity as to be barely visible for an instant. The beautiful white-spotted fallow-deer, too, was occasionally spied by us as we brushed through the thickets, but the bush was so dense that the fugitives were lost to our view almost before we were aware of their presence.

On the undulating, grassy plains further on, entirely destitute of timber, we noticed small troops of stately antelopes raising their intelligent heads and wonderingly gazing at us strangers as we passed by, they being generally too far out of our way for a fair shot at them. Moreover, we remembered that we had but just entered a country where ammunition could neither be wasted nor replaced.

The night of our first day's journey we spent in the "kraal" (village) of Caffres of the Zulu, or Amazulu, tribe, on the bank of Umzimculu. It was a small, poor kraal, but the inhabitants readily accorded us shelter and rest for the night in one of their best huts, and "kraaled" (shut up, locked up) our horses with their own in the "cattle-kraal" (stockade, or fenced-in yard for cattle, during the night), situated in the centre of the kraal or village.

Arriving among them, tired out and fearfully thirsty, we asked for milk, which was promptly furnished in a calabash, or gourd, the only vessels for liquids in use with the Caffres; but, as customary throughout Caffre-

dom, they brought us sour or curdled milk, the Caffre being able to comprehend that fresh milk could possibly be meant by anybody, as he never uses it himself, except when a baby on his mother's breast.

Cows' or goats' milk is always caused to curdle before being consumed by the Caffre, and, being aware of this rule, we did not insist upon fresh milk, but helped ourselves to the contents of the calabash. It quenched our thirst successfully. Before long, however, Edward, my companion, who had quaffed most of the milk, began to feel uneasy, experiencing a griping pain in his stomach and bowels. I laughed at first over his discomfort; but his distress rapidly increased to such an extent as to cause the perspiration to pour in streams from his forehead.

In a few moments more he rolled and writhed on the ground in intense agony, moaning piteously, and finally going into convulsions. All my jesting was gone instantaneously, for I began to seriously believe that we had intentionally been poisoned, as curdled milk had never before affected either of us that way. I myself began to feel ill at ease all of a sudden, though I had scarcely wetted my lips with the milk, preferring cold water.

Unable to interrogate them intelligibly as to the contents of the calabash, and the Caffres at a loss to explain the cause of our distress and probably somewhat frightened at my desperate looks and actions as I forthwith seized all my firearms and quickly removed the percussion-caps from those of my servant in order to render them useless to their possible captors, hurriedly leaving our hut rendered matters worse.

While deliberating in my mind what to do in case I myself should no longer be able to keep on my legs, and seriously thinking of selling my life dearly by first setting fire to the whole nest of huts and then perforating as many of the perfidious savages as I could before "going to grass," I heard Edward gasp and feebly utter the word "powder." Most foolishly, we had left the colony without a particle of medicine of any description for possible use on the journey, so Edward could scarcely refer to medicinal powder or powders. I therefore concluded that he wished me to avenge the treachery of the natives with powder (and ball) while there was yet time to do it; and I was about to carry out the last desire of my dying companion, when, luckily, it struck me that he might have hinted that, in the absence of any other remedy, I might as well dose him with gunpowder. Suiting the action to the thought, I bent over him, the powder-flask in my hand, which seemed at once to meet his idea, for he opened his mouth wide. I poured a big handful of its contents into his throat, and he greedily swallowed it.

A beatified look, unmistakably expressive of gratitude and expected relief, satisfied me that I had correctly interpreted his wish, and, sure enough, the odd remedy worked wonders, for, after a while, it began operations by nearly turning the poor fellow inside out. It relieved the stomach of the sufferer to perfection, and he was soon all right again.

More from sheer fright and horror at the idea of having been coolly poisoned by the savages than from the consumption of the liquid itself, I had experienced exactly the same symptoms as my servant, though in a far less violent degree. A timely dose of our impromptu medicine, however, enabled me to weather the squall much easier than my companion.

The milk had really never been tampered with, and we ascribed our distress entirely to the cold ducking we had received in crossing a narrow, but deep, affluent of the

Umzimencu River, only a few hours previously, and then permitting the clothes to slowly dry again upon our bodies; for, almost daily afterward, we gulped sour milk once more without any injurious effects whatever, but the lesson derived from the incident was worth remembering.

We had entertained very unjust suspicions toward our kindly hosts, but atoned for these in a degree by presenting them, just before our departure, with some pocket looking-glasses, the distribution of which created such an excitement in the kraal that, though it was scarcely daylight enough to see a white face in the glasses, old and young of both sexes were already astir, and handled them with childish joy, twisting and turning them in all directions in order to get a good square look at their ugly black physiognomies, fearfully but laughably distorted with amazement over the wonderful contrivance of the "molungo" (white man).

We left them in the midst of their blissful ecstasy and traveled briskly over hill and dale, across several small streams, and then over an apparently endless, open, grassy plain, on which we espied here and there flocks of wild turkeys and long-legged, stately Caffre cranes, stalking leisurely through the grass.

Occasionally a small herd of white-faced antelopes was seen browsing far off our path. Many a brace of quail and partridges we started. They lay quietly hidden in the grass to the right and left of our track, and often they fairly startled us and our animals by unexpectedly taking to wing with a loud whirr, almost from under our horses' hoofs, only to settle down once more a short distance off.

A suddenly increasing and as rapidly decreasing whizzing sound in the atmosphere overhead, particularly before sunrise, invariably indicated that a string of wild ducks or geese had passed in the direction of the rising sun. Snipe and curlews were as frequently met, whirring overhead with remarkable speed toward some neighboring marsh or rivulet.

Now and then we sighted a Caffre kraal, sombre, sun-scorched, weather-beaten, usually built on some slope or eminence. Those passed before sunrise were still wrapped in grim and gloomy silence. Nothing stirred in them before the sun was up, and but for the distant, cheery cry of the chanticler, the angry barking of invisible curs, the lowing of cattle and occasional neighing of a Caffre pony, these kraals might be taken for abandoned stockades.

Immediately after sunrise, however, they all assumed a lively aspect enough. Everything and everybody seemed stirring in them, and to be in an inextricable confusion of sable human figures, large and small, horses, cattle, sheep, goats, dogs, and chickens (the latter are the only poultry raised by Caffres), constantly in motion, shouting, yelling, talking, squealing, neighing, lowing, bleating, barking, screeching, cackling, presenting from afar, but for the din and noise of human and animal voices, the aspect of a huge hornets' nest, or uncovered beehive.

Presently the lively kraal pours forth its bedlam of living creatures. Large numbers of ponies, cattle, sheep and goats squeeze through the narrow gate of the sombre stockade, followed by yelping curs and dark-brown, stark-naked men and boys, some on foot, others on bare-backed, rough-haired ponies, but all of them armed with sharp sticks, knobkerries and assegais, without which no Caffre leaves his kraal. These are the herdsmen, who drive the herd first to the nearest water and thence to the pasture.

The more important individuals of the male persuasion of the kraal stay at home, squat lazily down in groups on some sunny spot, toast their swarthy backs in the morning sun, and complacently puff stifling tobacco-smoke into each other's eyes, leaving to the opposite or weaker sex the sole honor and drudgery of finding and preparing food for everybody, and doing all the hard work in and about the kraal. What a delicious and enviable lot that of the Caffre woman!

As the day advanced we met several groups of scantily clouted Caffres of both sexes on the road—the males armed and on horseback; the females on foot, trotting after them, usually carrying a load in the shape of a baby, a bundle of firewood, or a basket of Caffre corn (durra or millet), (Indian corn (maize), or a sort of bogus sugar-cane. On passing we invariably elicited a grunt of approbation from their exuberant lips, but we were never able to discover whether the compliment was paid to us or our horses, which were at least twice the size and weight of any of their ponies.

Big stallions and mares are admired by all Caffres, and intensely coveted by them for breeding purposes, their own indigenous breed being small (seldom over twelve hands in height), big-headed and rough-haired, though wonderfully surefooted and indefatigable.

A Caffre will readily swap half a dozen, or even a dozen, of his ponies for a good-sized colonial-bred stallion or mare, be they ever so old, but a white man can scarcely do anything with Caffre ponies, as they exhibit a peculiar aversion to white people, and kick and plunge furiously when touched or even approached by the latter.

Caffres never shoe their horses, and ride them without saddle, stirrups or bridle. A blanket or soft sheepskin, the latter with the wool downward, is usually strapped in lieu of a saddle on the pony's back, and a piece of thin rope or a strap of rawhide, fastened with one end around the animal's lower jaw, serves them as a bridle.

Most Caffres are good rough-riders, but rather cruel to their ponies, being in the habit of riding then up-hill and down-hill with almost the same speed as on the level ground.

Shortly before noon we reached what appeared to us to be the end of the table-land. Right at our feet, snugly ensconced in a little shallow, sparsely wooded valley, spread a good-sized kraal of about one hundred of the well-known beehive-shaped Caffre huts, wrapped in lethargic silence enforced upon man and beast by the overpowering rays of midday sun, which beat with relentless power right upon the kraal. A few nude youngsters alone made light of the heat, and could be seen chasing each other around the huts, scattering the chickens along their course. The curs of the kraal, usually so vigilant, were invisible, and had evidently withdrawn with their masters into the gloomy shelter of the huts, where they were not only safe from the heat, but also from the kicks of the romping boys outside.

All the cattle of the kraal could be seen standing, lazily ruminating in the scanty shade afforded by the thin clusters of trees at the bottom of the valley. One solitary four-footed animal stood immovable almost in the centre of the kraal, fully exposed to the rays of the broiling sun, and utterly unmindful of the boys as they dashed by, pursuing each other; but, on account of the distance and the blinding glare of the sun, we were utterly unable to make out what sort of an animal it was.

Having traveled without stopping ever since three o'clock in the morning, it was high time that we, as well as our horses, should have some rest, food and drink. Knowing from its situation that the valley must be a

DAUGHTERS.

One stands in robes of white
Beneath the sunshine; in her eyes
A happy, untold secret lies,
Her well-spring of delight.
She holds a posy in her hand
Of roses red, of roses rare,
Love's latest gift to one as fair
As any in the land.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say,
Can bliss like hers endure away,
Or but a little while?
Will faith cling close to sun and snow?
Will love's rose garland keep its red
From bridal couch to graveyard bed?
Alack! we cannot know!

One stands alone, apart,
She wears the sign of widowhood;
Sharp grief hath drained of all its good
Her hungry, empty heart.
To tend a grave she counted best;
She turns from us who love her well,
And wears the yellow asphodel,
Death's flower, upon her breast.

We look at her and sigh,
And softly to our hearts we say,
Will grief like hers endure away,
Or lessen by-and-by?

Will woe weep on through sun and snow?
Or will the asphodel give place
To flowers about a blushing face?
Alack! how should we know?

One sits with thoughtful eyes
Down-dropped on homely work, a smile
Upon her tender mouth the while
Her busy task she plies.
Some blessed thought enchains her mind;
How wide and deep her musings are;
High as the height of topmost star,
And low as human-kind!

She wears upon her breast
A milk-white lily; God hath given
To her a foretaste of His heaven,
An earnest of His rest.
She came from out the furnace flame
Of sorrow, strong to help the weak,
And gifted with good words to speak
In time of grief or shame.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say,
Good work like hers endures away,
Beyond earth's little while;
Beyond earth's round of sun and snow,
Beyond the height of topmost star;
And where her harvest waits afar,
God knoweth, and we know!

FOR HIS SAKE.

By F. B. H.

SMOKING tranquilly in an easy-chair one evening in June, Major Hartwell was roused from the deep and painful reverie into which he had fallen by a step in the hall and a knock on his parlor-door.

"Come!" he said, and a smile lighted up his grave, handsome face, for both step and knock were familiar to him, and if there was any man on earth whom he held near and dear, that man was he who now entered.

"I was beginning to wonder what had become of you, Arthur," stretching out a welcoming hand which Arthur Hazard took in a warm grasp.

"I have been unusually busy," and Arthur threw himself into a chair and took a cigar out of a box on a table near him. "I've been getting ready to leave town for a few weeks and haven't had time to even think of my friends. I shall be glad to have a rest, for I'm completely done up."

"Then you've come to say *au revoir*?"

"Yes; I'm off to-morrow by the early train. I wish you were going with me, Cyril."

"I can't leave the city now. Besides, I shouldn't enjoy having nothing to do. I haven't taken a vacation since I left the army. Where are you going?"

"To a place called Westholt, down in Buckingham County."

The major started, and a shadow crept over his face—the shadow of a past sorrow, the memory of which was very painful to him.

"I am going to visit the big man of the place—Squire Drayton," continued Arthur, carelessly. "I made his acquaintance a few months ago by the merest accident. He was pleased to take a fancy to me, and invited me to his place. I think I'm in for a good time, and I mean to improve it. Some one was telling me the other day that the squire had one of the prettiest daughters imaginable.

So you can prepare yourself for anything in the way of news when I come back."

He paused, laughing, and expecting some facetious reply; but Major Hartwell was silent. The shadow had deepened on his face into a look of pain, and the cigar in his hand had gone out.

"What's the matter, Hartwell? You look as if you had seen a ghost. Are you envying me my good luck?" The major recovered himself with a start.

"No; I have no desire to visit Westholt. I shall never go there again."

"Ah! You have been there before me, then?"

"Yes; I was once engaged to be married to Lois Drayton."

"You were? Excuse me, major, if I had known that I would never have spoken as I did; but no hint of anything of the sort has ever reached me."

"No, I suppose not. It all happened three years ago—before I knew you—and people have long since ceased to talk about it here. But you'll be sure to hear the story at Westholt; such an affair as mine isn't easily forgotten in a little place like that."

"Are you willing to tell me about it?"

"Yes; had I not been, I would not have mentioned it at all. It isn't a very long story, but I think it a very unusual one. I met Lois Drayton when my regiment was stationed near Westholt, and we were engaged for a year. I know she loved me; I have never doubted that, though what followed would have led almost any man to believe her utterly wanting in anything approaching affection. We were to be married on the 10th of October, and the wedding was to be a grand affair. All the Drayton relatives far and near were invited, and the squire had prepared for bonfires, fireworks and general enthusiasm. I went down to Westholt on the morning of the 9th, and

had no fault to find with the welcome I received from Lois. I thought I had never seen her in a happier mood, and we had a long talk about our future, and made all sorts of plans, which I little thought were never to be realized. We spent a very happy afternoon in the great, dusky parlor, and after supper the squire took me out for a long walk, wishing to show me some improvements he had made in drainage and parking. We left Lois in the hall, talking to an old woman who had come to get some medicine for a sick child. I remember that I looked back when I reached the yard and waved my hand to my little girl, thinking how sweet and fair and gentle she looked as she stood listening to the description of the child's illness! Ah, me! I did not dream that I was never to see her again!"

"Never to see her again?" echoed Arthur Hazard, as his friend paused.

"No; I have never seen her since that evening. When the squire and I returned to the house, a couple of hours later, we found that she had gone to administer the medicine herself to the child, and on reaching home again had retired at once to her room, and had sent for her aunt, Mrs. Andrews, who had taken the place of a mother to her for many years. Mrs. Andrews found her pale and agitated, but she would not explain the cause. She simply wished, she said, to send a message to me. It was that she absolutely refused to marry me. Yes, on the very eve of our wedding she had changed her mind. And she would give no reason for the change, nor would she consent to see me. Her father and aunt reasoned and argued with her in vain. She simply wept and maintained her mysterious silence. And the end of it all was that I left Westholt the next day, together with my best man and the half-dozen bridesmaids. The affair created a great deal of gossip, but no one has ever been able to get to the bottom of it."

"Perhaps Miss Drayton heard something against you," suggested Hazard.

"No, that question was asked her, and she insisted that she had not."

"And you do not think her merely fickle?"

"I know her too well to think that?"

"And there was no other lover?"

"No. She had other suitors, of course, but I was the only one for whom she had expressed any regard."

"And she has never given any explanation of her singular action?"

"Never. I see her father occasionally, and he has repeatedly assured me that she maintains her mysterious silence. They never mention my name to her now. She requested them not to do so."

"I wish, for your sake, I could get at the root of the matter, major. Suppose I try. I will have a good opportunity, you see."

"You can try, of course. Thank you for your interest. But there is no reason to think you will succeed. No, I must bear my sorrow as best I can. I must not hope, for hope would end only in despair. But I have talked too long about myself. Let us find a more cheerful subject. Tell me about the races yesterday. I heard you were out."

Arthur, who was an enthusiastic lover of horses, began at once an animated description of what had taken place on the race-course the day before, and thus forgot for a time the story he had just heard.

He remembered it, however, when he was in the train the next day, on the way to Westholt, and felt a great curiosity to see the heroine of so peculiar a tale.

Squire Drayton was the richest landed proprietor in

the large and fertile county in which Westholt was situated. His house was a handsome, rambling building, surrounded by trees, and overlooking beautiful gardens, rich pastures and well-tilled fields.

His family consisted of his daughter Lois, a widowed sister and a nephew, the son of his only brother.

Arthur liked Lois at once. She was a delicate, refined-looking girl of about twenty-five years of age, with large, soft brown eyes, an olive complexion, an abundance of chestnut hair, and a lithe and graceful figure; but she was shy and reserved, and talked little, even to her father.

Arthur rather prided himself upon his ability to read character. He thought he understood that of Lois, and the fact that she had been able to keep secret for three years her reason for refusing to marry the man she loved puzzled him very much.

"She does not look like a woman who could keep a secret," he thought. "I should say that she could be frightened into almost anything; she has a weak mouth, and is credulous and timid."

This opinion was strengthened as he became better acquainted with her, and he felt a greater desire than ever to penetrate the mystery which surrounded her broken engagement.

"Perhaps Henry Drayton can help me," he thought.

And, with this object in view, he cultivated that young man's acquaintance.

But the squire's nephew proved of a surly, unsociable nature, and showed no disposition to meet Arthur's advances even half-way.

Arthur, at length, concluded to let him severely alone, and turned his attention to Mrs. Andrews, who was a kind, motherly woman, fond of talking, and of a genial, confiding nature.

She had taken a great fancy to Arthur, and he found it easy to draw from her all that she knew or surmised concerning her niece's love affair.

But she could tell him very little, and it was substantially the same as he had heard from the major.

"Do you think your niece really loved my friend?" asked Arthur.

"I am sure of it," answered Mrs. Andrews, earnestly, "and she loves him still. I have almost given up all hope that she will ever marry, now. Oh, Lois has changed so much in the past three years! She used to be the life of the house, and now she never opens the piano, never sings, and appears to take very little interest in anything going on about her. She seems to have settled down into a despondent, hopeless state, from which nothing can rouse her. Sometimes I think that any change would be better for her than this continued stagnation. I would even advocate Henry's cause if I thought it would do any good."

"Is her cousin in love with her?" asked Arthur, with a start of surprise.

"Yes; he has been in love with her for years, and has asked her half a dozen times to marry him. He was keenly disappointed when she became engaged to Major Hartwell, but bore it much better than I had expected. His wedding-gift to her was as handsome as anything she received, and he could ill afford such a present, for his income is very small, and he is partially dependent on my brother. I think he is still bent on winning her, and probably thinks she will consent to marry him at last from sheer weariness at his persistence. But I think that scarcely possible."

Arthur no longer wondered that Henry Drayton was surly and reserved. His disappointment had probably

come right if you only have a little patience. Every one says she can't live long, and when I have a little money to bless myself with you'll see that I won't forget you. If you'll only keep quiet, I'll have matters settled in six months' time."

"That's just what you said last year, and the year before, and the year before that. You must be a fool to think you can put me off with such twaddle now. While I'm having a 'little patience' you'll be getting married to Lois Drayton. Oh, I've had things told me! There's them who watches out for me, and I ain't no fool now, my dear sir. No, you'll marry me now and we'll wait together for your cousin's money."

"I tell you it would be madness for me to take such a step. Rose, do listen to reason. I wouldn't come in for a cent if you were my wife. Wait a while, and do make up your mind to go away again for a few months. Come, now, do be reasonable for once."

"And haven't I been reasonable for three years? What is come of it? Just nothing. No, you can't throw no more dust in my eyes. If you'd been honest and meant what you said, you wouldn't have put me off so long. And if I had known you as well three years ago as I do now, I wouldn't have taken any part in cheating your cousin. I'd have let her marry her gentleman."

"Hush, hush, Rose, for Heaven's sake! It would ruin us both if you should be overheard."

"Who's to overhear me? I rather guess there ain't many folks hereabouts out o' their beds at this hour."

"Still, you can't be too careful. Come, let's walk toward the cottage; we can talk as we go along."

They moved away, and Arthur heard no more.

But he had heard enough to fill him with the keenest suspicion and distrust.

Was it possible that at last he had stumbled on a clew to the mystery that had baffled him ever since his arrival at Westholt?

"If I had known you as well then as I do now, I wouldn't have taken any part in cheating your cousin. I'd have let her marry her gentleman."

Over and over again Arthur repeated these words. They were pregnant with meaning, but he could not explain them to his satisfaction; for in what could Rose Ellis have "cheated" the squire's daughter, with whom she had no acquaintance whatever?

"She must have told Lois some big yarn against the major," thought Arthur.

But then he remembered that Lois had declared positively that she had heard nothing against the character of her betrothed.

He lay awake until daylight, cogitating over the matter, and when at last he fell asleep it was with the determination to unravel the mystery at any cost.

After breakfast he drew Lois aside, and asked if he could see her alone in the library. She answered in the affirmative, looking a little surprised at so strange a request, and led the way to the room at once.

Arthur closed the door, and motioned to her to take a seat on the sofa. She did so, and he sat down by her side, a little puzzled how best to begin his task. The light fell full on her face. He could see every change in its expression, which was exactly what he desired.

"Miss Lois," Arthur began, "I have not told you, I think, that the best friend I have on earth is Cyril Hartwell."

Every particle of color forsook her face, a nervous trembling seized her, and she put out her hand imploringly toward him.

"Do not speak of him," she said, in a low, shaken

voice. "I—I cannot—bear it; and—and it is useless. What I said three years ago I must say now."

"But I have something to tell you—something you must hear," said Arthur, firmly.

"It can make no difference in—in anything," she said, still in the same low, hesitating voice. "My family have kindly spared me all mention of—of the past."

"I must insist, however, that you listen to what I have to tell you, Miss Drayton. I assure you that you will not regret having done so. I did not know until just before I came down here what it was that had so saddened Cyril Hartwell's life. I have known him only a little more than two years, and he is not one to carry his heart on his sleeve. But he told me the story of his acquaintance with you the night before I left town; but he could not tell me why it was that you refused to marry him the very day before the one set for the wedding."

"I have never told any one that. I never shall. It is useless to ask me to do so. I would die sooner."

"Will you not let me tell me?" asked Arthur. "Will you not let me explain to him that it was through the machinations of an artful woman that he was robbed of his bride, and that you were cruelly cheated? Miss Lois, did you not know enough of the character of Rose Ellis to make you doubt—"

Lois started up, her eyes glittering, a deathly pallor on her lovely face.

"Rose! Was it Rose?" she cried. "I never knew that—I never even suspected it. Mr. Hazard, how did you discover this? For Heaven's sake, tell me! Do not keep me in suspense!"

She sank back, trembling, on the sofa, her delicate hands clasped in piteous appeal.

For a moment Arthur was silent. He scarcely knew how to proceed.

"Did you never suspect, then, that your cousin Henry was attached to this girl, and that it was through his influence that you were made so wretched?" he asked, at length.

"Henry attached to Rose!" said Lois, slowly. "Why, Henry—"

She paused, blushing painfully.

"Henry has repeatedly assured you of his attachment to yourself, you would say," suggested Arthur.

"Yes. He has long desired to marry me, even before my engagement to—to—Major Hartwell."

"And yet, three years ago he promised to marry Rose Ellis. She has returned home now, determined to make him fulfill that promise. He has put her off from time to time with the excuse that he was poor, and has told her that at your death he would inherit your money, and could then marry her. He tells her that you cannot live long, but that if he married her now you would not leave him a penny, and that she must therefore have patience."

Lois's pale cheeks had flushed. There was an angry sparkle in the soft, dark eyes raised to Arthur's face.

"How have you learned all this, Mr. Hazard?" she asked.

"Will you not tell me first how Rose Ellis managed to deceive you?"

"If I only dared!" murmured the poor girl, sighing. "I have kept silent so long that now—"

"For your own sake—for Cyril's!"

She did not speak for a moment. Her face was hidden in her hands, and a nervous tremor shook her from head to foot.

"It must have been from some powerful motive that you have kept silent so long," said Arthur, looking at her pityingly.

"It was for his sake, for his alone," she burst out, almost wildly. "I did not think of myself at all. But, oh, I could not have his blood upon my hands. Mr. Hazard, you will think me foolish, even worse than that, I fear; but I was always a coward and easily frightened. The evening before I was to be married, I went with old Mrs. Hinds to see a sick child, to whom I was much attached. It was dusk before I started for home, and I took a path through the wood, which was shorter than going around by the road. I was making all haste possible, for I fancied some one was following me at a little distance, when all at once a heavy cloak was thrown over my head, and I was forced to my knees. Then the cloak was torn aside, and looking up, I saw a woman standing over me. Her face was concealed by a hideous black mask, and I did not recognize her voice. She told me that she loved Cyril, and had sworn to kill him sooner than see any other woman than herself become his wife. She said that if I dared marry him she would shoot him through the heart within an hour after the ceremony. She swore this, calling on Heaven to witness her vow, and so solemn was her manner that I did not doubt for an instant that she would carry out her threat if I fulfilled my engagement to Cyril. I had heard frequently of just such desperate deeds committed by jealous and revengeful women. On my knees I promised her that I would give Cyril up, and would refuse any explanation of the act. She told me that if I married him, his blood would be on my head. This was my reason for breaking my engagement, and I dared not see Cyril for fear he would wring my secret from me, and would then persuade me that there was no danger, and insist on running the risk. I am a weak woman, Mr. Hazard; I am fully aware of that. I am easily influenced and intimidated, but my love for Cyril gave me courage to shield him from danger at no matter what cost to myself. If I married him it was at the risk of his life. I could not thus put it in jeopardy."

"How cruelly you must have suffered!" said Arthur. "And it has been so needless."

Then he told her of the conversation he had overheard the night before.

"Your cousin's motive in preventing your marriage is very plain," he said, in conclusion. "He hoped to win you for himself, while he led Rose to believe that it was simply that he might come into possession of your money in case you died unmarried."

"I would not have believed Henry so base, so cruel!" said Lois.

"Suppose we send for Rose and ask her a few plain questions?" suggested Arthur.

"Do just what you think right," said Lois; "I do not fear her now."

A servant was dispatched to the cottage at once, and soon returned accompanied by Rose, who had not imagined for a moment the real reason why her presence was desired.

She had thought Mrs. Andrews wanted to send some special message to her grandmother which could not be intrusted to a servant, and when she was ushered into the library, and saw the squire, Mrs. Andrews, Lois and Arthur Hazard in council, she was thoroughly frightened for once in her bold, reckless life.

At first she denied flatly having played any such part as that ascribed to her; but when she saw that the story was known in all its details, she broke down and confessed.

She had been induced, she said, by Henry to intercept Lois in the wood, and to frighten her as she had done;

for Henry was poor and needed his cousin's money, which would, of course, come to him at her death if she died unmarried.

"And he promised to make me his wife inside of six months; but he put it off, saying he was too poor. I'm sorry now that I ever lent my hand to deceiving Miss Lois, squire. It was too bad to cheat her for nothing."

"You ought to be sorry," said the squire, sternly. "No punishment would be too severe for you. At present, however, I cannot determine what steps to take. You may go, and I hope never to see your face again!"

Rose quailed under the looks leveled upon her, and shrunk from the room, unable to make any reply.

The squire then sent for his nephew, and a stormy interview ensued. Henry Drayton had no excuse to offer for his treachery save his love for Lois, and this his uncle refused to accept.

"Go," he said. "You are the son of my only brother, and I loved him well, but I hope Heaven will spare me the pain of ever hearing your name again."

An hour later Henry Drayton had left his uncle's house for ever, and a few days later sailed for Australia, accompanied by Rose Ellis, the guilty partner of his villainy.

Arthur Hazard was eager to inform Major Hartwell of the happy turn affairs had taken, and rode into Westholt at once to dispatch a telegram to him.

"Come at once," he said. "I have fathomed the mystery, and your presence is earnestly desired."

At noon the next day the major was at Westholt, where Arthur met him with a carriage, and gave him a full and complete history of all that had occurred.

The major listened in silence, too deeply moved to speak, as he realized all that Lois had suffered for his sake.

"She is in the parlor, waiting for you," said Arthur, as they drove up the broad carriage road.

The major entered the house with hurried, anxious tread, put his hand on the knob of the parlor-door, hesitated a moment as if struggling for self-control, and then pushed it open.

There was a cry:

"Cyril! oh, Cyril! Cyril!"

"Lois! Oh, my poor darling! my poor little girl!"

Then the door closed, and Arthur heard no more.

THE CAPTAIN'S "SCARE."

AN ADVENTURE IN BULGARIA.

BY DAVID KER.

THERE are few drearier tracts in all Europe than Eastern Bulgaria, and few more dismal spots in Eastern Bulgaria than the gloomy valley from which the old historical City of Varna looks down upon the sea. Even in the brightest weather there is an ugly, staring, unwholesome look about the gaunt, flat-roofed white houses and narrow, crooked, filthy streets, sending up a perfect steam of corruption under the burning sunshine. But when a chill mist creeps in from the sea, and the cold gray sky is streaked with slanting lines of rain, and the clouds hang black over those long dark ridges which are so thickly studded with the graves of the French and English soldiers whom the cholera mowed down in the fatal Summer of 1854, Dante himself could have imagined nothing more desolate or more ghastly.

But the weather was fine enough, and more than hot enough, on the cloudless, breezeless July morning when I first set foot upon (or rather ankle-deep into) the "storied soil" of Bulgaria. "Captain Charles" (whose

nickname, if he had any, I never heard), the jovial skipper of the Black Sea steamer *Malvina*, was going ashore to try his new shotgun upon the marsh-fowl of the swamps beyond the town, and had invited me to accompany him. The quarter-boat was lowered, and away we went toward the shore as fast as four sturdy bluejackets could

To say that the captain jumped would be nothing. The spring that he made might have carried him over an ordinary house; but unhappily for him, he alighted upon a slippery tuft of wet grass and fell sprawling on his face in the soft black mud, bemiring himself so thoroughly that when he got up again he looked as if he had just been bathing in black currant jam.

"You see what comes of having an evil conscience, captain," observed I, as soon as I could speak for laughing. "One might make a fine moral story out of you, telling about the man who was frightened out of swearing by a tame buffalo getting up out of the mud close to him. Well, I don't think you'll forget this day's work in a hurry, anyhow." And the captain didn't.

FIG. 1.—EXPERIMENT DEMONSTRATING HOW AMMONIA GAS MAY BE OBTAINED.

propel us, sternly ignoring a flippant passenger's offer of a lighted cigar-end to cook all the game that we were likely to bring back.

This unhandsome insinuation appeared to be prophetic, for after spending the best part of the morning in gymnastic exercises of the most violent kind (leaping from one to another of the little knots of marsh-grass, whose rank, unwholesome green was a sufficient warning of the fathomless depths of black, oozy slime below), we seemed as far as ever from any chance of game, except—as the captain bitterly remarked—the game which the passengers would certainly make of us on our return. But at length, just as we were about to give up in despair, there came a shrill cry and a flutter of wings on our right. Bang went the captain's gun, and down fell the game. We sprang forward eagerly to pick up what was left of it, and the captain found, to his inconceivable disgust, that the prize was only a poor little reed-bird not much bigger than a sparrow. I did not venture to make any comment, but simply took out an envelope, and gumming the dead bird up in it, put it into my pocket.

At this practical demonstration of the insignificance of his sole trophy after a three hours' tramp through the heat and dirt, the already brimming cup of the worthy captain's wrath overflowed altogether. His overwrought feelings found vent in what Artemus Ward would have called "the very tallest kind of strong language," delivered with all the heartiness characteristic of the true British seaman when indulging in his favorite relaxation of "a good hard swear." But this edifying exercise received a sudden and terrible interruption. Just when "the oaths were a-tumbling up in reg'lar man-o'-war fashion" (as an admiring boatswain once remarked in a similar case), there broke from the ground under our very feet an awful sound, half roar and half groan, which seemed to issue from the depths of the earth. Then the fathomless slime below heaved and trembled as if with an earthquake, a fresh succession of terrific sounds burst forth, and then the black earth opened, and up started, right in front of us, with a hoarse, bellowing roar, a huge, black, horned head, through the shaggy hair of which two fiery eyes glared at us both!

HOW THE AIRS WERE DISCOVERED.

By WILLIAM ACKROYD, F.I.C.

THE gaseous state of matter is one of extreme interest. It is believed to be the present condition of many of the stars; it may have been the first condition of the earth; and now that the latter has cooled down to a solid, habitable globe, it is still invested by a gaseous envelope (the air), and has very many kinds of gases issuing from its vent-holes (the volcanoes). In the present paper we propose to add a little more to what the reader already knows about these gases, and only a little; for to give a full account of all that is known would require very much more space than that allotted to us.

Rather more than a century ago, nothing much was known about these gases, or airs as they were termed; but soon was found out one of their most remarkable qualities—*solubility in liquids*. To gain clear notions, watch for a moment a very familiar operation. A lump of sugar is put into a cup of tea. Soon it disappears—it has been dissolved. We accordingly say that sugar is soluble in tea, and it furnishes us with an example of a solid dissolving in a liquid. Instead of sugar, we might have put in treacle, which likewise would have soon disappeared, giving us an example of a liquid dissolving in a liquid. We shall now give some examples wherein gases disappear upon coming in contact with



FIG. 2.—EXPERIMENT ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF THE PNEUMATIC TROUGH.

the surface of water, showing their solubility in this liquid.

Ammonia gas is one of the most remarkable on this account, for as soon as ever it is brought into contact with water it disappears, because the water absorbs or dissolves it so readily. The spirits of hartshorn sold by

druggists is a solution of this gas, and the ammonia may be driven from the hartshorn as follows: Let the spirit of hartshorn be placed in the flask *a* (Fig. 1) in the neck of which a tightly fitting cork is placed, with a delivery-tube *b* passing through the cork at one end, and dipping into the trough *e* at the other. The flask *a* rests on wire gauze, and under it is placed a Bunsen burner. The trough *e* contains mercury or quicksilver, and the vessel *c d*, with its open mouth downward, is full of it. As the flask *a* is heated, ammonia gas passes down the delivery-tube *b*, and if the end of the tube dips under the vessel *c d*, the latter will soon be filled with ammonia gas. We shall explain this method of catching gases more minutely a little further on. Next remove the end of the delivery-tube from the trough *e*, and then take away the Bunsen burner.

Now that the jar *c d* is full of ammonia gas, some of its properties are very evident to us. We see that it is transparent and colorless. Stray bubbles of it have made us aware of its peculiar and pungent smell; but the property which we wish to impress upon the reader can only be rendered evident by another simple experiment. Place a plate of glass over the mouth of the jar *c d*, and now remove the jar and its contents to a basin of water, placing it in precisely the same position in the basin that it occupied in the mercury trough—i. e., with the mouth downward and the end *c* upward. This being done, remove the plate of glass from the mouth of the jar, and so allow the ammonia gas to come in contact with the water. In far less time than one takes to tell it, the water has rushed up into the jar. So soon as ever the ammonia gas was exposed to the surface of the water, the latter dissolved it eagerly, the gas disappeared, and external pressure forced the water up into the jar to supply its place.

Gases, then, are soluble in water, but exact experiment has shown that they dissolve in widely different degrees. We have some accurate data on this subject given by the German chemist Bunsen. He has shown, for example, that a pint of water will dissolve 1,180 pints of ammonia gas at the temperature of melting ice (0° C.).* The following table shows how many pints of each of the gases named are dissolved by one pint of water at this particular temperature.

Modern Name.	Ancient Name.	Number of Pints Dissolved at 0° C. by 1 Pint of Water.
Ammonia - - -	Alkaline air - - -	1180
Hydrochloric acid - -	Marine acid air - -	505
Sulphurous anhydride -	Vitriolic acid air - -	53.9
Sulphureted hydrogen -	Stinking sulphureous air -	4.37
Carbonic acid or anhydride - - -	Fixed air - - -	1.80
Hydrogen - - -	Inflammable air - - -	0.019
Nitrogen - - -	Foul air - - -	0.020
Oxygen - - -	Emphyreal or dephlogisticated air - - -	0.041

Of all these gases, it will be seen that ammonia is by far the most soluble, and that hydrochloric acid stands next in order. The spirits of salt of commerce is a solution of hydrochloric-acid gas in water, just as spirits of

* 32° Fahrenheit. But among scientific men, Fahrenheit's scale is used in no other country except England, Russia and the United States; it is almost universally abandoned in favor of the Centigrade.

hartshorn is a solution of ammonia in water. If we were to place spirits of salt into the flask *a* (Fig. 1) instead of the hartshorn, and then to heat with the Bunsen burner, we should obtain hydrochloric-acid gas in the jar *c d*, as we before obtained ammonia.

From the experiments with the ammonia we learn two broad facts: (1) that a gas is readily absorbed at a low temperature; and (2) that some of this gas is again expelled at a higher temperature. This disengagement of gas when a solution of it is heated may be explained in the following way: A liquid will not absorb so much gas at a high temperature as it will at a low one; and, as a matter of experiment, we know that, although a pint of water will absorb 1,180 pints of ammonia at 0° C., it will only absorb 444 pints at 40° C. If, then, we had a solution of ammonia (water, so to speak, filled with ammonia gas) at 0° C., and if we were now to heat it up to 40° C., roughly speaking, three-fifths of the dissolved gas ought to be given off, because of the decreased dissolving power of the water, owing to the rise of temperature.

The amount of decrease of absorption has been ascertained for many gases. The first line of accompanying figures shows how many pints of gas a pint of water absorbs at 0° C.; the second line of figures shows how many pints of the same gases are absorbed at 20° C. A decrease will be noticed in every case, save that of hydrogen.

Temperature.	Ammonia.	Hydrochloric Acid.	Sulphurous Anhydride.	Sulphureted Hydrogen.	Carbonic Acid.	Hydrogen.	Nitrogen.	Oxygen.
0°	1180	505	53.9	4.37	1.80	.019	0.20	.041
20°	680	441	27.3	2.91	0.90	.019	.014	.028

For a very long time no one knew that spirits of salt and spirits of hartshorn were solutions of gases. It came to be found out in this wise. The celebrated Henry Cavendish, when experimenting on hydrogen, attempted to make this gas by acting on spirits of salt with copper. He obtained a gas which seemed to disappear as soon as it came in contact with water. Priestley repeated the experiment, and ascertained that the copper played no part whatever in the phenomenon, and that a gas might be obtained readily by heating the spirits of salt alone in a flask, and catching the gas over mercury, as in Fig. 1. The gas he obtained he called marine acid air; we now name it hydrochloric acid. It seemed to Priestley that spirits of salts was nothing more nor less than a solution of this gas in water, and the experiment immediately suggested a new line of inquiry: Might there not be many liquids deriving their peculiar properties from some gas held in solution in this manner? Following out this idea, in one of his experiments he took spirits of hartshorn, heated it, and arranged matters so that if any gas came off it would be caught over mercury. His expectations were realized, and he obtained a gas which he named alkaline air; we now call it ammonia.

It was not, however, all plain sailing. Attempting to get a gas from oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), he heated that substance as usual, but to no effect, and, finally giving up the attempt, removed the candles he was heating the oil of vitriol with before he disconnected the apparatus with the vessel of quicksilver. Some of the mercury got into the boiling-hot vitriol; there was a smash of glass, and a portion of the hot vitriol was projected on to his hand, scalding him terribly; but in the midst of

this disaster he had made a discovery, for the air was filled with a suffocating odor of burning brimstone, probably due to some new gas. Priestley, nothing daunted, and all bandaged up, proceeded the very next day to ascertain its cause. He put a little mercury into oil of vitriol, heated it, and caught over mercury a copious supply of a new gas, then christened vitriolic-acid air, now known as sulphurous anhydride. Columbus, in searching for India, found America; Priestley, in looking for a gas from sulphuric acid, obtained this sulphurous anhydride. Such discoveries have been called pieces of luck; it is, however, luck procured by indomitable industry and perseverance.

Sulphurous anhydride is very soluble in water, standing next in order to hydrochloric acid. It is produced when one burns brimstone, the suffocating smell being due to it, and it is quite irrespirable. At a low temperature (17.8°C.)—not so cold, though, as some of the Arctic Winters—it is condensed into a colorless liquid, just as steam at a very much higher temperature is condensed into water. It soon takes the color out of a piece of paper dyed blue with litmus, and because of this property it is used largely in bleaching, especially for bleaching woolen goods.

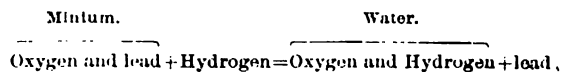
In so simple a manner did Priestley discover these three gases; and a word here about the man and his method of working will be instructive. He was born at Fieldhead, not far from Leeds, in the year 1733, and in after years he commenced at the latter place his chemical researches. His first experiments of this kind were on carbonic acid—a substance generated in large quantity in the vats of a neighboring brewery; and to this place he went for his supplies of it. Untrained in chemical operations, he had, for lack of money, to make his own apparatus, and one can well imagine what crude devices he would attempt, and what difficulty, as a reading man, he would have in putting some of them into practice. His methods in his own hands were, notwithstanding many drawbacks, remarkably successful; and one of his pieces of apparatus, the pneumatic trough, is now indispensable on the lecture-table. Let us explain it. The reader knows that the atmosphere has weight, and that in virtue of it water is pressed 32 feet up a suction pump, and mercury 29 inches up a barometer tube. If you sink a tumbler in a basin of water, and then, inverting it, lift it bottom upward until the mouth of the tumbler is nearly at the same level as the water in the basin, this same atmospheric pressure keeps the water in the tumbler above the level of the water *c* in the basin (Fig. 2). One might now place any light substance—as, for example, a piece of cork—under the tumbler at *A*, and it would at once rise to the level *B*. In a similar manner, putting the bowl of a pipe at *A*, and blowing down the stem, bubbles of breath rise in the glass vessel and soon fill it. This illustrates all we at present want to know—Priestley's method of caging gases in a manner that would effectually admit of their inspection. The gases were in many cases conveyed from the generating apparatus, just as the breath from the mouth in our illustration, to a vessel filled with liquid, which was gradually displaced, and thus supplies of gas were inclosed in a transparent envelope. When we employ the pneumatic trough for gases that are soluble in water, we have to use mercury instead of water, otherwise the gas which we are attempting to catch will mysteriously disappear. In such cases a small trough is employed, as illustrated in Fig. 1.

Priestley's acknowledged ignorance of the chemical methods then in use, of the mysteries surrounding matrasses, ox-bladders and the like apparatus, compelled

him to devise for himself, and the pneumatic trough is perhaps the handiest outcome of his ingenuity. After making some very original experiments with carbonic acid, forestalling the manufacturers of aerated waters, he turned his attention to inflammable air, or hydrogen, concerning which he ascertained what then appeared some very strange things. Hydrogen seems to have been discovered by Paracelsus in the sixteenth century, but its properties were not exactly studied until the eighteenth century was getting far advanced. This is one of the experiments that Priestley made with it: Within a jar, say *A* (Fig. 3), full of hydrogen, a vessel containing minium rested on the surface of the water in a trough. Minium is an oxide of lead, that is, a body formed of the metal lead and the gas oxygen, just as rust is formed of iron and oxygen. It will be seen, then, that the minium was thoroughly surrounded by an atmosphere of hydrogen; and now Priestley, by means of a burning lens *B*, converged the rays of the sun on to the minium, with what appeared to him a very strange result. The hydrogen gradually disappeared, the minium was turned into bright lead, and the water rose in the jar to the level *c'*, to supply the place of the vanished hydrogen. Where had the hydrogen gone to?

It would be out of place here to confuse the reader with the various hypotheses held by the chemists of the time; we shall therefore tell simply what we know to have happened in this experiment.

Water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen. When the minium was heated by means of the lens, the oxygen in it combined with the hydrogen surrounding it to form little drops of water. The minium was robbed of its oxygen and reduced—to use a word often employed in chemistry—to metallic lead; an action which we might express by means of an equation thus:



which means that the oxygen was wrested, as it were, from the lead to combine with the hydrogen and form water.

The heating power of a powerful lens which Priestley employed in this experiment was turned to good use in making another discovery, perhaps his greatest. It was on the 1st of August, 1774, that he took some red precipitate, and arranged matters so that he could heat it strongly with the sun's rays whilst it was over mercury. Thus, let *c* (Fig. 4) represent a basin of mercury, having resting in it, mouth downward, a jar *A B* quite filled with mercury, and with some red precipitate at the top end *B*. The rays of the sun were converged on to the red powder at *B*. The powder began to darken, and soon the mercury within the tube commenced to lower, as if some invisible gas were being prepared in the higher portions of it. And this was really the case, for by the heat of the sun Priestley had managed to break up the red precipitate into mercury and oxygen. The mercury thus procured ran imperceptibly into the other mercury of the trough, but the oxygen remained as a transparent, colorless gas. This new gas Priestley found was a remarkable supporter of combustion, for a candle that he put into it burned with extraordinary vigor; he found likewise that this new gas was not readily absorbed by water.

Now all this was the preliminary work by means of which a grand problem—the constitution of the atmosphere—was solved. No one knew then that the air they breathed was a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen; they knew only for certain that the atmosphere supported

animal life, had weight, and in moving with great speed constituted the hurricane. Its invisibility was a great drawback to its investigation, and the methods for successfully making researches on it had yet to be devised. A lively conception of the difficulties standing in the way of inquirers who sought to learn something about it may be realized by thinking for a moment of its qualities.

We cannot feel or see it, nor can we taste or smell it; and the senses the chemist so largely employs seem to be quite unavailable for its investigation. If one draws a switch smartly through the air, a sense of resistance is experienced, and a whistling noise may be heard, but from this we are able only to infer its existence. The question

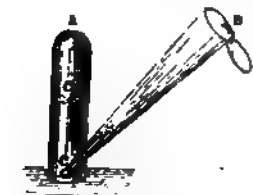


FIG. 3.—ILLUSTRATING ONE OF PRIESTLEY'S EXPERIMENTS WITH HYDROGEN.

arises, What is it made of? It was in attempting to answer this question that the scientific men of the time became aware that they were surrounded by an oppressive darkness—a darkness that could be felt—an Arctic night; and in seeking for light they were tripped up at every turn for want of means and by the previously made and erroneous guesses—guesses which had lived so long as to come to be regarded as truths.

But not to Priestley alone is due the honor of having lightened our darkness with regard to the composition of the atmosphere. He shares it with another worker of another country, Carl Scheele, a Swedish apothecary. And before examining the goal at which they both arrived, we shall derive some instruction by traveling over the route taken by the Swedish apothecary.

At the time of which we speak, Scheele dwelt at Gefle, on the cold shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, and it was in

of air. (2) If the fire does not yield during combustion a gas similar to air, after the spontaneous extinction of the fire, air is diminished between a third and a fourth of its bulk. (3) It is insoluble in water. (4) All kinds of animals live but a certain time in a given quantity of confined air. (5) Seeds—as, for instance, peas—will strike roots, and grow to a certain height in a given quantity of equally confined air by the addition of some water and moderate heat.

"Hence, if a gas be exhibited similar in all external appearances to air, but which, upon examination, wants the enumerated qualities (should even only one be wanting), I should think myself convinced that it is not common air."

Thus he thought, and as he worked he found many gases which wanted those qualities and had others instead of them. The gas which he named stinking sulphureous air, now called sulphureted hydrogen, had several properties plainly not belonging to common air. Although transparent and colorless, it was obviously very soluble in water, and had a smell as of rotten eggs; it, moreover, formed a yellow substance when passed into a solution of the metal arsenic. The fact that one may obtain colored bodies by passing this gas into solutions of other metals makes it now a very valuable substance to the chemist. If we had a solution (b) containing the following dissolved metals—lead, copper, bismuth, cadmium, mercury, tin, antimony, gold and platinum—upon adding a little spirits of salt to it, and then passing sulphureted hydrogen into the solution, all these metals would be thrown down, precipitated, as bodies called sulphides.

More instructive still would it be to have each metal dissolved by itself, and then to pass the gas into each solution separately. We should obtain black substances, or precipitates, in the solutions of mercury, lead, bismuth, copper, gold and platinum, yellow precipitates in the solutions of cadmium and arsenic, and an orange-colored precipitate in the antimony solution. The color of the precipitate in the tin solution would be dark-brown or yellow, according to this metal's chemical state. Some metals are not precipitated from a spirits-of-salt solution, as, e.g., iron, zinc, manganese, nickel and cobalt, and may therefore be readily separated from those which are precipitated. Because of this property, the gas is of the greatest importance in analysis. The gas is evolved from volcanoes, and where produced deep in the earth may be dissolved to some extent by the water, and thus give rise to springs of water of peculiar odor and medicinal power, as in the case of the Harrogate waters. To prepare the gas: Into the flask A, with a cork and delivery-tube C, place some pieces of sulphide of iron, and now add to it dilute oil of vitriol. The gas will come off abundantly, and may be passed into various solutions of the metals to test the property of precipitate-making which we have described.

This discovery of sulphureted hydrogen was perhaps one of the most important that Scheele made. Let us now inquire with what kind of tools he worked. The accompanying engraving (Fig. 6) of the page of illustration

FIG. 5.—ILLUSTRATING THE PREPARATION OF SULPHURETED HYDROGEN.

FIG. 4.—ILLUSTRATING PRIESTLEY'S DISCOVERY OF OXYGEN.

trying to make out the nature of fire that he learnt some interesting facts about the atmosphere.

He was no novice in the art of investigation, and accordingly he proceeded with his work in a business-like manner. In effect he said to himself, "The air I breathe has certain qualities, and if I find a gas with qualities differing ever so slightly from these, I may conclude it is not common air." These are his very words:

"(1) Fire burns for a certain time in a given quantity

represented in *Figs. 3 and 4*, and in *Fig. 3* we see one of them tied to the neck of a retort to catch the gas which is being generated in that vessel. We have already spoken of the combination of oxygen and hydrogen, and *Fig. 1* illustrates an experiment in which hydrogen is made to combine with the oxygen of the air. The bottle *a* contains the materials from which the hydrogen is rising, say zinc and dilute oil of vitriol, and into its cork a tube is fitted, from which the hydrogen issues and is ignited. The vessel *b* contains water. When, therefore, a flask is brought over the flame, so that the latter may burn in the centre of the flask, all the oxygen within it is soon consumed, and fresh access of air being prevented by the water in *b* stopping up the mouth of the flask, the liquid rises in the flask as the oxygen disappears. In the experiment figured, the water rose to *d*; the light went out for want of a further supply of oxygen, and the hydrogen still issuing from the tube, the

bee into an open glass along with some honey on a paper, this is set down on the pitch in an inverted position. *a* and *c* now form, as it were, one vessel, the upper portion *c* communicating with the lower *a* by means of the glass tube passing through the cork, and the only opening *a* is in contact with the lime-water. This, then, will be the order of events. The insect will live in the vessel *c* as long as there is oxygen to support it, and all the carbonic acid produced by its respiration will be absorbed by the lime-water. The latter will be forced up into *a* by the external atmospheric pressure to supply the place of the absorbed carbonic acid, and will furnish a rough measure of the oxygen originally contained in the air. In one of Scheele's experiments the lime-water rose to *e* in seven days, and then the bee was dead.

With such instruments and by such ways, differing from modern methods only in degree of refinement, Scheele arrived at the conviction that common air is a

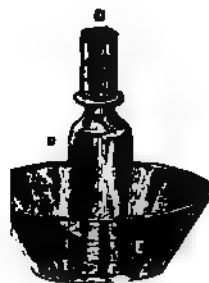
Fig. 4.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

FIG. 5.—SHOWING THE APPARATUS USED BY SCHEELLE AND FIGURED IN HIS TREATISE, "CHEMICAL OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS ON AIR AND FIRE."



water gradually receded again. *Fig. 2* illustrates an experiment wherein a candle was made to burn in a limited quantity of air. Now, as the oxygen used up in an experiment of this kind takes about the same room as the carbonic acid produced in its stead, scarcely any alteration in volume of the inclosed gases is observed, and after burning a little while the candle goes out. The burning of a candle has often been compared to the life of an organized being, because the latter similarly requires oxygen, which it replaces by carbonic acid, and when it has no longer a supply of oxygen it dies. This analogy is borne out by another experiment, which shows that "all kinds of animals live but a certain time in a given quantity of confined air," and it is probably one of the earliest of the kind made. Turn to *Fig. 5*. The large basin contains lime-water, which, as the reader is aware, readily absorbs carbonic acid to form chalk. The bottle *a* has a hole bored in its bottom *a*, and into the neck a cork is tightly fitted with a glass tube passing through it. Around the cork is laid a ring of pitch. Having now put a

mixture of two gases; that one of these enables a candle to burn, an insect or higher organism to live, and that the other, quite differently, if alone, puts out a candle or destroys a life. The life-supporting constituent is now called oxygen; the gas which will not support life is called on that account in France azote, in our country we name it nitrogen. As the outcome of the labors of Priestley and of Scheele, we now know that every five pints of that ocean of air at the bottom of which we live consists very nearly of four pints of the nitrogen and one pint of the oxygen. Although in the race to arrive at this conclusion Priestley was somewhat ahead of his Swedish brother investigator, he does not fail, in his published works, to honorably share the credit. We may, in fact, liken them to two travelers of different nations, who by diverse routes have arrived at the same wished-for goal, and credit is equally due to both, although in point of time one may have been a little before the other. They were both great workers, and in their investigations exemplify well Burke's observation that, "it has been the

glory of the great masters in all arts to confront and to overcome, and when they had overcome the first difficulty to turn it into an instrument for new conquests over new difficulties; thus to enable them to extend the empire of their science, and even to push forward beyond the reach of their original thoughts the landmarks of the human understanding itself."

We have learnt, thus far, that one of the most important properties of gases is their solubility, a property which for long prevented the discovery of ammonia and hydrochloric-acid gases; that the extent to which any gas dissolves varies with the temperature, being less at a high and greater at a low temperature. We have yet one more fact to think over, which will be grasped by our attempting to answer the question: Why does soda-water give off bubbles of gas when uncorked?

The quantity of gas dissolved by a liquid is regulated by the external pressure to which it is subjected as well as by the temperature. The law which it observes, generally known as the law of Henry and Dalton, is a very simple one. Suppose, for example, that we found one pint of water dissolved fourteen grains of carbonic acid at the ordinary temperature and pressure, then, keeping the temperature the same, we should find that with a double pressure $2 \times 14 = 28$ grains of the gas would be dissolved, and with thrice the pressure $3 \times 14 = 42$ grains would disappear. Utilizing this fact, the manufacturers of aerated waters impregnate their waters with gas at comparatively high pressures. Consequently, when a soda-water bottle is uncorked, the liquid in it is exposed to a much lower pressure than that at which it was charged with gas; it therefore effervesces, and gives off a quantity of gas, all above that which it dissolves at the ordinary atmospheric pressure. Natural aerated waters abound in many parts of Germany. In the Electorate of Hesse-Darmstadt and the Eifel such springs are found in great numbers. Deep down in the earth the carbonic acid is probably produced by some process of vegetable decay, and the water, bubbling up, comes in contact with the gas, dissolves some, then makes its appearance at the surface as a sparkling fountain.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE *Journal of Progress* lately published an article upon the matter of making and leaving sharp angles in flanges, which was once, and is yet, to a great extent, the pride of all first-rate boiler-makers. But the *Journal* declares this effort was founded upon a mistake. The plates of boilers with such modes of flanging have no greater merit than that they are more difficult to make than curves. Such angles strain the metal needlessly, and are made in disregard of the properties of the material. A further objection to sharp angles in flanging consists in the fact that, in making them, the part of the metal on the inside of the bend undergoes such compression that the fibres are folded back upon themselves, and form a crease or crack not always visible to the eye, but none the less weakening. Such defects are called galls, and the ability to make sharp angles without such defects has often been considered evidence of superior skill.

A MAGAZINE devoted to geology and its allied sciences has long been wanted by American geologists, an association of whom have now set one on foot. The subscription price is three dollars per year, and the place of issue for the present is Minneapolis, Minn., where correspondence should be addressed to *The American Geologist*. From all geologists the editors solicit original contributions and items of scientific news. The editors and publishers for the year beginning January 1st, 1888, are as follows: Professor S. Calvin, Iowa City, Ia.; Professor E. W. Clapp, Akron, O.; Dr. Persifer Frazer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Professor L. E. Hicks, Lincoln, Neb.; Mr. E. O. Ulrich, Newport, Ky.; Dr. A. Winchell, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Professor N. H. Winchell, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE first electric lamp in Philadelphia is still in use, and was described lately at the Franklin Institute. This was an arc lamp arranged, in 1877, to light a room at the Point Breeze Oil Refinery, where tin cans of crude and other oils are soldered. Owing to the inflammable nature of the gases generated in the course of the work, the lamps had to be placed in a glass globe, connected by air-tight joints with a shaft leading to the outer air.

THE progress of the tunnel beneath the Hudson River is a subject of public curiosity over the whole country. The *Jersey City* newspapers keep their readers informed on the matter, and not long ago gave a full account on the subject to date, as follows: The work was suspended in October last, and has not been resumed, because the needful money is not forthcoming. There are few instances in which projects and enterprises have met with greater obstacles than this one. Seasons of progress have been invariably followed by a complete suspension of work, the result of a lack of cash. Operations ceased temporarily on November 4th, 1882, after the fatal illness of the President, T. W. Park. For several years thereafter, the tunnel project slumbered. Financial assistance was procured after considerable delay, and work was resumed last May. The operations went on smoothly, until the next hitch occurred, two or three months ago. Since then the 200 men who were employed at both ends of the tunnel have been discharged, until at the present time only a dozen men are engaged in taking care of the inactive machinery and the finished portion of the great underground tube. In addition to financial embarrassments, the company has been obliged to struggle against onerous corporations, who have fought the tunnel company both in courts of justice and in legislative halls. But, despite all these trials and tribulations, the plucky stockholders have been able to hold their own, so that in spite of the many unfavorable situations, it is more than probable that the great project of an underground passageway to New York will ultimately be brought to a successful end.

ONE of the most original and striking of the papers read last Summer before the American Association for the Advancement of Science was by Dr. Jastrow, under the title of "Modes of Apperception." Dr. Jastrow held that all persons may be classified with more or less distinctness in one or two classes—as *Visuals* or as *Audiles*, according as they perceive and remember better by the use of the eye or the ear. He had tried certain tests as a means of thus classifying persons, such as reading aloud a paragraph from a book and comparing the results, in the case of those examined, with similar results obtained by asking each person to read the paragraph over silently. Those who would, other things being equal, remember the contents best when read to them, are natural *audiles*; and *vice versa*. Some interesting comments on this paper are just published by Dr. T. W. Mills, of Montreal. "That the author's views"—he says—"are in the main correct, I believe; the more so, perhaps, from being myself a pronounced *audile*; and in every instance in which I have unconsciously failed to recognize this have I had reason to regret the oversight. The majority of persons are probably *visuals*. The modern method of teaching English spelling in our schools seems to be an unconscious recognition of this fact. But it will be found that there are children who will learn spelling as readily by the old method of repeating the component letters aloud as by the use of the eye and the hand. The latter must not be forgotten in the estimate. The subject is one of great interest, and commands itself strongly to teachers and parents."

ONE of the most interesting announcements at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was of the discoveries—of General Pitt Rivers—of the remains of British villages of the Roman period, at Rushmore, near Salisbury. Many cists and mounds, containing skeletons in a fair condition of preservation, were opened at the same time. The human remains are extremely interesting, and throw much light on the characters of the people to whom they belonged. The chief point of interest which they show is the small stature of the people, the average of the males being 5 feet 4 inches, and the females 4 feet 11.8 inches in the village of Woodcuts; while in that of Rotherly, the other, village excavated last year, the heights are 5 feet 1 inch, and 4 feet 10 inches, respectively. The skulls are of a long, narrow, oval form, with one or two exceptions, when they are of rounder form. These were found associated with longer limb bones, showing them to be of different race from the majority of the inhabitants. Two forms of skull are frequently met with in long barrows, both of a long, narrow shape, but differing from each other in one having a regular oval outline, while the other broadens out from a narrow forehead, and, having attained its greatest width, terminates rapidly behind. The skulls found in these villages correspond exactly to the first type.]

THE latest Post-office report contains an official account of the comparative speed of ocean steamers which is of much interest. This report states that the Cunard liner *Umbria* heads the list with an average time of 187.5 hours, and the second on the list is the *Umbria's* sister ship, the *Etruria*, with 188 hours. Next in order comes the North German Lloyd steamer *Trave*, with an average of 199.3 hours, and the Anchor liner *City of Rome*, with 203.4 hours; while the *Alaska*, of the Guion line, and the *Allegheny*, of the North German Lloyds, compete very closely for the fifth place with times of 205.3 and 205.7 respectively. Next come a considerable number of North German liners with approximately equal times, the average of which is very nearly the time taken by the Cunard liner *Aurania*. Then follows the *Servia*, of the Cunard line, with 211.2 hours, and then the White Star liners—the *Britannic*, with the time of 219.8 hours; the *Germania*, 228 hours; the *Adriatic*, 230 hours; the *Republic*, 235 hours; and the *Celtic*, 236 hours. The best of the Hamburg-American line takes 240.7 hours, while almost at the bottom stand the Inman liners, the quickest of which, the *City of Chicago*, takes 241.6 hours; and the slowest, the *City of Chester*, 256.8 hours.

A CORRESPONDENT of that thoughtful and wideawake periodical *The American*, of Philadelphia, gives an account of the success of beet-sugar culture in California, which has resulted from costly

and scientific experiments. A company at Alvarado now manufacture this sugar at a profit. They claim to obtain in refined sugar 10 per cent. of the weight of beets treated. The land surrounding the factory will produce, they say, 3,000 pounds of refined sugar to the acre, and the returns come to the cultivator in a much shorter time than if cane were grown. The yield of the beets is fully as heavy as in Europe, and they claim to obtain a higher percentage of refined sugar. For the six seasons that the factory has been in operation, they have produced annually 2,400,000 pounds of sugar, on the average, at a cost of 5½ cents a pound for refined sugar, and with the introduction of improved methods the cost will be less than 4 cents, they say. The success at Alvarado is directing the attention of other capitalists to this industry. Claus Spreckels, the king of the sugar market here, and of the Sandwich Islands, is now turning his attention to the production of best-sugar in California. He proposes to establish factories for crude sugar in various parts of the State, and to do his refining in San Francisco. As he is taking up the enterprise on a very large scale, the success of his efforts will be of great value to the Pacific Coast and to the nation as well.

SOME interesting observations upon diphtheria have lately been made by a French army surgeon, whose studies were made among the soldiers of France and Germany. He finds, that, though the cavalry is scarcely one-third of these forces, the number of cases of diphtheria in that arm of the force is three times as great as that in the infantry. "It is equally certain that at Paris," he writes in a paper read before the French Academy of Medicine, "the most active foci of this cruel malady are, on the one hand, the largest of the cavalry barracks, and, on the other, a hospital situated near one of the most important stables belonging to an omnibus company; and, as the cause of the malady could not be traced to the water, nor to the straw, nor yet to the horses, it appears conclusive that it must exist in the manure."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHAT is the difference between a cow and a broken chair?—The cow gives milk and the chair gives whey.

THE change in a dog's eye as he goes from light to darkness, or *rice-versa*, occupies three seconds. This is the time when you want to jump the picket fence.

MISTRESS (to servant)—"Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was not at home?" *Servant*—"Yes, mum." *Mistress*—"What did they say?" *Servant*—"How fortinit!"

SORROWFUL CHILD (to the vicar)—"Mr. B., mother sent me to tell you that father is dead." *Vicar*—"Is he? Did you call a doctor?" *Child*—"No, sir; he just died of himself."

"TOMMY," said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop!" retorted the boy.

"WHAT'S the difference between the regular and irregular Greek verbs?" was asked of a schoolboy by his uncle, in order to test his knowledge. "We get more lickings trying to learn the irregular ones," was the reply.

"MAMMA, may I go out fishing to-day?" *Mamma*—"Yes, my dear; only remember that you are not to go near the water, and if you get your feet wet, or come home drowned, you will have a whipping and be sent to bed."

MOORE REVISED.

It was Moore who in anapest meter once wrote
This remark which it oft pleases writers to quote:
"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."
Genial Tom might have varied, and not been amiss,
His thought and his words to run something like this:
They will break, they will shatter a wealthy man's will,
And the scent of their noses will reach the last mill.

A LADY was once lamenting the ill-luck which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her "look upon the bright side." "Oh," she cried, "there seems to be no bright side!" "Then polish up the dark side," was the reply.

A LADY who suffers agony with teeth, and yet has a horror of dentists, rang the bell at her dentist's house the other day with some hesitation. A liveried servant answers it. "Monsieur is not in," he says. "Ah, what good fortune!" exclaims the patient, visibly relieved.

ONE of the teachers at a public school was engaged in explaining the Darwinian theory to his class, when he observed that they were not paying proper attention. "Boys," said the professor, "when I am endeavoring to explain to you the peculiarities of the monkey, I wish you would look right at me."

SUCCESSFUL BRIBING.—*Little Nell*—"I caught Sister Maud engaging herself to another young man last night, an' she hasn't sent off the first one yet." *Little Kitty*—"Ain't that nice! Did you tell on her?" *Little Nell*—"No, she bayed me off." *Little Kitty*—"What did she do?" *Little Nell*—"She said if I'd keep quiet she'd give me one of 'em when I grow up."

A TRIM creature.—The milliner.

AUNT—"Why, Laurie, you seem to be growing every day!" *Laurie* (whose one idea is his birthday next week)—"Yes, aunty; I'm afraid I shall be six before my birthday!"

"WHAT'S the matter, Pat?" "More fun in the family, sor." "Yes; twins again?" "No, sor. Faith, and it's triplets this time." "You're getting on." "Getting on, is it? By hivins, sor, I believe the next'll be quadrupeds."

YOUNG LADY—"Good-morning, Mrs. Jenkins. Your son seems to be getting on famously as papa's man. And he's quite turned the heads of both cook and housemaid." *Mrs. Jenkins*—"Quite a gay Lutheran, as they say, I s'pose."

A MAN named Brown was the slowest man in all Birmingham. One day he died, and soon after a friend said to Thomas, his son: "Thomas, your father died rather sudden, didn't he?" "Well, yes," said Thomas; "sudden for him!"

BOYS, as a rule, are a nuisance, but there is always something about our own that makes them a little superior to others. They are of a finer quality of material, and the noise that they make is not the harsh and nerve-destroying kind that other boys make.

I know there's a cross about Norah's blue eye,
But that fact my love cannot smother;
For her eyes are so pretty! No wonder they try
To be gazing round into each other.

"Now, MARY ANN," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "who was it supported the world on his shoulders?" "It was Atlas, ma'am." "And who supported Atlas?" "The book doesn't say, but I guess his wife supported him."

FOGG has said the meanest things any man was ever capable of saying. When Mrs. F. left him alone in the house the other evening, she remarked: "You won't be lonely, dear?" "No," he replied; "I shan't miss you at all. The parrot, you know, is here."

"WILL you trust me, Fannie?" he cried. "With all my heart, Augustus; with all my soul; with all my self," she whispered, nestling on his manly bosom. "Would to Heaven that you were my tailor!" he murmured to himself; and tenderly he took her to his arms.

TWO GENTLEMEN, one named Woodcock, the other Fuller, walking together, happening to see an owl, the latter said: "That bird is very much like a Woodcock." "You are very wrong," said the first, "for it's Fuller in the head, Fuller in the eyes, and Fuller all over."

WIGGINS (who has nerved himself to ask her papa's consent)—"Sir, I have just returned from the concert—with Miss DeJones—and finding you alone—" *DeJones* (of Chicago)—"That's all right, my boy. broke, eh? Here's a twenty. Her mother used to clean me out the same way."

REDUCTING THE SCURFLER. "That's a pretty idea, mother," said Mr. Jones, the father of seven quite aged daughters, to his wife. "What is that, John?" asked Mrs. J. "Why, the Secretary of the Navy advertises for proposals for building some torpedo-boats. We might advertise for proposals for the girls!"

"DER vhay of him was like dis," he said, in explanation to his friends. "Der proker says if I pays wheat at eighty-two cents and he goes oop, I can't help I but make some money; so pays him." "But wheat went down." "Oxactly! der proker forgot to tell me dot if wheat went down I lose, but I knows petter next time. I haf some experience."

A BLIND man was sitting in company with some visitors, when one of the company left the room. "What white teeth that lady has!" said the blind man. "Why," said a friend, in great surprise, "how can you tell?" "Because," answered the blind man, "for the last hour she has done nothing but laugh."

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere

As though it had a limit;

There's not a place in earth or heaven,

There's not a task to mankind given,

There's not a blessing or a woe,

There's not a whispered Yes or No,

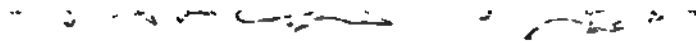
There's not a life, or death, or birth,

That has a feather's weight of worth,

Without a woman in it.

GILGOLLY hired a pony the other day to take a little exercise on. He got all the exercise he wanted, and, as he limped to the edge of the pavement to rest himself after taking so much exercise, a kind friend asked him: "What did you come down so quick for?" "What did I come down so quick for? Did you see anything up in the air for me to hold on to?"

"OLD LADY (to dealer). "Is them thermometers reliable?" *Dealer*—"Yes, ma'am; they are manufactured expressly for our own trade." *Old Lady*—"I guess yer kin gimme one of 'em." *Dealer*—"Yes, ma'am; which will you have? They are all the same price." *Old Lady*—"I see some of 'em are seventy and some eighty degrees. Gimme an eighty-degree one. I don't care much for weather when it's too cold."



QUEEN LOUISE AT THE HEAD OF HER REGIMENT.

received the news with no unusual demonstration, for the princely House of Hohenzollern was just then in waning favor with the people of the capital.

The late Emperor was born in the Berlin Palace of the Crown Prince, Frederick William, his father. Hither his mother, the Princess Louise, had come from her

great-grandfather did at the battle of Fehrbellin, when he defeated the Swedes. Be men, and strive to be great generals. If you have not that ambition, then you are unworthy to be the descendants of Frederick the Great." Historians differ as to whom these remarkable words were addressed. Some assert that they were spoken directly to her sons; but according to more modern writers the Queen addressed them to the young Princes' military instructors, by whom they were subsequently transmitted to their pupils. All authorities agree, however, that Queen Louise uttered them, and the events of 1870 are cited by many German writers as the fulfillment of her prophetic exhortation.

Soon the Royal family left Schwedt for Königsberg; but by December the French were so close upon the latter place that fears were expressed for the safety of the Queen. A move to Memel became imperative. But the bodily and mental strain of the past months proved too much for the delicate constitution of the Queen; so that, typhus being prevalent in the crowded town, she was stricken with the fever. Despite her serious condition, the advance of the enemy necessitated her immediate removal. "Rather," exclaimed the unfortunate Queen as she started on her perilous journey, through biting cold and blinding snowstorms—"rather would I render myself to God than fall into the hands of those men." Previous to this, on New Year's Day, 1807, Prince William, being then not quite ten years old, commenced his military career. The King having arrived on the first day of the year at Königsberg, when the retreat to Memel had been decided upon, Prince William was appointed a Second-lieutenant in the Foot Guards.

At Memel national misfortune was accompanied by family mishap. Prince William fell ill of nervous fever, and the Crown Prince, his brother, was attacked with scarlet fever. In February the drooping spirits of the people revived as they heard of the courageous stand made by the Prussian troops during the two days' fighting at Eylau, the visit of the Emperor Alexander, and the arrival of the Russian Guard. But the battle of Friedland plunged the nation into a despair which was deepened when the oppressive conditions of the Treaty of Tilsit became known. Peace had been concluded only at the cost of half the Prussian Kingdom. "All is over with us," wrote Queen Louise to her father, "if not for ever, at least for the present. My hope is gone. We have slept too long under the laurels of Frederick the Great."

The Court had left Berlin early in the war, nor was it until the end of December, 1809, that it returned. The entry was a public one. The King headed the troops, and Princes Frederick and William, as Lieutenants in the Guards, marched on foot through the streets with their regiments.

In a letter of the Queen to her father, dated 1810, occurs the following sketch of her son William: "If I am not deceived, he will be like his father, simple, honest, and sensible. His mien is his father's, except, as I think, that it is not so handsome. You may therefore imagine, my dear father, that I am still in love with my husband." At the period when this letter was written, the days of Queen Louise were drawing to a close. Her health, undermined by a fever of both mind and body, rapidly gave way. Soon after her removal to Hohen-Zieritz she was attacked by her former malady. She sank rapidly, and at nine o'clock on the morning of July 19th, 1810, she breathed her last in peaceful ending to a troubled life. The King, in whose arms the Queen had expired, fell fainting at his children's feet at the moment he sought to break the sad tidings to them. "The King

has lost his best Minister!" exclaimed Napoleon, as he learned the news of her death. As Queen, wife, and mother, as a wise counselor to the State, a noble helpmate to her King, a faithful, loving guardian to her children, her name lived and still lives in the recollection of the Court and the people. Her memory is yet green in Prussia.

After his mother's death, which he felt most poignantly, Prince William devoted himself with even greater diligence to the study of his profession. His successive instructors regarded him most hopefully. The memoirs of Captain von der Reiche contain a flattering notice of his youthful pupil: "At thirteen I found Prince William possessed of a sharp, practical understanding, a remarkable love of order, and a talent for drawing. He had a firm will and a singularly earnest mind for his age." Both will and mind were entirely devoted by Prince William to his studies; so that, under Reiche's instructions, he made rapid strides in the higher branches of military knowledge comprehended under strategy, fortification and field-planning. Nor was military history neglected, his favorite works being the "*Geschichte meiner Zeit*," of Frederick the Great, and the "*History of the Seven Years' War*."

The King, when calling his people to arms, had instituted a new Order, that of the Iron Cross, in recognition of courage and bravery in the field. The first medal of the new decoration had just been struck, and while one of the King's adjutants, Count Henkel von Dennermark, was exhibiting the proof to his royal master, it happened that Prince William was present. The youngster minutely examined the cross, and with a deep sigh returned it to the adjutant, plaintively saying, "Yes, a beautiful decoration; happy is he who can possess it." His father contemplated the boy for a while, and then said: "Well, you shall have the opportunity to possess yourself of it." But the time had not arrived for this opportunity. With mingled feelings of pain and anger the Prince witnessed the departure of enthusiastic regiments, who were about to take the field and defend the honor of the Fatherland. "And I am left behind!" he exclaimed angrily, "and while my regiment is exposed to the fire of the enemy, I must sit here and watch the fire in the parlor."

The King, feeling that it was only by his express commands that Prince William had been prevented from fighting with his comrades, made out his commission as First-lieutenant. The honor was accepted with hesitation. "How," asked the Prince of his father, "can I feel worthy of it; I who have been sitting by the fireside, while my regiment has been marching through the fire?" "'Twas I who ordered it," replied the King. "You shall lose nothing by my commands." Permission was again asked to take the field, and again refused. At last, after the decisive victory at Leipsic, the King paid a visit to his family at Breslau, where William was studying under Major Menu von Minutoli, and here his father handed Prince William his captain's epaulets, and granted the long-sought permission to join the army in the war.

On January 1st, 1814, the allied sovereigns being in the field, the battle-ground shifted from Prussia into France. Under the command of Prince Schwarzenberg, the so-called Bohemian Army Corps crossed the Rhine at Mannheim, and with the first day of the new year—a gladsome year of fair promise to regenerated Prussia—both King and Prince stood on French ground. Thus the better part of two months was occupied in halting advances, under which the impetuous Prince, who longed to catch his first scent of powder, chafed and fretted unceasingly. At last, on February 27th, at Bar-sur-Aube,

another regiment whose numbers were momentarily growing less, bade Prince William ride across the field to the general of that division and inquire how it fared with him. "Joyfully," we are told, "the Prince galloped over the battlefield, fearless of the bullets that were

young captain with amazement." General von Thile, in later times, often related that the Prince seemed perfectly unconscious of the danger in which he had been; nor was it until the King had decorated him with the Iron Cross for the act that Prince William could, as he

PRINCE WILLIAM DURING THE BERLIN INSURRECTION OF 1848.

whizzing around him, toward the fighting battalions, and having undauntedly exposed himself to the greatest danger, he calmly returned to his father's side, the bearer of the desired report." The King was silent; but Colonel von Luck shook the young Prince cordially by the hand, whilst the surrounding staff officers "looked on the

himself said, "understand why Colonel von Luck pressed my hand so heartily, and why the others smiled at me when I came back."

On March 31st the victorious armies entered Paris, the Crown Prince and Prince William riding close behind the King through the streets of the capital.

the man with courage enough to uphold it in defiance of the Deputies." The hour had arrived, and with it came the man. Bismarck, the Prussian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, arrived, obedient to the royal command, from Russia, to grasp the wavering helm of state, and to steer it with an iron hand through many a perilous storm. Henceforward Bismarck-Schönhausen was to be indissolubly associated with the great achievements of King William's reign. For Prussia soon recognized that in the new Minister the King had found a statesman of commanding type.

From the date when he was summoned to the rescue, the King's health visibly mended, "*Voilà mon médecin!*" exclaimed the King, pointing to Bismarck, when a Russian princess complimented him on his altered looks.

In the Schleswig-Holstein campaign the King took no active part, but the Crown Prince was a conspicuous general in command. At the time when power was confided to him, disputes had broken out among the Prussian generals, but his tact and good temper soon restored peace to headquarters, and from the skirmish at the Dannewerke to the storming of Düppel matters went smoothly and successfully with the Prussians.

But the success of the Danish campaign had thoroughly aroused the warlike spirit of the nation; and upon this, it is said that Bismarck commenced to work, so as to settle, once for all, the question raised by Frederick the Great—whether the House of Hapsburg or of Hohenzollern should prevail in Germany. The opportunity was too tempting to be passed. In Prussia, the mass of the population was now thoroughly loyal, and the army splendidly organized; in Austria, unrest was apparent among the Hungarians and Slavs. When the Austrian Governor of Holstein summoned the assembly of the states, Prussian troops at once occupied Holstein, and those of Austria were driven from the Duchy. War was declared, and the Austrian Government, on June 14th, mobilized the forces of the Bund against Prussia. The majority of the small States sided with Austria, but Bismarck won Italy to his side with Venice for the bribe.

The Prussian troops had already invaded Saxony, Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, where little or no resistance was made to them; but on June 27th, at Langensalza, near Frankfort, there was severe fighting, and the Hanoverian army was forced to surrender. In the meantime, from the 22d to the 29th, the main army of Prussia had entered Bohemia, and had defeated the Austrians on four successive days, at Turnau, at Nachod, at Trautenau and Skalitz, and on the 29th at Gitschin.

The news of the first victories of the Prussian arms arrived in Berlin on June 29th. Joy was deepened to the wildest enthusiasm when it became known that the King was about to place himself at the head of the army. Salvoes of artillery and thundering "*Hochs!*" for the King rent the air.

The King was deeply moved by the loyalty and patriotism which were everywhere apparent. He had reached his people's heart at last; but, as he had all along foreseen, only by the sword. German unity and an Emperor's crown were already being attained upon the battlefield. "I thank you," said the King, on that memorable eve, to a deputation of citizens who waited on him in the palace, and presented an address of congratulation and loyalty attested by 20,000 signatures—"I thank you for your acclamations, which I shall carry with me to the army. With the help of God we have gained the first victory. Still there are many things to be done. Be firm, and remember the motto: 'With God for King and Fatherland!'"

The next day the King, accompanied by his brother Prince Charles, Bismarck, the War Minister Von Roon, and Moltke, left for Sadowa. The first night's halt of the King was made at the Castle of Reichenberg, and the next at Sichrow. "A dangerous resting-place," wrote Bismarck to his wife, from that place. "Had the Austrians sent their cavalry from Leitmeritz, they might have caught the King and all the rest of us."

On again the royal party sped rapidly, past a stream of Austrian prisoners, till they reached Gitschin, the day after it had been taken by the Frankfort division at the point of the bayonet. The battlefield was still strewn with corpses, horses and arms. The Prussians had 15,000 prisoners, and, with dead and wounded, the Austrian loss was already computed at 20,000 men. At Gitschin, on the battlefield, Prince Frederick Charles—the "Red Prince," one of the heroes of Sadowa—met his royal uncle, and, with the King, he drove into the town to the royal headquarters, at a shabby little inn, the Golden Lion. Here, before retiring to rest, the King, with a large map spread out before him on the table of the dining-room, held a council of war. On the night of July 2d, as the King was on the point of retiring to rest, news was brought from the main army of Frederick Charles by General Voigt-Rhetz. The Austrians, under Benedek, were massed in position, with the Elbe at their back, and the Prussians already facing them. The King was against a general action as the armies stood, but his faith was great in Moltke. "If that general," said the King, "thinks fit to attack, come to me at any hour of the night, and you will find me ready with the necessary orders."

In the night came Moltke, Voigt-Rhetz, and Prince Frederick Charles—the latter from Kamenitz, his headquarters—with plans of battle for the morrow. At the outbreak of the war, and in obedience to Moltke's well-known strategy of "marching separately and doing battle conjointly," half of the Prussian army, under the Crown Prince, had entered Bohemia from the east, and the other half, under the Red Prince, by Dresden, from the north. Benedek, on July 2d, was between the two hosts, with his back to the Elbe. If the Crown Prince could be summoned from Trautenau in time to prevent Benedek shifting his ground, then, as Moltke saw, the Austrians were in a trap, and could be taken in front and flank. But the fate of the day depended upon the advance of the Crown Prince; for the Austrians showed a front of six *corps d'armée* to Prince Frederick Charles, who was greatly outnumbered. But the calculations of Moltke had been so made that if the Crown Prince received his orders at once, there would be time for him to break upon the Austrian columns, could Prince Frederick Charles but hold them in check till noon on the morrow. To this end battle would have to be given with early morning. These plans of Moltke were sanctioned by the King, and in the depth of night Count Finck von Finkenstein set out upon his perilous and all-important ride to hasten up the Crown Prince.

The morning of the famous 3d of July broke cheerlessly amid fog and rain as the King started for the battlefield. At eight Prince Frederick Charles, careful to hold the Austrians in their place, opened fire. At nine, far above the thunder of the guns, rang a ringing shout as the King, accompanied by Bismarck, wearing the uniform of a Major of Landwehr, Von Roon and Von Moltke, rode upon the field and took up a commanding position from which they could overlook the action of the troops. Battalion upon battalion was sent by Frederick Charles against the firm columns of Benedek. During full three hours the Austrians more than held their own. Soon

hand, and with Blumenthal and others of his staff by his side, he watches the movements of the troops. Soon after ten o'clock the required junction of the two German armies has been effected. The French retreat into Sedan by one o'clock in the afternoon. At four o'clock Sedan is assailed on all sides by the German artillery, the French are steadily pressed back within the circle of investment, and find themselves held in the iron grip of their enemy, without any hope of escape.

Marshal MacMahon, early in the morning, had received a wound, and the command devolved on General Wimpffen, by virtue of a sealed order which he possessed. Wimpffen had arrived from Algeria two days before, and knew nothing at all of MacMahon's plans, except through others. But there was no hope for the French, after the Bavarians had got as far as Balan and the Saxons had reached round to the north of Sedan. Among the officers of the German army there remained a question as to whether Sedan itself might yet be capable of any defense, till suddenly, amid the smoke, a flag of truce was seen. The Crown Prince rode off alone to join the King at Wadelincourt. Soon the word was passed along, "Der Kaiser capitirt; die Armee capitulirt!" An officer, General Reille, had come out of Sedan with a letter from Napoleon III., offering to surrender. The King, after a brief consultation with Bismarck and Moltke, seated himself on a chair, and, using another as a desk, he addressed Napoleon III. in reply, accepting the surrender, and asking the Emperor to nominate some French officer who should treat concerning the capitulation of the army. The King desired Bismarck to be present during these negotiations. The conditions insisted upon were simply an unconditional surrender of the entire French army.

On the following day the French Emperor and the Prussian King met at the Chateau Belleville, overlooking the town of Sedan. No third person was present, and no report of what these monarchs said to each other has been published. But an officer on guard has related that the King, after pointing out several positions on a large map which he held in his hand, drew out a document, which Napoleon signed.

Following up their prodigious success, the Prussians at once moved toward the French capital. On the 5th, King William entered Rheims with 25,000 men and established himself in the Episcopal Palace.

The King's life became that of accustomed regularity, save for occasional interruptions. The 27th of October brought news of the capitulation of Metz, where 173,000 Frenchmen surrendered to Prince Frederick Charles. The "Red Prince," having been relieved by the capitulation of that fortress, reduced the City of Orleans on the 4th of December.

The bombardment of Paris commenced on January 7th. "Fritz," the Crown Prince, had ordered that the densely inhabited districts should be spared; but it was asserted that the stern old King overruled this order, and took the command of the siege artillery into his own hands. An event of transcendent political importance was now to happen.

On January 18th, 1871, King William attained the summit of his ambition. In the "Galerie des Glaces" in the palace of Louis XIV. of France, at Versailles, the King of Prussia was hailed Emperor of Germany. The day was already a red-letter day in the history of the King's family. Frederick the Great had, on that day, one hundred and eighty years before, been crowned King of Prussia. The ceremonial at Versailles was attended by all the Prussian and German Princes in the army; by

the Prussian Ministers, and by five hundred generals and officers; the flags of all the corps besieging Paris were displayed there. An altar has been erected, at which the Head Chaplain of the Army performs divine service, followed by a brief sermon. King William, helmet in hand, attired in the full uniform of a general, stalked up the Gallery, and took his stand, amidst loud hurrahs and waving of swords, looking, as he doubtless felt, every inch a conqueror. Right and left of him stand the leaders of his gallant troops, the Crown Prince at his side, while Bismarck, who has risen from a sick-bed to be present, stands on the extreme left. The strains of a chorale, by the assembled regimental bands, lent impressiveness to a scene the parallel of which is scarcely to be found in modern history. William of Prussia is proclaimed first Emperor of United Germany in the palace of Louis XIV. of France!

The remaining incidents of the German war in France need not be told here. Paris capitulated on the 28th, when, to feed the starving people, it became necessary for the German Emperor to bestow upon them 3,000,000 of rations from his own army supplies. With the City of Paris were surrendered 1,900 pieces of artillery and 180,000 prisoners.

The terms of peace were finally accepted by Messrs. Thiers and Jules Favre on February 26th, by which France ceded the whole of Alsace, excepting Belfort, three of the four arrondissements of Lorraine, and Chateau-Salins and Sarrebourg, of the Department of the Meurthe. The ceded territory contained 1,600,000 inhabitants, and its extent is 6,000 square miles. The war indemnity amounted to \$1,000,000,000.

Under the new Constitution, the Imperial Government consists of the Emperor, and the other Sovereigns; the Federal Council, or Bundesrath, representing twenty-five Kingdoms, Grand Duchies, Duchies, Principalities, and Free Cities of Germany, and the Imperial Diet or Reichstag, which is composed of 397 members, elected by universal suffrage, in the proportion of one member to every 100,000 of the population. The Federal Council, the Bundesrath, formed of sixty-two members appointed by the several Governments of the German States, has the right of proclaiming war, and in this Federal Council Prussia has seventeen votes out of a total of sixty-two. Only Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemberg are associated with Prussia in the direction of foreign affairs. The Emperor has the right to prorogue and dissolve the Reichstag, but it must not be prorogued for more than sixty days, and in case of a dissolution, the new elections must take place within sixty days, and the session must be opened within ninety days. The Reichskanzler, or Chancellor of the Emperor, who is Prince Bismarck, presides over the Bundesrath, which is the supreme administrative authority; while the Reichstag elects its own president. All laws for the Empire must receive the assent of an absolute majority both of the Federal Council (Bundesrath) and of the Imperial Diet (Reichstag), and also of the German Emperor.

An attempt was made on May 11th, 1878, to assassinate the Emperor in Berlin. He was returning in his carriage from a drive, with his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, when a tinsmith, named Hödel, fired two shots into the carriage from the sidewalk, but both shots missed. Hödel was beheaded for this crime. Another attempt was made on June 2d, when he was driving in the Unter den Linden, by Dr. Nobiling, a Socialist or Nihilist. Though the Emperor received thirty small shot in the face, head and arms, he was not seriously injured.

evening *toilette*, he walked to one of the windows and drew aside the lace curtain.

As he gazed listlessly down at the beautifully kept beds of flowers, the straight, neat walks, and trim hedges, a girl appeared suddenly from behind a clump of cedars, and turned in the direction of the house.

It was Belle, and, as if drawn by some strange attraction, she looked up, with some eagerness in her face, at the long windows of the guest-chamber. Edgar Hoyt uttered a faint exclamation and started back, letting the curtain fall into its place again. But too late—their eyes had met!

* * * * *

Never had Belle Lester looked prouder or colder than when she entered the dining-room at the ringing of the dinner-bell at seven o'clock, and she acknowledged her introduction to Mr. Hoyt by only a faint inclination of her golden head. And not once during the progress of the meal did she even glance in his direction.

"She's determined to show me she is not impressionable," thought Augusta, well pleased.

But she was not at all pleased, a little later, to observe that Mr. Hoyt, who sat next to her, was abstracted and ill at ease, and that his eyes rested continually on the fair, cold face opposite him. In vain did Augusta smile her sweetest and talk her gayest. The young man answered her lively sallies at random, and evidently sustained with an effort his share in the conversation.

It was no better when the adjournment to the parlor was made. Belle had retired to her own room the moment dinner was over, and Augusta had Mr. Hoyt entirely to herself, and played and sang to him, and looked over albums and books of foreign views with an unflagging amiability and interest which were almost sublime. But she told herself, in a rage, when she went to her own room, at the end of the evening, that she might as well have tried to entertain a stone, so utterly unappreciative of her efforts had Edgar Hoyt seemed. His thoughts had evidently been far away throughout the whole evening, and he had welcomed with unmistakable relief Mr. Elder's proposition to smoke a late cigar on the terrace.

"It's all Belle's fault, you can be sure of that," said Mrs. Elder, when she came into her sister's room to receive an account of her grievances. "George told me an hour ago that when he was out in the garden with Mr. Hoyt, just before dinner, he left him by the orchard-gate while he went to the stable to give an order, and when he came back he was just in time to see Belle walking away as fast as she could go. Of course she had had the assurance to speak to Mr. Hoyt without an introduction. It was just like her! And then when I introduced him to her in the dining-room she acted as if she had never seen him before!"

"It is a case of love at first sight with him, I suppose," said Augusta, bitterly.

"If it is, he shall know the story of her leaving Mrs. Westbrook's school," said Mrs. Elder. "I fancy that will bring him to his senses. She will find I am a match for her; and I will see that she does not have a chance to see him alone."

Several days went by, during which Mrs. Elder kept as keen a watch as possible on her aunt's stepdaughter, but saw nothing to arouse her ire further, and was beginning to think she was mistaken in supposing Belle had any designs on their visitor, when she became the accidental witness of a scene which showed her that her fears had been well founded.

She was in the conservatory, reading, late one after-

noon, shielded from the view of any one in the parlor by a great date-palm. Belle was in the parlor at the piano, and when she began to sing, Mrs. Elder put down her book to listen, for the girl's voice had been highly cultivated, and the song she had taken up, "Golden Days," brought out to the full its pathetic power.

The sweet, impassioned notes rose with their burden of sadness upon the air through one verse, but at the beginning of the next there was a sudden crash of the piano-keys, and the song terminated abruptly.

At the same moment Mrs. Elder heard the voice of Edgar Hoyt, and peering around the palm, she saw him standing by the piano, his dark eyes fixed on Belle's proud, half-averted face, and one hand extended appealingly toward her. His attitude and expression gave evidence that he was under the influence of some strong emotion, but Mrs. Elder could not catch his words.

But he had spoken only a moment when Belle interrupted him with a gesture of pain and deprecation.

"Explanation!" Mrs. Elder heard her say. "How can it be explained? No, I will not listen."

"You must and shall," answered Edgar Hoyt, in a loud voice. "I have a right to be heard," and he made a step forward as if to seize her in his arms.

But she was too quick for him. Even as his breath was on her cheek she started back, threw open the door of the library and disappeared, just as Mrs. Elder, white with anger and chagrin, but trying to suppress all appearance of excitement, emerged from her hiding-place.

"Mr. Hoyt," she said, "I have been a most unwilling witness of the scene that has just passed. It requires no explanation, knowing Belle Lester as I do. She has only been trying upon you some of the arts for which she is noted. I deeply regret that she should have deceived you, but assure you that I have done my best to prevent just such a catastrophe."

"I do not understand you, madam," said the young man, who had grown very pale.

"Perhaps you will when I tell you that my aunt's stepdaughter—I am thankful she is no relation of mine—is here under the strictest *espionage*. It is only right that you should know that she has disgraced her name for ever."

"Disgraced it!" repeated Edgar Hoyt, aghast.

"Yes. There is a year missing from the record of her life, for which she refuses absolutely to account. She ran away from the school in which my aunt had placed her, and for a year we knew nothing of her. Until she gives her reasons for leaving the school, and accounts for that year, she is beyond the pale of either affection or esteem. And you will see——"

"That it is wise to leave me alone in my disgrace," interrupted a voice, and Belle appeared in the doorway of the library, her proud head held high, her eyes flashing. "You have done well to inform Mr. Hoyt of the shame attaching to me, Cousin Emily," a half-contemptuous smile curving her lips. "He will scarcely try to force from me the history of that missing year."

"No!" said Edgar Hoyt, advancing toward her; "because I know you too well to allow one doubt of your honor to enter my heart. Belle, dear Belle, can't you believe me when I tell you that I have loved you devotedly from the first hour we met? Can't you trust me, Belle, and let me take you away from this home where you are so miserable?"

"Mr. Hoyt, you must be mad," said Mrs. Elder, in a hoarse, shocked voice.

But Edgar Hoyt only smiled, and kept his dark eyes riveted on Belle's pallid, changing face.

that the first draught lacked completeness, and there is evidence that the words were carefully thought out to furnish the hymn with a climax; but they are weak and faltering when compared with what precedes, and when read with the others sound like a false note, and leave a sense of jarring and disappointment. In fact, the ending of sonorous hymns of this character should have a kind of abruptness, a culminating swell and grandeur, overwhelming the mind and leaving it for a moment stupefied with mighty emotions.

The "Marseillaise" was supposed to have been composed by Rouget de l'Isle in honor of the entering of the Marseillaise into Paris, July 30th, 1792. An accident gave it the name. The "Marseillaise" had done some great work before that date, and only received its name from the fact of the Marseillaise making it generally known by singing it on entering Paris at the banquet of welcome which they received in the Champs Elysée.

Rouget de l'Isle was stationed at Strasburg as an officer of engineers at the time of the declaration of war by Louis XVI. against Austria, in April, 1792. Strasburg was then, as now, thoroughly French in heart, and one of the foremost in the national uprising against invasion. In this city, as everywhere, volunteer forces were raised, and to encourage this volunteering, the Mayor of Strasburg requested Rouget de l'Isle to compose a song for the occasion. He did it the same night, and hurriedly noted down at the same time the melody, which has ever since been its musical interpretation. This was rehearsed by a number of soldiers, played by a military band, and the words and music produced an astounding effect when, on the following afternoon, the inhabitants were invited to enroll themselves. Nine hundred signed their names. It is a curious fact that Rouget de l'Isle, after many strange experiences, came very near ending his life upon the guillotine.

Upon analysis it is found that great national anthems are generally true poems, filled with sublime ideas and exalted imagery. The versification is melodious, and adapted to an impressive musical setting. The words are harmonious and flowing, and attach themselves at once to the popular memory. They possess, too, a certain simplicity, and are full of energy, movement and inspiration. In the lines and music together we hear the deep bass notes of a great organ, and majestic, measured strains that thunder and reverberate through the mind, and at last melt slowly into silence.

The poet who writes a mighty national hymn of this sort must be an ardent patriot who loves his country above all things, a man of imagination, of sublime ideas, of melancholy, of affection for his family and countrymen, of courageous, high and noble thoughts, of intense and fiery emotions, and of a prophetic spirit.

Such a man was Francis Scott Key.

He came of superior ancestry. There were two brothers—John Ross and Philip Barton Key. Philip was an officer in the British Army during the Revolutionary War, while John was an officer in the Army of the United States. John had a fine property in Maryland, near Taneytown, Frederick County. It was one of those splendid estates the memory only of which remains, with sweeping lawns, majestic terraces and other picturesque belongings. Round the mansion ran broad piazzas, from which could be seen against the distant sky the impressive Catoctin Mountain.

Here John Ross Key's only children—Francis Scott and Anne—were born both very handsome. Frank spent his early boyhood with an exiled Scotchman of aristocratic descent, named Bruce—a quaint and original

personage, who claimed to be descended from royalty. There was a good deal in common between the two. Bruce had his romantic stories to tell, to which Frank listened with interest and faith. The boy was a dreamer—much alone when he was not with his venerable Scotch friend, given to solitary walks and reveries, to thoughtful books, and late and sentimental sittings on the porch by moonlight. His sister was shy and beautiful—a slim, dark girl, not very tall, who afterward became the wife of Roger B. Taney. At this time the future Chief-justice was gaunt and austere of aspect, self-contained, earnest and rather precise. It is said that he often lectured Frank, and pointed out to him how impossible it is for any man to succeed who is not serious and determined, and how the direst failure awaits him who is much given to castle-building and idle contemplation.

Frank was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and read law with Jeremiah Townley Chase. The society of Annapolis in those days was intensely aristocratic, and amusing descriptions have come down to us of its old-school formalities in business and social intercourse. At the Bar the most distinguished lawyers of the State attended. The judges, in scarlet cloaks, sat gravely in chairs upon an elevated platform, and nothing can be imagined more impressive than a trial. Students preparing for admission were obliged to attend court every day in order to become familiar with its modes and processes.

Frank Key was a comparatively diligent student, and in due course was admitted. He first practiced at Frederick City, and afterward removed to Georgetown, where he speedily rose to distinction. There is something of a prejudice against poets where practical affairs are concerned, but there can be no doubt that the author of "The Star-spangled Banner" was a really excellent lawyer, and would have been remembered in the long line of eminent men in the profession which his State has produced.

He was destined, however, to win undying fame in another way, and altogether by an accident. It has been said that he could not help being the author of the American national anthem—that it was forced out of him—and, from a certain point of view, this is true.

As is well known, Mr. Key was a prisoner on the British fleet which was anchored two miles from Fort McHenry during the bombardment of that defense. Accompanied by John S. Skinner, a man of peculiar character, they visited the cartel-ship *Minden* to obtain the release of several prisoners, and particularly of Dr. Beanes, of Upper Marlboro, Md. The doctor had acted incautiously during the invasion, and had got himself into trouble. Still, there was a certain amount of question as to his guilt of the crime charged upon him, which was the breaking of his parole.

When the British encamped at Marlboro, on their way to Washington, Admiral Cockburn and some other officers made Dr. Beanes's residence their headquarters. They were treated with great hospitality, and, in return, placed guards around the premises to prevent depredations by the soldiery. After the main body of the army had moved off to return to the ships, some stragglers appeared and began to plunder. Dr. Beanes, with a few friends, followed these men and made them prisoners. The act incensed the British officers, who sent back a detachment to release the stragglers, and put Dr. Beanes under arrest. He was dragged from his bed at midnight and hurried away, half dressed, to the British camp.

The friends of the doctor knew that it was necessary to act promptly if anything was to be done for him be-

fore the fleet sailed, so Mr. Richard West went to see Mr. Key, whose family physician and intimate friend Dr. Beanes had been, and presented the case. Mr. Key agreed to act at once, and saw the President, who sanctioned his mission. Orders were issued for the cartel-ship to be got ready, and Mr. Skinner was instructed to act as agent for the flag-of-truce.

The British fleet was met at the mouth of the Potomac arranging for the expedition against Baltimore. Admiral Cochrane received the ambassadors very graciously, but as soon as Key made known his business, General Ross, and particularly Admiral Cockburn, who was an extremely brutal man, became violent, and declared that Dr. Beanes had broken faith and should not be released. But, fortunately, some wounded British officers had been very kindly treated at Bladensburg, a circumstance which was pointedly brought to the memory of General Ross and the admiral, and on this ground it was decided that the Marlboro physician should be set free. The mission thus happily accomplished, the visitors were about to take leave when they were informed that they would be detained until the attack on Baltimore was over. They were immediately transferred to the frigate *Surprise*, and there remained until the fleet reached the Patapsco, when they were sent on board their own vessel. They were permitted to take Dr. Beanes with them, and all were kept under a guard of soldiers to prevent them from landing.

From the deck of this ship the party witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry. We may imagine the anxiety of the little group, and particularly of Key, who was a man of emotional temperament and fine feeling. Dr. Beanes, whose trying experiences had worn him out, went below, but the two others remained on deck all night, "watching," says Chief-justice Taney, "every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, listening with breathless interest to hear if an explosion followed. While the bombardment continued it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. But it suddenly ceased some time before day, and as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck for the residue of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety the return of the day, and looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must wait for it; and as soon as it dawned, and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whether they should see there the stars and stripes or the flag of the enemy. At length the light, and they saw that 'our flag was still there.' And as the day advanced they discovered, from the movements of the boats between the shore and the fleet, that the troops had been roughly handled, and that many wounded men were carried to the ships."

The attack on the city had failed, and as soon as the fleet was ready to sail Mr. Key and his friends were free to go where they pleased.

Mr. Key often afterward, with great animation, described his feelings that memorable night, and how he wrote the song. His heart was sick with anxiety. He commenced the verses on deck, in the fervor of the moment, in the dim light of the September morning, when he saw the British soldiers hastening to their ships, and when he caught a glimpse of the flag he had watched for so anxiously from the first faint gleam of dawn. He had a letter in his pocket, and upon the back of this he jotted down the opening lines and some brief memoranda

of the current of his thoughts. He relied, also, a good deal, upon his memory. In the smallboat which conveyed him to shore he completed the poem, and that night he wrote it out as it now stands, at the hotel at which he stopped in Baltimore. Next morning he showed the verses to Judge Nicholson, who was greatly pleased with them, and took them at once to the office of the *Baltimore American*, and had them printed for general circulation.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we halled at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:

O say does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

"On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep.

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:

'Tis the Star-spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust;'

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The poem was set up by Samuel Sands, an apprentice in the *American* office, who is still living, at this writing, in Baltimore County, at a venerable age but in fairly good health, with mind and memory clear. Mr. Sands for many years has taken great interest in the peaceful pursuit of agriculture.

"The Star-spangled Banner" was first sung in a tavern adjoining the Holliday Street Theatre by Charles Durang. The Durang brothers were actors, but at this time one of them, Ferdinand, was in the military service. It was he who set the poem to the music of the old air, "Anacreon in Heaven." Charles first sang it on the stage of the Holliday Street Theatre, where it took the popular fancy and was speedily heard in the streets, in the household, by the bivouac-fire—everywhere. From this introduction the theatre won a national reputation. It still stands, enjoying great popularity and attracting the best class of people, and on its stage the greatest actors of the century have appeared.

Mr. Key's fame as a great poet and patriot was now made. It is a little curious, however, that he wrote so little else worth preserving. Indeed, there is but one poem of the many he composed which has been thought worthy of preservation—his hymn, "Lord, with Glowing Heart I'll Praise Thee," one of the most popular and valued in the hymnal of the Episcopal Church, of which he was a devout member. A collection of Mr. Key's poems was published in 1857, edited by H. V. D. Johns, with an introduction by Chief-justice Taney; but there

making my nose a subject of conversation." "That is unfortunate," replied his friend; "we wanted a subject, and we took the first that turned up." Mr. Frith observe, by-the-way, that the story told of Sydney Smith, who, on being asked by Landseer to sit to him, replied, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" is not true; but he vouches for the following: "At one of the Court balls, Landseer attended, and when the King of Portugal, who was also a guest, was made aware of the presence of the great animal-painter, he expressed his desire for an introduction. Landseer was presented accordingly, when the King, in his imperfect English, said: 'Oh, Mr. Landseer, I am delighted to make your acquaintance. I am so fond of *beasts*.'"

THE FOREST.

By C. F. GERRY.

THE forest! noblest gift to man,
Beneath whose shades the breezes fan
My fevered cheeks in Summer hours,
As oft I seek her cooling bowers,
To spend a day of quiet rest,
In her green aisles where none molest.

On mat of softest mosses brown
In blissful ease I sit me down.
Where forest herbage, fresh and rare,
With grateful perfume fills the air;
And bright birds sing, with happy song,
A lullaby the whole day long.

Above, the busy squirrel weaves
In chestnut tall his nest of leaves;
While, in an opening to the sky,
A white-winged cloud is sailing by,
But ere it leaves my narrow view,
Is all dissolved in misty blue.

A greeting falls upon my ear
Of liquid music, soft and clear;
For near me, in the shadows cool,
A cascade drops into a pool,
With silvery skein of waters sweet,
Whose spray makes damp my rustic seat.

And there, through all the Summer day,
The speckled trout in beauty lay;
A painted moth comes to explore,
She dips her wings and all is o'er.
A dimple only left to tell
The tragic story how she fell.

And thus from morn till dewy night
I revel in a strange delight,
Till through the purple twilight's frown
The stars like angel-eyes look down,
And then I homeward wend my way,
With memories of a happy day.

could pass any day for a roll of scalloped flannel until he commenced to scream, and *then* he was more like a penny whistle than anything else I can think of just now. Last of all there was mamma—poor mamma!—who lay in the red room with cheeks as white as egg-shells; but she didn't lie there long.

One day—a day of blue skies and warm sun and breezes—I had left off slaughtering my Yankees, and taken to digging instead.

It was a slice of fairyland, that garden of ours, leaving out the angle-worms and boys. There were buzzings in the grass and chirpings in the trees; there were wise flies, in green coats, winking at the spiders, and the fat toad squatting by the rain-barrel knew all about that cther frog who would a-woeing go; there was a hazy, mazy, lazy spell of Summer in the air, and under its hazy, mazy, lazy spell I was an enchanted princess, digging for flowers and song-birds and butterflies.

"You, Nan-nee!"

It was black Mammie's voice, and I was only a tired child in a soiled frock, scooping dirt with a spoon.

"Del law, chile! Jus' ye look at dat dar ap'n, and see dem dar han's and kneeses! Is yer 'ware ye's gwine ter be spanked? Does ye know ye's gwine fer ter cotch it? Lamme tote yer ter yer mauma dis inkstunt—po'nifican' lam'!"

Mammie's bronze arms had lifted me to her monstrous shoulder, and I was hugging her bandana-topped head with a view to that first law of nature, when we ran against Nurse Minta in the hall.

"Hi! yer free trash, wot yer snawlin' tru' we alls house like dis yar fur?" (I am quoting Mammie, of course). "Gal, am yer seed *goses*? Sumfin's done turned yer whiter'n a sheet!"

Minta was as black as the ace of spades.

"Goses ain't shucks to wot I done see up-stairs dar," she sputtered. "Aunt 'Ria, Miss Rose's time done come certin;" and with that she sputtered off to the kitchen.

Up the stairs, with Mammie's broad bosom jolting my legs with her sobs, into the red room to mamma, whose time had come and gone, leaving its exit carved upon the marble of her face.

Mamma's death was the shell that scattered the family camp. The boys were packed off to college; the baby, condemned to the care of a childless aunt, who developed into a spanking machine the two years she had him; and myself, sent down to grandma's, because there was no place else to go. When I add that mamma's body was lost, and the house confiscated, I have detailed all the advantages we derived from being rebels, except that papa got a new wife before he left the South.

Going down to grandma's meant a long day's journey through Maryland in a stagecoach, a night in the rat-haunted tavern at Beantown, and then to end with a carriage-ride next morning to the big white farmhouse on the hill.

I was the last of the children to leave the old home, and had cried my eyes red and my handkerchief wet, long before the coach rattled up the quiet street.

There was a truly loyal aunt to see me off, and odds and ends of childish heads popped out of truly loyal windows. The driver tossed my trunk in the rumble with a "now you see me, now you don't" sort of carelessness, and then, at Mammie's tearful request, lifted me beside him on the box. My aunt called out Good-by in a thank-God tone of relief, the old coach creaked, the horses switched their plaited tails, and I was on my travels.

It was so early that the sun still dozed under his silver blanket, and the passengers who had yawned themselves

A STORY THAT ISN'T A STORY.

I WAS a rebel—what there was of me—and I had a box of tin soldiers, christened Yankees, that I used to whip regularly every day in the week.

John and Jim were rebels, too, but they vanquished their foes out in the garden with tenpins, except when they took a notion to make Northern armies of me. If those boys stoned a bird it was a Yankee; if they didn't stone a bird, but some passer-by instead—well, most likely he was a Yankee. Yellow dogs were all Yankees, so were stray cows; and as for cats—I used to be sorry for cats.

There was a baby up-stairs—a scrap of a rebel—who

almost the whole of the great drop to the sea-level is effected in the one waterfall.

The elevation of the Labrador tableland is given by Professor Hind as 2,240 feet. From this height the Moisie and Cold Water Rivers descend to the sea by means of a considerable number of falls. But in the Grand River below Lake Waminikapou there is only one fall, viz., that which occurs twenty-five miles from the river-mouth. This fall is 70 feet. It is true that the whole of the river from Lake Waminikapou to the First Falls is rapid, but there is no place where there is any considerable drop, and indeed no place where it is necessary to take the boat out of the water. Now the lake first above the Grand Falls is on the height of land. In the channels joining the various lakes above the falls there are no rapids, and there is scarcely any stream. It therefore follows, assuming the elevation of the tableland on the east to be approximate to that on the south, that in the thirty miles beginning with the Grand Falls and ending with Lake Waminikapou, there is a drop of about 2,000 feet. Some of this drop is probably effected by the rapids immediately below the falls, but the greater part is no doubt made by the fall itself. The river is said by Maclean to be 500 yards broad above the falls, contracting to 50 yards at the falls themselves. The interior of the country Mr. Holme found was richly wooded, and the climate mild, though the plague of flies and mosquitoes was almost intolerable. The few Indians who inhabit Labrador belong mostly to the Cree nation, and according to Mr. Holme are probably perfectly unmixed with either whites or Eskimo. As an agricultural or pastoral country Mr. Holme thinks Labrador has no future, though something may be made of its iron, of the existence of which strong indications exist. Mr. Holme's observations have tended greatly to the improvement of the maps of Labrador, and the photographs he brought home give an excellent idea of the general character of the country.

SALT-BEDS OF THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE salt-beds on the west coast of South America are found in the rainless district which stretches from Payta (near Amotape), in Peru, as far south as the twenty-sixth parallel. This region forms a narrow strip along the coast-line, and rarely exceeds twenty-five miles in width. It is bounded on the east by a chain of the Andes, and in the southern portion of the district the coast is fringed with low-lying hills, known as the Coast Cordilleras. A recent German author considers that, before the upheaval of the Andes, salt began to deposit in certain bays, which had been wholly or partially shut off from the sea by the gradual formation of an intercepting bar. Then, while the process of evaporation was still incomplete, the district was raised by volcanic action, and the mother liquors from the salt lakes eventually escaped, running down into the valleys, and, where they encountered no obstacle, reaching the sea. The Coast Cordilleras acted as a barrier in the southern portion of the district, while in the northern part the liquors doubtless returned to the sea. The volcanoes which produced the aforesaid upheaval exhaled immense volumes of carbonic acid gas, and the author considers that a portion of the sodium chloride in the mother liquors was thus converted into sodium carbonate. (The co-existence of borates goes far to confirm the source of carbonic acid.) The coast in this part of Chili is studded with small islands containing deposits of guano rich in ammonia. The guano dust

is carried by the prevailing west winds far into the country, and would fall into the mother-liquor lakes, where, on exposure to the air at a warm temperature, it would gradually oxidize to nitrate, and acting on the sodium carbonate, would form sodium nitrate (Chili salt-petre).

The "caliche" (crude salt-petre) is most variable in appearance and in the percentage of nitrate which it contains.

WHY TWELVE HOURS?

WHY are the dials divided into twelve divisions of five minutes each? Hear Mr. S. Grant Oliphant: "We have sixty divisions on the dials of our clocks and watches because the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time—that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians were acquainted with the decimal system, but for common or practical purposes they counted by *sossi* and *sari*, the *so-sos* representing sixty and the *saros* sixty times six—three hundred and sixty. From Hipparchus that mode of reckoning found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 150 A. D., and hence was carried down the stream of science and civilization, and found its way to the dial-plates of our clocks and watches."

ABOUT ARTISTS' COLORS.

A WELL-KNOWN artist gave some curious information the other day regarding the resources from which the colors one finds in a paint-box are derived. Every quarter of the globe is ransacked for the material—animal, vegetable and mineral—employed in their manufacture. From the cochineal insect are obtained the gorgeous carmine, as well as the crimson, scarlet and purple lakes. Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttle-fish, to render the water opaque for its own concealment when attacked by enemies; Indian-yellow is from the urine of the camel; and ivory-black and bone-black are made out of ivory chips.

The exquisite Prussian-blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by accident. In the vegetable kingdom are included the lakes, derived from roots, barks and gums. Blue-black is from the charcoal of the vine-stock. Lamp-black is soot from certain resinous substances. From the madder-plant, which grows in Hindoostan, is manufactured Turkey-red. Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut-shells. When burned it is burnt sienna. Raw-umber is an earth from Umbria, and is also burned.

To these vegetable pigments may probably be added India-ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese, who alone can produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition. Mastic—the base of the varnish so called—is from the gum of the mastic-tree, indigenous to the Grecian Archipelago. Bistre is the soot of wood-ashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese-white is zinc. Scarlet is iodide of mercury, and cinnabar, or native vermilion, is from quicksilver ore. Luckily for the health of small children, as our friend the artist remarked, the water-colors in the cheap boxes usually bought for them have little or no relation chemically to the real pigments they are intended to counterfeits.

"Whoever guesses the contents in five minutes can have the package," he announces, gayly.

We all guess, even Aunt Jane hazards.

"A box of collars," we all shout in derision, and the clamor of answers goes on until—

"Time's up!" cries Tom. "You have all failed, and I award the prize to Aunt Jane. Her guess was no worse than yours, and she is really the most *deserving* person here."

Tom proceeds to carefully unwrap the parcel, and inside is a tiny, square wooden cage, and inside the cage is a Java sparrow—a soft, gray little creature, with brilliant red beak and inquisitive black eyes.

We exclaim in delight, and drag Aunt Jane forward to survey her prize.

Aunt Jane exclaims too, but not in delight. She pushes the cage toward Tom.

"Take it away, Tom, please; it reminds me of my poor Cousin Katherine."

Tom complies, evidently a little downcast by the result of his joke, and Aunt Jane, who is the kindest soul alive, comes promptly to his relief.

"You will think me very foolish, Tom, unless I give you a reason for my feeling about the bird. To do that I must tell you a strange experience of mine."

Without further preface Aunt Jane begins:

"Twenty years ago, when my Cousin Katherine was still the beautiful Miss Heywood, and a charming girl of twenty, she had among her admirers two well-known society men, Jack Wynne and Waltham May. Both young, both well-favored by nature and fortune, they were for a time equal favorites in the love-race. One radical difference there was between the two men. While Jack Wynne never forgot Katherine, Waltham May never forgot himself. In spite of this, perhaps—so curious is human nature—because of it, Waltham May found favor in Katherine's eyes, and one fine morning there were two events in fashionable circles: Katherine's engagement to Waltham May was announced, and Jack Wynne sailed for his coffee plantation in Java.

"Circumstances called me away from town at this time, and I did not return until within a few weeks of Katherine's marriage.

"During my absence, however, news had reached me of Jack Wynne's death in Java from a gunshot wound received during a hunting expedition. I had heard no particulars of his death.

"On the day of my return I received a note from Katherine begging me to be her bridesmaid, and to pay her a visit at my earliest convenience, with a view to consultation about the dress to be worn on that occasion.

"I called next morning, and was met at the door by Mrs. Heywood, who was just leaving the house. She greeted me pleasantly, and then said:

"Don't stand on ceremony, Jane. Go right up-stairs to the nest. You will find Katherine there."

"The 'nest' was Katherine's particular 'den,' where only her intimates were admitted, and had been so-called because Katherine, with a veritable passion for the feathered tribe, always had two or three of her pet birds flying about in the apartment. I mounted the stairs, and drawing aside the *portiers*, looked in at as pretty a picture as the eye of an artist could desire.

"Leaning back in a great Sleepy-Hollow chair, her face turned a little away from the door, sat Katherine, the dark-blue velvet of the chair making an admirable background for the delicate Grecian profile, shaded by masses of chestnut hair, one hand drooping over the arm of the chair, the other upheld before her, supporting

a tiny Java sparrow, whose soft, gray little body was unmarked save by a single scarlet spot on the breast.

"I entered quietly, and as Katherine turned toward me, her beautiful gray eyes still retained a curious, dreamy, dazzled look, as though she had just turned them away from some dim twilight distance to the full light of day. The peculiar expression disappeared almost immediately, and giving me an enthusiastic welcome, Katherine plunged into a discussion upon *chiffons* in general and those of her *trousseau* in particular. The sparrow had retired to his perch on my entrance, and it was not until after a busy hour that I remembered the curious little scene I had witnessed, and asked when she had bought her new pet, and what she called him. Disregarding my first question, she answered the latter by calling 'Jack.' The sparrow immediately flew down, and alighting on her shoulder, ran his tiny beak round and round the dainty ear nearest him, gradually encroaching more and more upon the soft cheek until, with a sudden dart, he pressed his little head against her lips. To my surprise, Katherine, instead of laughing at its pretty tricks, reproved him angrily.

"Flinging out the hand that held him, she said, harshly:

"Go to your perch, sir, and don't come down while I stay here."

"The bird obeyed immediately with drooping mien. Reaching his perch, he tucked his miserable little head under his wing, and ruffling out his feathers till he looked like a gray ball of thistle-down, had quite the air of a hermit retiring from a cold world.

"Half laughing and half indignant, I demanded of Katherine why she should treat the amusing little creature so harshly, but she replied by a question:

"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

"With a moment's pause of amazement, I gave a decided negative, adding:

"Why, what new fancy has taken possession of you, Katherine?"

"It is something more than a fancy, and you are right in one thing, it *has* taken complete possession of me," she replied, quietly. "I will tell you the whole story if you will only hear me patiently, and suspend your judgment meanwhile. You will remember what a surprise Jack Wynne's sudden departure was to his friends?"

"I signified my assent by a sad little shake of the head. I had liked Jack, and unreasonably regretted Katherine's dismissal of him.

"Well," she continued, "he came here, the day before, and speaking of my reported engagement to Waltham, begged me to tell him the truth with regard to it. Something in his manner annoyed me, and I told him it was not only true, but that it was the dearest hope of my life to become Waltham May's wife. Jack had been sitting where you are now, Jane; he was leaning forward gazing eagerly, beseechingly in my eyes. When I had finished speaking, every particle of expression had left his face. It was set and cold. Only his eyes seemed alive, and they were looking at me with a curious, intent gaze that made me shiver. We both remained silent for a moment, and then Jack rose, took his hat, and was about to leave me without a word. Some demon of coquetry entered into my heart. He had been so long my slave, I could not bear that he should leave me so. I laid my hand upon his arm with some entreaty to stay and let me explain. He turned upon me with a fury in his face that made me shrink away, horrified and frightened out of all vanity and girlish nonsense.

"“Katherine,” he said, “for some reason best known to yourself you have allowed me to hope for your love. I have placed all my happiness, all my hopes of the future, on that cast. I find that I have been deceived by myself as much as by you. As for being your friend, that is worse than absurdity. I would now, and at once, give up all thought of you if I could, but I cannot do anything of the sort. I love you, and I firmly believe, in spite of your infatuation for May, that you love me, and that some day you will regret as bitterly as I do now the separation of our lives.” He stopped a moment, and then went on, his voice a little less firm: “Oh, Katherine, the pity of it—I love you so well, and you will not be happy with Waltham. I know it as certainly as though I could see your future, and yet you must go through all that disillusionment and misery before you can see as I do now. Dear love, it maddens me to think of your life in the next few years; but when it is hardest, when in the misery and humiliation you suffer there seems no possibility of relief, remember that somewhere in the universe your lover Jack is waiting for you; that the darkest hour of your grief heralds the dawn of happiness perfect and entire.”

“Katherine paused a moment here, and then resumed, quietly:

“I never saw or heard directly of Jack again until a few weeks ago, when a Mr. Hendon, a friend of Jack’s in Java, came here to see me. This Mr. Hendon had been with Jack constantly; was with him at the time of the accident, and afterward receiving his final directions. Jack was wounded in the morning, and before his death, which did not occur until midnight, he wrote a short note to me begging my acceptance of a silver girdle and of a Java sparrow, both of which his friend presented to me. The girdle was composed of links of antique silver, shaped like arrows, and the clasp looked like a heart cut in two. The sparrow is the one you have just admired. Before Mr. Hendon took his leave he told me that some time before Jack’s death two sparrows had built their nest under the eaves of a covered balcony outside of Jack’s window. He had taken a great interest in all their proceedings, and was much concerned when the nest was blown down one day, and all the eggs broken but one. He restored this egg to the nest, and the nest to its original place, and watched eagerly for the appearance of the “fittest,” as he called the unhatched sparrow, on the principle of “the survival of the fittest.” The evening Jack died the watchers heard a feeble chirp, and upon Jack’s whispered inquiry examined the nest and found the existence of the “fittest” had begun. They told him, and he immediately gave directions that it should be given to me. He lay quietly for a few minutes afterward, then raising himself slightly, he said, quite clearly, “Take my soul to Katherine. Hendon, be sure to take my soul to Katherine,” and fell back dead.

“Now, Jane,” said Katherine, turning to me, “you understand why I believe in the transmigration of souls. That this Java sparrow is the present embodiment of Jack’s soul I am quite certain, and while it seems treason to Waltham to keep the bird, yet I cannot send it away from me.”

“After a few moments of a very thoughtful silence upon both our parts, Katherine added:

“I have told you all this, Jane, because I found myself brooding over it, and fancied telling it might do me good. You will best please me by never referring to it again.”

“Katherine married soon after, and for a time seemed happy in her new life. Waltham May plunged into Wall

Street speculations, and was unusually successful. He seemed to possess ‘the philosopher’s stone,’ and Midas-like, everything he touched turned to gold. Success intoxicated him; he evidently felt himself master of his destiny. Waltham May, always egotistic, became an egotist pure and simple—pride of birth, pride of wealth, and pride of person—led him on with promises as delusive as lured *Macbeth* to destruction—and Katherine.

“Poor Katherine, her suffering was unique. Endowed with a genius of loving, she lived in a golden desert, and only in dreams was she blessed with a mirage of love and happiness. Not that May ill-used her—he simply forgot her. Many of his pleasures were of such a kind as to preclude her participation in them, and during an illness, occurring soon after her marriage, not only her beauty but her strength had failed her, and she was only a spectre of the Katherine I had known.

“There came to New York, in the Autumn of the third year after Katherine’s marriage, an Englishwoman, Mrs. Lemoyne by name, famous because of her beauty and her past history. She brought good letters of introduction; was received, *fêted*, caressed—in a word, became the fashion. In an evil hour for Katherine, Waltham May fell under this woman’s influence, and openly and recklessly showed his infatuation. It was dreadful to witness the effect this conduct had upon his wife. Frail-looking always, she grew more and more shadow-like, and worse than that, her mind seemed equally affected with her body. Her husband had evidently become an object of loathing, and her most peaceful hours were spent in her boudoir with her books and Jack. I had forgotten to say that during Waltham’s courtship, before and after marriage, Jack had drooped and pined—nothing would tempt him to leave his perch; but as Waltham’s ardor cooled and changed to mere courtesy, Jack became more and more important to Katherine. He would sit perched on her shoulder or head for hours while she read.

“Katherine’s idea about the transmigration of Jack’s soul evidently was confirmed. One day I ventured to sympathize with her on the subject of her loneliness. She looked at me quietly and said:

“Jack is more to be pitied than I am.”

As the Autumn advanced Waltham’s infatuation for Mrs. Lemoyne became more pronounced, and it was evident that a catastrophe of some kind impended. It came, curiously enough, on the anniversary of Katherine’s marriage. A few days before, Waltham had announced his intention of giving a ball, to which Mrs. Lemoyne should be invited. Katherine objected that she did not know, or desire to know, Mrs. Lemoyne; that an invitation could not be given under those circumstances. Waltham insisted angrily, and the interview concluded by Katherine’s remarking:

“You may do as you please, Waltham, but if you bring Mrs. Lemoyne here I will leave the house. You destroyed my love for you some time ago. If you value the good opinion of the world, do not attempt to inflict on me this crowning indignity.”

“The subject of this conversation was not, Katherine told me, referred to again by either, but the preparations for the ball went on. They were on a magnificent scale, and the entertainment was to be a social event. It was to take place at a beautiful country house, a wedding present to Katherine from her father, and her favorite dwelling-place since her illness. In it she had fitted up a ‘den’ in memory of her girlhood’s days, and there spent her most peaceful hours. It was a dainty, luxurious room, filled with books, and here was Jack’s favorite perch. One side of the room opened on a detached

Here Aunt Jane stopped, as though the story was told, and it was Primrose who, with tears in her pretty eyes, said, softly:

"Was she really dead, auntie?"

"Yes, my child," said Aunt Jane, sadly, "she was quite dead. The blood I felt on my hand was from poor little Jack's body. He was lying dead on Katherine's heart, killed by a falling bough, and the belt Jack had sent her was welded together by the lightning that killed her, and the divided clasp was a perfect heart."

"And her husband," says persistent Primrose. "Did he die or did he marry that horrid woman?"

Aunt Jane looks up.

"That horrid woman wouldn't have him, my dear," she says, with a grim little laugh. "The lightning did not kill him, but it destroyed one of his eyes and scarred his face, and made him as repulsive in appearance as he was in soul."

LACUSTRINE LEAVES.

A WEEK'S JAUNT AMONG THE LAKES OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

BY AN OLD CORNELLIAN.

WHEN Simon De Witt, the "Godfather of the Christened West," lavished the contents of Plutarch and Lemprière upon the young and confiding villages of Central New York, making the map of that region a complete index to classical poetry and mythology, he fortunately spared the group of romantic lakes which, "like to rich and various gems," inlay its fair and fertile bosom. These inland lakes of the Empire State, numbering a round dozen, without counting the lesser and unnavigated bits of shimmering water, in most cases still retain their original Indian names, though sometimes these are Englished according to their signification in the Indian nomenclature. We have, therefore, taking the order from west to east, Hemlock Lake, Little Silver, Conesus, Canandaigua, Keuka (Crooked), Seneca, Cayuga, Owaseo, Onondaga, Skaneateles, Oneida, Otisco, and Otsego—all, with the exception of Oneida, lying south of the New York Central Railroad line, and north of the Erie. This count does not include Chautauqua Lake, in the southwestern corner of the State, nor the innumerable lakes and ponds of the Adirondack region. All the Central New York lakes, with the exception of Otsego, find their outlet through the Seneca, Oneida and Oswego Rivers, into Lake Ontario.

In common with most untraveled New Yorkers, I was possessed of the information embodied in the above paragraph, concerning our interior lakes—and but little more; though I was no stranger to the headwaters of Cayuga. Lovely, mysterious lakes, "smiles of the Great Spirit," as the Indians called them—the very thought of them was refreshing as the *grandes chaleurs* of mid-July descended upon the city.

From the personal paragraphs in the society papers, it seemed that everybody I knew or heard of was going somewhere to "the lakes"—either to our own fashionable Lenox, George and Champlain, or abroad to Irish Killarney, Scotch Lomond, English Windermere, German Starnberg, Swiss Geneva, or Italian Como, Maggiore and Garda. Why not do something original, and make a trial of the domestic article in lakes? So decided I one sultry afternoon, and so originated a hurried, but delightful, dash through the heart of the lake-lands of New York. Packing a "grip," and filling in the void of a few

cubic inches with a book—it chanced to be Homer—I was off by the Erie the next morning.

The Erie seems to be an excellent railroad as long as you keep to the main line, but when you endeavor to "make connections" and branch off in another direction—say at Owego, to reach Ithaca by the D., L. and W.—you may find fate and the time-tables against you. Such was my experience, and I passed a night at Owego, which I had not counted upon in mapping out my itinerary. But the bright half-moon shone pleasantly down upon the gliding Susquehanna, and a steamboat excursion to Hiawatha Island afforded ample compensation for the delay.

The thirty-mile ride to Ithaca, the next morning, was over one of the oldest railroads in the State, winding among wooded hills and through a rich farming country. The perfume of clover-fields and newmown hay drifted in at the open windows of the car, through which one might reach a hand and pluck ears of ripening grain, or the early-blossoming golden-rod, which unobservant poets are in the habit of associating exclusively with Autumn.

Finally, after zigzagging back and forth in a somewhat perplexing manner, the train emerged from the tangle of hills, and we came in sight of Ithaca—Ithaca, with the deep basin of Cayuga Lake beyond, the broad valley stretching southward, and the noble hills rising in a terraced amphitheatre around, all wrapt in the dreamy splendor of a perfect Summer's morning.

This is incontestably the most picturesque approach to Ithaca. The marvelously beautiful prospect from the South Hill deserves much more than it has yet received of artists, romancers and poets. All that is fascinating in far, blue, mysterious hills, all that is restful in a lovely vale and embowered town, all that is poetic in a pure, deep-embosomed lake stretching to infinite silvery distance, all that is inspiring in academic walls crowning noble heights, forms and enriches this one incomparable picture.

The deep valley in which the town of Ithaca lies is of somewhat peculiar formation, being simply a furrow hollowed out of the great Central New York plateau by the resistless ice-plows of the glacial period. Mr. C. H. Thurber, of Cornell University, has given, in a condensed form, some conclusions derived from the recent Geological Survey, which are of interest not only in connection with the study of the Cayuga bottom, but also with that of the other lakes of the group. "Long ago," says this writer, "these heaps of Chemung shale were laid down under the water, and now and then a little spirifer or trilobite was immortalized in the process. Then, in the course of time, when the water went down or the land came up—no matter now which—a great plateau was formed through what is now the centre of New York State. Through it ran tortuous streams, taking off the drainage of the country northward, and having each its own little valley running in a general way north and south. Then over this fair scene broke the horror of the glacial epoch. Ice, to an extent which the imagination cannot compass, covered the land, reaching down to what in distant future ages was to be the State of Pennsylvania. It filled all these little valleys, and, as it moved slowly, majestically and mercilessly over the country, it ground off sharp corners into rounded curves; it scratched out little irregularities completely; and in places where it staid longest it dug out the valley to a greater depth. The ice gradually moved off to the north, dropping its *débris* from its receding edges; and this moraine matter is in some places still plainly

visible. It yielded a little on the south, but the great glacial mass, like a huge dam, still shut off the outlets of the valleys in the north. Then, in that valley which in ages to come was to be filled by Cayuga Lake, began the action which has resulted in the curious glens and gorges which make Ithaca so enchanting and bewildering a place. As the ice receded, the space it left behind was occupied by a lake, shut in at the north by the ice-dam. The old water-courses were broken up. The little streams poured into the lake here and there, wherever it happened, it seems, and rapidly wore away the soft rock where they chose their channels. The *débris* from this cutting process was deposited just under water at the mouths of the streams, forming deltas. By-and-by the ice-dam to the north gave way a little, and the level of the lake was gradually lowered. These deltas then became little terraces, and the streams cut deeper and took down more *débris* to form other deltas below. Then the ice-dam yielded a little more; and so the process was repeated, until finally the lake reached its present level, the ice all having passed away. So we see that all these ravines were given their curious and fantastic shaping as the result of the great ice-flow, which straightened out and improved the narrow and tortuous channels of primeval creeks to be the fit beds of our beautiful lakes."

The thought of the glacial epoch was grateful and comforting at the time of my arrival in Ithaca. The weather was oppressively hot. There was not enough breeze to rustle the trees; and the falling waters, which in the Spring fill the valley with their roar, now trickled voiceless down the bare rocks. Everything seemed in a trance. Ithaca is a prosperous manufacturing town, with 14,000 or 15,000 inhabitants; it is none the less distinctively a university town, and the exodus of the student population, between Commencement in June and the opening of the College Year in September, exercises a tranquillizing, not to say soporific, effect upon the place. But when Ithaca sleeps, she is a sleeping beauty.

In company with a friend, I climbed the East Hill, crossed Cascadilla's grotto-like ravine, and drove over the deserted college campus. The very bells seemed to toll out the hours, halves and quarters, in a languid way, as if they would say, "Nobody hears us." At our feet the town floated in a sultry haze, and Cayuga lay like a river of glass, pierced midway by the long projection of Crowbar Point. A sonnet by Mr. Woolsey Striker, pictures with fidelity this scene and its impressions, though in a later season of the year:

"Nestled within the arms of three great hills,
And terraced up their vined and flowered sides,
Broad to the sun, the lovely village hides
Neath the cool trees, or wanders where it will
By wayside, or where water overspills
Down the split rocks from deep and fragrant dells.
Out on the Autumn air the college bells
Float their faint chime. Valedward the sleepy mills
Murmur their monotonous. Home to their cells
The drowsy bees go leisurely. Of rest
And unmolested dreams the landscape tells.
The blue Cayuga curves into the west
By palisaded shores, its plashy croon
Lulling the soft September afternoon."

To the north, beyond the campus, the sound of rushing waters wooed us to the sombre beauties of the Fall Creek ravine. This is the most interesting of a score of wonderful gorges in and about Ithaca, and in the course of one short mile its waters plunge over half a dozen terrific falls, making a descent of some five hundred feet to the level of the lake.

Returning homeward by the sweeping descent of the Mill Hill Road, we came once more to Cascadilla's brook, on its quiet behavior here as it enters the town, with a mill on one of its banks and an artist's studio on the other. The artist is Mr. Jeff. Beardsley, who is too deeply infatuated with the glens and waterfalls and wild flowers of Ithaca to seek fame abroad; though he has lately finished a series of singularly imaginative and poetic drawings, illustrative of Gray's *Elegy*, which are likely one day to circulate in places beyond the sound of Cascadilla's waters.

One takes to reading and contemplation, in the studious shades of this university town, as naturally as breathing. In the evening, when the fireflies lit their fairy lamps over the marsh, and the frogs crooned their plaintive lullaby, I conjured up the spirit of Homer to conduct me amidst "the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*." Reading Homer in Ithaca! 'Twas a happy thought! Certainly, there could be no greater contrast than that between the rugged Ionian isle of classic song and its deep-embowered namesake of Central New York; but, upon setting out the next morning with a party of friends for a picnic down the lake, I was pleasantly reminded of the departure of Telemachus, with his goodly store of provisions and the creature comforts.

The trim little steamer *Frontenac* paddled cautiously down the inlet, and "cut across" the clear, waveless lake to Norton's Landing, on the rocky, palisaded eastern shore. Then she recrossed to make the landing at Taughannock, where the stream has built out a long peninsula with the materials it has brought down from the hills, in hollowing out its vast ravine. Here is the great Fall of Taughannock, which is deservedly famous, though not as famous as it deserves to be, when we think of the fuss made over the vapory Staubbach of Switzerland. Into a stupendous rock-colosseum, with walls nearly 400 feet high, crowned with the dark banners of the forest, plunges the stream, in one perpendicular leap of 215 feet. In Summer, when the creek runs low, the long, symmetrical column of falling water is attenuated to a gauzy bridal-vail of foam-white, which, hanging with exquisite grace against the black wall of rock, is gently swayed by every passing breeze. The sensation of gazing up at Taughannock from the bottom of the ravine is one of inexpressible awe. The voice of this fall, heard afar off through the pines, is a peculiar aerial murmur, which haunts the imagination of the hearer in a never-to-be-forgotten whisper.

Our destination, on the day in question, was Sheldrake, half-way down the lake, on the western shore. Here is a fashionable cottage colony, inhabited by fortunate discoverers of the sweetest charms of the coy Cayuga. Kidder's Ferry is Sheldrake's next-door neighbor. On the pebbled beach, with its banks fringed with wild-cherry trees and eglantine, we passed an afternoon of idyllic delight. The weather was perfect, and the scene one of *far niente* and repose. The *Busy Bee* was about the only visible thing in action, and she almost belied her name, being a remarkably deliberate and quaint-looking old ferryboat, equipped with an enormous mast and sail, a diminutive steam-engine, and insignificant paddle-wheels unprotected by boxes. If there was one thing left for us to desire it was fishing-tackle, for, rowing out on the cool, liquid crystal of the lake, we could actually count the stripes on the perch that swam below us in fifteen or twenty feet of water.

Toward evening the *Frontenac*, on her return trip, glided like a white swan up to the little wharf. Then she disappeared, with my Ithaca friends aboard, in the

they had taken refuge while waiting for a train on the New York Central.

Cayuga's one lion and historical relic, after the hotel-register above mentioned, is a line of decaying piles marking the remains of the original Cayuga Bridge, which dates back to Indian times, and was a kind of landmark dividing the accessible East from the "Wild West" of the State three-quarters of a century ago. Many a time and oft were the results of an election reversed or discounted by the returns from "beyond Cayuga Bridge."

Across the modern causeway which is the Cayuga Bridge of to-day, and through the luxuriant reeds which gave the lake its Indian name, I sped, bright and early the next morning, on my way to Geneva. It was less than an hour's ride, beside the brawling Seneca River, past paper-mills enough to encourage the most industrious literary aspirant, through the town of Seneca Falls—whose shady streets were fairly ablaze with the red shirts of visiting and local firemen, the date being the ever-glorious Fourth of July—and amongst orchards and fields of grain. When Seneca Lake's broad, blue, white-capped waters suddenly burst into view, the contrast which they presented to those of Cayuga was most surprising. These two lakes lie parallel to each other, are of equal length—forty miles—and of nearly equal width. In fact, on the map they are a pair of twins. But, in reality, they are quite dissimilar. While Cayuga is a placid, pastoral lake, comparatively shallow, and with wooded or swampy shores, Seneca is bold and tempestuous, with clear, cold, steel-blue waters, deep and pitiless, and low shores which sweep away in long lines, as if inclosing an arm of the sea. Nevertheless, it offered temptation for a sail; and to this I determined to devote the limited time of my "stop-over" at Geneva.

On the shaly beach, overhung by gigantic willows and sycamores, I met an ancient mariner, who commanded a fleet of tiny skiffs, and one or two catboats. I proposed to take a row, but he dissuaded me from the idea.

"There's too big a breeze," quoth he. "You'd be swamped in them waves. Swim? not much—the water's as cold as ice. You'd go to the bottom in two minutes. Bodies drowned in this lake ain't never recovered."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the lake ain't got no bottom."

"I thought you said that if I were swamped in one of your skiffs I should go to the bottom in two minutes?"

"Let me take you out in the *Susan B.*, for seventy-five cents, and you won't run no risks," replied the simple Genevese, unabashed.

Impressed with his dexterity in steering out of a controversial tight place, I embarked in the skittish catboat. We beat out beyond the breakwater and lighthouse against a regular gale. An hour, occupied chiefly in bailing out the *Susan B.*, disillusionized me as to the delights of fresh-water sailing; and I paid my graybeard mariner an extra fee to land me at the dock over by the railway station, glad to escape personally testing the alleged bottomlessness of Seneca Lake.

The railway ride to Penn Yan, *via* Dresden, takes the traveler along the brink of Seneca's deep basin for fifteen or twenty miles; and the trip cannot fail to give a favorable idea of the beauty and romance of these shores. They offer a constant succession of broad-breasted hills and promontories, sweeping back from the water in graceful lines, and fading in the blue distance. Some of these hills are wooded, but for the most part they are covered with prosperous-looking farms, orchards and vineyards. Legendry, too, has thrown its impalpable but potent

charm about the region. It was here, and along the Seneca River, that the Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, Mohawks and Senecas formed their great league, constituting the Iroquois Nation. Onondaga, it is said, means "upon the hills"; Oneida, "granite people"; Mohawk and Seneca, respectively "possessors of the flint" and "great hill-people." The modern orthography of these names, however, represents but faintly the strung-out monosyllabic combinations of the originals, Indian nomenclature being of a roundabout descriptive character, based upon local landmarks.

Dresden boasts of the unique natural curiosity known as the "Lake Guns." This mysterious artillery is heard, but not seen. The "guns" are probably great gas-bubbles, working their way to the surface of the shallows formed by the outlet of Lake Keuka at this point. Rising from the depths of some choked subterranean cavern, the huge bubbles burst on the surface of the water with a peculiar sound, which, on still and sultry Summer nights, resembles the distant booming of cannon.

Lake Keuka, or Crooked Lake, lies about twenty miles to the west of Seneca, and almost parallel to it. At the foot, or northern end of the lake, is the town of Penn Yan. Keuka means Crooked Elbow; and Penn Yan means that once upon a time two pioneers, named respectively Penn and Yan, having started a settlement here and disputed about the naming of it, amalgamated instead of splitting the difference, and jointly immortalized themselves by calling the place Penn Yan.

Arriving *via* the amazingly tortuous railroad from Dresden, upon which a train of cars is never once during the whole trip in a straight line, one naturally feels "turned around" at Penn Yan. A good many inquiries are necessary in order to find the lake, of which there is no visible sign about the town save the outlet. I first "followed the crowd" of excursionists—tan-faced country boys and girls in picnic attire, and squads of firemen and militia in imposing but uncomfortable uniforms. They were going up the lake on the *Holmes*; but as the *Holmes* lay in the outlet near the railway station, I could see that she was a moderate-sized steamboat with an immoderate crowd already on board, leaving no room even for the traditional "one more." I therefore resumed my explorations afoot in search of Crooked Lake. In response to inquiries, I received hints concerning a certain mysterious "Ark," which seemed to be a popular institution of Penn Yan, and after walking some distance beyond the outskirts of the town, I suddenly came upon it—and the lake. The "Ark" is a roomy wooden structure, making no pretensions as to architecture, but unlimited in its resources for entertainment and comfort, built out on piles over the clear, transparent water. It is a delicious nook, shaded by elms, pines and willows. Within the Ark are creature comforts enough for a second Noah, with all his family and menagerie. A mineral spring bubbles up beside the roadway. Painted skiffs dance at their moorings, and the pure waters invite a plunge. Rustic tables and benches under the trees are occupied by groups who are indisputably enjoying themselves. It seems a place of perpetual picnic. The lake at this end is only about a mile wide, and the opposite shore outspreads a noble panorama, with its broad yellow fields, orchards, vineyards, farms and villages stretching far to southward and shutting off the view toward Bluff Point.

The charms of Crooked Lake and the Ark lured me from the original comprehensive plan of my lacustrine pilgrimage. I even had a rash thought of letting all the other places go, and staying here, a Keuka lotus-cater,

during the remaining days of my vacation. Although this idea was afterward modified, I did tarry until three or four lakes were blotted out from among the possibilities of my tour. The dainty Canandaigua, the sylvan Skaneateles, and the mountain gem Otsego, one after another slipped quite out of reach; and even the mysterious, broad Oneida began to look very distant and dubious.

But fair Keuka was compensation for the loss. One bright morning I embarked on the *Urbana* and sailed to Hammondsport and back. The lake is twenty-two miles long, and lies upon the boundaries of three counties—Yates, Schuyler and Steuben. About halfway, it is divided into two branches, like the prongs of a fork, by Bluff Point, a noble promontory 700 feet high, and covered with vineyards to the summit. The number of Summer resorts along these shores, as well as the number of steamboats—nearly a score—plying upon the lake, indicate that *somebody* has discovered Keuka, and that it has sprung into great popularity. Besides the great caravansaries like those at Grove Springs, O-goya-go and Idlewild, there are cozy and artistic private cottages in every sheltered cove.

This region is the great vineyard of New York State. The soil is mostly of a shaly character, rather poor from the ordinary agricultural point of view, but congenial to the culture of the grape. The Keuka vintages consist chiefly of Catawba wines, dry and sweet, and port. The pale-golden Catawba of the Hammondsport hills is metamorphosed, with the aid of carbonic-acid gas, into an excellent imitation of champagne, which, sparklingly effervescent in a slender crystal goblet, tempts even the most exacting connoisseur to try its potency to cheer, if not to inebriate. Ten thousand tons of grapes is but a fair estimate of the yield of the Keuka vineyards, for a year like the last one. The *Vineyardist*, published at Penn Yan, says on this interesting subject: "The acreage in vines in the United States has more than doubled within the past five years, and covers at the present time not less than 300,000 acres. Farmers who talked of planting five and ten acres then, now take fifty and one hundred with the ease and confidence that a thoroughbred would take a hurdle. The increase in quantity has been outstripped in quality of varieties selected, so that it would not be an exaggeration to say that practically our whole system has been revolutionized within the period named. The capital invested in vineyards and vineyard properties in the whole country at the present time is not less than \$100,000,000. The present ratio of increase of planting and investment is about 10 per cent. in three years. This ratio, kept up until 1895, will give us, as the result of nine years, \$800,000,000 invested in 2,400,000 acres planted; and estimating the product at 400 gallons of wine to the acre (supposing all were made into wine), would yield the round number of 960,000,000 gallons, a quantity equal to the present wine-production of France."

Not all of the product of these Keuka Lake vineyards, however, goes to the wine-press. Great quantities of luscious grapes find their way, every Autumn, into the fruit-markets of New York and Philadelphia.

I visited a "basket factory" by the shore, where the bass, chestnut and elm of the adjoining woods was made up by special machinery into the light baskets so common in our markets. The work of putting these together is done by girls, each of whom can turn out from 200 to 300 per day, and for which she is paid at the rate of a cent apiece.

With an *au revoir* to these baskets, which I trusted to meet again filled with grapes at Washington Market in

October, I turned reluctantly from smiling Keuka, braved the pangs of parting with Noah, Shem, Ham, Japheth, and the rest of the good company at the Ark, and left Penn Yan by the way I had come. On the train of the tortuous brookside railroad, a fine-looking old boy of sixty-five, who was returning from his Fourth-of-July celebration, beguiled the time by pointing out the objects of interest—these being chiefly the various places along the route where trains had run off the track or tumbled into the stream. Once a menagerie came to grief in this way; and the people of the neighborhood, seeing elephants, camels, zebras, and other strange beasts wending their way toward the Ark at Penn Yan, feared that things were rapidly shaping toward a second Deluge.

At Geneva it seemed rather homelike to board a New York Central car once more. I passed through Auburn on the wing, without stopping over to visit silvery little Owasco. At Syracuse the train passed near enough to command a view, through the steam clouds rising from a vast desert of salt vats, of the entire extent of the exaggerated pond which is locally called Onondaga Lake. I was now on a branch of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Road, bound for Brewertown, on Oneida Lake.

It was late in the afternoon when the train stopped at the little station, set in the midst of daisy-white fields. The stream which lay just beyond, reflecting the sunset's saffron glow, was the Oneida River, the outlet of the lake. A steam launch, bound for "Frenchman's Island," was just casting off her moorings, and as there are no regular excursion steamboats on Oneida Lake, excepting on Sundays, I recognized my sole chance for a sail. At the invitation of the captain and his crew—one boy—I clambered in. We steamed up the outlet, and were soon tossing in a strong, warm wind upon the dark waves of the broad lake, the sinking sun paving the waters behind us "with patens of bright gold," while in the distance ahead rose the dim, wooded island which was our destination.

Oneida Lake is an exception to the general run of the lakes of New York in almost every particular. They are long, narrow and deep; it is short, broad and shallow. Their trend is uniformly from south to north; Oneida's is from east to west. Their waters are crystalline and cold, fed by living springs; Oneida's are dark-tinged and warm. With the others, bold or precipitous shores are the rule; the shorelines of Oneida are low, hazy strips, occasionally sinking into marshlands. Moreover, this is the only lake of them all which has islands, with the sole exception of the miniature islet called Frontenac, at Union Springs, in Cayuga Lake. Champlain, the illustrious French navigator and explorer, in the account of one of his inland expeditions over the present New York territory, in 1615-16, mentions the encampment of his party upon a beautiful island in one of the lakes. Historians disputed and doubted as to the identity of the lake in question, until Gen. John S. Clarke, the eminent geologist and antiquarian of Auburn, N. Y., pointed out that it could have been no other than Oneida, which contains the only eligible islands in New York's inland waters.

These two islands, at the western end of Oneida Lake, are virtually one, being separated only by a shallow, reedy strait, which cows can ford at low water. The larger, known as the "Frenchman's Island," is about a mile in circumference, and has some fine old oaks, beeches and maples. It supports a well-developed Summer hotel, being a favorite resort of excursionists and picnic parties from the surrounding towns. These

transient visitors, however, come and go, "all on a Summer's day," leaving no trace behind; and on the night of my pilgrimage thither, the moon looked down upon shady solitudes as still and undisturbed as when the

was to put a band across the State in a few hours, and transport me from the Frenchman's Island to that of Manhattan ere nightfall.

When I recounted to a friend how much I had "taken

LOOKING DOWN CATUGA LAKE FROM THE M'GRAW-PIRKS MANSION, ITHACA.

camp-fires of Champlain's *voyageurs* cast their ruddy glow over these wide, romantic waters. This pleasant fancy-picture I took away with me as the launch steamed off early the next morning through wavelets of roseate-pearl, to "connect" at Brewerton with the train which

in" during my week's dash through the lakelands, he said: "Why wouldn't one of those lakes be a good place to visit for a *pleasure* trip?"

From what I have seen, I have not the slightest hesitation in replying, It would, indeed!

PLATE (CHROMO) FIGURE 20 OTHER END OF LACUSTRINE LEAF.

THE MOATED HOUSE.

By crumbling tower and broken wall,
 Dreaming, the sullen waters lie;
 The windows of the roofless hall
 Are only portals of the sky;
 Dusk ivy creepeth over all,
 And grass along the beach grows high

Unbroken, gray-green isles of sedge
 Upon the moat's dark bosom sleep,
 Save when a swift, from edge to edge,
 Skims o'er them in his downward sweep,
 Or a stone from some tottering ledge,
 Loosed, sullen plunges down the steep.

Lo, into shadow out of day,
 Gleaming, two swans together glide,
 With slow, strong stroke the waters gray
 And yielding sedges push aside,
 Till tiny waves their noiseless way
 Writhe, darkling, on their torpid tide.

To woody wall and rush-bound bank
 The ripples pass, with scarce a sound
 Of murmur 'mid the rushes rank,
 Of plash against the walls around;
 By the portal in the turret's flank,
 They shudder to the dank, dark ground.

The portal at the moat below
 Grooms, and the moat at the portal bare;
 Springtide and Summer come and go,
 Nor Spring nor Summer smileth there;
 Within, the sunbeams gleam and glow,
 And whiten all the broken stair.

Ah, for the little feet that fled
 By the cruel portal in the wall!
 Ah, for the lying signal sped,
 The cuckoo's twofold-etolen call,
 Ah, for the mystery that's dead—
 Ah, for the curse that touches all.

HISTORIC EMERALDS.

BY MARY A. PUGH.

THE emerald is one of the most interesting of the precious stones, not only for its beauty and grateful color, but for its associations—the legends and stories that cluster around it. It was known and very highly valued at an early period in the world's history. It can boast a more ancient prestige than the diamond, which is now considered so much more valuable. The emerald was one of the second row of precious stones set in the breastplate of "cunning work" worn by the Jewish high priest. It also was the garniture of the fourth foundation of the heavenly city, as it was seen in a vision by the beloved disciple in his lonely exile on the Isle of Patmos.

The prophet Ezekiel mentions the emerald as one of the commodities brought by the Syrians to the fairs of Tyre. This ancient Egyptian mine of emeralds afforded many fine stones, which were carried by traveling merchants into India, Greece and Rome.

It was the custom of ancient gem-engravers to consult what they considered the fitness of the stones to the subject which they proposed to engrave. The color of the emerald made it the appropriate stone for marine subjects. Some fanciful writers assert that the name of the emerald in Greek, Latin and Sanscrit languages identified it with the sea.

There are not many engraved emeralds found amongst the ancient glyptic remains. The learned tell us that the rarity of such gems was not owing to any unfitness of the emerald for engraving, but because it was con-

sidered so beautiful and valuable that the engravers were not willing to cut it. Some engraved gems, however, are known and considered as valuable by connoisseurs, not only for their beauty as stones, but for the work of the artist they bear. The Emperor Hadrian is said to have greatly affected this stone, and several gems bearing his head and that of the empress are known to the student of glyptic art.

The emerald, according to old superstitions, was gifted with many strange and wonderful qualities, and was frequently worn as an amulet. The story of Polycrates and his ring is well known to readers of classic literature. This ring, on which the fate and fortune of Polycrates hung, had a beautiful emerald setting, and was very dear to its owner. The story tells us it was his most cherished possession.

When his friend heard of the unprecedented rise of the fortunes of Polycrates, he, according to the wisdom of his day, advised Polycrates to appease the gods by sacrificing his dearest possession. Then Polycrates, acting according to the advice of his friend, threw his beautiful emerald into the sea. The gods would not be appeased, and refused the peace-offering. The ring was found in a fish and returned to its owner (an omen of misfortune, said the soothsayer), and the destiny of Polycrates moved on to its unhappy ending.

We now know better than to trace any connection between the return of the fateful ring with the downfall of the fortunes of Polycrates, but the story well illustrates the belief of the times when he lived, and has often served to point a moral and teach a lesson on the uncertain tenure of riches.

The most celebrated ring of the ancients was the signet ring of Alexander the Great. It was an engraved emerald, which, when he was dying, he gave to his favorite general, Perdicas, and thus signified his wish that Perdicas should be his successor. It is not known with certainty what became of this famous ring, but it is supposed that Augustus Caesar became its possessor, as his imperial seal was an emerald engraved with the head of Alexander the Great.

The emerald was likewise supposed to possess the power of reflecting surrounding objects. A story is told of the emerald ring that Nero wore. His guilty conscience made him constantly dread the avenging dagger of an assassin, so that he never, for a moment, sleeping or waking, parted with his emerald ring, which he thought would reflect the assassin's dagger in time for him to avert the blow.

Another story to the same effect is told. This is the story of the famous ring of the Emperor Maximilian II. A cup of gold coins was presented to the Emperor during one of his visits to Ratisbon, which Maximilian directed a servant to put on a side table of the hall. While seated in the council-room, just after the presentation of the coins, the Emperor raised the hand on which he wore his telltale ring. As it flashed before his eyes he saw a strange scene reflected in the emerald. The emerald showed him one of his most favored and trusted followers in the act of purloining a handful of the gold coins from the cup. Of course the money was soon returned, and the emerald grew in favor.

Some of the emerald *intagli* found amongst the treasures of Etruria were engraved with the figure of the beetle; the owner of one of these scarabæi could have counted himself certain of kingly smiles and favors. The legend says: Charlemagne possessed a precious talisman, presented to him by the Empress Irene. It was a piece of the true cross, covered by an emerald; it was

attached to a gold chain. This, the favorite treasure of the great Charles, was buried with him, according to the general custom of the age in which he lived. When his tomb was broken into and the buried wealth scattered, this famous jewel was carried to Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterward presented by the council of that city to Napoleon. He afterward gave it to his stepdaughter, Hortense, who valued it highly, not only for its venerable associations, but because of the affection she had for Napoleon, who loved her like a father, and likewise as a souvenir of Austerlitz and Wagram, Napoleon having worn the talisman on those two battle-fields. Hortense always wore it until her death.

An emerald *intaglio* bearing the heads of Peter, Paul and Pope Benedict II. is known in the history of gems, and was considered a gem of great merit by connoisseurs.

When Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, the ruthless "Infidels" took possession of a vast storehouse of wealth that had been gathered, through long years, into the Byzantine treasury—gold and silver, diamonds, rubies and a quantity of emeralds. Tradition does not tell us whether the famous ring of Ahmed, which formed part of the spoils, was a diamond or emerald; the general supposition is that it was an emerald ring with which Ahmed bought the honor of a grave.

A learned antiquary has assigned a different reason for the name "Emerald Isle," as applied to Ireland, from the poetical one that has so long been popular. It is not, says this old-new version, the beautiful green shores of Ireland, which set it like an emerald in the sea, that has given it the name of "the Emerald Isle," but an emerald ring, sent by Pope Adrian to Henry II. as a token of Henry's investiture of the title to Ireland. I think many readers, like myself, would prefer to cling to the poetical reason for calling Ireland "the Emerald Isle."

The conquest of Mexico and Peru inaugurated a new epoch in the history of emeralds, so many fine ones were brought into Europe. The treasury of the Montezumas and the temples of the Mexican idols were rich in emeralds, of which the conquerors were not slow to possess themselves. Cortez became the owner of some rare and beautiful emeralds, which he declined to part with, even at the request of his royal master. Amongst the royal fifth set aside for the King of Spain, was the famous pyramid of emerald whose base was as large as the palm of a man's hand. Later mineralogists have pronounced this a false emerald; probably a pyramid of glass, as ornaments made of glass were more highly valued by the people of Mexico and Peru than gold and silver, which, according to Prescott, were the only things that could not be called wealth in some of their cities.

Peru was more emphatically the home of the emerald than Mexico. Green was the favorite color of the Aztec nation. This may account for their great fondness for the emerald. Emeralds were one of their lesser beneficent spirits, and was supposed to dwell in the emerald. The emerald mines were on the border of the Emerald River. In these mines the ancient Peruvians found many beautiful emeralds. Until long after the Conquest, the natives had a superstitious dread of approaching the place where the emeralds had been known to abound. They supposed that the mines were the abode of evil spirits and were guarded by dragons, who sent forth fire and smoke from their nostrils.

The famous emerald that tradition represents as the size of a pigeon's egg was found in these mines. This fell to Pizarro's share, with many other valuable jewels

and much gold and silver, but he did not get possession of it until it had been subjected to a foolish experiment to test its purity. Some bystander, at the division of the spoils of victory, suggested that if it was a true emerald it could not be broken. Thereupon some of Pizarro's followers set about finding out if it was an emerald or a large glass bead; and one of them picked up a heavy hammer and struck the beautiful stone such heavy blows that it was broken into small pieces. History does not relate how Pizarro took this spoiling of his emerald. We can well imagine, from his reputed fiery temper, that the over-zealous follower would not have been likely to repeat his disastrous experiment.

THE GUNNER'S SHOT.

THE story is told, in a French newspaper, of Pierre Barlat, a poor laborer, who lived at Sèvres, near Paris, with his wife Jeanne and their three children. Industrious, frugal, knowing nothing of the way to the wine-shop, Pierre saved his spare money, working harder and harder, and at last bought the tiny cottage in which he and his wife lived. It was a tiny cottage, indeed; built of stones, however, with tiled roof, standing amid shrubs, and covered with clematis. It always attracted the eye of the traveler, on the left, as he crossed the Sèvres bridge.

Pierre and Jeanne scrimped and saved until the little cottage was paid for, and made a feast, when it was all done, to celebrate their ownership. A landed proprietor, to be sure, does not mind an occasional expenditure to entertain his friends.

All this Pierre and Jeanne had accomplished just before the war of 1870 with Germany broke out. The conscription fell upon Pierre, who, moreover, was an old soldier, and belonged to the reserves. A gunner he had been, famous for his skill in hitting a mark with a shell.

Sèvres had fallen into the hands of the Germans, but the French guns were pounding away at them from the fort on Mount Valérian. Pierre Barlat was a gunner at that fort, and was standing, one wintry day, by this gun, when General Noel, the commander, came up, and leveled his field-glass at the Sèvres bridge.

"Gunner!" said he, sharply, without looking at Pierre.

"General!" said Pierre, respectfully, saluting.

"Do you see the Sèvres bridge over there?"

"I see it very well, sir."

"And that little cottage there, in a thicket of shrubs at the left?"

"I see it, sir," said Pierre, turning pale.

"It's a nest of Prussians. Try it with a shell, my man."

Pierre turned paler still, and, in spite of the cold wind that made the officers shiver in their great-coats, one might have seen big drops of sweat standing out on his forehead; but nobody noticed the gunner's emotion. He sighted his piece deliberately, carefully—then fired.

The officers, with their glasses, marked the effect of the shot after the smoke had cleared away.

"Well hit, my man! well hit!" exclaimed the general, looking at Pierre, with a smile. "The cottage couldn't have been very solid. It is completely smashed now."

He was surprised to see a great tear running down each of the gunner's cheeks.

"What's the matter, man?" the general asked, rather roughly.

"Pardon me, general," said Pierre, recovering himself. "It was my house; everything I had in the world."

"Do you see any likeness to Larry in this picture, Lucy?" demanded her aunt, tapping the card with a sharp finger-nail.

"Why, yes, auntie—that is, of course, allowing for growing up and all sorts of things," replied Lucy, vaguely. "Mamma says it looks as poor papa did when she first saw him."

"That look like John Phillpot?" exclaimed Miss Hepsey Barton, indignantly; "about as much as I look like King Calico! John was a very handsome man!"

"And I'm sure this is a very handsome man," cried Mrs. Phillpot, also waxing indignant, and snatching the picture out of her sister's hand.

Lucy, who had learned to know the signs of the times like an old sailor, saw a storm brewing, and rapidly emptied some oil upon the waves.

"Larry sends a message to you, Aunt Hepsey. Sha'n't I read you the letter?"

"Yes. Let me see it first, however. Yes, that's the poor boy's own hand. Will he never learn to write decently?"

"Well, it's peculiar, but I don't call it a bad hand," said Lucy, gazing affectionately at the backhanded and somewhat clumsy manuscript. "Well, this is what he says. It's dated, Allahabad——"

"In India, of course?"

"Oh, yes; they never send him out of India."

But instead of listening to Larry's letter, let us see for ourselves what Larry is about.

It is that delightful hour in India just before sunrise, when the cool and damp night air still lingers and clings to the loving verdure which drinks it greedily in, and when birds, beasts and humanity, refreshed from the torrid heats of the day before, hasten to enjoy their songs, their gambols, or their exercise before the tyrannous sun shall again drive them to the refuge of darkness and inaction. Two young fellows, fresh from the bath succeeding their morning ride, are lounging in *pajamas* beside a table with coffee and rusks upon it, set in the cool and airy veranda outside their bedroom-windows. On the table lie some photographs, and the smaller and fairer of the two young men camping there, critically remarks:

"I say, Phil, you are a better-looking fellow than I, any day."

"You're out of condition, Larry, since your fever, and haven't got back all your charms, you know."

And Phil laughed contentedly as he, in turn, examined the two photographs.

"Well, I'm afraid the dear old mater will take it to heart, seeing me so seedy-looking. She's awfully given to worrying, and getting all upset about Lu and me. That's why I made you write to her last time, and not let on that I was ill."

"A sort of forgery, I'm afraid: for I copied your clumsy old list so that you couldn't tell for yourself which was real and which was Brummagem."

"I know it; but it's all right," replied Larry, meditatively.

"Well, boy, we may as well get into our clothes and go to the office. Redman will be looking for those accounts."

"Yes, but—look here, Phil, just for the lark, I'm going to send your picture home instead of my own. It'll please them so much more."

"But they'll know it isn't you."

"No they won't. It's over four years since I came out, and I've never been home since, and I haven't sent a single picture. I doubt if either my mother or Lucy would know me if they saw me. And, after all, though

you're so much better-looking and stronger and all, our style is not so different—blue eyes, fair hair, straight noses. I *might* have looked like you if——"

"If you hadn't looked more like yourself," laughed Philip Potter, whom the wags in the commission-house where both young men were employed commonly called Phil Pott. No. 2, in distinction to Larry Phillpot, his intimate friend and companion, the two having become acquainted during the voyage from New York to Calcutta, which Larry had undertaken for his health, and Phil was sent out to earn his living in the house of his father's correspondents in Calcutta. Arrived at that port, Larry found himself so contented and so benefited that he was delighted to accept a position similar to Phil's, and to begin to take the responsibility of his own living from the shoulders of his widowed and invalid mother.

As the years went on, Potter, the stronger both by nature and physique, gradually took the ascendancy of his feeble companion, and Larry, clinging by nature, and never robust in health, came to depend upon Phil as an elder brother.

"Well, old man, send it just for the joke, if you like," said Phil, throwing down the photographs and stretching his arms above his head in a vigorous shake. "I've got to go to work."

"Well, I'll take it down to the office and write a letter to send with it. To-morrow's steamer day," and Larry also rose to his feet.

"Don't say it's your picture, you know," said Phil, carelessly. "Let them think so if they like, but don't tell lies. And as soon as you're in fair condition we'll have another done, and then you can tell the joke and have it all squared up."

"And maybe you won't object to Lu's making much of your old phiz for a while, since you like her picture so well."

"No, I wouldn't mind that a bit," replied Phil, gayly. "You know some day I'm going home with you to get acquainted with Miss Lucy."

"Yes; and marry her, if she's the sensible girl I take her for," laughed Larry; and so this is the way that the photograph which to Miss Philpott's mind looked so like her dear, dead husband, happened to be sent.

Two years more passed by, and again we find the friends talking together in the cool morning hour before breakfast; but now Larry is lying upon a bamboo couch in the veranda, and a Hindoostanee servant stands at his head fanning him. The more satisfactory picture has never been taken, for poor Larry has never been well or strong, and the years which have added solidity and dignity to Philip Potter's manly beauty have forced away the outlines and blanched the coloring of poor Larry's figure and face until he scarcely looks worse, stretched upon his sick-bed, than he has done for months while keeping at his work.

"No better, Phil," he is saying, in a voice exhausted by coughing. "And I sha'n't be. It's no use. I never shall see home again."

"You ought to have gone six months ago. I wish I had pushed you off, willy nilly."

And Phil knit his brows, and bit the end of his blonde mustache.

"And now Lucy writes that mamma is in such a poor way, and so very nervous," murmured Larry, glancing at a letter under his hand. "Read it, Phil, and see."

"H'm—yes—yes. I see; that's too bad. And Miss Lucy seems so distressed. It would scarcely be right to tell them that you're not well, just now."

And Phil slowly folding the letter, looked down at the poor boy upon the couch, and read the sentence of death in every line of that emaciated face.

"Too bad, too bad!" murmured he, sadly.

"No, they mustn't know it. You write for me as you've been doing, Phil, and tell all the gay things you've done yourself, as if it were me. Write a nice jolly sort of letter that will amuse them and keep up their spirits. It's the greatest kindness we can do them."

"It's too much humbugging to suit my taste," said Philip, moodily.

"Ah, well," replied Larry, wearily, "you don't want to write and say that I'm not able to write for myself and haven't been for months, and then, next mail, to write and say that I'm dead. That would put my poor mother in torment for a month, and kill her at the end of it."

"Of course I won't do that."

"Well, then, do as I said."

"Sahib Lally muchee gone sick," murmured the bearer, in his soft Hindoostanee accents, and Potter turning quickly toward the couch, saw that his friend had fainted.

"Quick, Ram-lal! Run for Sahib Doctor! Run, boy, run!" cried he, catching up a flask of aromatic salts and applying them.

A week later, and Larry lay in his bed, too weak now to be removed to the veranda couch, and Philip, his handsome face wan with watching and drawn with emotion, knelt beside him, holding the clammy hand and listening to the feeble accents, so soon to utterly cease.

"Promise me, Phil!"

"Dear boy, I'll do my best."

"No, that won't do. Promise you'll write as if nothing had happened, and keep it out of the papers?"

"Yes, I'll do all that," said Philip, hastily, for a horrible change was coming over the pale face.

But again the faint whisper urged the dying man's request.

"Phil, say you'll go. Say you'll settle up my affairs, and get leave of absence and go home for me. They'll like you just as well as if it were me—better. And poor Lu says come and help her, for the mother is going fast. Say you'll go! Oh, Phil, I can't die happy if you won't do it."

"I'll do it, Larry. I'll go, and your mother sha'n't know, and—leave it to me, dear boy, and I'll do all just as you would want me to if you were there."

"Thank—you. Now send for—"

But it was too late for any doctor, either of body or soul, to interfere between Death, the conqueror, and his captive, and an hour later Philip Potter stood beside the composed and stiffening body of his friend, and, with a hand upon the icy brow, whispered:

"Rest in peace, dear boy. I will be a son to your mother, a brother to your sister, and sacrifice my own honor to your last appeal to my friendship."

Two weeks later, Lucy Phillpot ran lightly up the stairs and into her mother's room, the flush of youth and health upon her cheek, and the sweet light of hope in her eyes.

"Oh, mamma! here is a letter from Larry, and he is coming home directly—next steamer, if he possibly can, and will stay a year, and not lose his position, either. See!"

"Is the letter to you, Lucy?" asked Aunt Hepsey, severely, as from her place at her sister's pillow she looked over the top of her gold-bowed spectacles at the eager girl.

"Why, of course it is, Aunt Hepsey, or I shouldn't

have opened it," replied Lucy, indignantly. "But you may see it when mamma has done with it."

"Read it aloud, Hepsey," said the invalid, wearily. "It tires me to hold it."

So Miss Hepsey, grasping the letter firmly, and regarding it with such an air as if it were a detected criminal, and she the detective, read aloud:

"DEAR LUCY—I am sorry to hear that the mother is not very well, but hope it will only be a temporary thing, and I know that you are a capital nurse. But still I am not going to let you have it all to yourself this time, and as I have worked pretty steadily for five years without a holiday, the firm has given me a year's furlough besides passages in their own steamers. Of course I shall come directly home and take my rest in helping you to make the mother quite well and strong again. If I can get off on the 15th I shall, and if not by the 1st proximo. So, as the mail is closing, no more at present. Yours most devotedly, L. PHILLPOT."

"Why doesn't he say your affectionate brother Larry at the end?" asked Aunt Hepsey, with a sniff, as she folded the letter, creasing the folds sharply with her thumb nail, and putting it back into the envelope as if she were putting it in jail.

"Oh, he's getting such a business man that he can't quite lay aside the habit even with us," said Lucy, rescuing her letter from her aunt's iron fingers and holding it tenderly in her own soft palm as if to comfort it.

"In two weeks more, perhaps," whispered the mother, with joyful tears in her eyes.

"Yes, darling, and you must try to be so bright and well when he comes that he will think we have been cheating him with stories of your illness," cooed Lucy, smoothing the silver hair, banded on each side her mother's face.

"I hope you'll find it all as pleasant as you expect," remarked Aunt Hepsey, resuming her knitting, with a real enjoyment in the click of the iron needles; "but it seems to me that Mr. Larry Phillpot is more a stranger than anything else."

"Then we'll put a pincushion with 'Welcome little stranger' on it in his bedroom," retorted Lucy, whose good-humor few assaults could shake.

"Really, the way your mother has picked up since she knew that boy is coming is perfectly absurd," remarked Aunt Hepsey, a week later, and Lucy, with her joyous smile, replied:

"Isn't it, auntie! Why, when he does come I expect she'll go out on horseback with him every morning."

"I hope it isn't a forerunner, that's all," croaked Aunt Hepsey, shaking her head, and Lucy laughed more joyously than ever.

But it was a month before Lucy, eagerly scanning the morning paper, dropped it to clasp her hands and almost shout:

"The *Hesperus*! She's in! she's in, auntie! I must run and tell mamma!"

"Now be careful, child! Don't rush upon her in that fashion," shrieked Miss Hepsey, running into the hall and calling after her niece. "You might startle her into a fit and see her die before your eyes."

A little chilled by this dismal picture, Lucy moderated her excitement and conveyed the news so gently that Mrs. Phillpot only burst into tears and required a draught of orange-flower water to calm her nerves before she began to hurry Lucy to get out the best cap and pretty shawl, and bolster her up in bed and set the room to rights and prepare a lunch for Larry, and dress herself and see that Katy was tidy to open the door and Larry's own room ready, and something choice ordered for dinner, and— but just here Lucy laid her rosy fingers across her

which by-and-by will glorify a love as yet unknown. Lucy loved her mother devotedly; she even loved Aunt Hepsey, more, perhaps, than that ancient and acetous virgin had ever been loved in her life, and she loved Larry—oh, *how* she loved Larry, and longed and strove to go back with him to the tender and caressing days of their childhood—longed to clasp him in her tender arms and cover his face with her pure caresses, and perch upon his knee, and tell him how dearly, dearly she loved him, and have him tell her the same sweet story—and Larry would not. No! That first greeting was the initial of the whole chapter! Not once since he came home had Larry kissed his sister, not once clasped her in his arms, not once offered her any of the careless familiarities in which the tenderness of brothers and sisters are wont to find expression. And yet he loved her, she was sure of that. He said so, often and often, and he praised her in every way, and he looked after her with a tender admiration that he did not try to conceal, and if he could do anything for her in the house or out of it, how glad and willing he was! But he was so cold, so cold; and poor Lucy's tender heart chilled, and trembled, and grew faint with a nameless grief, and Larry watched her and understood it all, and never altered his course one whit.

But at last there came a day when Lucy, brave as other timid things will become in their extremity, asked Larry to go with her upon a distant errand, leaving Aunt Hepsey beside the mother, who now failed rapidly yet happily, day by day, and when they were miles from home, all alone in the yellowing Autumn woods, she spoke as she had arranged to speak, and told her brother all the story of her disappointment and her wounded affection, and at last stopping and looking wistfully up into his troubled face, she said:

"Why, Larry, you have not even given me one kiss—not one, since you came home, and I can scarcely believe you love me, and I love you so much! Tell me, dear, why you are so cold. Is it any fault of mine?"

Then he turned and opened his arms, and again, as he had done that first day, he only seized her hands instead, and devoured her lovely face with his eyes full of passionate longing. Driven to extremity, he took the only honorable course, and gave himself to her scorn and anger, if so it must be.

"Listen to me, Lucy, and hear the whole story before you judge and condemn me utterly, for, Lucy, I love you better than ever man loved woman yet, and to call you my wife is the dearest wish I can ever frame."

"Wife!" cried Lucy, dropping the hands she had clung to so fervently, and springing back.

"Yes, child, for I am not your brother—not Larry, not—"

"Not Larry! Then you are an impostor, a cheat!" cried the girl, a sudden anger flowing upon her pale cheeks.

"Yes, if you choose to call me so, Lucy. But if I had allowed myself one kiss, one caress, however slight, or if I had allowed you in your pure innocence—"

"Stop! that is enough!" exclaimed Lucy, laughingly. "And now explain your motive, if you have any that you dare to explain. Where is my brother, and does he know what you are about?"

"I think he does—I hope he does," replied Philip, gently. "If those who are gone carry with them the dearest loves and desires of this life, he knows, and is grateful to me for carrying out his last wishes and requests."

"He is dead! Larry is dead!" wailed the poor girl, sinking upon a fallen log and covering her face.

Philip stood looking at her for a moment, then seating himself at a little distance, said, calmly, perhaps coldly, for he was but human, and he felt a little wounded:

"Let me tell you the whole story, Miss Lucy, and then you shall decide what is best for me to do."

So quite simply and briefly he told the story as we know it, and as he spoke Lucy dried her tears, and resting her chin upon her hand, fixed her eyes upon the ground and listened silently. At the end he said:

"And now you know all; tell me what you wish. Your mother is very ill—very low. The doctor says she cannot live many weeks, perhaps not many days. Would Larry say that I might leave her, or shock her with the story of his death? Would she turn to me, as a stranger, as she now does? The responsibility is yours, for Larry himself would not ask me to remain against your will."

"You are right. You cannot go now. Whether you should ever have come I cannot say. It was a terrible responsibility to take—a dreadful position to place me in," said Lucy, coldly.

"Have I ever done or said anything I should not as regards you, Miss Phillpot?"

"No, you have not. I understand your reserve now, and am grateful for it, although, of course, no gentleman could have done otherwise. And you need not call me miss, or anything of that sort. Speak to me just as you have done, and all may go on in the same way for the present. Now please to go home; that is, go back to the house by yourself. I would rather walk alone."

A profound bow was the only reply, and Philip strode away so rapidly that Lucy soon found herself quite alone upon the desolate country road, and was conscious of an inconsistent sense of annoyance that she had been so entirely obeyed.

And so the days went on—the weary, solemn days when a beloved life is slipping from out the hands that cling to it so closely and cannot hold it back. And at last the end came, and as twilight closed upon the day of the funeral, Philip came to Lucy and asked her to walk with him upon that same lonely country road which had witnessed their explanation a few weeks before. Silently assenting, the girl put on the sad garb worn for the first time to-day, and went. Not till they were quite alone was one word said, and then, looking down at her with all the love of a strong and repressed heart in his eyes, Philip said:

"Lucy, the time has come for me to speak once more, and to leave you to decide my fate. Lucy, I love you, not as our poor Larry could have done, not as a brother, but as the man who longs to call you wife. Darling, I think you have forgiven me the deception you so bitterly resented at first, have you not?"

"Yes, Larry—yes, Philip, I mean."

"And, Lucy, can you give me a little, little love in return for so much that I give you?"

"Oh, Philip, is this a time—"

"Oh, don't cry, my darling! Those dear eyes have cried too much already. It is the time to speak, for I cannot keep up this deception another day. I shall explain it to Aunt Hepsey to-night, and to your lawyer and doctor to-morrow, and then I shall go at once. I have all the papers proving poor Larry's death, and a statement of his last wishes. But first of all, my own—are you my own? Oh, Lucy, you will forgive, you will love me, will you not? Lucy, darling, say that you love me."

"I think I have said so already a great deal too often." And Lucy, half-sobbing, half-laughing in the sudden

revulsion of feeling, turned away and hid her face in her hands. But Philip's arms were round her, Philip's kiss was on her cheek, Philip's voice rapturously whispered :

"Oh, my darling, give me some of those kisses I dared not take in Larry's name."

And so the pious fraud prospered better than any sort of fraud deserves to.

Aunt Hepsy declared that she had never for one moment been deceived, and was quite delighted at being trusted to mystify other people by accompanying the young couple to New York, seeing them married and embarked for India, and then returning home to say that her niece had married and sailed with a gentleman of whom her mother approved highly. After a while she added the news of Larry's death, as if it had just occurred, and probably the dear old lady's life was prolonged several years by the amusement and occupation she found in carrying out this little intrigue, and laughing at its success with the lawyer and doctor, who knew the whole story, and treated it with professional discretion.

And Lucy, standing with her husband beside Larry's grave on the banks of the Ganges, laid her hand in his, and said, tenderly:

"I love you ever so much better, Phil, because Larry gave you to me. He knew how it would turn out, I am quite sure."

THE WARBLERS.

BY W. VAN FLEET, M.D.

READER, I credit you with a lively interest in all that is novel and beautiful in nature. If, while enjoying the freshness of a mild May morning, you should chance to espy a tropical bit of color adorning the breast of a particularly graceful little bird new to you, and, moved by an unholy desire to possess such an attractive *varia aris*, in person or by proxy of the nearest boy with a squirrel-gun, should feloniously, and in defiance of the statutes in such case made and provided, possess yourself of the body of said bird—in such case, I say, how many of your acquaintances, think you, could name the specimen you regard with such interest? Probably not one, unless you should chance to number among your friends one specially versed in ornithology. The small boy, if of the bird-hunting species, might be able to identify the prize; but failing him, or a local taxidermist, you are indeed at sea. The oldest inhabitant of the neighborhood will dismiss it with a sniff, and the oracular assertion that it is "one of them yaller chippies that allers stick 'round the woods this time o' year." A number of would-be wisacres will undoubtedly pronounce it a "hummer," but this does not satisfy your more accurate eye, as the bird, though very small, far exceeds the bulk of, and, in form and color, presents no similarity with, that familiar and dainty gem, the humming-bird. If, in despair of obtaining verbally the desired identification, you have recourse to a time-honored copy of Wilson or Audubon, you will find a highly colored representative of the object of your search labeled, we will say, Blackburnian Warbler. Turning to the letter-press, you are further informed, by either authority, of the great rarity of the bird; also, that it is one of the handsomest of the "warblers," and that it is a native of the "great pine swamp of Pennsylvania." The satisfaction of being able to name your find scarcely compensates for the meagreness of the accompanying information. Should you push your investigation into the works of recent authorities, you will find your growing conviction of the possession of

an ornithological rarity suddenly vanish, as in the later works you are told that the bird is common, "abundantly distributed over the Eastern United States," and are treated to a more or less elaborate disquisition on its breeding habits and ways of life. Granting these manifold suppositions and your consequent interest in a bird at once apparently obscure and common, it is but logical to anticipate renewed surprise, as further research acquaints you with the existence of nearly a hundred species of warblers found in the United States, and that some twenty or thirty species are so plentiful that they are only exceeded numerically by the sparrows.

The pleasant curiosity thus assumed is a heritage of all who attentively regard even the more familiar phases of animated nature.

It is certainly not to our credit that the realms of American zoology are such literal *terra incognita* to nineteenth-century us, nor that the popular knowledge of bird-life should be limited to a scant dozen of the most conspicuous species, among which the imported sparrow is, perhaps, most prominent. There seems to be no obvious reason for this general lack of appreciation, as our native birds are as numerous, as varied, and as interesting as those of any land, and, as a whole, far exceed Old World species in beauty. It is not to be expected, and certainly it would not be desirable, that a technical knowledge of ornithology become widespread. We have collectors and closet naturalists enough. Thousands of birds are yearly slaughtered to fill unnecessary cabinets. What is needed is a more loving familiarity with our feathered friends and assistants; for such, most assuredly, our native birds are. Most of our avian families include members whose habits, in some slight degree, are inimical to the interests of man. That of the *Sylviolidae*, or Wood Warblers, forms a notable exception. Numerous as are the genera and species, none, to my knowledge, injure or destroy anything advantageous to humanity. Their food consists almost exclusively of small insects, and they may be ranked highly as conservators of the forests, their constant home. In the present dearth of popular interest in birds, it is not so strange that the warblers should be little known. Owing to their diminutive size and arboreal habits, they readily elude observation. Many hundreds may feed in a small grove and none be visible, though the air is filled with their sweet, faint notes.

The birds of prey, headed by the unsavory vultures, have been deposed from the place of honor in the modern catalogues, and the entire section of *Oscines*, or singing birds, gain precedence. This arrangement is eminently satisfactory to the æsthetic taste, as well as a just tribute to the higher and more specialized organization of the singer. The warblers are placed well forward on the list, though, notwithstanding their suggestive name, they have not generally very powerful or musical voices. However, their simple, quaint, but endlessly varied, notes, perfectly in unison with the sylvan solitudes through which they float, have a wonderful charm for the sympathetic ear.

"The warblers," says Dr. Coues, in his "Key to North American Birds," "may be considered to fairly represent the Old World warblers." But there are many important differences. The European warblers average much larger and are, without exception, of sober colors. They have the advantage in vocal powers, as such celebrated songsters as the nightingale and redbreast are among them. But little more than a dozen species are found in Europe. Of our native warblers, the yellow-breasted chat is the only one exceeding in size his European congeners. Considered as a warbler, he is much too large

is neatly colored and dainty in form. Its habits may well be compared to those of the titmice, as it exceeds all other warblers in variety and grace of movements. It is seen gliding rapidly among the boughs or hanging head downward, now skipping nimbly from twig to twig, and anon darting into the air after some passing insect. It is ever active. At times the whole series of movements are executed, apparently, in the "twinkling of an eye." Its song consists of a number of lisping notes, given with an odd accent that readily impresses the memory. But it is in the construction of its nest that this charming warbler differs from and exceeds all other members of his family. Warblers' nests are, as a rule, not specially neat, but are firmly made, and bear favorable comparison with those of other small birds. The little blue yellow-backs, with most commendable taste, construct their domiciles of long northern mosses, chiefly varieties of *Usnea*. They place them usually at the end of an evergreen bough some twenty or more feet from the ground. The moss is woven in a compact ball some five or six inches in diameter, with an entrance in one side, forming as neat a specimen of bird architecture as one would wish to see. The eggs, in common with those of all the warblers, are four or five in number—white, spotted more or less with brown or purplish tints. "Bronze" would better indicate the color of the triangular patch upon the back than "yellow." A blotch of rich purplish-brown adorns the breast, the whole make-up being of quiet elegance.

The Cape May warbler is an attractive species, with a tiger-streaked breast, black on a bright-yellow ground, and a pair of curious chestnut ear-patches. Notwithstanding its name it is not common in the Middle States, but occurs only as a migrant. It has been found breeding in Jamaica, but its usual Summer home is the Northern forests.

Closely related to this species, and forming its only companion in the genus (*Perisoreos*) is the "carbonated" warbler, of which nothing is known save Audubon's figure and description, nothing having been seen of it since his day. Many doubt the existence of this and the "blue mountain" warbler of Wilson, as in this case, also, a second specimen has never been taken. However, these great ornithologists have been amply vindicated of the charge of falsely creating new forms in several other cases where species of their description, thought to be hypothetical, have been retaken after a lapse of more than a quarter of a century.

The next genus, *Dendroica* (the wood-inhabiters), is most extensive, over twenty-five species being credited as inhabitants of temperate North America. Many of them are extremely common, and nearly all are richly colored.

The pretty little Summer warbler, or yellow-bird, is familiar to all, and is the most domestic of our warblers. His brilliant color as he flits athwart the verdure, and the merry notes of his sprightly lay, are pleasant accompaniments to a Spring saunter. The breast of the Summer warbler is prettily streaked with reddish-brown, well relieved by the clear-yellow. The head is remarkably neat, and the bright eyes shine out cunningly from their golden setting. The Summer warbler is incessantly active, and is particularly expert at taking flies upon the wing. It breeds anywhere from the Isthmus of Panama to British America, constructing a neat, substantial nest at no great distance from the ground. The Blackburnian, the black-throated green, and the black-and-yellow warblers, form a trio of lovely forms and brilliant coloring, the former equaling the tanagers in depth and richness of tinting. The intense orange of its throat and breast, rising to positive

flame-color in vigorous specimens, is not excelled by any non-tropical bird. The three are nearly identical in distribution and habits, and in the Middle States, at least, are apt to be seen in close company during both vernal and autumnal migrations. The latter species is so bright and conspicuous that it has been distinguished by the popular name of "magnolia." The tastefully disposed colors of this handsome bird are further enhanced by its beautifully marked tail, an appendage the magnolia is justly proud of, and habitually carries open and well displayed.

The second species is the victim of a misnomer, as "green" poorly indicates the rich shade of olive-yellow peculiar to it. The black of the throat is intense and velvety, covering the entire breast, and prolonged in streaks along the sides, contrasting vividly with the deep-yellow of the forehead and sides. A male in high plumage is one of the gems of the feathered world. This warbler has a great predilection for coniferous woods, and is seldom seen far from its favorite pines in Summer. It is very active and a continual singer. Its notes are clear, energetic, and have a quaint, far-off ring.

The black-throated blue warbler is a well-marked and common species, less conspicuous than the preceding. It shares with the black-and-white creeper, the cerulean warbler, and possibly one or two others, the distinction of being unmarked with any shade of yellow when in full plumage. This applies only to the male. Different as are all the female warblers from their dressy lords, in none other is the contrast so great. The female black-throat is almost wholly of a dull, soiled olive. She only possesses one marking in common with her handsome spouse—a small white spot in a similar position on the wing. The male is also about the only warbler that retains his good looks throughout the year. Specimens taken in the Fall are often as sleek and bright as in the breeding season. Most of our warblers, particularly the bright-lined species, become sadly dimmed and obscured by dusky tints after the Summer molt. The cerulean warbler above mentioned is a lovely variety, daintily blue and white, but extremely rare north of the Middle States, and not abundant anywhere.

The chestnut-sided and bay-breasted warblers, from a certain similarity of coloring, may be considered together, though there is no great correspondence in habits. The former is more Southern in distribution, and breeds plentifully in the latitude of New York, while to find the nest of the bay-breast it is necessary to penetrate the wilds of the Adirondacks or of the lake region of Maine. With these two birds the names are happily descriptive, the sides of the first-mentioned being of that bright tint seen on newly gathered chestnuts, and the breast of the second well represents the darker, ruddy shade, known as "bay" among horsemen. This latter species is somewhat eccentric in its migration, being extremely plentiful some seasons and apparently wanting at others. It is always more common in the Spring than during the Fall months, and is thought to pursue different routes of travel at these times, respectively. Though it is said to have a pleasing song in its Summer home, but little is heard from it during its passage, save a sharp chirp, common as an alarm-note to all warblers. His chestnut-sided cousins, on the contrary, can always be depended upon. They come regularly, and a goodly proportion remain to brighten the secluded woodlands with their lively ditties throughout the Summer. The chestnut-sided warbler sings well in confinement. I have known of one that lived contentedly in a small aviary several years.

The myrtle-bird, or yellow-rumped warbler, is, perhaps, the hardiest member of the family. He comes while the frosts and snow linger, and departs only when the chill breath of Winter threatens to deprive him of sustenance. Occasional specimens linger in the North throughout the Winter. From this it is easily inferred that they can, if necessary, eke out their diet with seeds and berries in the manner of the sparrow, which they resemble more than do other warblers. Four spots of vivid yellow adorn the myrtle-bird, disposed upon the forehead, sides and rump, which, contrasted with the accompanying black, white and slaty-blue, complete a handsome and striking bird. A Western form, known as Audubon's warbler, possesses, in addition, a yellow throat, but is otherwise similar. Many other species of this fascinating genus, which appears to grade closely toward the tanagers, seem to demand attention. The prairie warbler, modestly plumed, but with a remarkable voice running a very tolerable ascending scale when singing; the yellow red-poll, with habits like a titlark; the ubiquitous pine warbler and others, plead for special mention, but the inexorable demands of space forbid us; but, however hurried this paper may be, it would be still more incomplete if the black-poll warbler were passed by. This species is the plainest of all—a "symphony" in olive-gray and black. It is a Summer resident of the Far North, the greater part nesting near the Arctic circle. It is one of the latest Spring arrivals, and is chiefly remarkable for the brief period of its transit and its extreme abundance at that time. Well does every bird-collector recall his disappointment, when, gaining a favorable grove on a good warbler day late in May, he finds the bushes and treetops filled with a restless army of black-polls, chirping and flycatching about the opening buds. At such times, with such large numbers of active birds in sight, it is quite impossible to single out and identify the rarer and more desirable species. The black-polls, when passing, are very partial to blooming orchards, as around the odoriferous blossoms they gather a goodly contribution of winged insects.

Mr. C. J. Maynard, than whom we have no better observer, says, in his "Birds of Florida," of this species: "In April, when the great magnolia is in full bloom, the black-poll warblers may be found in Florida. Later, in May, when all the apple orchards of New England are snowy with blossoms, the same birds appear, and, departing for the North, arrive in the British Provinces when Nature has assumed her most festive garb. Thus, in all their long passage from the Far South to their Summer home, they revel amidst bursting buds and the fragrance of a continuous Spring."

Of the thrush-like warblers (*Seiurus*), we have three species, though two of them, the large and small billed water-thrushes, are scarcely to be differentiated by other than an expert ornithologist. The best known of the three is the golden-crowned accentor, or oven-bird. The latter name is given on account of the dome-shaped nest it builds on the ground, constructed of leaves and grasses, with a very fair resemblance to the form of a Dutch bake-oven. The oven-bird is a most indefatigable vocalist, but the true melodious song is only given at the pairing time. Its ordinary monotonous iteration of strongly accented, unmusical notes is tiresome enough, and, when one is giving close attention to the fainter lisps of a scarce or unfamiliar bird, becomes positively annoying.

The water-thrushes sing as well as the oven-bird, but are much shyer and more retiring. They never utter the monotonous chant so constant with the latter. All walk

well upon the ground. Their peculiar gait is thus happily described by Winfred Stearns in "New England Bird-life": "They walk very prettily over the ground with mincing steps, and a certain nonchalance, as if only sauntering for amusement, now furtively examining the pathway in search of food, now turning a curious, but quiet, eye upon the intruder. . . They frequently arrest their progress to indulge in a sandpiper-like jerking of the tail."

These birds are neatly marked in the manner of the smaller thrushes, and are devoid of bright color with the exception of the oven-bird, whose head is ornamented with an orange-brown patch bordered with black.

Half a dozen species of warblers, divided in two genera, may well be likened to the wrens in habits. Their vocal powers are above the average of the *Sylvi-colidae*. The Kentucky warbler, one of their number, has the reputation of being the best songster of the entire family. The Maryland yellow-throat is the most abundant representative of this division. He is found everywhere about moist, shrubby lands, and his sprightly ditty is one of the most cheering of Summer sounds. Of an active, restless disposition and inquisitive turn of mind, he betrays a most pleasing mixture of timidity and assurance when his retreat is invaded. All the wren-like warblers are handsome, graceful birds, strongly marked with yellow and diversified with clear gray and black.

The yellow-breasted chat has been previously mentioned as being the largest of the family. It approaches in structure near to the vireos or greenlets, a most charming and useful family peculiar to America. Interposed between the chats and the greenlets are placed the flycatching warblers, the last division we are called upon to consider. These are also cut up into two genera and a number of species.

The Canadian flycatching warbler is one of the most common. It is a rather meek-looking, softly tinted bird, with an ashy-blue back and a lemon-colored breast, neatly encircled by a chain of black spots. It is a pleasing songster, and, though rather deliberate in its motions, is an expert flycatcher. The little green black-capped warbler is one of the trimmest and daintiest figures of our native bird life. It is true the "green" is much more nearly a yellow, but the blackcap is as "glossy as a raven's plume," while the disposition of contrasting tints about the head and breast is remarkably fine. Its Summer home is usually very far North. The hooded warbler and the redstart form a pair unsurpassed in beauty, sharing the palm for coloring with the Blackburnian warbler. Their habits, however, differ considerably. The redstart is an impersonation of nervous activity, ever on the alert and most adroit in flycatching on the wing. The snap of his little bill as he at times captures some luckless insect can be plainly heard for quite a distance. His surplus energy can seldom be worked off in foraging alone, and he alternates that necessary exercise with numerous fierce battles with his mates and larger birds, and a frequent exercise of his vocal powers, which are more peculiar than musical. The hooded warbler, on the other hand, is a bird of the thickets and moist woods, being seldom found away from the neighborhood of laurels and rhododendrons. The nest, in fact, seems always to be built in one or the other of these bushes. While not at all sluggish, it has the composed, deliberate movements common to birds dwelling within the fastnesses of a leafy retreat. The coloring of the hooded warbler is clear rich yellow

MARY ANNE TALBOT'S ADVENTURES.—"SHE WAS COMPELLED TO KEEP UP A CONTINUOUS ROLL OF THE DRUM TO DROWN THE GROANS OF WOUNDED AND DYING COMRADES."

and jet-black, relieved by white. The tasteful arrangement of the golden mask across the black head is unique. The redstart, when in full plumage, is brilliant blue-black, diversified with flame-color and deep-orange, beautifully disposed on the wings and tail, making a rich display when in the air, which, in the case of this restless bird, is three-fourths of the time. The breast and under parts are white, but the bright orange comes well down the sides.

Such are some of the salient characteristics of this family of birds—a group unparalleled within the temperate regions of the world for numbers, diversity and uniform elegance of appearance. The interest which the warblers excite in the ornithological tyro is easy to conceive. With scores of keen observers in the field it is not strange that the life-histories of almost every accessible species has been worked out, many within the last dozen years. The great discrepancies between authorities of the last generation and of the present are owing to the reliable data now furnished by amateur naturalists from every part of the country.

"But how are we," you say, "who are not naturalists and have no time to become such, to make acquaintance with these feathered gems, fascinating as you make them out to be?" To this I can only answer, "Use your eyes and your ears."

On any day in Spring, beginning with the first stir of life among the swelling buds, rising to a climax when the filmy cloud of tender leaves in the tree-tops thickens daily, and lessening when the fretwork of branches is sealed up in masses of solid green, the warblers' passage goes on. Not an hour of daylight, in weather fair or foul, not a place containing bursting buds, fragrant blossoms and waving branches, in which you may not find the warblers.

But, of course, some times and places are much better than others. The bluebird's matin, the tuneful call of the meadow-lark and the brooding hush of early Spring, will indicate the best days. If "probabilities" hint at an approaching "change of barometric pressure," you may go forth more confidently still, for the waves of bird migration rise to flood before a general storm. If you can select your ground, choose preferably a "second growth"

forest where the larger conifers have been cut away in past time, or, in default of that, take your station on a knoll covered with shorter deciduous trees, or linger near the southern edge of any wooded tract. Go early; you should be at your station soon after daylight. Take your lunch and your gun?—leave that at home, as I trust your object is observation, and not slaughter. While far from guiltless myself, I trust I have reached a point at which I will only kill a warbler when positive identification (comforting word) is necessary. When you see a small bird, watch him, follow him and listen to him. If you see a hundred, single out one and do the same. If you want to take notes, do so; be sure they are correct, and then throw them away; for it is upon your eye, ear and memory that you must depend if you would gather the beauty of nature to your heart. While supposing that you have chosen thickly wooded ground, I would remind you that a blooming orchard, especially if the trees are old and gnarled, and the banks of a wooded stream—better if flowing north and south, as the migration moves in those directions—are excellent places. In short, wherever opening buds attract the smaller insects, there you may find warblers. An opera-glass may be of assistance at times, but the little fellows are too active to remain more than an instant in its focus while feeding. Later in the day, if the heat grows great, they may become more sluggish, and even rest quietly a while before attempting another northward flight.

As to the songs—what a jumble. The minor trills of the warblers, intricate and quaint enough, are mingled with the loud but reedy lay of the tanagers, the liquid melody of the grosbeaks and the chirping of sparrows. The chatter of blackbirds, tapping of woodpeckers and clink of ground robin simultaneously assail your ears, even if this, the usual medley of forest life, is not drowned by the cawing and screaming of jays, crows and hawks. This is confusing enough for a while, but the tangle will soon unravel, and if you have a true "soul for the woods" the notes of even the more infrequent birds will, in time, be to you as the voices of dear old friends. The Autumnal migration is a very different matter. The gay, bright males of the Spring are wonderfully humbled by the housekeeping experience of

"THOUGH SHE TRIED SEVERAL TIMES TO RISE, THE BROKEN BONE PROTRUDING THROUGH THE SKIN GAVE HER SUCH AGONY THAT SHE FELL BACK ALMOST FAINING."

tyranny by being slain during the attack on Valenciennes, July 25th, 1793. Having no longer the wrath of a tyrant to fear, Mary Anne disguised herself as a sailor-boy, deserted from the regiment, and started for the coast. Carefully avoiding all towns or large villages, she reached Luxembourg, which, being in the hands of the French, hindered her further progress. She was compelled, through sheer want, to hire herself to the captain of a French lugger. The vessel turned out to be a privateer, and cruised about the Channel for four months. Mary Anne was compelled to do all the rough work. At last the vessel was captured by the British fleet, and the crew were taken prisoners on board the *Queen Charlotte* to be examined by the Admiral, Lord Howe. Previous to their capture Mary Anne was severely beaten because she refused to fight against her countrymen.

Lord Howe questioned Mary Anne as to who and what she was, and how she had got on board a French ship. She stated, in explanation, that she had been footboy to an English gentleman traveling on the Continent, that on his death she had taken *Le Sage*, the French captain, for an honest trader. The admiral was satisfied, and the girl was sent on board the *Brunswick* man-of-war, where she was appointed powder-monkey on the quarter-deck. Her cleanly habits and her quiet, respectful demeanor attracted the notice of Captain Harvey, who raised her to the post of principal cabin-boy.

The *Brunswick* having fallen in with a French ship, in June, 1795, a sharp action ensued, in which Captain Harvey was slain, and Mary Anne received a grape-shot in the ankle of her left leg. So severe was the wound that, though she tried several times to rise, the broken bone protruding through the skin gave her such agony she fell back almost fainting. A few minutes after this a musket-ball pierced her thigh, just above the knee of the same leg. After the engagement she was carried to the cockpit, and after numberless attempts had been made to extract the grape-shot (inflicting excruciating agony all the while on the sufferer), the surgeons were obliged to leave it where it was, fearful of cutting the tendons of the leg.

When the *Brunswick* arrived at Spithead, Mary Anne Talbot was placed in Haslar Hospital, where she was attended as an outdoor patient during four months. She lived, meanwhile, on the money which Captain Harvey had given her. When she was at last discharged from the hospital she went as a midshipman on board the *Vesuvius*, which formed part of Sir Sydney Smith's squadron. After cruising some time on the coast of France the *Vesuvius* sailed to Gibraltar and back again without meeting the enemy until near Dunkirk, where she was boarded and captured by two privateers, after keeping up a running fight for seven hours.

Mary Anne and another midshipman named William Richards were taken on board one of the privateers, and imprisoned for eighteen months in Dunkirk, where they were treated very harshly, being allowed nothing but bread and water and a bed of straw, which was never changed. An exchange of prisoners took place at last, and Mary Anne Talbot was engaged almost immediately after by a Captain Field to go as ship's steward on a voyage to America.

She sailed from Dunkirk on board the *Ariel*, August, 1796, and arrived in due time at New York. During her stay there she resided in the family of Captain Field, at Rhode Island, and the pretty niece of the captain was so absurd as to fall in love with her uncle's steward. Before Mary Anne's departure she was obliged to pay eighteen

dollars for a portrait of herself in the uniform of an American officer to give to her affianced as a memento.

The *Ariel* dropped anchor in the Thames in November, 1796, and some days after their arrival Mary Anne and the mate went ashore, where they were seized by the press-gang. To obtain her freedom she was obliged to reveal her sex.

Mary Anne applied several times at the navy pay-office for moneys due to her for her services on board the *Brunswick* and *Vesuvius*. One day she became abusive, and was taken to Bow Street Police Court, whence of course she was very soon discharged. Several gentlemen who were in court made up a subscription, the amount of which was twelve shillings a week, to last until she received her pension from Somerset House.

Mary Anne Talbot wasted her money shamefully at the theatres, and at certain public-houses near Covent Garden where her real sex was not even suspected, all her friends giving her the name of *Bon Compagnon*. In February, 1797, owing to her fondness for grog, the grape-shot worked itself out of her ankle, and left her leg in so bad a state that she was taken into St. Bartholomew's Hospital. After her discharge she was attended in different hospitals by several medical men, none of whom were able to effect a permanent cure. She became at last so famous that a beggar was sent to the House of Correction charged with passing himself off as John Taylor, the midshipman. In 1799 she became, for the second time, an inmate of Middlesex Hospital.

For some years her principal support was a pension of twenty pounds a year from the Crown; besides this she received frequent presents from the Duke of York, the Duke of Norfolk, and other members of the nobility. She was advised by Justice Bond, the magistrate of Bow Street, to endeavor to find out something about her early life. She went to Shrewsbury and called on Mr. Sucker, of Newport. Being unable to procure an interview while in "colored" clothes, she returned to Shrewsbury, dressed herself in an ensign's uniform, hired a horse, and rode back to Mr. Sucker's. She sent in word that an officer, a friend of the late Captain Bowen, had an important message to deliver. This ruse succeeded; she declared who she was, and, drawing her sword, demanded an explanation of Mr. Sucker's conduct toward her. He stared as though an apparition had risen from the grave, and, trembling violently, repeated that he was a ruined man. Three days after this Mr. Sucker was found dead in his bed.

Mary Anne Talbot lived for many years after this, maintaining herself in various ways. At one time she thought of going on the stage, and joined the Thespian Society in Tottenham Court Road, where she performed the parts of *Irene*, *Lady Helen*, *Juliet*, *Florante* and *Adeline*, and sometimes appeared in low comedy as *Mrs. Scout* or *Jack Hausser*. However, she gave up the stage, which was to her more amusing than profitable.

Once she was summoned before the Commissioners of the Stamp Office for wearing hair-powder without a license. But she was honorably discharged; whereupon she made the observation that "although she had never worn powder as an article of dress, she had frequently used it in defense of her king and country." The clerks were so tickled with her wit that they immediately made up a subscription.

One great reason why the work of reformation goes on so slowly is because we all of us begin on our neighbors, and never reach ourselves.

THE OSTRICH.

UGLY, awkward, and brainless as are these birds when full-grown, there are few young animals prettier than an ostrich chick during the first few weeks of its life. It has a sweet, innocent, baby face, large eyes, and a plump, round body. All its movements are comical, and there is an air of conceit and independence about the tiny creature while still scarcely able to stand that is most amusing. Instead of feathers, the chick has a rough coat of as many shades of brown and gray as a tailor's pattern-book. This is striped with shreds of black, the neck being covered with what resembles the softest silk plush. One would like these delightful little creatures to remain always babies, for with their growth they lose their round prettiness, their bodies become angular and ill-proportioned, and a crop of coarse, wiry feathers replaces the parti-colored strips which form their baby clothes.

The chicken feathers are first plucked at nine months old and look only fit to be made into dusting-brushes. In the second year they are a little like the ostrich feather of commerce, but stiff and narrow, and it is not till the third year that they have attained their full width and softness. During the first two years the male and female birds are alike; but at each molting the male becomes darker, until the plumage is all black except the wings and tails, which are white. In each wing there are twenty-four long feathers. During the breeding season the bill of the male birds, the large scales on the fore part of the leg, and sometimes the skin of the head and neck, assume a deep rose color. After a good rain ostriches begin to make nests. At this time the males become savage and their "booming" is heard in all directions. The bird inflates its neck like a cobra and gives three deep roars, the first two short and "staccato," the third prolonged. When the birds are savage it is impossible to walk about the camp unless armed with a "tackey," the name given to a long, stout, thorny branch of mimosa. Fortunately, only one bird will attack at a time, and only on the territory which by some tribal arrangement is considered his exclusive property. Thus, during a morning's walk through the camp the owner will be attacked by several vicious birds in succession, all determined to have his life if possible, yet all held completely in check by a vigorous use of the "tackey." When an ostrich challenges he sits down and, flapping each wing alternately, inflates his neck, throws his head back, rolling it from side to side, and with each roll striking the back of his head against his bony body with so sharp and resounding a blow that a severe headache seems likely to be the result. It often happens that in self-defense these vicious males (generally the finest birds), have to be killed.

The hen ostrich lays on alternate days, and if every second egg is taken away she will produce from twenty to thirty, sometimes as many as sixty, eggs. Twenty is the largest number the birds can satisfactorily cover. Each morning and evening the nest is deserted for a quarter of an hour to allow the eggs to cool, which was probably the cause of the old belief that they were left by the parents to be hatched by the sun. As a general rule, the two birds sit alternately, the cock at night, because his superior strength and courage make him a better defender against midnight marauders. At the end of the six weeks of sitting both birds are in a miserably enfeebled condition. It has been found curious to watch one undutiful hen who absolutely refused to take her share of work, so the unfortunate husband, determining not to be disappointed of his progeny, did all the sitting

himself, bravely and patiently, day and night. He nearly died of exhaustion. The next time this pair had a nest, the cock made up his mind to stand no such nonsense. He gave the hen such a severe thrashing, that one would have thought she had not a whole bone left. However, this Petruchio-like treatment had the desired effect, for the wife never again rebelled, but sat as desired.

As soon as the chicks are hatched they begin rapidly to die off; and there is in no case the least hope of saving a sick ostrich, whatever its age. They are naturally long-lived; indeed, it is almost impossible to state the limit of their lives, as they do not in a state of nature show any signs of decrepitude, nor do their feathers deteriorate. Accident or stupidity alone seems to put an end to their career. Utterly incapable of taking care of himself, an ostrich resents being looked after by his human friends; and when, in spite of all their precautions for his safety, he succeeds in coming to grief, he sullenly opposes every attempt to cure his injuries, and at once makes up his mind to die. If his hurt is not sufficiently severe to kill him, he will attain his object by moping and refusing to eat; anyhow he dies, often apparently for no other reason than because his master, against whom he always has a grudge, wishes him to live.

There was a certain old Dutchman who, by simply bringing one leaf of the prickly pear from Cape Town to Graaff Reinet, caused the whole region to be overgrown with it. The ostriches, with that equal disregard for their own health and the pockets of their owners for which they are famous, acquire a morbid taste for this prickly food, and go on indulging in it until their heads and necks look like pincushions, and the almost invisible fruit-thorns line the interior of their throats, besides so injuring their eyes that they become perfectly blind. Often was an unhappy bird brought in a helpless, half-dead state, to be nursed; but no amount of care and attention was ever rewarded by the recovery of the patient. There it would squat for a few days, the picture of misery, its ugly neck lying along the ground in a limp, despondent manner, like a sea-sick goose on the first day of a voyage. Many times a day would food be forced down its letter-box of a throat; but all to no purpose. It had made up its mind to die, as every ostrich does immediately illness or accident befalls it, and most resolutely would it carry out its intention. The injury from which ostriches most frequently die is the fracture of a leg, and this accident often is owing to the dervish-like habit they have of waltzing when in particularly good spirits. They go sailing along in the bright sunshine, their beautiful wings spread, giving them the appearance of white balloons, but they have an unfortunate tendency to become giddy and tumble down. Some birds can "reverse" as cleverly as a practiced human dancer, but the accomplishment is rare. Sometimes they fight savagely, and in an instant one of the belligerents is down, with his leg snapped across and all but knocked off by a frightful blow, and then his owner can only have the melancholy consolation of making him into soup.

When, as sometimes happens, a solitary chick is reared at the farmhouse, it becomes absurdly and often inconveniently tame. One called Jackie was the terror of all the little negroes about the place; for, as they sat on the ground with plates of rice and pumpkin in their laps, Jackie would bear down upon them, requisitioning from one plate after another. Occasionally he acted in such a menacing manner that the youngsters dropped their plates and ran away crying. Jackie would then squat on his heels amongst the *débris* and regale his enormous appetite at leisure.

trunks for a space, thinking many dreary things; then, with a heavy sigh I arose to light a lamp. For some moments I groped about, but could not find a match. As I stepped out into the corridor to call a servant, I became aware that something strange had happened.

The door of the cedar chamber, at the end of the passage, stood ajar, and through the opening a light streamed. The chamber of tragedy!—Hawkstone's chamber, for he had occupied it ever since his return to the island. What servant had dared enter that room in the master's absence? With an indignant thrill I flew to the door, and pushed it wide open.

"Who is intruding here?" I demanded.

No voice answered. At first glance I thought the room was empty, but as I turned toward the huge, four-posted bed, I discovered a human figure stretched along it, rigid and motionless. I went forward, wondering. It was my brother Gabriel!

His face was upturned in the light of a lamp that burned on the mantel—drawn, wasted, ghastly; under the coffin-lid it would never be paler! His eyes were closed—I could not tell whether he breathed or not. Gabriel, lying in the cedar chamber at Tempest Hall, only a few feet from the man whom he had robbed and assaulted! Who had brought him to this room?—for I felt sure that he had not come of his own volition.

I touched the hand which hung over the side of the bed—it was cold and lifeless.

"Gabriel—oh, Gabriel!" I was about to cry from my full heart, when I heard the door creak. I turned, and saw Vincent Hawkstone standing at my side.

"I was looking for you!" he said, significantly.

His flushed, reckless face bore signs of fresh dissipation. Plainly his habits had not improved since his exile from the island. I drew back, and said, indignantly:

"Basil Hawkstone forbade you to come again to the Tempest without his permission. Was there no one among his servants faithful enough to oppose your entrance into this house—into this particular room?"

He smiled. The old stubborn passion leaped straightway into his eyes, and confused and exasperated me.

"Yes," he sneered, "that dotard Harris tried to interfere, and I knocked him down. Your good friend, Mrs. Otway, is helpless for the present, and the rest of the lot dare not meddle with Prince Lucifer's heir. Ah, you owe me a kinder greeting, Jetta, for I have done my utmost to serve you and yours to-night."

He made a gesture toward the figure on the bed. My heart gave a dismayed leap.

"So this is your work?" I gasped. "What does it mean, Vincent Hawkstone? Why have you brought my brother *here*?"

He caught my wrist, compelling me to lift my reluctant eyes to his wild, flushed face.

"It means," he answered, impressively, "that for a day and a night I have been hiding Gabriel in Whithaven—all for your sweet sake! It means that the officers of the law began to press him so closely that I was obliged to get him out of the place. I knew of no better refuge for a hunted man than Tempest Island; and Prince Lucifer being absent, I determined to brave his displeasure—all for your sake, too!—and bring Gabriel down to our old sea-nest for shelter and safety."

I looked at the helpless figure on the bed, with the closed eyes and sunken face, and gasped, "He is already dead!"

"No," answered Vincent, "he has fallen into some sort of stupor. I now deliver him into your hands, Jetta—he is your brother—save him or not, as you please."

I did not comprehend him in the least. I tore my wrist away, and said:

"Oh, why did you bring him *here*? George Sutton is in the next room."

"Yes," he answered; "how very awkward!"

I looked in his cruel, handsome face, and I knew that I was caught in a trap.

"Surely, Vincent Hawkstone," I cried, "you are not wicked enough to deliver Gabriel to his enemies!"

He smiled grimly.

"I am very wicked, Jetta—incredibly wicked! Whether I deliver him to his enemies or not depends entirely upon yourself. I tell you his life is in your hands, not in mine."

A terrible fear stabbed through me.

"Speak plainly!" I said; "let me know the worst."

He advanced a step nearer.

"Jetta, I wish to make terms with you, if possible—I even wish to save Gabriel, poor devil!—but I have a price for my services, and it must be paid."

"What do you want?" was all that my pale lips could utter.

"The same thing for which I have long importuned you," he answered. "*Yourself*! You have settled with your conscience, and, properly enough, that you can never be the wife of Prince Lucifer. Well, since he is disposed of—and be hanged to him!—marry me in his stead, and I swear to you that I will save Gabriel!"

I could not speak—I could scarcely breathe.

"Ah, Jetta!" he murmured, tenderly, "your beautiful face betrays you. How pale it is—how full of despair! You have decided that you can never be happy—your conscience will not permit it. Then be generous, and sacrifice yourself to your unfortunate brother. It will be something, will it not, to save Gabriel from the shame of public trial—from long years—perhaps a lifetime—behind prison-bars? Consent to marry me, and I will put him aboard a yacht this very night, and send him across the Atlantic; refuse, and I give him up at once to the man in the next room!"

Yea, I was within the trap! I flung myself on Gabriel's motionless body. What passed in my heart at that moment words of mine can never tell. The voice of Vincent, somewhere near, went on:

"Make your decision; there is not a moment to lose! Is it not true that you have decided never to marry Prince Lucifer while his wife Vera lives?"

I shuddered, but remained silent.

"Then betwixt yourself and him you must put a barrier which he cannot surmount, otherwise what safeguard have you against his iron will—his resolute passion? He will follow—he will importune you, he will take you by force, maybe—it runs in the blood of the Hawkstones to do such things!" with a low laugh. "If you would really save yourself from another woman's husband, Jetta—if you would save this idiotic boy from the fate of a common felon, you must marry me. God is my witness that I'll not spare him on any other condition!"

I felt a sudden faint quiver of life in Gabriel's body. His hollow eyes unclosed. I sprang up from the bed, and he recognized my face as I leaned above him.

"Jetta!" he muttered, remorsefully. "Poor little sister!"

Then he raised himself on one elbow, and stared with a terrified air around the cedar chamber.

"Where am I?" he said.

"At Tempest Hall," answered Vincent Hawkstone, airily. "Cannot you remember? The officers of the

law were after you at Whithaven, and I was forced to fetch you to the island. You are sick, you know, and you lost your last cent at the gaming-table——"

"Yes, I lost it to you!" groaned Gabriel. "You won everything." His eyes dilated with deadly fear. "Great God! why did you bring me to Tempest Hall? That man—Sutton——"

"He is in an adjoining room," answered Vincent, with great *sang froid*; "but I have laid your case before Jetta. If she consents to marry me, you are safe—if she refuses, George Sutton is divided from us by only a partition, and you must prepare to face him like a man."

Gabriel leaped from the bed like a hunted creature. Already he seemed to feel prison-walls closing upon him. Wan, haggard, frenzied with fear, he cast himself at my feet, clasping me about with imploring arms.

"Jetta," he cried, hoarsely, "you promised—that night by the dials in the garden—that you would stand by me in a crisis. Save me now, or I am lost! For the love of God, put yourself betwixt me and the man I have wronged! I will not live to look again in his face—I will not live to be arraigned as a thief—to suffer the penalty of my crime. Vincent Hawkstone has no mercy. I am in his power, as you see—we are both in his power, but you can save me, if you will. Remember your promise, redeem your word——"

"Oh, hush, Gabriel," I prayed, driven to the verge of distraction. "Oh, my poor darling! I will do anything—sacrifice anything for your sake. It cannot matter now—nothing can matter—since life is no longer dear to me—since all its possibilities are over. Do you not know my heart? Yes, yes, my promise shall be redeemed at any cost. Oh, speak low, or Mr. Sutton will hear us——"

He was very weak. In an instant his head, once so lofty, so handsome, fell forward on my breast. I tried to hold him, but he slipped down to the floor—a senseless weight.

"He has fainted!" said Vincent, roughly. "Dence take the coward! He is likely to die of simple fear."

He lifted Gabriel by main force, and laid him back on the bed, then turned to me, and the blood mounted high in his face.

"Do you consent to marry me, Jetta?" he demanded.

"Yes," I answered, feeling like a leaf in some mighty maelstrom.

"Then make ready!" he cried.

"When?" I asked, and he, looking me full in the face with wicked, shining eyes, answered:

"Now—this very hour!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

JETTA STILL SPEAKS.

I MADE a faint show of resistance. "Impossible!" I cried; "I cannot marry you now—this hour!"

"Not at all impossible!" answered Vincent Hawkstone. "I came here to-night prepared for emergencies. In my pocket is the license, and below-stairs waits a clergyman whom I brought with me from Whithaven. You know him—he officiates occasionally at the island church. I will have no delays!"—and his voice grew savagely authoritative—"you cannot put me off, Jetta—it must be now or never!"

I looked at Gabriel stretched senseless on the bed, then at the man into whose cruel hands Fate had delivered me, after all.

"You are false—you are evil!" I panted; "how do I know that you will keep your word and save Gabriel?"

"Is it probable," he sneered, "that I would deliver the brother of my wife to disgrace and punishment? To me, Gabriel is simply the means to an end. When the end is accomplished, Jetta, the means I will consign to your tender keeping."

I stood in apathetic despair. Why should I shrink from this sacrifice? Since I could never be the wife of Basil Hawkstone, why should I care what became of me? Surely no anguish—even the giving of my hand to Vincent—could equal that which I had already experienced in the renunciation of the lover that I loved.

"Come with me as you are, Jetta," said Vincent; "I cannot allow you time to make yourself like a bride. If I give you the opportunity to think, your sisterly affection will begin to wane, and, ten to one, you will leave Gabriel to his fate, for I know only too well, that you abhor me. We must go down-stairs—will you let me take your hand?"

I think the face I turned upon him was stern even in its pallor.

"No!" I answered; "do not dare to touch me. I will follow where you lead."

He glanced uneasily toward the bed.

"Leave Gabriel as he is; he will revive all in good time," he muttered; then we went out into the corridor, and Vincent Hawkstone locked the door of the cedar chamber, and put the key significantly in my hand.

I descended the oaken stair. The two maids, Anne and Sarah, stood in the hall, apparently much frightened. At sight of Vincent they fled.

I entered the drawing-room. A wood fire burned on the hearth, and a tall candelabrum on the mantel above. The Whithaven clergyman was there, walking up and down the apartment with the gravity peculiar to the cloth. He observed me sharply; I must have looked very unlike the conventional bride; perhaps he saw some startling contrast betwixt my white, despairing face and the flushed, triumphant one of my bridegroom. As Vincent Hawkstone drew the license from his pocket, the reverend gentleman turned to me and said:

"Am I to understand that you enter into this marriage of your own free will, Miss Ravenel?"

For an instant I seemed to see a door of escape open before me; then I thought of Gabriel, and answered: "Yes, of my own free will!" And so my fate was sealed.

I do not know what happened next—I was like a person stupefied. I stood in the light of the candelabrum, and saw, "as through a glass darkly," the terrified faces of the servants peering in at the door, witnessing my sacrifice. Some strange words were said over me; I heard, but did not comprehend them. Somebody held my hand like a vise—I tried vainly to draw it away.

"Too late!" hissed Vincent Hawkstone in my ear; "you cannot escape me now!"

Then I heard the Whithaven clergyman say:

"I pronounce you husband and wife!"

I could scarcely refrain from a peal of laughter. It could not be I who had deliberately married this wild, bad Hawkstone, whom I both despised and detested! Surely I must be mad or dreaming! Vincent turned to the clergyman, and said:

"The boat is waiting to take you back to Whithaven."

Those commonplace words broke the spell that bound me. I tore my hand from my bridegroom's, and flew back up the stair—to the cedar chamber and Gabriel. He lay as I had left him. I knelt by his side.

"Oh, my dear," I groaned, "I have saved you, but at an infinite cost!"

After a few moments I heard some voices in the porch:

means of knowing. If the latter, fears for his personal safety had probably urged him to flight; and, as he could not possibly know the dire distress into which I was plunged because of him, it was not strange that he should desert me.

The hands of the clock on the mantel pointed to seven. I listened. The house was very still. In a moment my mind was made up.

I ran to my own room, threw on my outer garments, and, fearful of being discovered and intercepted, crept stealthily down the oak stair, out of Tempest Hall and through the horseshoe gate and into the island road.

To whom should I go in this my hour of desperate need? Both Harris and Mrs. Otway were powerless to help me now. I determined to take refuge with Peg Patton in her Inlet House.

I flew down the tawny slope, and over the salt dunes with the familiar song of the sea in my ears, and all around me shadow and desolation. Never did any sight appear more welcome to my eyes than the "Old Woman," rearing her red column near the entrance to the wooded creek. I turned into the forest path. As I stumbled along through the salt pools and over the projecting roots of trees, I heard of a sudden, a singular sound near at hand—the steady, vigorous thud, thud of a spade in the wet earth. I followed the noise, and came directly to a spot on the border of the creek near to the brown house.

Here the moonlight wavered and trembled through the gloom of thickly braided branches, and the water gurgled mournfully in the frost-bitten reeds; and here, too, under a spreading tree, I found Peg Patton alone in the night, digging a strange, sinister-looking hole in the ground.

She was down in its depths, throwing up spadeful after spadeful of brown earth—I could see her upraised arms, like fine bronze, and her head bound with a red cotton handkerchief.

"Peg!" I called. She lifted her dark face over the uneven brink. "Peg, I am in great need. Will you give me shelter at your house?"

She scrambled out of the hole and dashed down her spade. Her scanty skirts were turned up from her bare ankles, the fresh mold clung to her hands—she wiped them quickly on her apron, and faced me.

"Is it true, Jetta Ravenel, that you have married the wildest and worst of all the Hawkstones?" she cried.

"Yes," I answered, "I have married him."

"Then 'twas by foul means—never by fair!" she said, looking at me closely in the moonlight. "Will I give you shelter? Yes, that I will—come with me."

She started for the house. I followed. She hurried me into her living-room and bolted the door, then uncovered a bed of red coals on the hearth, and heaped it high with driftwood. The friendly warmth and light, the sudden sense of security, overcame me for a moment. Peg placed me on a settee, and held a cup of water to my lips.

"I see," she said, dryly, "you are in great trouble. Have you tasted food to-day?"

I shook my head.

"Food would choke me, Peggy."

"Pooh! you are faint with fasting. Unhappy folks must eat to sustain life, as well as other people. Sit here and rest while I get your supper ready."

Immediately a fish and a pan of potatoes were frying on the hot coals, and a pot of bubbling coffee perfumed the room. Peg said nothing till she had ministered to my bodily wants, then she began:

"Why do you start and turn pale at every sound, girl? Is any one pursuing you?"

"I do not know," I shuddered.

"Tell me the whole story."

"Vincent Hawkstone spread a net, and I fell into it!"

"Tell me *all*."

I told her, in a dull, unmoved voice, as though I was relating the woes of another instead of my own.

Peg took her pipe from the mantel and lighted it at the fire.

"I wish to the Lord that I had never interfered 'twixt you and Basil Hawkstone, if *this* is the outcome of it!" she growled. "Better that you should have married the master, in spite of the circus-woman, than this devil-may-care Vincent! No doubt your brother got away from the island as soon as he came to his senses—there are always boats at the landing-place. Well, you shall stay with me till the master comes back, and I'll defy even Vincent Hawkstone to take you from this house against your will."

She pulled gloomily at the pipe for a few moments, then continued:

"God only knows what that young scoundrel may do if his cousin doesn't appear soon! The islanders have lived so long under a Hawkstone that they seem afraid to lift hand or voice against one of the name. Besides, Vincent is the heir. You see, Miss Ravenel, this Tempest is a little world in itself, and, in a measure, out of reach of help; for fearful things might go on here, and no one on the mainland be the wiser, so long as boats were kept away from Whithaven. Did you see what I was doing when you found me out in the woods to-night?"

"Digging a grave!" I said.

"Yes—come, and I will show you who is to fill it."

Peg took up the lamp, and we went down the passage to the room of Hawkstone's mad mother. There, on a low couch, I saw something lying, like spotless Parian—the whitest, most unearthly thing my eyes ever rested on—Philip Hawkstone's murderess. Her eyes were closed, her moonlight hands lay peacefully on her breast. A long garment, white as hoar-frost, covered her slender body, and her wonderful hair, like raveled white silk, had been carefully arranged in massive braids. It needed but one glance to show me that she lay there, not in sleep, but in the pathetic majesty of death. I started back and looked at Peg. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Yes, she is dead!" she said, simply. "Last night I missed her, and about the time Vincent Hawkstone was forcing you into marriage, I found her lying by the rock of the Old Woman—lying with a smile on her lips, and her hands full of sea shells, and the tide foaming up at her feet. As you look at her now, Miss Ravenel, you must forget what she did long years ago. I've often thought she exhausted all the evil in her on that one deed, for she's been like an angel ever since. For more than a quarter of a century I've tended her faithfully in this room; but, as you see, my work is over now. There she lies—the poor, wronged, mad wife of the man I once loved!"

"And you were digging that grave for her?" I asked, wondering.

Peg nodded.

"I fancy she would not rest in the Hawkstone tomb. They did not want her in life—they shall not have her in death. I have made her ready with my own hands. I have dug her grave with my own hands. I shall bury her myself; she would not like to have other service than mine, I'm sure, because mine is a service of love."

The grand old room wore a disordered appearance. The table was strewn with papers, rolls of money, and account-books. At a cabinet stood Vincent Hawkstone, rummaging among his cousin's private effects, opening letters, spying into corners. He was splashed with mud from hard riding—he was red and wild-eyed with hard drinking. He started guiltily as Peg opened the door. His handsome, dissipated face grew dark with wrath.

"You she-pirate, what do you want here?" he cried.

She gave him a look that made him quail.

"The last that I heard of you, Vincent Hawkstone, you had been ordered from this island—outlawed—forbidden to set foot here again. How is it that you are back, as soon as the master leaves it, working all sorts of mischief—breaking, entering, assaulting, robbing—not to mention that marriage business with Miss Ravenel? You traitor, you thief! You'll be jailed at Whithaven when the master comes back!"

With an oath, he dashed down his papers, and caught up a chair, as if to fell the bold creature. But she was too quick for him. Before he could comprehend her purpose, she seized him in a tremendous grip, hurled him to the floor and planted her knee on his breast. In the brawny hands of this prodigious woman, Vincent Hawkstone, man though he was, found himself a pygmy, a mere child.

"Joe Derby!" she called.

Joe looked in at the door, and grew pale.

"Bring me a strong rope!" commanded Peg.

Joe's cowardly old legs fairly bent under him, but he dared not refuse. He brought the rope.

"Oh, lor', Peg, whatever are you a-going to do?" he quavered.

"Bind him. If you had possessed the pluck of a cat you might have done it yourself."

"By the great horn spoon, this is bold business, Peg!" groaned Joe.

She kept one hand on Vincent's windpipe—with the other she held him flat to the floor.

"Put the rope round his legs, Joe!"

Joe obeyed. In a twinkling he was bound hand and foot. Peg drew the cords mercilessly tight—he could not move an inch.

He glared up at his captor with furious eyes.

"Wait till I get free," he said, softly, "and I will burn the Inlet House over your head!"

Peg snapped her fingers in scorn.

"Better save your wind, sir, to make explanations to Mr. Basil. The rope is strong, and here you must lie till your cousin comes—whether it be for one hour or four-and-twenty! I hope to the Lord he'll shoot you dead when he hears of your marriage with Jetta Ravenel!"

She snatched up a bunch of keys from the library-table, and went out with Joe Derby, and locked the library-door, followed by a storm of curses from the man on the floor.

"Look here, Joe," said Peg, "which of these keys belongs to the granary? Go and let old Harris out before the rats eat him. Tell him to get back his master's account-books and money as quick as he can, and let nobody go near the library while Vincent Hawkstone is there. I've clipped the wings of your bird for you; now keep him—I've hear?—till Prince Lucifer comes."

"Yes, Peggy—yes, old gal—you be a rum one, sure enough!" quavered Derby, in stupid wonder.

Peg went first to the kitchen, where dire confusion reigned.

"A precious lot you are!" she cried, glowering in at the frightened servants from the door; "not one of you

worth the salt that's put in your porridge, to stand by and see such things done here, and raise no outcry against the evil-doer!"

She mounted to the chamber where Mrs. Otway, crippled and helpless, lay bemoaning the fate of her favorite, Jetta Ravenel.

"She's gone, Peggy—nobody knows where!" cried the unfortunate housekeeper at sight of the brown woman. "Perhaps she's drowned herself off the rocks. I tried to send word to the mainland, but Vincent Hawkstone would let no person leave the island. It all happened under this roof, and yet I was powerless to help her, Peggy—it distracts me to think of it!"

"Be calm, ma'am," said Peg, dryly. "Jetta Ravenel is at my house, safe and sound, and there she will stay for the present. What's become of her brother who was fetched to this island by Vincent Hawkstone?"

"We do not know," answered Mrs. Otway. "Sarah went to the cedar chamber last night, and found it empty. Vincent had been drinking himself helpless for hours; but he roused up about midnight, and began tearing up and down, and ordering us all from our beds to look for Miss Ravenel."

"I've settled him for a space," said Peg, grimly. "He's down now on the library-floor, bound hand and foot, and he's going to stay there till Basil Hawkstone appears. The servants are so demoralized, you must go below, Mrs. Otway, and keep them in hand till matters mend."

She snatched the housekeeper up in her brawny arms, carried her down-stairs, and put her carefully on a sofa, calling Anne and Sarah to attend her.

"Here you can keep an eye on the whole household, Mrs. Otway," she said. "As for me, I must hurry back to the Inlet—it isn't safe to leave Miss Ravenel there alone. If anything further goes wrong, I'll be again to the fore. But, please God, if it's possible, we'll have the master back by sunset."

With that she stalked out of the house, and round to the granary. Joe Derby had liberated Harris, and got him home to his cottage, where the old overseer had gone off straightway in an apopleptic fit.

"He'll never be any good again—see if he is!" said Joe, dolefully. "Mr. Vincent has finished him."

Peg at that moment espied Sampson, the boatman, advancing along the road, and hurried to meet him.

"Sampson," she said, sternly, "you were always a trusty man, which is more than can be said of some of these islanders," with a contemptuous look at Joe. "Be off to Whithaven as fast as wind and tide will take you, and if Basil Hawkstone is there, bring him back in your boat; and if he's gone further, telegraph him that he must come with speed. You know the need, man. Be lively, now—you haven't a minute to lose!"

"Lively it is, Peg!" answered Sampson, cheerfully. "I'll find the master—never fear," and down the slope he went to the landing-place.

Peg, with a parting injunction to Mr. Derby to mind his eye, and let no living creature go near the library, followed the old boatman.

Joe, at the horseshoe gate, gazed after the two till they vanished.

"She's a whole handful—is that Peg?" he muttered; then he shuffled into the garden, and, led by a fatal curiosity, drew near to the library-window, and peered in at Vincent Hawkstone lying on the oak floor, bound hand and foot—helpless as a fly in a web—vanquished—made captive by a woman. As Derby's shadow darkened the pane the prisoner turned his prostrate head, and his eyes met the islander's.

"Joe!" he called, in a persuasive voice.

"Well, sir?" faltered Derby.

"Come in here and cut this rope!"

"Lor', sir—I can't! I'm afraid!"

"Joe Derby, cut this rope, I say, and be quick about it, too! I shall be lord of Tempest Island some day—then I will remember you. If you refuse, I'll shoot you dead the moment I am again a free man."

"Oh, sir! Lor', sir! you do go on dreadful!"

"Make haste! I've a hundred dollars in my left-hand vest-pocket, Joe—take it, it is yours!"

Derby's hand clutched the window. There was a moment of suspense, then he slowly raised the sash and scrambled through, hanging his head in shame.

"Out with your jackknife!" commanded Vincent.

He was frightened beyond measure—too frightened, perhaps, to fully understand what he was about.

"Look here, Mr. Vincent," he faltered, "will you behave like a gentleman, and go peaceably away from the Tempest, and leave what doesn't as yet belong to you, if I do this thing, which, Lor' knows, I oughtn't to do?"

The handsome, lawless face, prone there in the dust, put on a wicked, mocking smile.

"Try me and see, Derby, but don't keep me waiting! That she-devil drew the rope so tight it cuts me like a sword. There! you have your knife out—now open the blade, you cowardly blackguard! My wrists—free my wrists first!"

And Derby, groaning at his own weakness, bent down, with knocking knees, and severed the cords that held Vincent Hawkstone!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE INTERVIEW.

In a certain secluded street of Whithaven, behind a high wall and an immensely tall evergreen hedge, stood a small, dilapidated cottage, that looked like a hermit retired from the world.

Somebody had died there under strange circumstances a few years previous, and from this, or some other cause, the place had fallen to ruinous neglect and decay. House-hunters shunned it, open lots bounded it—neighbors were few. The street outside the shaky wooden gate was little traversed—dullness and solitude clung to the whole vicinity. Nobody cared to peer through the unpruned evergreens, or disturb the reign of moths and cobwebs behind the closed shutters of the house. And yet, on the night which followed the events of the last chapter, a man came to the shaky wooden gate and knocked long and furiously—yea, like one who knew that somebody on the other side could give him admittance.

After a while he heard a sound of light feet along the mossy flags of the walk, a hand pushed back the rusty bolts that held the gate, and a smart French maid in cap and apron confronted the visitor.

"I want to see your mistress, and immediately!" said the man.

"*Allons, monsieur!*" And the maid shot the bolts into place, and then ran on before, and ushered him into a damp, moldy little parlor, where a fire was making ineffectual attempts to warm the chilly atmosphere—a mean, musty parlor, lighted by oil-lamps.

Vincent Hawkstone looked around with an amused laugh.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, stumbling in a hole in the moth-eaten carpet and barely saving his head from sharp contact with the chimneypiece; "does your mistress

enjoy the retirement of this charming place, Celende? Does she really mean to stay here long?"

The maid shrugged her shoulders.

"Monsieur, it is barbarous! Rats, mice, spiders, dust! Madame is a heroine, but to-night will end it all, surely."

Then she went out, and Vincent Hawkstone began to pace back and forth across that dangerous carpet, with the sweat of nervous fear starting out of his forehead.

"I have gone so far that I cannot turn back now," he muttered, under his breath. "If this woman does not help me to-night I am lost!"

The swish of a silken train, the tap of high heels, and Mademoiselle Zephyr entered.

She raised her pretty eyebrows as Vincent rushed to meet her.

"By my soul, Zephyr, my fair sybarite, you have found a cheerful hiding-place!" he cried. "Prince Lucifer, keen as he is, would never discover you in this dismal den. Did Dudley bring you my letter?"

"Yes," she answered. "He also told me that you were amusing yourself at the island. *Merci!* how haggard and queer you look!—not at all like the new-made bridegroom. I fear Jetta Ravenel has not taken kindly to that sudden change of husbands."

The sullen blood arose to the roots of his hair.

"Plague take her obstinacy! The ruse that you proposed, mademoiselle, was successful—she fell into my net, but she ordered me out of her presence as though I had been a dog, and then ran away altogether from Tempest Hall."

Zephyr sank into the nearest chair, and broke into a ringing laugh.

"How delightful—for you! Ah, I am quits with that girl, at last! At last she is recompensed for daring to win Basil Hawkstone's heart! But what brings you here to-night, Vincent? You ought to be pursuing your lost bride. Did you wish to find a sympathetic ear in which to pour your marital grievances? It is now six o'clock"—glancing at a timepiece on the mantel—"and at seven I have an engagement that cannot be delayed. I will give you just ten minutes in which to unbosom yourself—not a second more."

He came close up to her chair, drawing his breath hard. The desperate fear in his face was very unpleasant.

"You and I, Zephyr, have entered into an alliance against Prince Lucifer—our common enemy. I come to remind you of it. To tell the truth, I am in a deuce of a scrape, and you must help me out."

"You have committed unpardonable sins in Basil's absence—eh?" she smiled. "When he comes back to the Tempest, and finds how matters have gone in his absence, he will show you no mercy?"

"Too true!" groaned Vincent. "And because he has forgiven me so many times in the past, he is all the more likely now to overwhelm me with the vials of his wrath."

"You are afraid of him?" she said.

"Mortally," he acknowledged.

"And fear makes cowards of us all," sneered Vera. "Well, without doubt, you *will* be made to smart for taking possession of Tempest Island and all upon it, before your time had lawfully come." Again she glanced impatiently toward the clock. "Time flies, Vincent. I have important business on hand, and you are keeping me from my toilet."

He took a fresh turn across the moth-eaten carpet, coming back to her, however, like the needle to the magnet.

"Have you forgiven Prince Lucifer his scorn of you?" he said, hoarsely. "Have you forgotten that you once entreated him on your knees to love you again, and he refused?"

Her smiling little face changed.

"I forget nothing," she answered, shortly.

"Your heart has not softened toward him? You hate him as much as ever, Vera?"

"I hate him *more* than ever! Why do you ask such absurd questions?"

"Look here!" cried Vincent Hawkstone, roughly; "I fancy you have some private game of your own afoot, Vera. However that may be, one thing is imperative—Prince Lucifer must never return to Tempest Island *alive*! You have sworn to help me—now keep your vow!"

She looked up at him with soft, deriding eyes.

"How tragic you grow! I have recalled Basil Hawkstone, you know, from his chase after Bee, and appointed a tryst with him to-night in Whithaven—not from caprice, but deep design. Undoubtedly he is on his way from New York at this very moment; at any rate, he will be sure to appear at the time and place named by me."

He started nervously.

"A tryst!—*to-night*, Vera?—before he goes down to the island?"

"Yes. How wild and strange you look! Do you wish to *kill* your cousin?"

"Yes," replied Vincent, deliberately; "I wish to kill him, for I have no safety but in his destruction!"

"Pooh!" she scoffed; "high tragedy may be fascinating, but it is also dangerous, and after a while it becomes a trifle tiresome. Come, what have you done with that troublesome fellow Gabriel? Is he still at the island, whither you carried him to assist at your nuptials?"

"No, he made off from the Tempest as soon as his wits returned," answered Vincent, gloomily. "Heaven only knows where he is at the present date! No matter—he has served his purpose. I take it you never cared a rush for him?" She lifted her lovely eyebrows.

"I have had many admirers in my day, but never one that I found so intolerable as that boy. What I am to do with him I cannot tell." She arose with an impatient gesture. "Really, I must not spare you another minute, Vincent! By this time Celende is quite wild. As I said before, your cousin will be in Whithaven to-night. I shall meet him in another place, but he will follow me here, to recover his daughter. We shall probably have an interesting interview." She made an eloquent grimace. "I will permit you to be present, if you like."

He grew pale.

"Heaven above! Do you think I mean to risk a personal encounter with Prince Lucifer! What! confront him face to face? Not I! You must put me behind the door!"

"You wish to stab him in the dark, then?"

His cowardly eyes would not meet her bright, derisive gaze. He looked straight down at the floor.

"You pledged your word to help me, Vera," Vincent grumbled.

"Have I not done so?" she answered. "You could never have married Jetta Ravenel but for my aid. My dear ally, make any little arrangement with your conscience that you like—*n'importe*. I am quite willing to oblige you. At eight o'clock, remember, you will find Basil Hawkstone at this house."

He stood for a moment grimly meditating.

"At eight sharp, I will be here," he muttered, then took up his hat and withdrew.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DEATH.

THE New York Express rumbled into Whithaven that night a half-hour behind time.

The first passenger to alight was Basil Hawkstone—worn and dust-stained from the most fruitless and exasperating search that a man ever pursued.

As he walked out of the depot the chill, salty wind of the street met him, like a breath from his island home. The moon was rising on the harbor, and scattering her first level rays into the elm-shaded town. In the busy thoroughfares echoes of traffic and toil still lingered.

Hawkstone turned from street to street, and approached a quiet square, overlooked by a gray stone church. Yes, this was the place—a queer one, certainly, for a woman like Vera to select! He had tasted her treachery too often not to feel his suspicions stir now.

The door of the sacred edifice stood open—a light shone through—something was going on within. She meant to meet him in the porch, maybe. As he stepped into the shadow he came face to face with a man who was leaning against the carved stone there, with a broad, brimmed hat drawn low over his face.

"Have you business in this particular spot, sir?" demanded Hawkstone.

The man gave a violent start.

"Stand off!" he cried, in a thick voice, which Hawkstone recognized as belonging to Gabriel Ravenel. Out of the porch he dashed, and down the steps, vanishing instantly in darkness.

"Poor simpleton!" muttered Hawkstone. "Plainly he knows that Mademoiselle Zephyr is expected here to-night. The moth hovers persistently in the candle that has already scorched his silly wings."

He looked into the vestibule—it was empty; into the church itself. The only person visible was a sexton of ancient and melancholy aspect. He motioned Hawkstone to enter.

"The lady will be coming shortly, sir," he said, with a solemn smile. "I am instructed to tell you to take a seat."

Hawkstone thought this very odd. He had scarcely expected to find a church open and lighted for what Vera called their last meeting on earth. Full of doubt and wrath, he sat down.

"It is some new trick of the enemy!" he thought.

Did she really intend to meet him? Judging from her past conduct, the chances were against it. He seemed to be the only living thing in the place. Even the old sexton had disappeared. The pews stretched in empty rows around him—the pulpit was vacant. He found something ominous and oppressive in so much space and silence.

Suddenly Hawkstone became aware that another person had entered the church, and was slipping noiselessly into a seat on the opposite side of the aisle. He looked. It was Gabriel Ravenel.

The boy was as pale as ashes, yet perfectly composed—indeed, he had the careful, orderly appearance of one who had prepared himself for some supreme occasion. He did not see Hawkstone, but kept his handsome head bent, as though his gaze was turned inward, not outward.

Had Mademoiselle Zephyr called him, also, to this place.

"By my soul! he, too, seems to be waiting for her here!" Basil Hawkstone said to himself, with fresh indignation.

Seven o'clock struck in the church-tower.

At the same moment a peal of music burst from the

former stood at the foot of the pulpit-stair and received the twain.

Verily, it was a wedding to which the beautiful circus-rider had summoned her divorced husband! In that Whithaven church, she was actually marrying Jasper Hatton—the man who had persistently pursued her across continents and over seas for many a year. After doing her utmost to part Hawkstone from Jetta Ravenel, she stood there before his eyes, uttering marriage vows for the second time!

He could have laughed aloud. What would his poor unhappy darling at Tempest Hall say to this? Surely her scruples must vanish now—her struggles against their mutual happiness cease! Mademoiselle could not dream of the weight she was lifting from his heart—of the unspeakable relief and joy that filled him, as he sat and listened to that brief, impressive ceremony there at the pulpit-stair.

Thank God! it was over! They were husband and wife! They were coming back along the aisle—drawing near to Hawkstone. Already her great eyes, full of malice, had sought and found him—already the old mocking smile was dawning on her red lips, when lo! in the opposite pew, like a death's head at the ancient Egyptian banquets, Gabriel Ravenel started up. Never on earth would Hawkstone forget his face.

He sprang into the aisle, in the very front of the bridal pair.

They heard him cry out, "Did I not say that when you played me false, it would be time for one of us to die?"

Then a sharp report rang through the church, there was a puff of gray smoke, and in the path of the fair woman who had duped and deceived him—so near that his blood might have sprinkled her wedding garments—Gabriel Ravenel fell prone and motionless with a bullet through his brain.

Vera uttered a shriek and sank into the arms of Jasper Hatton, who carried her straight out of the church.

The sexton and the clergyman rushed to the fallen man. Hawkstone opened his vest. Vera's boy lover, who had squandered for her sake honor, fortune and friends, lay stone dead in the way which her wicked little feet had traversed from the altar to the church-door.

"Curse her!" muttered Hawkstone, looking down on the pale young face, so changed and wasted, and on which the dignity of death was fast settling. "She has done her work, and done it well!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

A GLASS OF WINE.

A HAND touched Hawkstone's arm; a strange man stood by his side.

"There's a carriage waiting at the door for Mr. Basil Hawkstone," he said. "Be so good as to come with me, sir—Mrs. Hatton wishes to see you in another place."

"She wishes to see me? By Heaven! I wish also to see her!" said Hawkstone, through his teeth, and, stern as Fate, he followed the man.

At the foot of the church-steps a close carriage stood. Madly intent upon finding Bee, and tearing the child from Zephyr and Jasper Hatton, Hawkstone leaped inside the vehicle, and was driven rapidly away through the moonlit streets of Whithaven.

The strange driver stopped at a wooden gate, behind which a tumble-down cottage stood, guarded by rows of unpruned evergreens. It was the house where Vincent

Hawkstone had visited Mademoiselle Zephyr two hours before.

"Push back that gate, sir," said the driver, "and knock at the door."

Hawkstone, who could no longer feel surprise at anything, followed these instructions, and found himself on the threshold of the cottage, face to face with the French maid Celende, who had promptly opened the door at his approach.

"Enter, monsieur!" she said, and Hawkstone strode into the musty, moth-eaten parlor, which was warmed and lighted, but empty. As he towered in that damp, moldy room, looking darkly, indignantly around him, and wondering why he had been lured to such a rat's nest, a door swung open, there was a limping step, a little cry, and Bee herself was in his arms—Bee, his lost daughter, whom he had pursued for three bitter, miserable days. Trembling, and full of sobs, she clung about his neck.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she cried; "have you come for me at last? Take me back to Tempest Island—quick—quick!"

And then followed the soft sweep of satin and lace, an odor of orange-flowers saluted his nostrils, and Vera, still in her bridal fleeces, stood before him, with the old, defiant, dare-devil light in her blue eyes.

"Did you enjoy your visit to Gotham?" she began, in the taunting tone that he knew so well. "Very sorry, I am sure, to have led you such a vain chase, but I could think of no other way in which to gain a little time. Look at this house! Consider what I must have suffered, hiding here for three dreadful days! It required nerve, did it not, to exchange my luxurious rooms at the Eagle Hotel for such squalor and ruin? But something of the sort was necessary to mislead you, don't you see?"

His child was safe in his arms, and only a few miles of moonlit water intervened betwixt him and Tempest Island. What mattered the malicious tricks of this woman now?

"Madam," he muttered, dryly, "you have led me a long chase, but not a vain one, since I find my daughter at the end of it. I shall take good care that Jasper Hatton does not abduct her again. For the pleasant surprise which you planned for me in Whithaven church to-night I thank you! You did me a greater service than you knew when you stood there and married that poor fool Hatton. Did he find it pleasant to walk out of church with you over the dead body of a rival? Farewell, madam. Look your last on your child, for, as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, you shall never see her again!"

She broke into a wicked little laugh. Her derisive eyes shone softly, the odor of the orange-flowers on her breast confused and sickened him. Never had she looked so dazzling, so dangerous.

"And did you think I really wished to keep Bee?" she purred. "Why, the very night we carried her away from the island I was tempted to push her out of the boat before we reached Whithaven. Troublesome little thing! I am glad to wash my hands of her—glad to return her to her fond papa, for she has wept, and sulked, and tormented me incredibly since her capture. She loves that girl Jetta Ravenel—talks only of her, which is enough, of itself, to make me hate the child! If she had inherited my beauty I might have bred her to my own profession, but why burden myself with a plain, crippled little creature like this? No. All my attempts to secure her have been made solely to torment you. Never has she possessed the smallest value in my eyes save as an

instrument to vex and annoy you. Take her back—do!—to her dear Miss Ravenel, for whom she has constantly lamented during her stay here."

She had just seen one of her victims dead at her feet, but she could laugh, she could sneer—she could vivaciously reveal her true sentiments concerning poor little Bee, as the latter clung whimpering about Hawkstone's neck.

"You tell me nothing that I did not know before," he answered. "I never gave you credit for the smallest amount of maternal love. In this matter you have been simply amusing yourself at my expense—is it not so?"

She shook her yellow head.

"No; I had a deeper design than amusement, and but for the fact that I was obliged to sail for Europe in a few hours, I would have led you, Basil Hawkstone, the length and breadth of the whole continent before I undeceived you and restored Bee! To-morrow I go abroad to fulfil professional engagements—I shall never return to America; but you will hear of me at Berlin, at Vienna, at St. Petersburg; and I shall take with me something sweeter than fresh fame, or the gold it brings—the knowledge that I have parted you for ever from Jetta Ravenel!"

The angry blood leaped hot in his veins—the scar of the spear on his cheek throbbed and burned.

"Your boast is premature, madam," he answered, sternly; "without doubt, you played your little game to your own satisfaction—you posed at Peg Patton's Inlet House for a wronged and loving woman, bereft of her child, and Miss Ravenel believed you. For a little while you shook the foundation of my happiness. But to-night Mrs. Jasper Hatton has clipped the wings of her own malice—refuted her own lies—to-night you have not parted, but restored—given back to me my nearest and dearest, without whom I can have no life, for I shall go from this place straight to Tempest Island and marry Miss Ravenel before the week is done!"

Something in his words—in his splendid, contemptuous face exasperated her beyond endurance. She clutched at her satin corsage, crushing the orange-blossoms with merciless fingers. The sweetness of their shattered petals gave Hawkstone a sudden vertigo. He staggered back a step, and turned his face from the hateful, overpowering odor.

"And do you think," hissed Vera, "that I would have married Jasper Hatton till I made a success of my plans—till my work was accomplished, my vengeance secured? No! no! You two are parted for ever, I tell you, and I have done it—! Go back to Tempest Island, but be sure that you will not marry your Southern beauty when you arrive there!"

"Fortunately the wife of Jasper Hatton has no longer power to hold us asunder—let her rant as she may," sneered Hawkstone.

Eye to eye they stood in that old moth-eaten room, and the child Bee felt something sinister in the air and began to tremble.

"The sick man Sutton—your guest at Tempest Island—has been trying to find you in Whithaven," said Vera, slowly. "He has news for you!"

"Sutton!" echoed Hawkstone, startled in spite of himself.

She smiled wickedly.

"Possibly he left letters for you here, but if so, they have fallen into the hands of your cousin Vincent. All these things will be explained to you when I am on the sea. Basil Hawkstone, I might have given you up peaceably to some other woman, perhaps, but to Jetta Ravenel

—never! I hated her brother for her sake. He killed himself to-night for love of me—bah! I was wondering how I should dispose of the young idiot, and he has very opportunely settled the question for me. When I sail to-morrow for the Old World, it will be with the knowledge that I have satisfactorily finished all my affairs on this side of the Atlantic."

Was it the smell of the orange-flowers that turned Hawkstone so giddy and faint? The musty little room spun suddenly round before his eyes—so did the fair, cruel face of that woman in bridal white—he fell helplessly into a chair.

"Papa!" screamed little Bee; "oh, papa!"

Vera ran to a door at the other end of the room, and almost stumbled over a man who was bending down there with his ear to the keyhole.

"What's the matter with him?" hissed Vincent Hawkstone.

"He is fainting," answered Vera. "Send Celende, or Jasper Hatton, with a glass of wine!"

Scowling darkly, Vincent looked into the room, at the powerful figure, helpless in the chair.

"Perdition!" he muttered; "I've been waiting here ever since you two began to talk—couldn't make up my mind to open the door—was afraid he would strike me dead at a blow. There! up with a window, and hold your vinaigrette to his nose. I will bring the wine." With these words, he left the room.

She raised the nearest sash. Before Hawkstone showed any sign of consciousness, Vincent reappeared with a glass in his hand. He looked pale and shaken.

"Take it quick," he cried, hoarsely, "and let him drink it every drop. I didn't call Hatton—he might find the situation deuced awkward—don't you know? Faith! Prince Lucifer is reviving! I think I'll step outside and put a bullet through my brain, as Ravenel did in the church to-night."

She took the glass.

"Poltroon!" she sneered, and shut the door promptly upon him, and stood motionless and meditative for a moment with the wine in her hand.

She glanced first at the long-stemmed glass, and then at little Bee, who clung terrified to her father, spreading two thin, weak arms over him by way of protection.

"Do you want to hurt my papa?" the child demanded, with painful directness; "you must not give him that stuff—I cannot let you."

The mother's eyes fell before the daughter's.

"Very well, little Bee, we will throw it away, then!" she answered. "One must draw the line somewhere, and I confess that I have had enough of tragedy for one night." She went straight to the open window, and flung out both the glass and its contents. "In the days to come," she said to the child, "your papa will never dream that he owes his life to you, but"—shutting close her little white teeth—"before God he does!"

Directly Basil Hawkstone opened his eyes and got upon his feet, bewildered and shaken.

"There is something wrong with my head to-night," he muttered. "Be so good as to put on the child's outer garments, Mrs. Hatton, and we will trouble you no longer."

She called Celende, and Bee was dressed for the street.

"I wonder, will she remember this three-days' visit? with her mamma?" smiled Vera, maliciously. "Farewell, Basil Hawkstone. I must make ready for to-morrow's voyage. If I thought there was a fresh torment that I could devise for you, I would not go; but the crowning

ORIENTAL PERFUME-BOX (OPEN).

blow has been given—I could do nothing worse, if I pursued you for a century—so, farewell for ever!”

“Oh, papa! come—come quickly!” urged little Bee.

In an indistinct way he saw her standing there in that low, musty room, her rich draperies trailing, the light of the oil-lamps falling on her yellow hair and fair, mocking face—thus he remembered her long after. Then the cottage-door closed—on this side of the grave he would see her no more.

He was walking down the flagged path, under the funeral evergreens to the wooden gate, with Bee's faithful little hand locked in his own.

As they gained the moonlit street, the child began:

“I was thrown out of the pony-carriage with Miss Rokewood, papa, and a man picked me up and carried me in his arms through the woods, and we came to a boat where the lady in the white dress was waiting, and they made me go with them to Whithaven. I cried, and the lady boxed my ears, and stamped her foot at me, and oh, I wanted Miss Ravenel—I wanted you—I thought you would never come.”

“Poor child, we are going now to Miss Ravenel,” answered Hawkstone.

Once out of that secluded byway, he hailed a carriage, and was driven rapidly to the wharf.

The hour was waxing late, but he succeeded in finding both a man and a boat, and the wind being favorable, Hawkstone and his recovered daughter were soon dancing over the starlit water in the direction of Tempest Island.

(To be continued.)

PERFUMES AND PERFUME-BOXES.

THE Egyptians spared no outlay in perfumes, as may be inferred from the fact that Mr. Piesse tells us Sir John Bowring says that in the ruins adjacent to the Pyramids some porcelain jars were found which contained cosmetics and perfumes three or four thousand years old, some of the jars bearing Chinese inscriptions.

Mr. Rimmel, in his interesting “Book of Perfumes,” gives a representation of a Chinese bottle with a Chinese inscription upon it, and which he calls a “kohl-bottle.” Kohl, or kohl, was, it is true, not a perfume, but a cosmetic used to enhance the beauty of the eyes; but the Chinese vessel shows that an intercourse was carried on with China at a very early date.

The conclusion seems to be that both perfumes and

cosmetics were imported ready prepared in porcelain vessels from far-off China. If this is correct, there can be no doubt about the extreme costliness of such things. The luxurious Egyptians were not to be deterred by expense from obtaining what they loved so much. We leave others to speculate upon the means by which the commerce was carried on between countries so far asunder. Fashion and religion have always been able to offer the merchants substantial equivalents for what they have demanded.

Without intending to travel all over the world, we may note that the Asiatics are, and always have been, very partial to perfumes. Every one knows how true this is of the Turks and Persians, whose partiality for such things is extraordinary. In India we find that perfumes, either as incense or in other forms, are in constant requisition. The consumption of sandal-wood alone must be immense, and vast quantities of rose-water, otto of attar of roses, and numerous other odoriferous preparations, are in daily requisition.

Essences are distilled from fragrant flowers; perfumed oils are made, and simple substances, such as musk, civet, ambergris and spikenard, are largely used. As India has always produced abundantly the materials for the purpose, we may presume that its customs to-day are the counterpart of what they were thousands of years ago, so far, at least, as perfumers are concerned.

In China, also, to which reference has been made, perfumes are said to have been used from the earliest times. They perfume their clothes and apply pomade to the hair. Musk is one of their chief favorites, and it is plentiful enough for them to supply the world with it. Other ingredients which they avail themselves of are sandal-wood, patchouly and asafetida. Japan, it appears, corresponds somewhat closely with China; but we understand that European perfumes are also making their way there. The manufacturers of perfumes and of perfumed articles, in Europe and this country, lay all lands under tribute. The perfumes obtained from the animal kingdom are few. The list comprises ambergris, castor, civet and musk of different sorts. The mineral kingdom applies still fewer, ammonia being the basis of most of the smelling-salts, whatever their name and however scented.

A MAN who gives his children a habit of industry provides for them better than by giving them money.

DELSLE'S REVENGE. --" I THREW OFF MY SUPERFLUOUS CLOTHING, DREW OFF HER LOOSER WEAPS, AND THEN, TAKING HER
IN MY ARMS, I SPRANG OVERBOARD."--SEE PAGE 504.

THE BLUE JAY.

SOMETHING glorious, something gay,

Flits and flashes this-a-way!

Thwart the hemlock's dusky shade,
Rich in color full displayed,

Swiftly vivid as a flame—

Blue as heaven, and white as snow—
Doth this lovely creature go.

What may be his dainty name?

"Only this"—the people say—

"Saucy, chattering, scolding Jay!"

Cruel, teasing, malapert—

Mocking taunt or mortal hurt

Hurling at some lesser one,

Reckoning it for life or fun—

Fierce and cowardly—oh, pray,

Who would be a splendid Jay?

Are you wondering wherefore so

In Heaven's livery he should go?

Maybe Heaven would have you know

Livery is not birthright, dear,

And color is not character.

Hear the mean and bitter note

Coming from his banded throat!

Eager scorn and jealous flame

For fault when he is just the same;

Quick accusal, close akin

To crookedness of inward sin!

Ah, He who set the mark on Cain

Still somewhere makes the witness plain!

Then let him go on, as shine he may—

Fair-plumed, fine-crowned, false-hearted Jay.

* * *
"Say, say, say!

So, so, so!

Did you see, did you see

Cousin Crow—ho, ho!

When did he, when did he,

When did he go?

D'ye know?

He's a quack, quack, quack,

With his clack, clack, clack!

He's a villain, he's a villain,

And he's black, black, black!

"Stay, stay, stay!

What say, what say?

Then ye know

I'm a crow?

Even though bedizened so—

Hee, hee, ho!

That's the way, d'ye say,

Tongues betray?

Will really—will really!—

What say, what say, what say?

Inside's just as black?

Good lack! good lack! good lack!"

Something ugly—something ill,

Fies off, jeering, jabbering still.

DELISLE'S REVENGE.

I FINISHED my letter to my old friend, Clarence Bell, whom I had not seen for two years, with the following paragraph:

"I am sometimes almost frightened at my own good fortune, dreading, like the ancient Greeks, lest such happiness be followed by some compensating disaster. Even yet I feel as if I were the victim of a divine illusion. I can scarcely believe that I, with so little to recommend me, have really won the love of such a woman. I wish you could see Lois. Beautiful is not an adequate word for such a face as hers. I cannot describe her to you, for I should utterly fail to convey the sweetness and purity of her expression, and the nameless influence that lingers around her like the odor of some exquisite Oriental flower. Is this extravagance? Very well; it is none the less true."

One morning, a few days later, the door of my office opened and Clarence entered, cool, careless, handsome as of old—the same Clarence who had ruled me by the charm of his presence, laughed at me, and borrowed my money during our college days.

"You did not expect me?" he said, after I had warmly welcomed him. "The fact is, Delisle, your letter aroused my curiosity. In the first place, I don't believe half of it, mind; but, allowing even for a lover's exaggeration, you have apparently found a jewel, eh?"

"There is not another such in the world," I responded.

"Let us see," he said, with a reflective air. "What is her name?"

"Lois Lorimer."

"Her age?"

"Twenty."

"Good! And her coloring?"

"A lovely brunette, with soft, dark eyes and rich, red-brown hair."

"Perfection!" he exclaimed, laughing in his half-mocking way. "I perceive that I shall envy you."

"It will do credit to your taste," I replied. "However, you shall judge for yourself. She expects me this evening. Come with me and prepare to admire."

There are those who say that, if we would but heed it, we are always forewarned of any great sorrow in store for us. It may be so; but it was certainly without the faintest distrustful prevision that I introduced my friend to my betrothed.

I was proud of him, with his handsome face and winning manner.

And how beautiful she was, in her white Summer dress, with her favorite scarlet flowers in her bosom, and a delicate flush coming and going on her cheeks as she arose to welcome us!

I saw Clarence start as he beheld her, and a look of undisguised wonder and admiration displace his ordinary careless expression. Contrary to his usual habit, he talked but little, keeping his eyes fastened upon Lois, as if fascinated.

When we left her he walked beside me in silence for some time. Suddenly he drew a deep breath, and said, as if to himself:

"She is a revelation."

"Is she not?" I exclaimed, triumphantly. "Am I not a fortunate fellow to have won her love?"

"Her love!" he repeated, absently. "She loves *you*? True!" he added, bursting into a laugh. "I had forgotten. I congratulate you, Delisle; you are indeed the most fortunate of men. You wanted me to envy you, and I do with all my heart. A man might give his right arm, his life even, to be in your place. There; am I sufficiently enthusiastic?"

He relapsed into silence, and during the rest of the evening remained moody and abstracted.

If love is blind, friendship is certainly near-sighted. During the three weeks that followed, if any one had told me that my dearest friend was revolving in his mind the basest injury one man can do another, or that the woman I loved in the deepest fibre of my heart was being slowly but irresistibly drawn away from her plighted faith, I should have laughed the story to scorn.

There was no leaven of doubt in my love for them both, nor any shadow upon my happiness.

I had indeed observed a change in Clarence Bell. He was no longer the careless, idle friend of former times. He had become restless, gloomy and irritable. From visiting Lois with me almost daily, he refused to see her at all.

"Let me alone," he said, almost savagely, when I had repeated my customary invitation one evening. "Why do you persist in tempting me to contaminate that pure girl with my presence? I am a villain, the worst of villains, I tell you; I hate myself and everybody else, and if I were anything but a mean-spirited coward I would go drown myself."

And uttering an incoherent imprecation, he rushed out of the room, leaving me in the fear that he had lost his senses.

I was destined to receive a second surprise the same evening. Lois was in the habit of waiting for me in the garden, but to-night she was nowhere to be seen. I went through the grounds, looking for her in our accustomed haunts, until I reached a rustic pavilion at the further side. Parting the leaves before the door, I peered cautiously within. She was there, but her attitude startled me. She was sitting with her head resting upon the table before her, her face buried in her handkerchief, sobbing convulsively.

She arose hastily as I entered and looked at me confusedly.

"It is you?" she said, in a tone almost of alarm.

"Whom did you expect?" I responded, in astonishment; "and why are you weeping?"

She sank down again, and put her hand to her side, as if to still the throbbing of her heart.

"Yes, I expected you," she murmured; "I don't know what is the matter with me. I am nervous and ill."

But I was not satisfied; an indefinable uneasiness disturbed me. I passed my arm around her, and putting aside the fallen tresses of her hair, looked at her earnestly, and said:

"You are suffering, darling; will you not tell me what it is?"

"Nothing, nothing," she replied, averting her face.

"I am only unhappy, that is all."

"Shall I leave you?" I asked, hurt at her manner.

"I will come another time."

"No, no," she cried, hysterically, clasping me tightly; "do not leave me. I dare not stay alone. I feel as if I were being drawn away from you by a power over which I have no control, as if I were under an evil spell which overmastered me."

"Everybody seems unhappy to-day," I replied. "I left poor Clarence in a desperate mood. I would have brought him with me, but he was nowhere to be found."

She started to her feet, and pushed me from her with a shudder.

"Do not bring him here again!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Do not speak his name to me again."

"What has the poor fellow been doing now?" I asked, in surprise. "He has not been here lately, at least."

"You do not know," she gasped, as if making a violent effort. "He comes when you are not here. He is a traitor, and your enemy. Avoid him! drive him away! As you value your peace of mind and mine, protect me from him."

Before I could reply, she lifted her skirts and fled across the lawn, leaving me stunned and amazed with what I had heard.

There was a dreadful significance in her incoherent words. Was my friend indeed untrue to me? Had he secretly endeavored to undermine me in the affections of my betrothed? Was that the secret of his strange conduct of late? My soul revolted at the idea! I could not believe that the friend to whom I had been so loyal and true would seek to do me so terrible an injury. There must be some mistake, some misapprehension. I

would have an explanation with Clarence and give him an opportunity of exculpating himself.

I returned to my dwelling and went to his room, but he was not there. I sat down to wait for him; but as the moments went by a nameless anxiety, almost terror, crept upon me, until at the end of the hour I could bear it no longer.

I arose, resolving to go back to Lois, and to postpone my interview with Clarence until the following morning.

Passing up the main avenue of the grounds surrounding her home, I caught the glimmer of her white dress in the adjacent shrubbery, and turned aside to meet her. As I drew near I discovered that she was not alone; another step, and I recognized her companion. It was Clarence Bell!

My first sensation was mere wonder; the next, a cold chill of terrible doubt—doubt of both of them. I instinctively concealed myself behind a hedge, and waited for them to approach.

As they came nearer I saw—and I seemed to be in the midst of some mad nightmare as I saw it—that his arm was about her waist and her hand lying in his.

I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Yes, it was indeed so. I was deceived by my friend and betrayed by my betrothed wife!

I caught at the slender twigs of the hazels to support myself, for the sky seemed to be reeling above me and the earth seemed to be sinking beneath my feet. Before that moment I did not know that a man could endure such suffering and still live.

Presently the convulsion passed, and there was nothing left in my heart but a consuming hatred.

I watched them, as they came toward me, with eyes starting from my head. I heard his low, tender tones and her smothered replies.

"It is too late to repent," he was saying. "I loved you from the moment I saw you. It was useless to combat it. I have as much right to be happy as he."

"I shall never be happy again," she replied, in a broken voice. "He was so good and true, and he loved me so tenderly. It will break his heart. I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead!"

"He was my friend, too," he responded; "but love is stronger than friendship."

"And stronger than manhood, honor and truth, too," I interrupted, in a loud, stern voice, stepping from my concealment and confronting them. "Look at me, both of you—the man whose heart you have broken, whose life you have blasted!—and may the memory of me stand between you and accuse you, day and night, to the end of your lives!"

Then, without heeding her wild, supplicating cry, or his hoarse exclamation of shame and terror, I sprang over the hedge and rushed away like a madman.

I have but an indistinct idea of what I did or where I went all the long, terrible night, until at daylight I found myself, torn, haggard, drenched with rain and tottering with fatigue, before my own door.

But out of all my mental chaos I had evolved one clear, relentless resolve—revenge!

I made my way mechanically to my room, and there, upon my dressing-case, found two notes awaiting me.

One was from Clarence, brief, shameless, desperate. It ran thus:

"I have deceived you. I have robbed you of your betrothed wife. I have played the scoundrel. Well, I have no excuse to offer. I love her, and have inspired her with a fancy, if no more, for me. It suffices, however. We have taken the morning boat for the city where we shall be married."

It was not until late in the day that I was aroused from my stupor. There had been a heavier lurch than usual, then a terrific crash that shook the fabric of the vessel from end to end.

I arose and went forward, the one calm being among the panic-stricken crowd. I found that in the heavy fog the ship had lost her course, and, striking upon a shoal, was fast going to pieces.

Amid the running to and fro, the shouts, cries and agonies of terror, I saw and thought of nothing but the two figures standing side by side near the bow—Lois and Clarence.

She was leaning upon the rail, with bowed head and clasped hands, in an attitude of quiet resignation. He was looking wildly about him with ghastly face and starting eyes. The traitor who had found dishonor so easy found it hard to die.

I watched them a while, with a smile of scorn upon my lips and a cold, deadly calm at my heart. My hand would not be raised in punishment; my revenge would be consummated by a Power greater than mine. Moment after moment passed by, and the water was already creeping about my feet; in less than half an hour all would be over.

Suddenly, as if my fixed gaze had fascinated her, Lois raised her head and saw me. Even in the wild uproar, I heard her cry of mingled shame, terror and love. Instinctively she stretched her hands toward me, with a piteous gesture of appeal. In an instant all my hatred was swept out of my heart, and all my love, betrayed as it had been, returned.

I pushed my way through the crowd and stood before them. I took her cold hand in mine; I turned and looked him calmly in the face.

"I followed you," I said, "to destroy you both for

the wrong you have done me, and to die myself. In this hour, which may, indeed, be our last, I forgive you freely. If we escape, go your way together in peace, and I will go mine."

"No, no," she cried, clinging to me; "take me with you. Despise me, kill me if you wish, but do not believe I love any one but you. I was mad, deluded, sinful, but in my heart true to you always."

"Say no more," I replied, gently; "we have no time to think of that now. Clarence Bell, if you are a man, help me to save this woman."

"I can't swim a stroke," he answered, sullenly.

"Then I must save you both," I said. "The shore is not far distant, and I am a strong swimmer. Lois, come with me. Clarence, remain where you are. I

will return for you." My preparations were soon made. I threw off my superfluous clothing, drew off her shoes and wraps, and bound a handkerchief over her mouth. Then, taking her in my arms, I sprang overboard, and began the terrible journey shoreward.

The sea was running mountains high and the wind was full in my face. The shore was less than half a mile distant, but in that short space I was more than once on the point of giving over my efforts.

But I was laboring for a life far more dear than my own, and I struggled on. At length, faint and gasping, I was drawn, with my precious burden, out of the seething billows upon the bank. Waiting only long enough to regain my breath, I plunged into the water once more and swam back to the wreck.

When I reached it again only a small portion of it was left. Clinging to a broken timber in stolid despair, I found Clarence Bell.

"I did not believe you would return," he said, looking at me in haggard amazement. "Are you more than a man,

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His contemporary, Brillat-Savarin, to cite another of Colnet's lines, "mangeait en glouton et pensait sobrement." It must be a terrible blow to many a young enthusiast, light-heartedly entering his camel for a gourmet's career, when he first discovers that the reputation of Brillat-Savarin is all legend. He was a monstrous eater, and that is all. He kept no table, was a tall, heavy, vulgar sort of man, who went about in old clothes, and was well known as the drum-major of the Court of Appeal. He spoke little, and that little was curt and stupid. Like the parrot, he thought the more, and his posthumous masterpiece astonished none so much as his most intimate friends. Carême's secretary, who had opportunities of knowing, and De Cussy also, say that he gobbled without selection, spoke heavily, when he did speak at table, without any "look" in his eyes, and became absorbed—a nice euphemistic phrase—at the end of a meal. The *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde* agrees that he was "thick," and a gourmand without any measure; making one of the nice distinctions between the gourmet (like De Cussy) who is hospitable, and the gourmand (like Brillat-Savarin) who is not. Carême wrote of him, that he never learned how to eat, which is extra hard upon him, for one of his aphorisms is, "L'homme mange; l'homme d'esprit seul sait manger." He liked coarse and vulgar meats, goes on Carême, and literally filled his—camel merely, "I have seen him sleep after dinner!" Dr. Joseph Roques, a great gourmet of the day, gives him the finishing stroke. He was very fond of immenso meat-pies, solid as a collared head. "They are exquisite," said he one day to the doctor; "you can eat as much as ever you like; and, if you do get a fit of indigestion, why, five or six dozen of oysters will allay it. I never take any other remedy myself, and leave tea to weak constitutions." He died at the age of seventy-one, of a chill in the feet, caught at Louis XVIII's funeral.

Grimod de la Reynière came of a banking family, and no one had a bad word to say against either his palate or his camel. An accident in early childhood deprived him of both hands, which he replaced by many ingenious contrivances; and he even became a dandy in his youth, frequented the leaders of the Français, and visited Voltaire. He was muscularly strong, and had a strong constitution; eventually developed, let us say, a hump on his camel, and lived to be eighty. "For most people," wrote he in one of his Axioms, "a camel equal to any and every strain is the first requisite for happiness;" and, again, "The great thing is to eat hot, cleanly, long, and much;" and Victor Hugo might have said, "Roasting is at the same time *Nothing and Immensity*!" He was a charming talker in his best years, but latterly, wrote De Cussy, he got to be commonplace and garrulous about everything. The same Dr. Roques, exclaiming *quantum multus*, said in a sketch of Grimod's old age that "he rang for his servants at nine in the morning, shouting and scolding until he got his vermicelli soup. Soon after he became more tranquil, and began to talk gayly; finally becoming silent, and going to sleep again for some hours. At his waking the complaints began over again; he would fly into rages, groan, weep, and wish he were dead. But, dinner-time come, he ate of every dish, all the time declaring that he would have nothing, for his end was nigh. At dessert his face began to show some animation, his eyebrows lifted, and some light showed from the eyes, deep sunk in their sockets. 'How is De Cussy? Will he live long?' he would ask; 'they say he has a fatal ailment. They haven't put him on diet yet, have they? The rains were heavy; we'll have lots of mushrooms in the Autumn. The vines are splendid; you must come

for the vintage;' and so on, always about gluttony. Then he would grow gradually silent in his great arm-chair, and his eyes would close. At ten they came for him—he could no longer walk—and put him to bed." And this was the youngster who, at the age of twenty, was caught by his own father sitting down, lone as the ace of spades, to seven roast turkeys, merely for their "oysters," their "not-l'y-laisse," as the French say.

"The sole depositary of the entire tradition of the State," Talleyrand, even at the age of eighty, ate but one square meal in the day, his dinner; and every morning he required the *menu* of it from his *chef*. He would rise at ten, dressing himself even after the hands had got rebellious; and half an hour later would have an egg, a fruit, or a slice of bread and butter, a glass of water with a dash of Madeira in it, or perhaps only two or three cups of camomile tea, before beginning "work." No coffee, no chocolate, and "China" tea very rarely. He dined at eight in Paris, at five in the country, well and with appetite; taking soup, fish, and a meat *entrée*, which was almost always of knuckle of veal, braised mutton cutlets, or a fowl. He would sometimes have a slice off a joint; and he liked eggs and custards, but rarely touched dessert. He always drank a first-rate claret, in which he would put a very little water; a glass of sherry he did not despise, and after dinner a *petit-terre* of old Malaga. In the drawing-room he would himself fill up a large cup with lumps of sugar, and the *maitre d'hôtel*—Carême, no less—would add the coffee. Then came forty winks; and afterward he would play whist for high stakes. His senile eyelids were so swollen that it was a vast effort to open them to any width, and so he often let them close, and "slept" in company that bored him. He still continued to call up a secretary at night, and dictate to him through the closed bed-curtains.

"The eaters of my time," wrote Carême, in 1832, "were the Prince de Talleyrand, Murat, Junot, Fontanes, the Emperor Alexander, George IV., and the Marquis de Cussy. Men who know how to eat are as rare as great cooks. Look at the great musicians and physicians," he goes on, with enthusiasm, "they are all gastronomers; witness Rossini and Boieldieu, Bronssais and Joseph Roques."

The last-named backed this up in his treatise on Edible Mushrooms, maintaining that doctors who make a name—Corvisart, Bronssais, and half a dozen others—are epicures for their patients' sake as well as their own. They can get a convalescent to eat when nobody else can; a fact which explains their success. Modern London, too, can boast its successful medical gourmets. De Cussy—it is vain to expect an authority from him—said that Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Baccio Bandinelli, Guido, and Raphael, were all noted gourmands; a fact which has not yet, perhaps, had its weight in estimating the naïve abstinence of the pre-Raphaelites, who might even have been vegetarians almost to a man, to judge from the type of their landscape-gardening. None of the foregoing great men had the beatitude of dying at a table like some of the smaller fry. Dr. Gastaldy, a man with a wit and a palate so often met with in the *Almanach des Gourmants*, died with a champagne-glass in his hand and a joke in his mouth. Grimod de la Reynière's great-grandfather's death was exactly alike—in a fit of laughter, his lips still wet with "Ay." Here is a fact for Mr. Galton; financial instincts, too, were hereditary in this family of farmers-general of the revenue.

Napoleon, as all the world knows, ate very plain food, and little of it, though always with hunger and rapidly.

A little claret was all he drank ; a single glass of Madeira would flush his whole countenance. He was neither an eater nor a judge of eating, wrote Carême, but he was grateful (was he?) to M. de Talleyrand for the style in which he lived. He differed widely from that poor Stanislas of Poland, who fondly studied onion soup in the inn-kitchen at Châlons. Napoleon had a strange theory about his bile. There is no personal defect that a man cannot get himself to be vain of, for one reason or another. "Don't you know," said he to the Comte de Ségur, "that every man that's worth anything is bilious? 'Tis the hidden fire. By the help of its excitement I see clear in difficult junctures. It wins me my battles!" Carême himself ate sparingly and drank nothing—a sort of Moses of the Promised Land by choice.

The skeleton Paganini was an appalling glutton, being only beaten in that by Cambacérès. Such men should be objects of pity alone, like the great Athenian chief Archestrates, who ate enormously and digested with extraordinary rapidity. It could not have been assimilation, for, according to Polybius, he looked as if the wind would blow him away, and one could almost see daylight through him. There is one dear old story that always comes up in talk about great eaters; it has been told of all sorts of guzzlers, from a City Alderman to the Judge of Appeal at Avignon, under the *ancien régime*. "And then, sir, we topped up with a gorgeous turkey, a first-chop bird—never tasted a juicier—melt in the mouth—

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For example, when the Duc de Penthièvre went down to preside over the Assembly of the States of Brittany, he was heralded by 152 kitchenmen, and the Prince de Condé's cook used up 120 pheasants a week. A dinner, presided over once by De Cussy at the Rocher de Cancale, cost \$20 a head; but, as old Magny told the writer of this, the year before he died, the moderns beat that easily, for, with *carte blanche* orders, he had just given a meal to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and seven guests, in George Sand's low little room, which came to 1,800 francs, or \$45 a head. This went chiefly in primeurs, rarities and Magny's wonderful wines—"quantity as well as quality," as he himself has said it. Who will say that the Princes of the Church are played out? Magny—may nothing lie heavy on his breast!—was a grand old host, intimately interested to the last in every least thing put before you. Like Terré,

"Who'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse,"

his stout form would heave to, as it were, and his round, strong, benevolent face would beam on you with a question or two, always

to the point. And then, Pepper and Cheesecakes! to hear him row a cook for too much estragon in the tartare. Twelve months after he was gone his "gendre" had reduced the cookery to the greasy category.

Carême had \$6,000 a year from Alexander of Russia, and succeeded in disbursing for that potentate a \$5,000 a week. His accounts were as perfectly cooked as

Irintchinoff, Teleshoff, Kalmynin, Garmaeff and Annosoff; Taxidermist Kolomeitsoff, and Abdul Yousupoff, the interpreter for Mongolian and Chinese. All the men were experts in using Berdan rifles and pistols. For the expenses of the expedition the Russian Government set apart 30,000 rubles (\$22,500).

The expedition started with thirty-five excellent camels and five horses. The provisions of the party consisted of *dzamba*, or parched flour, brick tea, and sheep, which were driven after the caravan. They took, also, 280 pounds of sugar, 40 pounds of pressed vegetables, 2 boxes of cognac and sherry, and 5 gallons of alcohol for the zoological collection. All the comforts of civilized life were left behind at the Russian frontier. A wooden bowl, for instance, served each one of the party as teacup, soup-plate and drinking-cup. They had wooden spoons and no forks. The pocket-knives served also as table-knives. The party was very well-armed. Each man had his Berdan rifle, 2 Smith & Wesson pistols, a bayonet and 2 cartridge-boxes, containing 20 cartridges each. They had, also, 7 excellent hunting-rifles, 120 pounds of gunpowder, and 480 pounds of small shot. The Government gave them 6,000 rifle-cartridges, and half as many for pistols. They all had instruments required to take meteorological observations, and a well-mounted taxidermist outfit. No uniforms were worn, except when visiting the high Chinese officials. Coarse linen suits in Summer, and heavy cloth or sheepskin suits in Winter, were worn by all. Thick felt, spread on the ground, served as beds, and two Mongolian tents served them as abode.

They carried presents to the value of 14,000 rubles for the Asiatic natives, consisting of guns, pistols, knives, watches, beads, looking-glasses, accordions, magnets, pictures, electric-batteries, a telephone, etc. As the travelers found out afterward, the colored pictures of actresses and the electric-machines proved most charming for the Asiatics, while the telephone had no effect on them, being entirely beyond their comprehension.

Their money was changed into Chinese silver bullion of large size, or *yamb*, and of small size, making altogether about 400 pounds. The baggage of the expedition, weighing 8,000 pounds, was loaded on twenty-three camels. Some of the articles were in wooden cases and the rest in leather trunks; their flour was carried in sacks.

Kirghis Mirzash Aldiaroff was engaged as a guide for Tchungaria, a country he knew very well, as he had plied his peculiar business, horse-stealing, there, for many years. During his life this Mirzash had stolen about a thousand horses, and for his exploits the Kirghises called him *butyr*, or a hero.

On March 21st, at sunrise, the caravan started. The loaded camels were divided into three groups, put in a line and tied to one another. The colonel rode around his caravan and gave the word of command: "In God's name, march!" Thus started the third Prjevalski expedition into Central Asia. They took a southeasterly direction, and on the same day crossed the Russian-Chinese frontier. On March 26th the travelers experienced a genuine snowstorm. The whirling snow blinded men and beasts, and the fearful wind bore the camels to the ground. The Russians hastily made a camp, and the animals were huddled around the tents. The next morning they found the ground deeply covered with snow, and the frost was 3° F. below zero. Such sudden and striking changes of weather in the Spring are not rare in Central Asia.

In a few days the expedition reached Lake Ulunger,

about 90 miles in circumference, lying 1,600 feet above the sea-level, and receiving a large river, Urungu. This lake was visited as far back as 1253 by Friar Roubriquis, sent by King Louis IX. to the Mongol Khan at Karakorum. On March 31st the Russians saw hundreds of swans flying over the lake in a northwesterly direction. Occasionally the birds rested on the thin ice that yet covered the lake.

While ascending the Urungu River the Russians repeatedly tried their luck in fishing, and they caught fish enough for their scientific collection and for food. In the little town of Bulun-tohoy they found a Chinese garrison several hundred strong, which, however, might easily have been captured by the thirteen Russians, as the Chinese soldiers were armed with the poorest arms of old-fashioned muskets, that would have been utterly useless against Berdan rifles. The fields near the town were worked by the Chinese and Torgout farmers, who complained that every Summer the musquitoes and gadflies make it impossible to live there.

The Russians kept to the narrow fertile tract running along the river, and thus they had food and water in abundance. Before long, however, they had to leave this easy road and strike into a desolate desert spreading from the Altai to the Tyanshan ridge. The desert presented a melancholy picture of a yellowish-gray plain, now running off on a level for scores of miles, now presenting deep sandy waves, now rising into clay and sand-hills, but everywhere covered with sharp stones, which cut the hoofs of horses and camels and the boots of the travelers. Only rarely there were even desert plants, like *Haloxylon*, *Kalidium* and *Reaumuria*, found. In the Spring, for a very short time, some tulips, wild onions, *Euphorbium* and *rhubarb* appear. But the hot rays of the sun soon burn these plants, and the desert remains uniformly gray through Summer and Fall, while in Winter it is suddenly covered with a deep snow. Animal life is even poorer than vegetable. Rarely can even a lizard be seen, or some vulture looking for his prey. A stillness as of death reigns there day and night, occasionally interrupted by fearful storms.

Where the Bulungun River enters into the Urungu the expedition stopped for four days to rest the camels. Wild boars abounded here, and the Russians enjoyed the sport of pig-sticking. An old boar killed by Prjevalski himself was 5 feet 8 inches long and 3 feet high, weighing about 400 pounds.

The Russians met on the riverside the Turgouts, a nomad Mongolian tribe, who proved to be lazy and deceitful. They live in felt tents, pitched wherever food could be found for their camels and sheep.

The Desert of Tchungaria is connected with the great Gobi Desert. In remote ages this was the bottom of a great sea, known to the Chinese under the name of the Han-hy. But now the sea-bottom stands more than 2,000 feet above the sea-level. In this desert Prjevalski found for the first time a new species of wild horse, since known under his name (*Equus Przewalskii*), the only specimen of which is now found in the Museum of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences. It is exceedingly difficult to bring down a wild horse, as at the first view of man they disappear in the desert. Curious enough, even the natives of Central Asia knew nothing of the wild horses, though the wild camel (*Camelus bactrianus*) found in the same desert has been known from the time of Marco Polo, and it was reserved for Prjevalski to study and describe the habits of this animal.

On May 2d, with a new guide, the party proceeded in the direction of the City of Barkul. For the first time

they had to take a waterless road for thirty-six hours. Having filled their vessels with water, they started in the afternoon, and made a third of their way before the nightfall. The next day they tramped wearily, and only at sunset reached a well, thus having made fifty miles of the waterless journey. The men, parched with thirst, looked anxiously at the camels carrying the supply of water, and when it was dealt out each swallow was regarded as the greatest boon in their life. Later on they repeatedly had to experience this. During calm weather, when the immense sandy plain lay undisturbed, the travelers were often deceived by mirage, believing that the mountains in view were near at hand while they were scores and even hundreds of miles distant. The peak of Bogdo-ula of Tian-shan ridge, for instance, is plainly seen for nearly 200 miles.

Let us picture a day's life in the Russian caravan to understand how the explorers fared. At night, near some well, two tents were pitched, one for the officers and the other for the men. The baggage was piled up between the tents. The camels, horses and sheep were secured near-by by ropes. Silence reigned. The men and animals, worn out by marching, enjoyed the welcome rest. At dawn the guard rose, recorded the temperature, made fire, and prepared tea. With their tea they usually ate *dzamba*, or parched flour moistened with boiling water. Then the horses were saddled and the camels loaded. With their pipes in their mouths and rifles in hand the Cossacks mounted their camels. The officers were busy in gathering and loading. At sunrise the caravan generally resumed its march. They made about twenty miles a day, marching for six or seven hours, and then camped at a well or spring. During the expedition the officers made notes, and the men assisted them in gathering plants or in shooting animals. If a herd of antelopes chanced to be near the way a volley from all the Berdans was made, sometimes bringing down an animal or two. At some suitable spot the camels were unloaded, the two tents put up, and the things put at once in prescribed order. Meanwhile the cook (each Cossack was cook in turn) made a fire, using dung for that purpose, and prepared tea and *dzamba* for lunch. Then each man took up his special work. Two Cossacks looked after the animals, some collected dung for fuel, and the others killed a sheep for dinner. Prjevalski wrote up his diary, Roborovsky sketched, and Ecklon and the taxidermist prepared the skins of beasts or birds killed on the way. Then came dinner, consisting, as a rule, but of two courses, rice or millet soup and boiled mutton. Only on rare occasions some game or fish was added to this bill of fare. The travelers enjoyed an excellent appetite—each day they consumed a large sheep. They never were tired of juicy mutton, the principal food in Central Asia. After dinner the officers with some of the men went hunting or collecting plants. All returned to the camp at sunset. Then the animals were driven to the tents, the camels and the horses tied for the night. After a supper of tea and *dzamba* the officers retired to their tent, and the Cossacks gathered around the fire, talking and laughing till sleep put an end to their chatter. By the light of a stearine candle one of the officers entered in the journal the meteorological observations, and the day's work ended. All slept except the guard, whose duty it was to make the circuit of the camp continually.

Such was the order of the day, which was modified, of course, by circumstances. The natives often surrounded the Russian camp, either out of curiosity or to trade. Butter, sheep, flour and rice were always needed by the travelers, and as frequently offered by the Asiatics.

On the march the Russians often encountered Chinese emigrants going to try their fortune in parts which were devastated fifteen years ago by a fearful Mongolian insurrection. A spade in their hands and a bag on their shoulders was all the property of the emigrants.

The City of Barkul, like the other towns of Central Asia, is surrounded by a high clay wall. The Governor of Barkul gave the Russians a guide and an escort of six soldiers, who were to accompany the expedition to the City of Hami. Under the pretense of honoring the distinguished travelers, the Chinese authorities often tried to send with them a squad of Chinese soldiers, who were instructed to look sharply after the Russians and prevent their deviating from the main road. The colonel, however, disregarded the advice and entreaties of the escort and went his own way. Thus, while ascending the Tian-shan, the Russians noticed a pine wood in the distance. The temptation was so great that the colonel, in spite of the prohibition of the escorting officer, marched straight to the shady spot and spent a whole day there. Thus for a day the travelers lost sight of the desert. The aromatic smell of the pines, the luxuriant green grass and flowers, the singing of birds—all this was a royal treat which they would never forget.

The next day the Russians crossed the Tian-shan Mountains, which hide their summits in the clouds. At the highest point, about 9,000 feet above the sea, the Russians found a Buddhist temple and a rude building intended as a resting-place for travelers. Then the Russians took the direction of Khami, the most famous oasis of the Gobi Desert. The oasis proper occupies about ten square miles. Wheat, millet, barley, oats, peas, melons and vegetables grow there in abundance. There were formerly many fruit trees, most of which, however, were destroyed during the Mongolian insurrection. The inhabitants, numbering 8,000, are of the Mongolian race. They are ruled by a hereditary Prince, bearing the Chinese title of Dzun-van, or Prince of Third Rank. At the time of the visit by the Russians, Khami was ruled by a widow of the Prince. However, this female rule was merely nominal, as a Chinese Governor was in charge of both civil and military officers. Prjevalsky made a visit to the Governor, who gave his Russian guests a dinner, consisting of sixty courses. The next day the Russians entertained the Governor and his suite at their camp. The Chinamen behaved like schoolboys. They handled everything they saw, begged one thing and bargained for another. The Chinese officers unceremoniously loaded their pockets with candied fruits, and even with lumps of sugar. The colonel gave the Governor a six-barreled pistol, as a present, though the Chinaman insolently insisted upon a double-barreled gun.

In the Nan-shan Mountains the Russians were met with an accident that excited them all. One July day, Kalmynin went gunning for birds, but toward evening, on his way to the camp, he saw a yak, which he wounded. The next day, Kalmynin and Sergeant Egoroff were sent out to find the yak and to kill him for his meat and hide. They were ordered not to separate, as wounded animals are dangerous for a single man. They found the bloody trail of the wounded yak, and started to find him. After going about two miles, they failed to find the animal, but noticed some mountain-goats. Both fired at them. Kalmynin started to see whether they had hit any of them, cautioning Egoroff not to move far from the spot where he left him. Egoroff, however, kept on the yak's trail, and was soon out of sight. When Kalmynin returned to the place where he had left his friend, he could not find him. He shouted at the top of his voice,

DEUN-ZASSAK, PRINCE OF LAIDAM.

THE KIRGHIS MIRZASH ALDIANOFF.

but there was no response. As the sun went down Kalmynin lost the yak's trail, and then discovered that he did not know what direction to take to rejoin his comrade. In his alarm, he began to fire his gun, hoping thus to give a signal to Egoroff. But it was all in vain. Thinking that Egoroff might return to the camels, which had been left at the foot of the mountain, he went there. Egoroff was not there. Then Kalmynin returned to the camp, hoping to find his man there, but he was not there either. The colonel and his party did not at first suppose that Egoroff could be lost. But when the night passed and the man did not return, they began to be alarmed.

A party of five was sent out. The first day they found traces of the man, but could not see him. Next day the

colonel himself went in pursuit, accompanied by five men. They examined the country around carefully for some twenty miles in all directions, but could find no trace of the man. Three days were spent in the search. Two Cossacks then went to the Mongolian camps, at the foot of the mountains, to make inquiries. But the

Mongolians knew nothing about the lost Russian. Thus five days passed since Egoroff was lost, and the Russians believed him dead. He had no food and no clothes, except a blouse, though the temperature at sunrise was 27° Fahrenheit. If he had not perished from hunger or a fall, then he must have frozen to death. So all believed.

With heavy heart and gloomy thoughts, the expedition struck their camp and left the fatal place. They marched westward by the valley running along the mountains. When they had made about twenty miles, they rested for a couple of hours at a spring, and then resumed their march. All were silent, thinking of the lost man. Suddenly, Irintchinoff, who was riding ahead,

noticed some living being up on the mountain-side, though he could not tell whether it was a man or a beast. The colonel's field-glass settled the question. It was their lost Russian. Two mounted men were at once dispatched for him, and in half an hour Egoroff was again amid his friends, who wept with joy.

robbers, they are allowed to retain a part of their money and the less valuable things. But if they try to defend themselves, then the Jegrai give no quarter. They kill and rob without mercy.

In 1874 a Chinese governor was returning from H'Lassa to Peking, carrying with him about twelve hundred pounds of gold. Though the high official had two hundred soldiers, the Jegrai, eight hundred strong, attacked his party, captured him, killed some of his soldiers, and dispersed the rest; seized all the gold, and, in order to punish the governor for the resistance, they destroyed his palanquin, compelling him to make a long journey on horseback. This was a very severe punishment for a Chinese dignitary, for they never ride a horse.

These very robbers made up their mind to relieve the Russians of their silver, arms, and other valuables. For several days they hung around the Russian caravan, and under the pretense of trade they occasionally approached them, examined their guns, and discussed among themselves some project which the Russians could not understand, though they suspected mischief. When the Russians were approaching the narrow pass, twenty well-armed Jegrai appeared and offered some butter for sale. While the trade was going on, a nomad snatched a knife from the interpreter Yousupoff's belt, and when the latter demanded his knife back, the robber rushed at him with his sword. The Cossacks hurried to defend their man, and in an instant a general *mêlée* took place. As the Russians were far superior to the nomads in a hand-to-hand fight, the latter fled and ensconced themselves behind the rocks, and began to hurl stones with their slings at their foes. Then the wretched rifles of the nomads were brought into play. The Russians gave a general volley from their Berdans, and the Jegrai precipitately fled for their lives. They disappeared in the rocky mountains, leaving four of their party dead behind them. The Russians now knew that they had to face a strong body of the Jegrais, who undoubtedly would seek revenge. They accordingly prepared themselves for the worst. All night long the Russians heard wild yells coming from behind the mountain ridges. The next morning the Russian caravan was drawn up in line of battle; the men, rifle-in-hand, in the van; then, the camels arranged in three rows. Thus they moved to the pass. They were not long in discovering that they were completely surrounded by the enemy, who numbered about seventy men. Most of them, mounted, occupied the pass; the rest, also on horseback, appeared in the Russian rear, except detachments on the ridges overlooking the pass. The thirteen Russians had no alternative but to force the narrow pass and rout the seventy robbers.

The colonel felt that his only advantage lay in his superior firearms, and that he must make them tell before the Jegrai could dash in near enough to make their fire effective. When the enemy were about seven hundred paces from the Russian party, Prjevalski gave the word, "Halt! Fire!" Instantly twelve Berdans cracked, and the nearest of the band of Jegrai looked as if struck by a thunderbolt. Another volley was given before they could recover. This completely demoralized the robbers. They fled in all directions; some leaped from their horses, and some even threw away their guns and lances. The Russians were then ordered to raise their aim for twelve hundred paces, and greet the group standing in the very pass. The same result succeeded. Then the Russians sent their bullets after the runaway robbers. The pass was cleared, and the Russians passed through safely. They could not learn how many of the Jegrai were either killed or wounded, nor did they care to inquire. They pushed

on to open country, where, knowing the cowardice of the Asiatics and the value of their own rifles, they regarded themselves as safe from attack.

The Russians were not allowed to visit the City of H'Lassa, capital of Thibet and residence of the Dalay-Lama. Prjevalski accordingly for the fourth time had to turn back without seeing that peculiar town. The authorities of Thibet could give no better reason for their refusal than this: "No foreigners ever entered H'Lassa from the north, and no Russian ever yet has reached the town, therefore no permit can be granted to them."

The Russians learned that a strange rumor was spreading as to their aim, namely, that they came in order to kidnap the Dalay-Lama, then five years old. A new Dalay-Lama is elected by a convention of the highest Lamas or priests from among the male children born on the day of death of the ruling Dalay-Lama. At the age of five years the Buddhist Pontiff begins to perform his religious duties, and at eighteen he is recognized both as spiritual and civil head of his country.

The Russians returned to Zaidam. This time the colonel intended to explore the sources of the Hoangho, or the Yellow River, and though the local Chinese authorities endeavored to prevent his proceeding by stories of the untold dangers that environed such an undertaking, he pushed on. The Russians explored the river for a hundred miles, and enriched their collection with new species of animals and plants. At last their inability to cross large rivers and ascend the steep mountains forced them to halt. It was only then that they decided to return. Their collections by this time amounted in weight to no less than 3,500 pounds. As they were approaching Kiachta, a Russian town on the Siberian-Chinese frontier, they discerned the high cupolas of the Russian churches. Tears of joy filled their eyes, and when at last they were heartily welcomed by countrymen of their own, the travelers considered themselves the happiest of men.

SOME CURIOUS EFFECTS OF FOODS.

DARWIN tells us "that hemp-seed causes bullfinches and certain other birds to become black. Mr. A. R. Wallace has communicated some much more remarkable facts of the same nature. The natives of the Amazonian regions feed the common green parrot with the fat of large Siluroid fishes, and the birds thus treated become beautifully variegated with red and yellow feathers. In the Malayan Archipelago the natives of Gilolo alter in an analogous manner the colors of another parrot—namely, the *Lorius garrulus*, Linn., and thus produce the Lord Rajah or King Lory. These parrots in the Malay Islands and South America, when fed by the natives on natural vegetable food, such as rice and plantains, retain their proper colors."

One of the strangest illustrations in nature to be found of the curious effects of food is in the beehive. There the queen bee lives with the "worker" bees. When the queen bee dies another is procured simply by feeding a certain larva (which they put in a special cell) with what is known as royal jelly. An ordinary larva is fed on common food; but the queen is fed with this delicacy until maturity. Of course the queen is the fertile bee, and it owes its special functions to a special food.

There seems to be a certain indeterminable ratio between the food eaten and the work possible to be performed. Those who train horses know that the "hunter" requires a different kind of food from the draught horse. The former needs a more stimulating food, the latter a

more lasting one. The difference in effects of foods is also seen in the tiger and the deer. The food of the tiger will enable it to discharge a tremendous amount of force in an instant—the food of the deer to maintain protracted though light exertions. The greyhound is fed in training with beef and mutton; setters and other slow sporting dogs with broth, meal, etc.

There is the same difference in men as regards the meat they eat. According to one authority the yearly consumption of meat per head is estimated at 136 pounds in England, 46 pounds in France, 35 pounds in Prussia, and 34 pounds in Belgium. It is larger in cities than in rural districts, and is largest of all in London.

Another writer says that, speaking generally, "high feeding, in the case of man, consists mainly in a liberal allowance of meat, and in the systematic use of alcoholic beverages, and that low feeding consists in a diet which is vegetarian and non-alcoholic. On the ground of this distinction it may be said that the European races are more highly fed than the Asiatic, that the British races are more highly fed than the Continental races, and that the inhabitants of London (owing to the larger consumption of meat) are the most highly fed population in the world. The easier classes are more highly fed than the poorer classes; the town artisan is more highly fed than the agricultural laborer." After some correlative observations he remarks of the high-fed classes and races that there is "a broad distinction between them. In regard to bodily strength and longevity the difference is considerable; but in regard to mental qualities the distinction is marked. The high-fed classes and races display a richer vitality, more momentum and individuality of character, and a greater brain-power than their low-fed brethren; and they constitute the soil or breeding-ground out of which eminent men chiefly arise."

ON THE UNSUGARNESS OF SUGAR.

THERE is no white sugar. It is not crystalline, but conglomerate; it is not sweet, and, if you put it into hot water, a strange phenomenon appears. For the purposes of what a degenerate Scotchman ("May God assoil him therefor!") is the prayer even of the cold-blooded pock-pudding Englisher) calls "the barbaric observance of whisky toddy," it is, or ought to be, known to all men that you dissolve the sugar in the hot water before adding the whisky. The experiment is crucial with modern sugar. In at least the vast majority of cases a dirty, cloudy solution is the result, bringing sometimes most unjust accusations on hapless servitors. As used in tea, coffee, and other opaque and deeply colored mixtures, this abominable characteristic of modern sugar of course escapes observation. But let anybody try his sugar in the colorless solution, and if he does not see a soapy cloud diffuse itself he is a lucky man. The scientific person whose aid has been called in to screw the last gram of sugar, or so-called sugar, over the legal amount out of the harmless beet, so as to secure profit, best knows what means he takes to secure this result.

THE WAYS OF PERSIAN SERVANTS.

ONE may derive a never-failing source of humor from a study of the lower classes in Persia, who present a combination of wit and simplicity, a happy-go-lucky disposition, with shrewdness and cunning, that is charming so long as one observes it as an outsider and does not

become himself a victim of their wiles. Naturally one cannot fully appreciate the humorous side of a transaction when he himself is the sufferer, in dignity or purse.

The Persian servants are indeed queer people. Their chief business appears to be to get presents and to steal. The word for the former is *pishkesh*. Every Persian considers it proper to present a *pishkesh*, be it a bunch of flowers, a dish of fruit, a tame gazelle, an embroidered robe, or whatever they can best afford to give or the position of the receiver appears to suggest. It would be a gross error to be so simple as to accept the *pishkesh* without giving fully its equivalent or more in money, for the present is given as a delicate hint of favors expected in return. Sometimes one may decline to receive the gift of an inferior, but never of a superior. One can only get even by sending a *pishkesh* in return.

One day a jolly, foxy little carpenter, who had done a few jobs for the writer, brought me a *pishkesh*. It was a neat paper rack of black walnut, exactly the thing I wanted, but had found it impossible to find at Teheran.

"It's not bad," I cautiously remarked.

"I am glad it pleases the Sahib," replied the carpenter, glowing all over with ill-concealed delight; "I brought it to you as a *pishkesh*, a present."

"Ah, indeed," I replied; "I'm obliged to you. But now, how much do you expect for it?"

"Why," said he, "it's a *pishkesh*."

"Yes, I understand that; but how much do you want for it—for your present?"

"You know its value better than I do," said he.

"Well, how will two tomans (about five dollars) suit you?"

His face fell, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Will three tomans answer, then?"

"As you please," he replied, pocketed the money, and left.

A few days later a European gentleman, calling on me, curiously observed this paper rack, and asked where I had found it. I told him that it was a *pishkesh* from Mehmet Hassan, the carpenter, who, I had since learned, had made several for other gentlemen of the European colony. My friend burst out laughing. "The rascal! why, I gave him the pattern, and he was to make it for me the very next day for two tomans. He has not been near me since!"

BORES.

THE greater number of those whom men call bores are innocent bores—the men with a great moral purpose, for instance, miserably as they often fail from want of tact in achieving what they aim at; the men, again, who are happy egotists, and who chatter of themselves, not with any intention of boring you, but because the thought of themselves has a sort of intoxicating effect upon them, and they can scarcely help communicating the good spirits with which it fills them to those toward whom they feel kindly; the men, again, who are humorists without either pride or sensitiveness, and go on laughing and cracking jokes without the least consciousness that they are not adding to the happiness of their companions. All these are innocent bores, into whose ranks it is only too easy for any man or woman to fall without great culpability, and their fault is one which it is very easy, indeed, to congratulate oneself too much that he hopes he has avoided it.

Even the really deadly bore, the bore whom it is essential to avoid, if you would save your reason—the bore who is possessed with the instinct of a limpet for clinging to

the widow of the *millionaire* banker. Ernest met Miss Hilton when she was not the adopted of the banker's widow; had fallen madly in love with her, had flung his very soul on the cast of the die. This was all that I knew, as, taking his arm, we strolled up Fifth Avenue on that lovely morning in May.

"What about Miss Hilton?" I asked. "She looked supremely lovely to-night. If Cleopatra had had a daughter, I——"

"Don't speak of her here," interposed Lorrimer. "Let us get out into the Park."

We walked along in silence, each wrapped up in his own musings. Mine were rose-colored enough. I had cut out that insufferable snob Fred Hamberlin, for Bessie Tintstey had given me his waltz—ay, and had permitted me to steal a rosebud from a bouquet nearly as large as her sweet little self.

Ernest's face wore a peculiar expression. It was set, and as though he had resolved upon doing something out of the way—something absolutely desperate. He was pale as death, and great black shadows loomed round his handsome eyes.

We passed into the Park by the Scholars' Gate, and went straight to the Mall; when I say we, I should say he, for I followed Ernest Lorrimer. Striding down the Mall, he descended the steps by the lake, and, ascending the slope at the other side, entered a shady alley.

Suddenly he stopped short, and, clutching me fiercely by the arm, exclaimed, as he flung away his cigar-butt: "Do you see that?"

"See what?"

"This! this! this!" doubling his fist and banging it with terrific violence against the trunk of a maple.

For the moment, I imagined he was fooling me—doing a little dramatic business—but one glance at his eyes told me that the man was fearfully in earnest.

"Here is a story for you," he bitterly laughed; "a romance, quite a romance—a romance in four letters! How short, and yet—how long! How sweet, and how bitter! How soothing, and how maddening!"

He removed his hand to trace with his finger the letters carved on the tree.

They were "E. L. J. H."

"She did them"—picking at his own initials—with a white hand and cold steel. "I did these, and broke the blade of the knife. It was an omen, was it not? Sit down, Bolton. I think you are a true man. I want a true man's advice."

I obeyed him mechanically, while he still stood facing me, with his finger nervously picking at the engraved initials.

"I am not given to rant or rhapsodize, George," said Lorrimer. "I don't forget that this is the 10th of May, 1886, and that I am talking to a young stockbroker whose heart lies in the stock list."

"Not a bit of it," I blurted, as the image of Bessie Tintstey came to my mind's eye.

"Well, never mind: I must talk to somebody, and I select you because you have the reputation of being loyal. Now, what would you think of a girl who could—No, I'll not put it to you in that way—I'd best let you have the whole story. You saw Julia Hilton to-night—I beg her pardon most humbly—Miss Hilton," this ironically.

"Why, of course I did. She was the most attractive-looking girl in the room, bar one."

"Bar none, George!" he sternly exclaimed, adopting my racing phrase.

I did not think it worth while to contest the point, as

my mind was pretty well made up on the subject. I pressed the portion of my waistcoat where lay the rose abstracted from Bessie's bouquet, and held my peace.

"Did she look like a girl who had just broken a vow as sacred as can be registered under high heaven?" he demanded.

"She looked very animated and——"

"Did she look like a perjurer?"

"No."

"Like a woman who had just torn a true man's heart from out his breast, to fling it beneath her feet to trample upon it? Did she look like that?"

"No."

"Well, George Bolton, that is precisely the amusement which Miss Hilton indulged in at the ball, and the heart was mine, *mine*, MINE!" his voice approaching a shriek on the third utterance of the word.

Now, I am a matter-of-fact sort of fellow. I have been hearing of broken hearts since I left the nursery, but I never yet met with one, and when Ernest Lorrimer told me that his was fractured, to be candid with the reader, I did not believe him. That he had received a cruel shock, that his sensibilities were deeply wounded, I had little doubt; but a broken heart—not quite.

My companion, still picking viciously at the bark of the maple, went on, in a jerky sort of way:

"I met Miss Hilton at the Lawleys', a Southern family, relatives of my mother. I had never cared that"—flinging away a piece of bark—"for any girl, and when I met fellows who were always spooning and gushing over girls, I used to laugh at them. The first glance of this girl's eyes—what eyes she has! have you remarked them, George?"

"Rather," was my laconic rejoinder.

"They seemed star-like—to shine for the heaven of my life."

This for the 10th of May, 1886, wasn't bad. I suppose he felt that he was over-gushing, for he pulled in with:

"She is a girl of remarkable beauty. Everybody acknowledges it. When I met her, one year ago, George Bolton, *one* year ago on the 7th of this month, she was seventeen, and a very child in the world's ways. To-day she is eighteen, and a thousand years old in the world's ways; and this is the work of that cursed, purse-proud haridan, the woman who has spoiled a beautiful flower with her shower of gold—Mrs. Pierson Ploontag. I felt that in meeting Julia Hilton I had come face to face with my fate. I felt the hot flame leap in my heart. I felt this girl glide into my life, and revelled in a very ecstasy——"

I was getting rather tired of this dime-novel language, so I interposed with:

"I suppose, then, you have had a lover's quarrel, Lorrimer?"

"Be good enough to hear me out. I made every pretext I could for meeting Julia. We met at the Lawleys'. I bribed Charlie, a thirteen-year-old cousin, by all sorts of presents, to help me. Everywhere Julia went, I followed like a shadow. One day, George Bolton, I met her *here*—alone. Here where I now stand I stood. Here"—pointing with the peaked toe of his English patent-leather shoe—"she stood. I stole my arm round her waist and told her all."

He was silent for a moment, and I did not care to break the silence. The man was suffering.

"Then," he continued, with a jerk, "we plighted our troth. She loved me *then*—ay! with all her heart, with all her soul. We carved our initials here, and beneath them—see, the words are nearly erased now, as they ought

to be," he hotly added—"'*Pour Toujours*'—(For Ever). One year, old man! The 'for ever' dwindles into three hundred and odd days. This is the measure of the eternity of our love. *Mine is for ever! Hers—bah!*" and he snapped his fingers with a contemptuous gesture. "This woman saw my Julia, and wanting a plaything, a something to talk to, and put frocks upon, and roll beside her in the carriage—a sort of compromise between a doll and an upper servant—took her to her golden caresses; and then came separation, then a gulf commenced to yawn between the girl and me, and now the bridge has been broken down. I asked for her hand from her father. I received my answer from the banker's widow.

"You are not the young lady's guardian," I protested.

"If you drive me to it, sir," she retorted, "I shall become her mother by marrying her father."

"This is the sort of woman, Bolton, that a fellow feels like treating as a man. Oh, if she were but a man!" he added, smiting the tree till he lacerated his hand horribly. "We used to meet in the Summer evenings down near New London. I would lie on the bank, and Charlie would pull the boat, Julia closely veiled; nor would I rise until the boat had turned into a little creek hard-by, for fear of madame's spies. Oh, it *was* a golden time, and she appeared so true—true as steel."

"Are you certain that Miss Hilton has thrown you over?" I asked.

"You shall learn what occurred to-night. I mean this morning, at that cursed ball," he replied. "I asked her to dance, George—this in the most commonplace way, just as I saw you asking that little Tintstey girl—and do you know what her reply was?"

"I cannot say."

"I'll give you number fourteen.' Just fancy! Fourteen, down at the very end of the list!"

"What did you say?"

In answer to this question the words came through Lorrimer's set teeth:

"If you don't give me the next dance, you'll not dance it with any other man!"

"You should have seen how pale she became, Bolton. It was dance number eight, and I saw Parsons's name on it. 'Gold' Parsons, you know, the fellow who owns the *Citella*. Mrs. Ploontag's especial pet.

"What do you mean, Ernest?" she murmured.

"Just what I say."

"But I—"

"Just as you please, Miss Hilton.

"You wouldn't—you couldn't do such a thing."

"Couldn't I!"

"You have no right."

"I'll establish one."

"At this moment Parsons lounged over.

"This is our dawnee," he said, affecting an English drawl.

"I felt burning lava in my veins, Bolton, but my pulse was still. What would she do?"

"You must excuse me, Mr. Parsons," she said, "but I do not wish to dance this time."

"The fellow saw that he was not wanted, so he bowed to the ground, and, tucking his crush-hat under his arm, turned away.

"Now, Ernest Lorrimer," said Julia, "give me your arm, and come out into the conservatory."

"She was as pale as Elaine, and her beautiful lips were tremulous with suppressed passion. When we reached the conservatory, Bolton, she seated herself, and motioned me to stand in front of her.

"What does this mean?" she palpitated.

"It means, Julia, that—"

"It means that you are mean—"

"Mean!"

"Yes, mean, and—and a coward!"

"Somehow or other the word struck me like a blow. I actually reeled under it.

"It is the act of a coward to make any lady remarkable—you have made me remarkable, horribly, odiously remarkable! Was that the act of a man who loves a woman?"

"And she patted her little foot on the floor and fanned herself in a feverish way.

"It is because I love you that—"

"I'm tired of that song! I'm tired of you! I'm dead weary of you—yes, dead weary! Now!"

"My heart ceased to beat, Bolton. This was ghastly torture. I sickened—literally sickened—and for a second I thought that I would faint. Then I pulled myself together with a wrench that cost me dear, and, bowing to her and offering her my arm, said, in a cold, conventional tone:

"Permit me to conduct you to your chaperon, Miss Hilton."

"I felt her hand tremble on my arm. I felt her cling a little to me, and ere we arrived where Mrs. Ploontag sat Julia murmured something which I did not hear. Then I bowed to her, and now my heart is broken, George Bolton." And Lorrimer clung to the tree, as it were for support.

I must confess that the story to me appeared commonplace enough. A poor and pretty girl is wooed and won by a handsome, well-to-do young fellow. Lorrimer was in the firm of Lorrimer, Bates & Lorrimer, the cloth men of Worcester Street. A fairy godmother comes along and "behaves as sich" to this Cinderella from the South. The godmother intends that her adopted child shall have a mansion on the avenue, a cottage at Newport, a box at the opera, horses, equipages, servants. Ernest Lorrimer might keep house on—say, Lexington Avenue, or in Brooklyn; this, and nothing more. Of course old Hilton's sybaritic Southern proclivities entirely leant toward the views of the banker's widow, and the young lady very soon opened her beautiful eyes to the fact that she was going too cheap. The man always gives the chance to the woman to break off, and here was the commonplace story as translated by me from the utterances of my agonized companion.

"Brace up, old man!" I cried. "A girl who acts like that is not worth casting a thought on. She has had her head turned by all the glitter that Mrs. Ploontag surrounds her with, and she has jilted you simply because you can't keep up with that crowd."

"I *can* keep up with them! I *will* keep up with them. Why, didn't I buy those Doddsville shares the other day that were at four, and are now at ninety? I'll plunge in something. I'd sell my soul to be able to cost that girl just one bitter thought—ay, just one as bitter as any of the million she is costing me."

I had nothing to say. I could not console. The wound was too fresh, bleeding too copiously. I could only cry, "Brace up, old man!" and that was all.

* * * * *

It was one day last November, I forget the exact date, that I was startled by a visit from Ernest Lorrimer. I had seen nothing of him since that memorable May morning. He had suddenly departed for Europe, and he became obliterated in the rush of the tide of events.

I met Miss Hilton at Newport at a lawn-tennis party.

I was invited to dine at Mr. Lewis Fielding's on last St. Valentine's Day. The party, a very large one, was gathered together to celebrate the golden wedding of our host and hostess. Mr. Fielding is uncle of the "Gold" Parsons to whom—I grieve to have to say it—Miss Hilton was engaged. The presents were numerous and splendid, but *the* gift was an *épergne* of solid gold, standing four feet high. It represented a large and spreading tree at one side. A young fellow was engaged in cutting the words, "*Pour Toujours!*"—"For Ever!" on the trunk, whilst a young girl eagerly watched him. On the other side, the young fellow was alone. His face was grave as he carved the words, "*Rien n'est éternel!*"—"(Nothing lasts)."

We all crowded round this superb presentation. Miss Hilton crushed in beside me.

"It is the gift of my dear friend Ernest Lorrimer!" cried Mr. Fielding. "Ah, here he is to explain the cabalistic words which the broken-hearted swain is carving on the tree."

"They are easily explained," said Lorrimer, coming to the side of the table opposite to where Julia Hilton stood. "The story is a very old one. The girl fooled the man into the belief that she loved him. The man was poor, and a richer fellow turned up. The girl perjured herself—here he stared full into Julia Hilton's eyes—"and the other fellow is just scribbling what he ought to have written at first."

"Make way there!" "Air!" "Miss Hilton's fainted!" "Water!" "Lay her on the sofa!"

It was on the morning of the evening that Miss Hilton was to be married to "Gold" Parsons that the papers announced Ernest Lorrimer's smash. He overdid it. The tide turned just half a second too soon, and the tidal wave swamped him.

I went to him to offer him help. He stood by me in those feverish months like a twin-brother.

"I don't feel a bit off color," he said, puffing his cigar. "I'm on the road to wealth already, and I tell you what, old boy, it's worth while to fail in order to realize that a fellow has *one* solid friend," wringing my hand till the water came into my eyes; not from anguish, though I pretended that such was the cause.

We were sitting, talking out a new line of operation, when a letter was handed to Ernest with the word "Immediate" written on the envelope.

He turned white—appallingly white, ghastly white.

"It is from *her!*" he gasped. "Some mockery telling me to fall in love with another girl. Wishing me every happiness. We must be friends. The old story. Here it goes!"

And he was for tearing it into a thousand fragments when I interposed.

"Read it, man!—read it, at all events!"

As a matter of fact, I was burning with curiosity to learn its contents myself.

"What's the use?"

"Read it!"

He opened the envelope in the calmest possible way, to extract the letter, quietly unfolded it, and then—

Well, he leaped almost to the ceiling, and, flinging me the missive, thrust on his hat, and was out of the room and into the street before I could wink thrice.

The letter, which had been written with a shaky hand, ran thus:

"Come to me " you love me still. Ruined, you are dearer to me than ever. I have always loved you, and will love you 'for ever.'"

I am to stand up with Ernest on next Thursday. My present to the bride is a solid gold bracelet with the words, deeply engraved, "For Ever."

LOVE THE CONQUEROR.

BY HERMAN MERIVALE.

I.—FROM HER TO HIM.

DEAR love and lord, I cannot choose but love thee,
Where love is sacrifice and choice is free;
And I, that am what the world calls above thee,
Know well how far you stoop in loving me.
I know the higher mind's sincere temptation
Is to avoid the mere conceit of dross,
And own the avowal of thine adoration
Seems but aspiring to thine honor's loss.
Yet love me, love me! Let the world go by us,
And with mock laughter at a mock of love
Say what it will, so it may not deny us
The lifelong proof of what our love shall prove.
I stoop from state; you stoop from something grander
To blend appointed spirits into one:
Be thou but open, and my answering candor
Shall do for thee all thou wouldst leave undone;
My wealth is joyless but for joy of passion,
Thine ends are fettered for the means I lend;
Be thou then fearless in the fearless fashion,
And woo the wife where thou hast found the friend;
And though the world's disdain at both be hurled,
Together let us overscorn the world.

II.—FROM HIM TO HER.

I love thee, love thee: not the world shall say us,
If so thou wilt, a single moment nay;
Out on the folly that should here betray us
Into a mere deception of delay!
I know your state; you know me as I know you,
That hold the world a moment's fragile toy;
And though I be by all its laws below you,
One earnest love its joys shall overjoy.
Thy wealth—I keep it as a steward for thee,
Bright goddess bending to a serf unowned;
Lose all at once—the richer I adore thee
For the new poverty in thee enthroned—
I never doubted of my pulse's beating,
I never questioned of thine answering look,
I never feared the sweet lips' bold repeating
Of bolder phrases than the mean might brook.
Love me! and, by the sun's high-kingdomed splendor,
I'll pay thee with such interest back again,
Then e'en the roughest laugh shall own thee tender,
As ne'er before have women been for men;
And on thy brave cheek's crimson flag unfurled,
My kiss, for thee, thus conquers all the world!

HARVARD COLLEGE.

BY CHARLES BACON.

AMONG all the monuments of New England, Harvard College has, perhaps, the most universal interest. The foreigner, touring through the States, asks first to be taken to Harvard; but that is not remarkable, for educational institutions are the first objects of interest to all travelers. The American from another State would think he had not seen Boston and vicinity if he failed to visit the quadrangle at Cambridge, where many of the most notable men of his own and other States received their early training. One other fact proves the unique power of Harvard in commanding the attention of the public. The Bostonian, who often lives and dies without visiting the State House, Bunker Hill Monument, Copp's Hill Burying-ground, or any of the countless other objects of public interest which are scattered through the old Yankee city, is sure to have been familiar from boy-

hood with the chapel, library, dormitories and recitation-rooms of what he fondly calls "his College."

Not that Harvard, or Harvard men either, do or ought to assume airs of superiority over other colleges. This country is crowded with excellent schools of higher learning. In fact, the first act of a new American community is to establish a college, and the last act of dying American millionaires is to endow new or old institutions. Consequently every State in the Union has one or more colleges in which a just pride is felt. And every one of these has a roll of honor of graduates who, by cunning mind and strong right arm, have won glory for their Alma Mater by services to mankind. Great age and vast wealth of endowment have enabled Harvard to give her advantages to more of the citizens of this country, but she quietly pursues her old plan of encouraging all who have abilities to cultivate their powers under her guidance. But still, with all this prestige, she simply clings to the pride of self-respect which belongs to one who has deserved well of the Republic.

Cambridge is all historic ground. Within her borders, the old Puritans fought out the fierce battle of theocracy against democracy. Here Wheelwright, the stont old clergyman, who would not bow to intolerant clerical rulers, received sentence of banishment, and meekly departed for the snow-clad wilderness of Piscataqua. Under the shadow of Harvard College, Anne Hutchinson, with dauntless spirit, faced and overcame, in fair argument, not only a host of clergymen fighting the battle of intolerance, but also Samuel Willard, President of the College, and Dudley and Winthrop, Deputy-governor and Governor of the Colony. Her battle was for free thought; theirs was for the extinction of every sect save their own. She conquered in the argument, but the force of numbers prevailed, and she was banished to inevitable death by the torturing hands of savages. The list might be lengthened indefinitely, for, down to the time when Washington reviewed the Continental troops under the noble elm on the outer edge of Cambridge Common, the town where the Cambridge platform was prepared was the scene of every great theological struggle of the early Puritans. Since that day, it has been quietly growing from a town into a city, but the College, its fairest ornament, with its immense park shaded by old oak and elm, has been jealously guarded from the grasping hands of commerce and trade.

Aside from one or two of the oldest buildings, the College is comparatively of recent date. Fire and decay have done their work here as elsewhere, and, for the most part, the halls and lecture-rooms have been built within the remembrance of the grandfathers of the oldest of men now living. Old engravings show how it looked in former days, and those who now send their sons to its walls for a four years' residence have reason to be glad that its discomforts no longer plague the lives of young and ardent students.

It is quite a task to walk through the College Yard and do justice to its sights. Those who have tried it are commonly of the opinion that more than one day should be given, if the sightseer wishes to obtain a satisfactory knowledge of the institution. Without trenching upon the province of the guide-book, a short description of some of the buildings of historic old Harvard may here be given.

Massachusetts Hall, near the western entrance of the yard, is the oldest of the buildings. It was built more than a century and a half ago, and until lately was used for students' rooms; but being rather antiquated, it has been turned into halls for examinations and recitations.

During the occupation of Cambridge by the Revolutionary army it was used as a barrack.

Directly opposite is Harvard Hall, which was erected in 1765, on the ruins of one of the original College buildings. It was formerly used for a library and buttery, or students' provision store, but it is now made up into lecture-rooms. To the College boys its chief interest is caused by the belfry, from whence peal the summonses to prayers and recitations. Like Massachusetts Hall, it is built in the old style of architecture, two stories in height, but differs in having the white-painted belfry.

Matthew's, Gray's and Weld are dormitories lately built, and in the more modern style. These buildings are quite popular among the students on account of the many comforts they afford.

Near them is Dane Hall, formerly occupied by the Law School, but now used by a co-operative store, which the students carry on. Next to it one sees the old president's house (Wadsworth House), an old-fashioned, sloping-roofed building, where the bursar or cashier of the College has an office.

Boylston Hall, the chemical laboratory, and Gore Hall, the library, stand in the southeast corner of the yard. The library is rather the most notable building belonging to the College. Built of white granite, and surmounted by a gilt cross, brought from Louisbourg by the Massachusetts troops as a trophy of the famous foray of 1745, it is a fitting precious stone to ornament the gold frame of an institution of learning. Many a young bookworm has spent the greater part of his College days within its alcoves. Until Mr. Justin Winsor, the new Librarian, took charge, every student used it at will. Good-hearted Mr. Sibley, historiographer of the College, could never endure the thought that any student who loved books should not have free access to every shelf, and free use of every book. It is to be feared that his confidence was abused. Indeed, with an ever-changing population of 3,000, it would be strange if some black sheep, with a passion for books and little moral impulse, did not sometimes find their way to his beloved bookshelves. At all events, at the beginning of the new régime under Mr. Winsor's modern plans, the boys soon learned that, while they could use books freely, the attendants had to be called upon to get them. There was no little grumbling at first, but in the end the wisdom of his course was amply proved. With a new arrangement of the books, a new reading-room and a multitude of attendants, the library became what it is, one of the most effective and useful in the country.

University Hall, a white stone building in the centre of the College grounds, has been looked at with feelings of mingled detestation and awe by generations of the less obedient of Harvard boys. The Faculty holds its meetings there. The Dean has his office on the second floor, and the next room to his is given over to the Secretary of the College. On the first day, when the timid Freshman knocks at the Secretary's door, and wonders why he is not told to "Come in"—it being the custom to walk in without knocking—and is told to write his name in full on the College Register—an order which he commonly obeys by using the initial letter of his middle name—he learns to regard the room and its occupants with a sort of half-fearful respect. Later on, if his fate has made him acquainted with the Dean, to whom the office of announcing penalties is given, he may pass by the Secretary with bravado; but he never forgets the first hours, even if it has been his disagreeable compulsory duty to appear before the dread tribunal of the Faculty in their great room near by.

question has been made of the good taste of going to a quasi-private dining-room to see a body of young gentlemen at their meals; but as every student wishes to take his friends there, it is permitted by tacit consent. Some saucy young ladies have called it "going to see the animals feed," but, presumably, they are always glad enough to get an invitation to Class-day from any of the young animals, and their remarks may therefore be passed over without comment.

The great dining-hall serves another purpose. It is the picture-gallery of the College. Along the oaken wainscoting, which runs from the floor to the great windows, whence the light pours through designs of colored glass, which different classes have placed there for memorials, there hang the portraits of Samuel Willard and Increase Mather; of William Stoughton, Thomas Hollis, Thomas Dudley, Nicholas Boylston, Sir Matthew Holworthy; of John Adams and his son John Quincy Adams; of Samuel Appleton, of Charles Sumner, and of hosts of worthies of Colonial and modern times, who in their days did great things for the College and added lustre to its glory.

The western portion of the hall has been converted into a theatre, with a stage modeled upon the old Greek plan. This is the scene of all the great festivals of the College. On this platform the great celebrations of the College, the delivery of orations and the granting of degrees take place each year.

A few years ago Harvard had perhaps the worst gymnasium in the country. Across the street from Memorial Hall, a small octagonal building, fitted up with a few rowing weights, a horizontal bar, a set of parallel bars, a bowling alley, and a few Indian clubs and dumb-bells, was the only chance given to the student anxious to perfect himself physically. However, such a state of affairs cannot last while so many Harvard graduates possess great wealth, and the College has a President who knows the wants of his students and is not afraid to ask for means to supply them. In 1879, Augustus Hemenway, of Boston, built, at his sole charge, the finest gymnasium in the country and presented it to his Alma Mater. As is proper, it bears his name. If all who have given money to Harvard have as much reason to be satisfied as he has, they are lucky, for it is regularly used by nearly all the students, and is doing very useful work for the physical health of the young men.

The new Law School stands near by, a large two-story building of the newest and most approved style of architecture.

Such are a few of the buildings belonging to the College. Mention must be made of the Scientific School, the Botanical Department, the Astronomical Observatory, the Medical and Dental Schools in Boston, the Bussey Institution or Agricultural School, College House, a dormitory on Main Street, and Holyoke House, another dormitory. Besides the buildings owned by the College, a number of large halls have been erected, and are let to students as a matter of private enterprise.

The societies are an interesting feature of life at every college. At Cambridge, however, owing to the rule that every society must deliver a copy of its Constitution to the Secretary, the secret society system has never flourished. The Sophomores have the Institute of 1770, an old and time-honored club devoted to literary and social life. Within the Institute, it is said that a chapter of the *ΔΚΕ*, commonly called "the Dik-e," is yearly found. The second Sophomore society is the Everett Athenæum, a club devoted to objects similar to those of the Institute. The Athenæum, however, has not as yet been able to

overcome the prestige of the Institute, and, while not unpopular, is certainly not so eagerly sought after as its rival.

The Junior and Senior Classes have many societies and clubs. Of these, the Hasty Pudding Club and the Pi Eta Society are the largest in number. The "Pudding," as it is familiarly called, was founded in 1795, and, like the Institute, has the prestige of age. The name, it is said, is derived from the old New England dish, which is served at all its entertainments. The Pi Eta is almost equally popular, though, inasmuch as it was founded in 1865, it is not, and probably never can be, as notable as the Pudding. At each of these societies, theatrical entertainments are given at intervals, and debates on social and economic problems are held. The Signet is a smaller club, devoted entirely to literary pursuits. The policy of the society has always been to select for membership such men only as have succeeded in obtaining high rank in the class, without regard to wealth or social standing. Of course a boor, however brilliant, would not be admitted, but the fact that a classmate has neither wealth nor family influence would not affect his election. The result of this policy has been to give the Signet an enviable reputation among Harvard societies. The Porcellian and A. D. Clubs are social organizations which reproduce on a small scale the great house clubs of large cities. The expense incident to carrying on such clubs necessarily confines their membership to the wealthier members of the class. Indeed, report has it that an admission fee of five hundred dollars and proportionate annual charges are assessed on members of the Porcellian. Besides these, there are a host of organizations devoted to tennis, baseball, boating, football, and kindred athletic sports.

The societies, however, are a very insignificant feature of life at Harvard. Men form and keep up friendships without regard to their club associations. It is by no means uncommon to find society men, all of whose friends are either non-society men or members of other organizations. The crowning glory of club-life at Harvard, however, is an election to the Phi Beta Kappa. This time-honored organization selects its membership from the leaders of the class, only extending this rule so far as to admit a few of the class-men who have gained a reputation as leaders of men in social life. This wise scheme has made an election to the Phi Beta Kappa the blue ribbon of college politics, in spite of the fact that the life of this great club consists only in an annual dinner, at which some notable orator is called upon to strike the keynote of some great American problem. The reader will remember that, within the past few years, Wendell Phillips stirred the soul of every thinker by his oration before this club on the duty of Americans in politics, and, a few years later, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., gave his thoughts upon the advisability of the compulsory study of the ancient languages to such effect that nowadays nearly every large college has abandoned that portion of a time-honored curriculum.

The last-named society, being confined to graduates, has little to do with the social life of the students. The introduction of the elective system and the consequent destruction of the class feeling, once so strong a factor of student life, has practically turned the societies into political parties engineered for the capture of class offices. At the annual meeting of the Senior Year for the election of marshals, poet, orator, ivy orator and class committees, the men gather about the standards of their societies and vote as regularly and closely as members of political organizations. This naturally results in dead-

locks, which are adjusted by the leaders on the basis of equitable compromise.

It is worth while to be the most popular man in the Harvard class. That enviable creature has the power of social life and death over two-thirds of his classmates. He is the first man elected to the Institute, and, at the end of his Sophomore year, is the first man to "run for" the Pudding—a phrase which preserves the memory of an old mystery of initiation to that club, by which every candidate was obliged to run whenever he was in the College Yard. In his Senior year, he is elected first-marshal for Class-day, and, if exceptionally popular, is allowed to name the other officers of that great festival. In fact, like "children of a larger growth," the boys make an idol of their most popular man, defer to him in all ways, and delight to do him honor.

These two great festivals appropriately end the four years of College life. Class-day is the special property of the graduating class. On the Friday before the last Wednesday in June, the young graduate receives and entertains his family and friends in his own room and such other rooms as he has been able to beg from undergraduates. By a traditional custom of Cambridge, he is supposed at this time to acknowledge all the civilities and social invitations which he has received while a student. Not that there is anything compulsory about the matter. Indeed very many, for financial and other reasons, let Class-day pass by without giving invitations. Long before the 1st of June, most of the students have prepared lists of guests for their "spreads" (for so the mixture of ice-cream, salad and cake is called), ordered dress suits, and purchased tall hats, in much the same way as a young man does when about to be married.

Some good fairy has certainly blessed Class-days with fair weather. At least for so many years that "the memory of man goeth not back to the contrary," the day has been one of cloudless sunshine. About ten o'clock in the morning, the class, numbering nowadays about two hundred, form in line and march to Sanders Theatre, where orator, poet, and ivy orator deliver their addresses. The oration is a rather solemn address of admonition for future labors, and sounds oddly from the lips of a lad who very likely has "caught it hot" from the Dean within the past month: the poem is always full of aspirations for nobility of soul and earnestness in life-work: and the ivy orator, a privileged joker, goes into the history of all the fun and frolic which the class and its members have had during their four years of labor. The wittiest man in the class usually obtains the coveted post, and it is only fair to say that he commonly creates fun not only for his classmates, but for the crowd of brilliantly dressed ladies and staid gentlemen who throng the galleries to see the graduation of their sons or the sons of friends. And Sanders Theatre is bright on that day. The band plays at intervals in the great orchestra gallery near the roof. Flowers are banked upon the stage. The graduating class are seated in the centre of the auditorium. And now and again applause from the audience greets each fine sentiment, aspiring thought and happy remark as they fall from the lips of the speakers.

After the exercises at the theatre, the anticipatory graduates, in their dress suits and tall hats, adjourn to their rooms, and the spreads commence. It should be remarked here that unless the visitor wishes to be mistaken for a graduating senior, he will not wear a dress suit and stovepipe hat. The great societies entertain together at the gymnasium and in Massachusetts Hall. A call at either of these places will show the prettiest and

nicest of young girls making use of every moment, either in dancing or eating salad and ice-cream. Indeed, when one thinks of the amount of both which a popular Boston girl does on Class-day, in spite of the heat of the latter part of June, there comes into the heart a feeling that, perhaps, after all, the sisters of the human race are not so delicate as is generally supposed. It is, too, the day of all days for the young ladies to show their toilets, and certainly the opportunity is not neglected. A right-minded woman, who knows the little chance a fine gown has in a crowded ballroom or at a reception, would think it idiotic to miss a chance to wear evening dress in the bright sunshine, even if that evening dress be necessarily rather higher up on the neck than usual, in deference to the pneumonia which lurks in the New England air. After dancing and feasting, come many promenades about the yard, and much lounging in the deep window-seats of the delightfully bachelorish rooms. There may, perchance, be some conspiracies among the girls to peek into drawers and closets with a vague hope of coming upon some delightfully wicked mystery, but that always ends in a giggle, for one may be sure that the young hopeful has burned or safely hidden every pack of cards and other evidence of depravity.

Later in the afternoon, the boys again form in procession, march around the yard, stopping at each building to give the Harvard cheer for the home which is theirs no longer, and come to a stop in the yard formed by Harvard and Hollis Halls, Holden Chapel and the street, now shut out by a huge board fence. In the centre is the great elm-tree, covered with garlands of flowers, around which every class has danced since the first Class-day. Rows of seats encircle the outer edge, and these again are filled with the guests of the class. Forming in circles about the tree, the Seniors in the centre and undergraduates, by order of seniority, on the outside, the Seniors cheer for the officers of the College, from the President and overseers down to the humblest "goodies," or chambermaids. Billy, the postman, Jones, the bell-ringer, and each and all of the four years' friends are heartily remembered. Then the Class-song is sung, and at a signal from the marshal the Seniors, boys still, scramble wildly for the garlands upon the tree. Clothes are torn—old clothes are worn here—in the wild rush. Here a mild conspiracy is hatched by which three or four stout fellows "boost" a smaller classmate, under an agreement to share the spoil. There a lithe fellow climbs like a cat over the shoulders of his mates, and, grasping the flowers, throws down handful after handful to friends below. The marshals, meanwhile, have been standing idly by, mindful of their dignity and the dress suit which, even here, they are not allowed to change; but the chances are that, before the fray is over, Nature, too much for their prudence, will awake the wild spirit and force them into the struggling mass—a compliance to be regretted, for they rarely come out as whole as before. At last, the tree is plucked clean of its pretty burden. Some flowers are saved as mementoes of "my Class-day," and some are given to sisters, cousins and sweethearts for souvenirs of the day. The boys leave for their rooms and dress again.

The formal portion of Class-day is over, but the day itself is far from spent. A surging mass of humanity has packed the grounds. From every window one sees faces and costumes of real beauty. The promenade is full. The yard, lighted by thousands of Japanese lanterns, glows with a mellow light. The teas or supplementary spreads have commenced, and dancing is again started. At this time of the evening, fable has it that soft

serious burden upon the College finances. Therefore a small charge is now made for tickets.

The President of the Alumni Association occupies the chair. At his left, on a raised platform, sits the Governor, and on either side are the President of the College, notable guests and graduates. The food served consists of salads, cold meats, frozen puddings and other dishes commonly provided for cold collations. After a proper time allowed for eating, the High Sheriff of Middlesex County calls the assembly to order. Venerable Dr. Peabody again prays for the welfare of the College and its sons. The old hymn, "Give ear, ye children, to My law," is chanted, and the speeches begin. The presiding officer, now General Charles Devens, after a short talk, introduces the Governor, who usually makes a speech. After him the President of the College tells its graduate members the history of his charge during the past year. Then the orator of the day is called upon. As some pains are taken in choosing a proper person for this office, a good speech is always expected. The result of that expectation has been proved in the case of Joseph H. Choate, of New York, Wendell Phillips, Judge

A CORNER OF THE LABORATORY.

are gathered together there will be some of vicious character and evil propensities. The Freshman has his choice with whom he will associate, but if he chooses the poorer class of friends he will be very lonely before the four years are over. The Faculty know those of their charges who are misbehaving, and easily find means to send them elsewhere.

A gentleman, prominently connected with the disciplinary duties of the College, remarked, not long since, that he doubted if there was another place in the world where so many young men were gathered together who maintained so high a moral standard as Harvard boys, especially where so large a proportion have been educated to self-indulgence by wealthy and complaisant parents. The use of wine and spirits was very common a few years ago. A bad tradition of college life had made drinking almost synonymous with manliness. Good observers, however, are inclined to think that new

"JOHN," A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER AT HARVARD.

How, and others, who have been honored by Harvard on her natal day. Older graduates are called upon, especially one or more of the survivors of the class which is celebrating its fiftieth birthday. Such, in brief, is the story of a Harvard Commencement. To narrate all the details of jollity, mirth and good-fellowship of the day would make a book.

Before sending a boy to college the prudent father asks himself three questions: Will my son come back to me as pure and good as his mother has tried to make him, and we think he is? What will he learn? What will it cost to give him a college training?

These questions may be answered in a few words. The moral nature acquired by boys of eighteen and over depends largely upon their own character and previous training. Harvard boys are treated by the College as gentlemen, and are expected to behave as such. Of course, where nearly 1,200 boys

and better theories are now in vogue. The boys frequently use light wines, ale and beer, but even this is largely confined to young men of wealth, whose parents approve it. The use of tobacco is common, but, for that matter, it is quite as prevalent elsewhere. Grosser forms of self-indulgence have occurred, but they have been so infrequent that they have occasioned quite as much scandal as in the strictest of homes, and have been punished with the extreme penalties of College discipline.

Ten years ago, President Eliot determined upon making Harvard a University instead of a College, in the stricter sense of the term. By his indomitable energy, the elective system was introduced, in spite of the complaints of those graduates who were attached to the old plan of giving those who liked mathematics, those who preferred the classics, and those who had a taste for science, exactly the same mental training. At first, the elective system was rather chaotic. The boys did not understand it. The abler ones took too many studies and often wasted their energies. Lazy students carefully picked out "soft" courses, with a view to getting through without work. Time has cured some of these defects, and has partially settled the question of the advisability of the departure. Teachers of preparatory schools now devote much time to instructing the boys how to make the best use of the elective courses.

Students, nowadays, have a plan on entering College, which, for the most part, is adhered to throughout the course. The consequence is that much good work is being done in every department, and in history a zeal is shown by great numbers of students which cannot fail in time to make Harvard notable for historical study.

It would be wasteful to spend much time in noting the opportunities for diverse studies which Harvard offers. Nearly every branch of learning is open to the student, and all are utilized. With men like Francis Bowen at the head of the department of philosophy; Henry W. Torrey in charge of history; Francis Child teaching English literature; Professor Lane in the chair of the Latin professorship; Charles Eliot Norton, a student still, eager, with his students, in researches in art; Josiah P. Cooke, the notable chemist, still studying chemistry with his pupils; James Mills Pierce, a worthy son of the greatest of American mathematicians, carrying on his father's work, and a host of other professors and instructors, it must be a very poor specimen of a student who cannot gain a practical knowledge of any given subject.

It is well known that the introduction of the elective system was the signal for an outbreak of hostilities from graduates and the teachers of other institutions. At the time, and even now, many consider that, as the work of the teacher is, in the words of old Dr. Walker, "to usher the student into the vestibule of the hall of learning, and there leave him to his own devices for good or ill," the proper curriculum should be one which gives a chance for choice, rather than a specialty which confines the young graduate to definite pursuits. However, now that nearly all the great colleges of the country are introducing the new system, and the voice of protest is rarely heard, it is fair to credit President Eliot and his assistants with more than ordinary sagacity. They reasoned that the range of knowledge is nowadays so great that specialties are an inevitable factor of effective work, and that it is folly to press one study upon an unwilling mind when it craves another. At all events, the elective system is there, and has come to stay.

One of the incidents of the elective system was entirely

unexpected by its authors. Previous to its introduction it sometimes happened that one of the students, who, through sickness or laziness, had fallen behind in his studies, would call upon a classmate to "tutor" him, and pay a small fee for the assistance. This, however, was very infrequent, but during the last few years it has grown into a common custom. Quite a number of graduates live near the College, and make handsome incomes by the private instruction of undergraduates and applicants for admission. The German university system of *seminars* has been introduced by these private tutors. Just before an examination one of them will collect all his pupils, and such others as wish to be present, and give them a comprehensive review lecture on the whole subject. For this a moderate fee is charged to each student, which, in the aggregate, gives the tutor ample remuneration. Though it is very rare that a student who becomes a private tutor ever needs private instruction for himself, the system is not an unmixed evil. It gives poor students an excellent method of working their way through college, and the College, in turn, when considering which of its students to select for vacant instructorships, is apt to choose those who are known to be successful private tutors, because they have had a valuable experience, and know how to impart information. It does little harm, because few resort to it except such as are amply able to afford the expenditure, and it is better for these to gain information in this way if they decline to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the College.

Recitations are wholly voluntary at modern Harvard. It is the policy of the College to enforce its chances upon no one, but to trust to their value to obtain appreciation. Nevertheless, a sharp watch is kept, and students who fall behind at an examination are notified that an attendance upon recitations will please the powers that be—a hint which seldom fails to produce a marked improvement.

The expenses of a course at Harvard were discussed very fully by Professor George H. Palmer at the Commencement dinner of last year. It is impossible here to repeat his premises and conclusions more than to say that \$650 per year is about the average amount spent by Harvard men. The smallest amount which he heard of was \$400 per year, and the largest \$1,000. The essential items are as follows: For tuition, \$150; for board, \$150; for room-rent, on an average, \$146, though this varies from \$37.50 to \$350. Books, clothes and general expenses consume the balance. Wealthier students can, of course, indulge themselves freely in society life, theatres, etc., but poorer men wisely avoid such expenses. Not that the society expenses are heavy, for the dues at most of the clubs are very small. The Porcellian and other dining clubs are extravagant affairs, but the Hasty Pudding Club, the Pi Eta, the Signet, Institute and Athenæum have many members whose means are very limited.

Now \$650 is no small sum for a man of limited means, and it is sometimes wondered at how poor boys can afford to go there. If they are asked the question, they will answer that they "could not afford to go elsewhere." The College Catalogue states that "the experience of the past warrants the statement that good scholars of high character but slender means are very rarely obliged to leave college for want of money." That promise is always carried out. Out of less than 1,200 students there are about 400 who need more or less help. To such of these as can obtain high rank nearly \$46,000 is yearly given in scholarships and prizes. In addition to

this a satisfactory sum may be earned by private tuition. Scholarships are not charities, nor are they so regarded by the students. It is an honor to win one. Only an arrant fool will feel humiliated by the necessity of obtaining that help which the wise benefactors of the College have provided as rewards for diligence and zeal in study.

The punishments inflicted for breaches of the College rules are few and simple. For small offenses, the penalty is a private admonition, which is a note from the Secretary to the offender, informing him that he has received that penalty. If the cause of complaint continues, he receives a public admonition, which is a letter from the Faculty to the parent or guardian, to the effect that the student has been publicly admonished by the Faculty. One can imagine what visions of penitential stools and severe lectures before the College these letters have evoked before fathers and mothers who know not the ways of things. One bright but unscrupulous fellow is said to have intercepted a "public," and so far changed the subject matter by a few clever strokes of the pen as to give the letter another meaning. When he had finished, it read that "your son, Mr. Blank, has been publicly approved by the Faculty for diligence in his studies"—a change which undoubtedly pleased the paternal heart rather better than the original document would have done. If the sinner does not abandon his wicked deeds after a "public," he is very likely to be "suspended"—not hung, as one might very excusably define that word, but ordered to go to some country town for certain months, and perform certain specified work. After this, the College deem that, in Biblical phrase, they have forgiven "seventy times seven." The culprit is considered an habitual criminal, and further offenses meet the penalty of dismissal; in bad cases, of expulsion. The last punishment, which is final and irrevocable separation from the College, is very rarely inflicted, being held in reserve for those unpardonable crimes which very seldom occur among generous-hearted though impulsive young men.

New Englanders have always regarded a degree from Harvard in the light of a patent of nobility. It is doubtful if the Saltonstalls are not prouder of their ancestor who graduated in the first class which ever went through Harvard—the first of American Colleges—than of the grandfather of that old college-boy, who was one of the original incorporators of the Massachusetts Bay Company, and was called "Sir Richard Saltonstall."

The Adamses deem it of equal importance to being the only family in America which has produced two Presidents, that the name of Thomas Adams is affixed to the oldest document now in existence, relating to the College, and that every generation of their family has added new names to the roll of Harvard alumni.

The State of Massachusetts has been prodigal of gifts to the University, which she has always regarded as her most precious jewel. Citizens of Boston have grown up with an hereditary feeling that no man can be sure of paradise unless, before his death, he inserts in his will a clause giving something to his college. Of course bequests are frequent and liberal.

"*Christo et Ecclesie*"—(for Christ and the Church—is the motto of Harvard's coat-of-arms. It is to be feared that, during the first century of its existence, its Presidents, Charles Chaney, Leonard Hoar, Uriah Oakes, John Rogers, Increase Mather, Willard, Leverett and Wadsworth, so acted that the Church was the predominant subject of their thoughts and cares; but since those days a constant progress of liberty of thought has cha-

racterized the College. It is not irreligious. Pure-hearted, noble Christians rule in its walls. A spirit of Christianity pervades the life of its students. The College still lives and does a purer, better and nobler work "for Christ and the Church."

THE GYGUR FAMILY.

AS REGARDS giants, there are nowadays only very few remaining in European countries. Formerly, it would appear, they were abundant, and many traces of their habitations and doings are still pointed out by the people. However, respecting the capacity of the giants for music, but little is recorded. Jacob Grimm alludes to the charming musical powers of Gygur, a Scandinavian giantess and sorceress, and he thinks it likely that an old German name for the violin, which is *Geige*, was derived from Gygur. If this be so, the French *Gigue* and the English *Jig* may be supposed likewise to have their origin from the name of that mysterious monster. There was evidently in olden time a whole Gygur family; but it is very doubtful whether any of its members are still extant. If there are yet any to be found, it must be up in the North, perhaps in Norway, Sweden or Iceland; at any rate, the people in these countries still speak occasionally of their old giants, or trolls, as they are also called.

HOW WE BLUSH.

THE circulatory, respiratory and digestive systems of the human body, though their functions are involuntary, are still to a very great degree affected by the action of the nervous system. Now, the nervous system is susceptible to two kinds of stimuli—physical and mental.

Physical stimuli include external excitants of various nature—such as light, heat, sound, odor, and also chemical and galvanic irritants. Mental stimuli are the result of exercise of the will and thought, and also of powerful and sudden emotions, the various emotions, acting through the nerves, affecting the circulatory system differently. Joyful emotions accelerate the action of the heart and cause the dilation of the arterioles and capillaries to receive the added current.

Sudden terror or fear, on the contrary, causes a spasmodic contraction of the heart, and a simultaneous contraction of the small arteries, so that the face becomes blanched and the hands icy cold.

The capillaries, or the small blood-vessels which connect the arteries and veins, are affected by anything which affects the circulatory system through the nerves. These small vessels form a network over the entire body, so close that the point of the finest needle cannot be inserted between them.

Thus, in blushing, a mental emotion has accelerated the circulation and dilated the capillaries on the surface. The blood then rushes into them in such quantities that they become visible, not as a network—they lie too close together for that—but as a uniform flush upon the skin. The reason why some persons seldom or never blush is because, through constitutional or acquired power, their nervous systems are more or less independent of emotional stimulus.

Shame, joy, fear, or horror, excites in them but little emotion; and besides, such degree of emotion as may be excited is so far under the power of the will that it is permitted to send out no electric currents to disturb the even movements of the circulation.

"GOODY GALE WAS SITTING ON A TOMBSTONE, HER EYES LIKE TWO LIVE COALS, HER BLACK HAIR FLYING OUT LIKE SNAKES FROM HER HEAD. IN ONE HAND SHE HELD A BATTERED SPEAKING-TRUMPET."

GOODY GALE.

A poor, patched figure stood in the low door, his thin legs tottering under him, his worn old face puckered with anxiety.

"Goody Gale," he groaned, "somebody's been and stole my money—twenty silver dollars that my old woman hid in a stocking up the chimbley—twenty dollars, all I had in the world!"

The person addressed took the short black pipe from her mouth and looked at the speaker. She was toothless and shrunken, yet sharp and bright as a newly whetted knife. Her keen black eyes retained much of the fire of youth, her black hair was untouched with

gray. She wore a red kerchief crossed on the bosom of her homespun gown, and a string of gold beads twisted, about her nut-brown throat:

"Well, now, Jacob, what do you want of me?" she said, dryly.

The miserable figure in the door shifted its weight from one leg to the other.

"Goody Gale, Marblehead folks call you a witch, and I suspect they're about right. For the Lord's sake, tell me who took my money, and if I'll ever get it back. It's a hard loss for an old man, sick and poor, like me—a hard loss."

world jealous hate had triumphed over all other considerations. The *Scud* must go down. He cared not what the loss might be to himself, providing his handsome young rival could look no more in the melting eyes of Dorothy Wyeth. He was grossly superstitious. He believed in Goody Gale's powers, but was he quite sure of the old woman?—would she keep faith with him?

"Dence take the witch!" he muttered; "she ought to have lived in Cotton Mather's day. Nothing could then have saved her from Gallows Hill."

He left the low, black house behind him, and started homeward across a lonesome beach. Here he was startled by a sudden darkness, which fell, as if by magic, on shore and sea, blotting out the moon that but a moment before had been shining brilliantly. He looked up. East, west, north and south the sky had grown intensely black, and an infernal red glare fringed all the edges of the swiftly gathered clouds. At the same moment he heard from the sea a long, low moan—first note of the advancing tempest. Then a terrific blast struck the water; breast-high the waves came tumbling in, splashing John Dartwell from head to foot with their salt spray. Crack! crack! went the thunder overhead, like salvos of artillery. Instantly a mad shrieking and roaring filled the air on all sides, as though an army of demons had been suddenly loosed from the bottomless pit. Off on the rim of the horizon something even darker and fiercer raged—there the ocean was one phosphorescent glare, and livid, continuous lightnings gashed the wild, black heaven above. John Dartwell had never seen anything more infernal.

A gust of wind belabored him like a strong, angry hand. His hat was whirled from his head, he was blinded and deafened all in a moment. Seized with an uncontrollable fright, he started, in spite of his five-and-forty years, and ran over the rocks and into the road until he reached Burying Hill—an old graveyard, overgrown with weeds and briars, and well filled with the bones of drowned mariners. The wall was low and broken. Near the entrance stood a stone, carved with the skull and cross-bones peculiar to the times. On the top of this tablet he saw—could he believe his own senses?—Goody Gale sitting, her eyes like two live coals, her red kerchief knotted like a flame about her lean, dark face, her black hair flying out like snakes from her head. In one hand she held a battered speaking-trumpet, through which she was bawling:

"Blow, north wind! south wind! east wind! west wind! Rise, sea! Sink the *Flying Scud*! Sink her! Sink her!"

A peal of shrill laughter broke from her lips at sight of John Dartwell, petrified with fright and amazement, in the road below. Even as that uncanny sound rang through his ears a blast of wind tore up from the sea, lifted him off his feet, whirled him like a leaf in midair, and banged him at last with great violence straight up against the old wall of the graveyard. The top of his head seemed flying into space, the breath was knocked completely out of his body—he became unconscious.

When he awoke, lo! a full moon was riding in the cloudless sky, the sea rippled softly on the rocks and shallows, not a breath of wind was stirring; the tempest invoked by Goody Gale had passed like some evil dream. He looked at the old gravestone on the other side of the wall. Goody and her speaking-trumpet had vanished—no living thing was anywhere in sight. Had he been the victim of some delusion? No, for his fine garments were all wet and disordered, and he ached in every bone from the bruises he had received. Verily, the old witch had

accomplished her dark work; the *Flying Scud* was no more, and John Dartwell was rid of a hated and dangerous rival.

He hurried home to a pretentious hipped-roof, small-windowed house, standing in a walled garden in one of the crooked streets peculiar to the town. A thin, gray woman, who looked as if she had fed all her life on Jonathan Edwards's sermons and the doctrine of foreordination, opened the door to him. He pushed past her into a low-ceiled room, shining with brass and mahogany, and there sank into the nearest chair.

"How is it that the house is standing, *Mehitable*?" he stammered; "the like of such a squall I never before knew!"

"Squall, Brother John?" echoed Miss *Mehitable* Dartwell; "I have seen none—heard none!"

He was silent from sheer astonishment, then he said:

"There's been a great blow down on the beach, and I've heard news, *Mehitable*—bad news. The *Flying Scud* is lost, and all aboard of her."

Miss Dartwell uttered a pious ejaculation.

"The treasures of this world are perishable, brother. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away. This will be sad news for Dorothy."

John Dartwell bounced up from his chair.

"Is the girl asleep? I want to speak to her."

"No, she is not asleep. I heard her pacing her floor just now."

He seized a candle and ascended an oaken stairs to his ward's chamber. At the small-paned window sat Miss Dorothy Wyeth, gazing out into the night. For the sake of a face like hers a man might almost be pardoned for sinking a good merchant-ship, with captain, crew and cargo. She looked like one of Copley's pictures. Her eyes were big and black, her nut-brown hair was dressed high and slightly powdered, her smooth, oval cheek glowed like some Autumn leaf. She wore a lutestrung gown over a black damask petticoat—the square neck and elbow-sleeves displayed to perfection her dazzling throat and creamy, dimpled arms. Timidly John Dartwell, the owner of vessels on the sea and warehouses on the land, pronounced her name, "*Dorothy*!"

She arose like an empress.

"Is it not enough to keep me a prisoner here," she cried, "without intruding on me at any hour that suits your pleasure?"

"Dorothy, be reasonable."

"I cannot, for I loathe the sight of you!"

"How cruel you are! Did not your father leave you and your fortune to my care? Did he not charge me to select some worthy and suitable person to be your husband? I am worthy, I am suitable—moreover, I love you with my whole heart."

"Don't talk of love to me! You have been false to the trust which my poor father committed to you—you have treated me like a brutal tyrant! Marry you? Never! There is but one man in the world who can be my husband—him only do I love—to him only will I give my hand."

"You mean Robert Boone?"

"I do—I do!"

John Dartwell smiled wickedly.

"I have news of him and of the ship he commands. You will never see his face again. The *Flying Scud* has gone down at sea with all on board. I have lost my best merchant-vessel, Dorothy, and you your lover."

All the rich color faded from her proud face. She staggered back a step.

"Oh, it cannot be true!" she gasped.

said Miss Wyeth, wildly. "Go away, Mehitable; you bore me. I hate your brother. I shall probably hate him as long as I live. If you weary me with further talk I will not marry him at all."

Three days passed. Such hasty preparations as John Dartwell thought necessary for his marriage were now completed—on the morrow Dorothy Wyeth would be his wife.

It was the afternoon of the third day. As he was leav-

He reached that town in a state of miserable dread and apprehension. The sun was shining brightly on the blue ocean, a balmy south wind fretted the harbor into little ripples, and there, anchored placidly, like a duck on a millpond, John Dartwell saw the *Flying Scud*, his own good merchantman, which he had believed to be lying fathoms deep beneath the sea. The sight drove him nearly wild. At that moment he could have strangled Goody Gale with his own hands. Tranquilly the ship

FIG. 3.—PIGION. TRANSVERSE FLIGHT. TEN IMAGES PER SECOND. (FAC-SIMILE OF INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.)

ing one of his own warehouses by the waterside, he ran plump up against a grizzled fisherman.

"Halloo, sir!" cried the latter, beaming with the news he was about to communicate; "I came over from Salem half an hour ago, and that story about the *Flying Scud* being lost was all a yarn. Dang it! she's just sailed up the harbor, safe and sound, with a big cargo of West Ind'y rum and 'lasses aboard."

John Dartwell's face grew as gray as ashes. He staggered back as if he had received a blow.

"You lie!" he cried, hoarsely.

"Not a bit of it, sir. I seed her with my own eyes. And the young skipper, Rob Boone, came ashore while I was standing on the wharf. I'll swar to it."

lay resting after her long journey from tropic waters. Dartwell hailed a boat, and, with an ugly oath, bade the owner row him out to the *Scud*. On her deck he encountered the first officer.

"Where's Captain Boone?" he demanded, wildly.

"Gone ashore," answered the man.

"What sort of a voyage have you had from the Indies?" said Dartwell. "Encountered any squalls?"

"Well, three days ago we met with a queer one," answered the mate, as he rolled a quid of tobacco in his cheek. "'Twas by night, and so sudden you could scarcely believe your eyes, sir. I've sailed 'twixt wind and water for twenty years, and I never saw aught like it. The waves ran mountain high, and the gale was like

FIG. 4.—CRISTED HERON. TRANSVERSE FLIGHT. TEN IMAGES PER SECOND.

The next moment John Dartwell was rushing up the street as if a legion of demons pursued him. He stopped at his stable-door and shouted for his horse.

The animal was brought forth, ready for the road. He sprang into the saddle and dashed off to Goody Gale's low, black house among the rocks. The old woman was not at home—at least, her door was fast, and all his pounding thereon availed nothing. He turned his horse's head and galloped away to Salem.

the report of cannon; but, by the Lord! it parted right before the old *Scud*, and we went through it, and under it, and never lost so much as a stitch of canvas, nor even got a wet deck. It was a cur'us thing, sir, for all hands were expecting to go straight to the bottom. The skipper will tell you about it. He was mightily stirred up—he was sure that witches and devils were in that squall—I think they were; but, anyhow, the old *Scud* came out of it unharmed. Have a glass of brandy?—you look pale."

"John Dartwell drank the fiery liquor and returned to shore. Full of silent curses, he remounted his horse. Whither had Boone gone?—to Dorothy Wyeth? Now, by all the inmates of the infernal regions, he must keep those two apart for a few hours longer! The winning cards were still in his own hands. Dorothy was his ward—she was in his power, she had promised to marry him on the morrow. If he could conceal from her the fact of her lover's safety, if he could reach Marblehead before his rival, all might yet be well. He set spurs to his horse and started homeward at break-neck speed.

He had gone but a little distance when, all of a sudden, the sunlight vanished, the landscape grew dark. A dense fog rolled in from sea, and fell upon everything, like a huge blanket. It was a hopeless, bewildering fog, thick enough to cut—John Dartwell could scarcely see his horse's nose in it. Upon him and around him it dropped, an impenetrable curtain, shutting out sky and shore and water. As if in utter consternation, the animal he rode stopped short in the highway.

"Go on!" cried Dartwell, but the brute refused to move.

A black suspicion flitted like a bat through the rider's mind.

"Curse that old witch!" he muttered; "this is her work. She is playing me some abominable trick!"

At that instant the last of the daylight vanished—total darkness settled about him—a clammy, clinging, unwholesome darkness. It was no longer possible to see anything. John Dartwell drove his spurs into his horse; the animal dashed forward for a few rods, then turned sharply, and began to splash about in what seemed to be pools of water. Horror! he had stumbled into a marsh. The salt, coarse grass rattled about his stirrups. Overhead a seabird screamed wildly in the darkness. The wretched fog drenched him like rain. His horse was struggling up to the girths in slimy ooze, and snorting with terror.

"Help! help!" shouted John Dartwell, at the top of his lungs, but no voice answered.

Far off, the sea roared, the harsh reeds snapped under his animal's bewildered hoofs, but that was all. The more he spurred and jerked, the deeper the poor beast seemed to sink in salt marsh mire. To the right, to the left, he turned, but in vain—he could not regain solid earth, nor extricate himself from his dangerous plight.

"Help, Goody Gale!" he implored, at last. "Disperse your cursed witch-fog, woman, and guide my horse out of this slough, and though you have deceived me shamefully, I will forgive you!"

Was it imagination, or did he hear, there among the reeds, close to his ear, a low, mocking laugh, full of infinite malice and scorn?

"Hag!" he cried, wildly; "listen to me! Keep Dorothy and her lover apart till I can reach her, and I will give you half of my entire fortune!"

No living thing was near, but again the ghostly laugh rang out, much louder and harsher than before, "Ha! ha! ha!"

After that there was unbroken silence.

In the waning light of that same afternoon, Goody Gale sat knitting in the door of her low black house and looking warily up and down the rocky, desolate shore. Click, click went her rapid needles; hither and thither her sharp eyes roamed. Goody Gale was on the watch for some one.

Presently two figures appeared in the zigzag path that led by the low door. One was Mehitable Dartwell, in a

prim gray dress and scoop bonnet; the other was a young girl, with a rich silk mantle fastened about her shoulders and a wide hat shading her dark hair—Dorothy Wyeth.

"Good-day, Mistress Gale!" said Mehitable, nodding to the old woman, of whom she, like most of her town-people, stood in wholesome awe. "Will you be so good as to give a drink of water to Miss Wyeth—our walk has made her faint."

Goody Gale's black eyes flashed like lightning over the beautiful creature who moved listlessly by Mehitable's side. Then she arose and brought the water.

"Miss Wyeth wears a pale face," she said, dryly; "too pale for a bride. You are out for an airing—eh? Better not go far."

Dorothy gave the speaker a wondering look, and walked on with Mehitable—neither had any desire to tarry long at that threshold. Goody Gale watched them till they disappeared round a curve in the shore, then picked up her knitting again.

A half-hour passed. Another step, loud and firm, approached the low black house by the narrow path among the rocks. A tall, good-looking young fellow, brown as a berry, and with an eager, joyous light shining in his hawk-like eyes, leaped gayly on the broad stone which served as a threshold to the door.

"Halloo! Mother Gale," he cried, in that ringing voice which marks the sailor, "how wags the world with you to-day?"

She seized the hand he held out to her in both her own, and peered up into his handsome, smiling face with odd scrutiny.

"Welcome home, Robert Boone! The world wags well. Have you had a good voyage?"

"Capital!" he answered, with a mellow laugh. "You have fulfilled the promise which you made me when I sailed—to ward away all danger from the *Flying Scud* so long as I should be her captain. Three days ago we encountered a terrific squall—enough to sink a fleet. I shall never quite comprehend how it was, but we escaped without the smallest damage. I will tell you about it later."

She put her wrinkled hands on his shoulders, and looked him full in the eye.

"Lad, you have not come a moment too soon. Half an hour ago Dorothy Wyeth passed this way. You will find her somewhere on the beach yonder. To-morrow she is going to marry John Dartwell."

He grew deadly pale, and fell back a step.

"Marry John Dartwell!—Dorothy—my Dorothy? Great Heaven! What are you saying?"

"You have been gone many weeks, Robert Boone. She thinks you dead. If you win her at all it must be by a bold stroke. You have no time to lose, I tell you."

He strode away from Goody Gale's cottage with flashing eyes and a pale, set face. The tide was coming in in long, white swells; the setting sun shone redly on the blue, dimpling sea. He found Dorothy Wyeth reclining against an iron-gray rock, her fair head resting listlessly upon it, her weary young hands fallen in her lap. At a little distance upon the beach, Miss Mehitable, unconscious of danger, was hunting for sea-mosses. Dorothy heard a quick step and looked up. He was close beside her then, breathless, and eager, his blue eyes shining like stars.

"Dorothy!" he cried; "my darling, my darling! I am here—it was all a vile lie. See! I am alive and well, and you shall never marry John Dartwell. I defy him to take you from me."

He knelt at her feet, flung around her his strong, living arms. She stared at him one moment in wild, incredulous joy, then her head fell, like a storm-beaten flower, upon his shoulder.

"It was a lie! You have come back! Oh, can it be possible?" she sobbed; and then, as remembrance of her own situation rushed upon her: "Save me, Robert! If you love me, save me from that man!"

And he, straining her to his heart, and covering her pale face with his kisses, promptly answered:

"I will—as God hears me, I will!"

Mehitable Dartwell wandered along the wet sand, gathering delicate mosses, her ears deafened by the incoming tide, her mind full of solemn abstraction, until, of a sudden, she remembered her charge and turned back to seek her; but when she reached the spot where she had left Dorothy, no living thing was to be seen. On the rocks lay a lace kerchief which had fallen from the girl's white neck, but that was all.

"Dorothy, Dorothy, where are you?" she called, but no voice replied. Full of nameless fear, she flew along the path till she reached Goody Gale's cottage. In the low door the old woman still sat at her knitting.

"Have you seen Miss Wyeth pass this way, Mistress Gale?" Mehitable stopped to ask.

Goody laughed unpleasantly.

"Yes. She went by an hour ago with her lover, Robert Boone—he that was dead, but is alive again, and was lost, but is found! The pair have a good start—you'll not overtake them; besides, you can do nothing till your brother comes, and you'll not see *him* till the morning light."

Mehitable hurried home, wringing her hands in helpless dismay. Yes, Dorothy was gone—she had fled with the captain of the *Flying Scud*.

John Dartwell did not return to Marblehead that night, but in the cold, gray dawn of the next day he rode up to his own door, and never did mortal eyes behold a man in a more sorry plight. He was drenched with the mist of the marsh, splashed, disheveled, and blue with anger and cold. His poor horse trembled so violently that he could barely stand. From nose to tail the animal was covered with foam and mire and salt water.

"Great Heaven, John!" cried Mehitable, holding up both hands; "where have you been all night?"

"In purgatory!" he answered, through chattering teeth. "Curse that old witch! I would gladly hang her with my own hands. The *Flying Scud* is in Salem Harbor. I have been grossly deceived. Where's Dorothy?"

"Gone!" answered Mehitable; "gone off with Robert Boone—whither, Heaven only knows!"

A few days later John Dartwell was called upon to give up Miss Wyeth's fortune to the keeping of Miss Wyeth's husband. The next voyage which the *Flying Scud* made to the West Indies a new captain trod her deck. As for Goody Gale, she sat in her low door, and smoked her black pipe, and smiled grimly at her own thoughts. John Dartwell never asked Goody Gale to refund the money which had been given her for the destruction of the *Scud*. But one day he found it in one of his warehouses, tied up in a leathern pouch.

"There's honor, it seems, even among witches," he muttered.

THE longest clock pendulum in the world is at Avignon, France. It is sixty-seven feet long, and requires four and a half seconds to swing through an arc of nine and a half feet.

MY LADY.

BY KATHARINE HEAN.

I WENT to meet my lady,
As she came down the oaken stair;
She was gown'd in purest white that night,
With violets in waist and hair.
And I whispered low, as I bent to look
In her eyes of deepest blue,
"These flowers, modest and sweet, my love,
Are fitting emblems of you."

Through the twilight's deepening shad
As crimson and gold leave the west,
My lady stole softly toward me,
With pansies on her breast.
And I thought, if this wide world over,
For blossoms rare I had sought,
None would so perfectly suit her—
"Pansies for noble thought."

In robe of shimmering satin,
With clusters of roses there,
My lady came, in her beauty and grace,
And none with her could compare.
And I felt that surely this flower
Best suited her stately mien,
And the sovereign rose was the only one
Most fit to deck my queen.

But once I found my lady,
Without her blossoms sweet;
In a lowly sufferer's hand they lay,
She wore but a marguerite.
Only a roadside daisy,
But I knew the truth was told—
"This flower at last is the symbol of you,
Pure, with a heart of gold."

A STORM IN THE MARSHES.

"THERE's some hen-footed fowl in the marsh, some of your waders, as you call 'em. I see 'em pitch last night when I left the boat. If you want to see 'em, you can come down in the skiff with me; or if you'd sooner walk, come through the churchyard on to the downs, for they pitched the Medway side."

So spoke one of my old fisher friends. I preferred to walk, and passed through the old churchyard under its fine walnut-trees, the great branches of which were now bare and leafless; recalling, as I looked at many a name I was once familiar with, some of my companions in the expeditions and adventures of my boyhood. After leaving the churchyard I crossed over a few fields which brought me to the downs—gentle elevations, covered with fine, short grass.

The bird life here is represented by magpies in small parties, now chattering and scolding at being disturbed. Beside these are a couple of hooded crows and a few green plovers. From this point a splendid view is seen; marsh lands, sea and shipping; green fields and distant woodlands, whilst right opposite is the Essex coast. From the downs I went straight to the edge of the marsh below, to try and find out where the hen-footed fowl had pitched. The day was bright and warm, even sultry.

And now I am in the marsh, which is covered by countless old mole hillocks, and clumps of rushes, and cut up by pools and dikes; making my way by a track known only to a few, through the swamps to the opposite reawall, close to where the Medway reaches the salt water. Little has been seen yet except great hares, which start up from the hillocks where they had squatted; red, rough-coated creatures, which look like greyhounds as

THE MECHANISM OF THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

By E. H. J. MAREY.

It has been shown that photography could represent the successive positions of a bird's wing at different moments in its flight; that there might be obtained, at the same time, the positions of the bird in space at equal and known intervals of time.

Since the photographic method has been perfected, the number of species of birds to which my researches have extended has been multiplied.

From the comparison of the several species which I have had at my disposal, the result shows that, except in certain differences in details, they all execute movements of the same nature; in all, the wings bend up at the moment of ascension, spread out quickly when at the wished for height, are then lowered, carried in front, and approached to the body; at the close of the descent, the joints anew bend up, and the ascent recommences.

The illustrations 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 represent the flight of the seagull, the heron, the pigeon and the pelican.

These illustrations reveal curious attitudes which the eye has not time to seize, and with which we are not familiarized in the artistic interpretations of birds. According to a just remark of Mr. Muybridge, the European painters almost always represent birds flying with their wings elevated; the Chinese and Japanese, on the contrary, represent them indifferently with wings both raised and lowered. That does not, however, mean that the artists of the extreme East have faithfully reproduced the different attitudes of birds: the comparison of their representations with those of our own artists shows clearly that no more than one aspect is caught, as the eye can seldom perceive actions which last only for a very brief moment.

Seen only under one aspect, representations of a bird on the wing do not give us correct ideas of the movements of the wings; we must photograph the bird under several aspects in order thoroughly to comprehend this mechanism. We have made several arrangements in order to procure this effect. One of these, placed at a height of 12 meters (nearly 13½ yards), gave representations of the bird as seen from above (Fig. 6); others, variously placed, showed it from the side, or flying in the direction of the photographic apparatus (Fig. 7). These representations, taken under different conditions, complement each other. Thus, the birds seen from above show a singular curvature in the flat surface of the wing, the existence of which one would not suspect from the profile representations. This curvature appears at the end of the depression of the wing, at the moment in which the joints begin to bend upward in order to prepare for an ascent. Hence results a spiral aspect of the wing, recalling the form which Mr. Pettigrew considers the essential element in a bird's propulsion. But we must observe that this form is only produced at the very close of the act of descent, at the "point mort" of the wing's action, as we say in mechanics, and at a moment in which it, having become passive, is about to remount by the resistance of the air. These figures also show a fact wholly unforeseen—namely, that the movements in flying are not symmetrical. It had been previously supposed that the bird, when desirous of turning laterally the direction of its flight, executes movements more extended from the side which is to progress most rapidly; that is to say, that it gives more amplitude to the movements of the right wing when turning to the left, and reciprocally.

It is scarcely needful to say that photochronography condemns entirely the hypothesis in which it was supposed that one of the wings of the bird could bend more frequently than the other; the movements of the two wings are perfectly synchronous, if not equal in extent. It is seen, in short, from these representations, that the body of the bird inclines and moves in different ways, so as to carry its centre of gravity to one side or the other, according to the necessities of the equilibrium. The bird whose attitudes are portrayed in Fig. 6 seemed careful to bear the weight of its body to the left on account of the smaller surface of its right wing, from which some feathers were missing.

The representations taken in front and a little obliquely, as in Fig. 7, give also useful information. They show that the extremity of the wing—a part of the organism in full activity, since it strikes the air with greater speed—presents, at the time of lowering, changes of surface which the secondary *remiges* extending from the carpus to the shoulder do not offer. There exists in the wing-feathers of the different orders a species of separation, showing that the carpal articulations are the seat of a light twisting movement favorable to the bending of the surface of the carpal *remiges*. In these representations may also be readily seen the bending and convergence of the wings at the close of their lowering, the depression which the anterior side of the wing presents at this moment from the effect of a flexion beginning at the elbow. In order to follow in all their details the changes of movement in the wings, it has been necessary to make many experiments so as to obtain, during a single stroke of the wing, ten or twelve successive views of the bird seen under each of these different aspects.

These representations having once been obtained, I was in possession of all the elements necessary to understand completely the motions of the wings according to the three dimensions of space. But in order to represent them, figures in relief were necessary; and circumstances were favorable to this.

At Naples, where I then was, the almost lost industry of casting bronze in wax has been preserved from the most remote antiquity. I modeled in wax a series of figures representing the successive attitudes in a single revolution of the wing, ten for the seagull, eleven for the pigeon; these models, when given to a skillful molder, were reproduced in bronze with perfect fidelity.

Fig. 8 represents, disposed in a series, and following each other in their order of succession, at intervals of 1.88 of a second, the phases of one stroke of a pigeon's wing.

These bronze figures were made white, in order to render more apparent the effects of light and shade. Thanks to the multiplicity of the attitudes represented in this series, all the phases of the motion of the wings are easily followed; it is seen how they fold, rise, expand and sink.

In order the better to understand how the movements of the bird's wing follow each other, of which photochronography gives an analysis, I have had recourse to the use of the zootrope, which recomposes them, and gives to the sight the impression of a bird flying.

The zootrope, represented in Fig. 9, offers this speciality, that it is formed by figures in relief. This is a great advantage from the point of view of the impression which

day from the ore. "The whole secret of the process," it is related, "lies in the construction of the furnace, which is simple and inexpensive. It will be difficult for our ironmasters to believe that, under the new process, iron ore, after submitting it to the ordinary smelting process, is taken direct from the furnace to the roller mill, and turned into thin sheets of the finest charcoal iron; yet, such is certainly the case, there being, to my positive knowledge, three such furnaces in this country working with perfect success. There can be but little doubt that the new invention will create quite a revolution in the manufacture of charcoal iron."

In the *Bulletin* of the Torrey Botanical Club, of New York city (one of the oldest scientific societies in the country, by-the-way, and still vigorous), the Rev. Thomas Morong furnishes an interesting account of the well-known "cat-tails" of our swamps. Their productiveness is enormous. He finds that a single "cat-tail" of average length—say five inches—will yield 60,000 perfect seeds, and some larger ones may give 90,000. The seeds have a hairy perianth which enables them, balloon-like, to float long distances through the air. The plants often appear in swampy places long distances away from where they are known to grow, and this has been attributed to seeds brought in mud on the feet of water-birds; but in view of Mr. Morong's observations such a guess is not necessary to account for their appearance. There are but three species native to North America: *Typha latifolia*, *T. angustifolia* and *T. Domingensis*. This grows in Mexico and the West India Islands, and is an enormous cat-tail. A form found by the Rev. E. L. Greene had stalks 15 to 18 feet high, and a "cat-tail" of 3 feet. The natives of New Zealand make bread of the pollen of some species of the *Typha* family, and in the State of New York the leaves have been used for baskets and the bottoms of chairs. Mr. Morong does not mention what we believe to be a fact, that the young shoots are used as a vegetable, as asparagus is used, in the north of Europe. The pollen is also inflammable, and used as a cheap substitute for the pollen of lycopodium.

CULTIVATED in groves, the average growth in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood has been ascertained to be about as follows: White maple reaches 1 foot in diameter and 30 feet in height; ash, leaf maple or box elder, 1 foot in diameter and 20 feet in height; white willow, 18 inches and 40 feet; yellow willow, 18 inches and 35 feet; Lombardy poplar, 19 inches and 40 feet; blue and white ash, 10 inches and 25 feet; black walnut and caternut, 10 inches and 20 feet.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A NEW book is out called "A Girl's Room." It is not so good as her company.

LAUNDRESSES are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they do for you.

"WAITER, is this an old or a new herring that you brought me?" "Can't you tell?" "No." "Well, then, what difference does it make?"

CALLER—"What! the professor is not at home? I see him there through the curtained glass." Servant—"Oh, that—that is only his shadow."

MARY—"Stop your flatteries, or I shall hold my hands to my ears." John (wishing to be complimentary)—"Ah, your lovely hands are too small!"

A GENTLEMAN who is exceedingly fond of good dinners, being asked to which political party he belonged, answered: "I am no politician at all, and yet I am decidedly a party man."

A TEACHER asked a boy who was the meekest man? "Moses, sir," was the answer. "Very well, my boy; and now, who was the meekest woman?" "Please, sir, there never was any meekest woman."

"No," said Miss Spinster, "I wouldn't have any fool of a man." "And as you cannot get any other kind," remarked Aunt Susan, "you prefer to remain single. Well, I don't know as I blame you."

A FASHIONABLE lady, in boasting of her new "palatial residence," said that the windows were all of stained glass. "That's too bad!" cried her mother; "but won't soap and turpentine take the stains out?"

THERE was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They finished the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

A MAN from the North stood watching a performance on a slide trombone. Suddenly seizing a companion's arm, he excitedly exclaimed: "For Heaven's sake! Look there." "What's the matter?" "Look there; he done it agin." "Done what?" "Why, crowded me'n half that thero horn inter his mouth. Did you see that? Well, I never!"

CUSTOMER (speaking to his butcher)—"Good-morning, neighbor. What fine sausages you have hanging there! You ought to present me with one of them, for this is my birthday." Butcher (taking the neighbor's hand)—"Ah, your birthday, is it! Well, I wish you much good luck, and many returns of the day. May you live till I give you that sausage."

BREECHES of promise—Trousers bought on credit.

"BRIDGET, did you get the flowers that I am to wear to-night in my hair?" "Yes, mum, but—" "But what?" "I've mislaid the hair, mum!"

"WHAT is afoot now?" asked an acquaintance of a reporter who was rushing to the office. "Twelve inches still," said the scribe, as he shot out of sight.

MISTRESS—"Jane, whatever is the matter with your hair?" Servant—"Madam, it's the cavalry regiment; they all wanted a look of my hair before they left."

MOTHER—"Help! help! Our little Isaac has swallowed a threepenny bit." Father—"What a fuss! You make as much noise about it as if he had swallowed a jubilee medal."

WIFE—"I was reading in a medical journal to-day that neuralgia had greatly increased since people discontinued the use of the nightcap." Husband—"If that is so, I must order two more gallons of whisky at once."

EDITH—"Ma, that new maid is dreadfully stupid." Mamma—"What has she done?" "Why, I want to practice a little, so I sent her to the music-room for 'The Lost Chord.'" "Well?" "She brought me the clothes-line."

FRIEND (to young writer)—"I see that X., the publisher, has failed, and has been sent to an asylum, hopelessly insane." Young Writer (bitterly)—"Just my luck. It was only last week that he accepted a story of mine."

"WHERE is the Island of Java situated?" asked a school-teacher of a small, rather forlorn-looking boy. "I dunno, sir." "Don't you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir; we borrow it from the next-door neighbor."

COUNSEL (badgering a witness)—"Remember, sir, that you are on oath." Witness—"Yes, sir." Counsel—"Now—what—did—you—do—when—as—you—say—thet—prisoner—throw—a—beer—glass—at—you?" Witness—"I dodged!"

A FASHIONABLE young woman was seen in the street the other day with her hair combed. Much alarm was felt by her friends until it was ascertained that it was only a case of absentmindedness. The young woman had forgotten to rough it.

TRIOLET.

To LIVE without love it is useless,
For love is the essence of life.
The joys of the single are juiceless—
To live without love it is useless;
The bachelor's ways are excusable;
Why doesn't he take him a wife?
To live without love it is useless,
For love is the essence of life.

"WHAT is that big iron thing full of holes?" "A locomotive boiler," said Tom. Laura looked thoughtful. After a moment's silence she asked: "Why do they boil locomotives?" Tom looked amazed. "To make them tender," he said, slowly.

LITTLE Lucy, running into the parlor where her mother was entertaining her daughter Mary's beau until Miss Mary could complete her toilet and come down, cried out: "Oh! mamma! Johnny is dot Mary's teef and won't give 'em to her."

"I HEAR you are engaged to Miss Brown, old boy. Allow me to—" "It's not true. I proposed, but she refused." "Oh, never mind that! Nothing is gained without persistence. Try again." "I daren't. I'm afraid she might change her mind."

"I SEE you fry your beefsteak," remarked the tramp, with his mouth full. "Yes," said the woman, shortly. "How would you have it cooked—roasted?" "No, certainly not. Broiled, madam—broiled. I may be a tramp," he added, plaintively, "but I'm no ostrich."

HUSBAND (irascibly).—"We don't need that rug any more than a cat needs two tails. How often have I told you, my dear, not to buy anything because it is cheap?" Wife (with the air of one who has got the better of the argument).—"It wasn't cheap, my love. It cost fifty dollars."

TOMMY came home from school and handed to his father the teacher's report of his progress during the month. "This is very unsatisfactory, Tom; you've a very small number of good marks. I'm not at all pleased with it." "I told the teacher you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't alter it."

A WOMAN hastily stepped up to the driver of a train at Stamford, and screamed out: "Is this the right train?" "Where to?" politely asked the man. "Oh, you fool! Don't you know where you're going?" cried the woman, as the train started, and left her standing on the platform.

"WHEN I marry," said a budding schoolgirl, "I'll want a fine, large, tall, handsome man, that everybody will admire." "There's where you're wrong, sis," said her elder and more practical sister; "you'd have much less trouble in watching a plain man, and would enjoy a great deal more of his society."

DR. DONOVAN, despite his poverty, was a bit of a wag. "Your family," said a friend, "is Irish, and, I believe, illustrious. How is it, then, that you do not follow the custom of your country, and style yourself Dr. O'Donovan?" "Really, my good sir, I am as deeply in debt," he replied, "that I do not care to owe any more."

sunshine of prosperity and fashion far more likely to make the rebel cast aside his defensive *capa* than any wind of adversity or royal displeasure.

But let us hope that not even the sunshine, not even the chink of pillar dollars, not even the influx of foreigners from every civilized land under the sun, will sap the proud dignity, the noble independence, the courage and probity which have characterized the Basque from the Roman days until these. Thus far the centuries have changed very little in the face of the people or of landmarks.

When the great Cæsar's captain built his fort upon the crest of Mount Urgullo, he looked down upon Donostiga, lying between her two bays, La Concha on the east and Zuriola on the north, with Pasajes, her seaport, straggling along her landlocked harbor. He saw the River Urumea pouring down her silver flood to the sea, her source hid in the immemorial hills, rising, range above range, until their purple crests were lost in the savage Pyrenees—haunt even then of the banditti, whom no man has ever wholly subdued. Even then, no doubt, the wide sweep of the shore, and the gently swelling ascents rising from it, were studded by the castles and strongholds of the warlike nobles and their vassals, and the great blue ocean, with its arching dome, as blue then as now, the glorious setting of a noble picture.

No, the Casino and the *Perla del Oceano* (the bath-houses), and the Queen and Castelar, and the many fashionable guests, are not what make San Sebastian one of the most memorable and interesting places upon the Peninsula of Spain, for these, like ourselves, are things of to-day and gone to-morrow; but the works of nature, and the human nature and the history and the traditions, and the visible footprints of Time—these remain, and these are the true interest of the old, old town—the capital of Guipuzcoa, the chief city of the Basque Provinces and people.

Would you know something of all this beyond what meets the eye? First speak and understand Spanish thoroughly, and then make acquaintance with the most hospitable, most courteous, most intelligent and delightfully instructive man in the world, Señor Don Leonardo Brocheton, and he will tell you, as he did me, that the origin of the Basque people is lost in antiquity. Noah is for them quite a modern and familiar cousin. I am not sure but that they, like the Scotchman, had a little private and particular ark in the time of the Deluge, and declined to mix in with Ham, Shem and Japhet!

Their language, as old as themselves, bears no resemblance to Latin, Celtic, or any other known tongue. It calls itself *Eskara*, perhaps from the same root as *Eskualdeanac*, or The Strong Hand, which is the ancient name of the people. The language consists of about 4,000 words, some of them sixteen syllables in length, and it is so difficult that, as the tradition runs, the devil, wishing to seduce the stanch Catholic people from their allegiance, set himself to learn the vernacular, and after devoting several years to the study, gave up both the effort and the people! Hence the Basques are to this day fervent Catholics, and Satan has never had a foothold in their domain. Whether this be the cause or not, they are certainly a singularly noble, highminded, honest and truthful people, hospitable and generous to their friends, and dauntlessly brave toward their enemies.

Their chief pursuits are agriculture and smith's work, and, judging from the frequent invitations along the streets to enter and drink cider or beer, one must conclude that the agriculture largely takes the form of apples and barley. In former times, when there still

were whales to be found in the frozen seas, and their oil was so great a necessity that men's lives were freely risked in its pursuit, the very best whalers in the world were the Basques, their hardy endurance and scorn of danger fitting them for the severest climate and most hazardous enterprise, while their industrious and frugal training made them content and cheerful under the keenest deprivations.

The whale-fisheries are dying out before the power of gas and electricity, but some whalers yet sail from Bayonne, Bordeaux and the adjacent Spanish ports, and their best and best paid men are Basques.

Among the educated classes we find few or no artists, poets or romancists of note, and, in fact, the Basques must be called deficient in the æsthetic development of human character, although often distinguished for mathematical and casuistical acquirements. We can, perhaps, say truthfully that they are more hardheaded and practical than poetic and imaginative.

The City of San Sebastian is divided into the old and the new towns, the former being that portion inclosed by the wall constructed in 1516 at an expense of 150,000 ducats, and taken down in 1864-5 at considerably less expense. The new town is principally the expansion consequent upon this release of the old, and is handsomely laid out with wide streets and boulevards and many stately mansions, particularly those facing the sea on La Concha, which are marvels of taste and magnificence, and fitted up most luxuriously.

The old town was almost totally demolished by fire in 1813, and as the walls still stood, and 12,000 people were to be provided with homes inside of a place too small for them, the town was rebuilt upon a monotonous and gloomy plan, the streets being very narrow, and the houses five and six stories high, suggesting that the architect took his ideas of packing a population from the packers of sardines, whose neighboring factories he may have visited.

But although the streets are narrow and dark, and the houses overflowing, the municipal regulations are so good and well administered that everything is admirably clean and quiet. At night all is lighted with gas, and the police, in their neat uniforms, are wide awake and active. Nor are these *guardias civiles* the only officials on whom the lovers of law may rely for protection, for San Sebastian, as the key of the frontier, and as a strongly fortified position, is carefully held by the Spanish Government, to which the Guipuzcoans are devotedly loyal—always within their own primitive rights. "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute," might well have been the motto of this proud vassal of the Crown of Castile, since its attitude has always been one of loyal self-devotion to its nominal sovereign, and at the same time the sturdiest conservatism of its own rights, hereditary and acquired. Among the latter is the freedom from conscription, and from any tax upon tobacco and some classes of manufactured goods.

These privileges were conferred in 1512, when a French army of 15,000 horse and foot, commanded by Charles Duc de Bourbon, having sacked Irun and Oyarzun, advanced upon San Sebastian, summoning it to surrender without parley. But, for reply, the San Sebastianos, headed by Don Juan of Aragon, issued out and so ferociously attacked the besiegers as to put them to ignominious flight.

In 1813 San Sebastian was sacked and burned by her supposed ally, the Anglo-Portuguese army, and 1,500 families were rendered homeless. In 1823 she suffered in the same manner from the French troops, under the

broad white sands, while beyond lie Santa Clara's wooded heights, with the solemn Pyrenees closing the horizon, and frowning down from their immemorial fastnesses upon the frivolous crowd, which comes as other crowds have come—Romans, Norsemen, Gauls, Iberians—to play their part upon the fair scene, and depart as this shall also depart, while the still mountains stand unmoved for ever.

But let us be statistical at all hazards, and faithfully set down that this establishment, with its terraces, gardens and various dependencies, covers an area of more than 10,000 square feet, and is really a triumph of architectural skill and commodiousness. Visitors are invited to subscribe about fourteen dollars for the season, and are free of most of the accommodations, including a telegraph-office, postal arrangements, and a money-changer's office. There is an open-air band every evening in front of the Casino, and a dance in the ballroom, while special balls are given for adults and children from time to time.

The next day we devoted to a long drive, making a little ascent of Mount Urgullo, and enough cannot be said of its exceeding and magnificent beauty, embracing ocean, mountains, wooded hills and nestling villages, with the fair city of San Sebastian and the quaint seaport of Los Pasajes at the mountain's foot. One cannot but remark, in coming down to the details of this grand panorama, the beauty of the villas and country houses that line the shores of La Concha, the Summer homes of the wealthy grandees of Spain, and sundry sensible French, Portuguese and Italian rich men, who have chosen to secure one of the world's loveliest spots for their own use, regardless under what Government it may chance to lie. This magnificent amphitheatre terminated in Mount Ugueldo or Montefrio (Cold Mountain), crowned with its ancient lighthouse as with a castle of defense, and behind and over all the grim Pyrenees, whose majestic scorn of all things lay like a cloud upon my spirit so long as I lived within its influence.

Coming down from Mount Urgullo, our cicerone suggested, "You had better come and see the Church of Santa Maria, where the Queen will hear High Mass immediately upon her arrival in the city." So we went, driving down a street so narrow that it was impossible for the carriages to turn except by making the circle of another street, and we were set down in front of an arched entrance, which we paused to admire, for it is really a most beautiful detail of this picturesque church. Above the arch is a massive bell-tower, supplied with a carillon of "sweet bells jangled out of tune," as is apt to be the case with Spanish chimes.

The *Iglesia* of Santa Maria dates from the sixteenth century, and is one of the most valued memorials the Renaissance has left in the Basque Provinces, its architecture rich in detail and satisfying in proportion. There are no especially valuable paintings within its walls, nor is the glass at all remarkable. The other prominent church—which is likewise in the old town—is that of San Vincent, a very popular Spanish saint. It is not so fine as Santa Maria. The exterior is of the Gallic school, and the interior, Renaissance.

Discussing the Queen Regent's visit that evening, I idly suggested that several other sovereigns had visited or tarried at San Sebastian, and my exact and well-informed host, Señor Brocheton, at once proceeded to pour into my ear such an erudite flood of names and dates that I besought him to wait until I could set them down in black and white. He smilingly allowed me to seek pencil and paper, and here I offer them to friends not

so fortunate as to know Señor Brocheton, or to have seen San Sebastian :

In 1204 and 1209, Alfonso VIII. of Castile visited his independent little subject ally. In 1286 and 1290, Sanchez IV., surnamed *El Bravo*—(The Brave)—brought hither his three fair *Infantas*. In 1457, Henry IV. came, and on that occasion bestowed the proud motto of *Noble y Leal* upon the Province of Guipuzcoa. In 1526, Francis I. of France, taken prisoner in the battle of Pavia, where he "lost all but honor," was brought to San Sebastian to be exchanged for the two sons of his Spanish conqueror. He remained in the city six days, and one may imagine how impatiently the royal captive's eyes followed the line of the Pyrenees, as they passed the frontier, in their majestic scorn of man's devices or boundaries. In 1559, the Emperor Charles V., in his progress through his German and Flemish possessions, paused at San Sebastian long enough to add *Muy* to Henry's *Noble y Leal*. In 1615, Philip III. bestowed the light of his royal countenance upon the city. In 1660, Philip IV. conducted hither his daughter, the Infanta Maria Teresa, to meet the French *cortège*, who welcomed her as the bride of Louis XIV.—the Grand Monarque who was to make her life one long anguish and humiliation. In 1777, Joseph II. of Austria wandered hither, and, in 1808, Joseph Bonaparte aired his new royalty here. In 1828 came Ferdinand VII., and, in 1845, *Isabel Segunda* encouraged her people by her royal presence and example, and again, in 1865, when she received the visit of the French Emperor and Empress. Napoleon and Eugénie had, however, been here before on their own account, in 1856, 1858 and 1863, sensibly giving San Sebastian an equal favor with Biarritz, and it is because of these visits to the Basque Provinces by her who for years gave the fashions to all the civilized world that women of every nationality have ever since worn Basque bodices, originally assumed by Eugénie as a caprice, and proving themselves so acceptable to "all sorts and conditions" of women that they have never since gone wholly out of fashion.

The present visit of the baby King Alfonso, in the arms of his widowed mother, Christina of Austria, will rank next upon the "visiting book" of San Sebastian, for Alfonso (*père*) and his beloved Mercedes were never here.

One day intervened before the royal visit, and we utilized it by a drive to Pasajes, the oddest, most picturesque little place I have ever seen; just one street of old, old houses toppling to decay and crowded in between the foot of the mountains and the sea, so that if the one should rise and the other fall, the destruction of houses and people would be "sure as death or taxes." But, pending this calamity, it is a very interesting and agreeable drive. We were forced to make a tour of the town, if it may be so called, on foot, as its single street is too narrow to admit a carriage. It is built in two sections, called St. John and St. Paul, in honor of its two churches, one at the one end and the other at the other, and you walk through the one crumbling archway, and, after a little interval, through another like the portal of a prison. The harbor was lively with dredging-machines, for the channel has been filling up for several years, and is now to be cleared and deepened.

It was from this port that Lafayette, then only twenty years of age, sailed for America to leave his name foremost among our honored patriots, and to do for us what he was not able to do for France—another instance of the prophet without honor in his own country.

Well, the day had come, and all the world, and we with it, turned out to receive the Queen Regent, the little *Infantas*, and the still littler King—although, I suppose,

on the inner side by a still higher fence; for the bull occasionally leaps the first, and if he does not kill himself, is driven back into the ring through one of the several gates. Beyond these barriers the benches rise tier upon tier, each bench divided into numbered seats, to which tickets are sold varying in price according to location.

The cheapest places are on the sunny side; the best are in the shade and covered by awnings. There are boxes—some held at large prices—and there is a gallery. One of the boxes, sumptuously decorated with the insignia of royalty, was occupied by several of the prominent members of Queen Christina's suite, but she herself was not present, her cool German blood refusing to rise to the fever heat at which alone one can enjoy a bull-fight. The cheerful baby was not present either, although, poor little man, he will be obliged to enjoy (?) his national pastime later on.

In another box the Municipality of San Sebastian made a brave display, and the Ministers, Ambassadors and several distinguished families each had, as at a theatre, their own box. The Syndic of the Municipality was the presiding officer of the *Funcion*, and held himself in very majestic dignity, but most of the occupants of the boxes, and quite all of the benches, both on the shady and the sunny side, exhibited a condition of the wildest enthusiasm, the ladies chattering, waving their fans, bending this way and that to look for acquaintances, and fluttering the programmes—called *Bull-tin de los Toros*—with which every one was provided. Their humbler sisters in the sunny seats added to these forms of restlessness shrill cries and greetings to their friends, and bursts of laughter as some swain tossed into their laps oranges, grapes or flowers, venders of all of which swarmed in the ring and added their various cries to the surrounding din.

The men gather in groups, as Spaniards are fond of doing on all festive occasions, and thump their canes upon the floor, stamp, clap their hands, utter various calls and cries, and, altogether, behave like "the gods" in a crowded theatre. It seemed as if every one feels a deteriorating influence; that the excitement has a savage and brutal element about it; that the world, so far as it comes beneath my eyes and ears, has gone backward a thousand years or so; and that the boasted refinements of civilization have been wiped out by the reaction of brute force.

It was a relief when a small army of *aguazils* appeared in the ring and peremptorily cleared it of orange-venders and all the stragglers, and, by the sound of a trumpet, warned the spectators to their seats. The hubbub subsided into a low murmur of expectation, and a pair of doors just opposite the royal box fly open to admit the *cudrilla* and *toreros*.

First come the *espadas* or *matadores*, the aristocrats of the profession, whose business it is to finally give the bull his *coup de grâce*, or death-blow. One of these—Frasuelo—is a man of-world wide fame, and has amassed a large fortune by his prowess, his usual profit from a bull-fight varying from ten to twenty thousand dollars. He and his comrade Lagartigo were dressed, like *héros de roman* in a showy opera, in many-colored raiments of silk, satin, lace, tinsel, ribbons, and gold or silver embroidery, with many rich and really valuable articles of jewelry and ornament, mostly presented as tokens of admiration by the ladies, who are said to adore these men.

After the *espadas* come the *banderilleros*, each carrying in either hand a dart, about a foot in length, gayly decked with colored paper, tinsel, ribbons or feathers, and tipped with a barbed steel, which, once fastened in the flesh

cannot come out, although the leverage, as it sways from side to side, cruelly tears and stings the living fibre. When a bull is good-natured and not disposed to fight, these darts are tipped with some fulminating preparation, which explodes as it enters the flesh, and burns as well as tears.

With the *banderilleros* come the *capeadores*, each bearing a large and thick cloak or *capa*, with which the bull is to be blinded and baffled, while the *banderillero* runs away after planting his two darts. Next comes a procession of wretched, staggering horses, blindfolded that they may not see and try to escape from the bull, spurred and curbed into a ghostly mimicry of spirit, and ridden by men called *picadores* from the long lances they carry, and very wooden in appearance from the fact of their breeches of buffalo-skin being lined and quilted with strips of iron, so that the slight danger of the bull's horns striking their legs as he gores the horse is diminished.

Each *espada* is also followed by a servant, bearing a cloak harmonizing with the master's costume, in which he wraps himself while awaiting his own part in the dismal tragedy to come.

The procession glittering, imposing, fascinating, from the comeliness of the men, nearly all picked specimens of animal beauty in the glowing Spanish style, the barbaric splendor of their outfit, and a sort of chivalrous and knightly glamour which falsely envelops this stage of the proceedings.

Slowly the train crosses the arena and halts before the royal box, although the Alcalde in the municipal box hard by is really the chief authority present. To him an official, plumed hat in hand, makes low obeisance, and requests the key of a gloomy series of cells, whence is heard the deep bellowing of the bulls, growing louder as the first victim approaches the entrance to the arena.

The key is tossed down and cleverly caught. The *cudrilla* scatters, the *picadores* guiding their blinded horses to stations around the circumference of the arena, the *matadores* vaulting over the barrier to admit their moment of execution, the *capeadores* scattering themselves and flaunting their gaudy cloaks as a sort of *raison d'être* for their presence. A moment of intense suspense, broken only by the gloomy subterranean bellowing of the bull goaded on to his doom. A blast from a trumpet, the gates are flung wide, and a great, shaggy, dun-colored Navarrese bull plunges forward, stimulated and angered by some last cruel thrust.

He pauses, paws the earth with his hoofs, glares about him from red, angry eyes, sees the trembling, agitated horse of the nearest *picador*, and, lowering his head, plunges blindly at him. The *picador* receives him on the point of his lance, a point so short and so guarded that it can enter only far enough to torture, not to kill; but the bull, strong as yet and fierce, breaks loose from the hold and buries his horns in the bowels of the horse, who screams with pain and terror and topples to the ground, carrying his rider with him.

"Ave Maria! He'll be gored!" exclaimed the sweet girl at my side, and I, firmly closing my lips, tried to hope that he would not. Before I could tell, however, what I hoped or feared, a half-dozen *capeadores* had rushed up, flapped their cloaks across the bull's face, shrieked defiance in his ears, and so distracted and bewildered his mind that he plunged hither and yon in a vain attempt to gore a flock of flying phantoms, while the servants of the arena hastily assisted the rider, helpless in his armor, to rise and leave the arena, while others examined the horse and—put him out of his misery do you suppose? No. They stuffed tow into the

the giving out of light appears to be but a modification of the ordinary vital function of giving out heat, or, otherwise stated, animal light replaces animal heat—but a small difference, seeing that heat and light are modes of material motion differing from each other only in their speeds of vibration.

Mr. Atwater's results suggest another practical and interesting conclusion. All good cooks when they grill fish add some butter before serving, and many of us use a little more at the table. In doing this we are simply supplying that element of food in which the fish itself is deficient. The fish is equivalent to flesh meat minus the fat. By adding fat, or by frying fish in oil, we bring it up to the standard composition demanded for the nutriment of our own bodies. Vegetable food contains fat. Oatmeal contains $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of fat; flour, from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent.; potatoes, 1-5 per cent. Nuts are especially rich in solid oil, and I find that vegetarians consume them very largely.

DELUDED.

HAPPY is he who hears, with brow elate,
Above the tumult of th' unheeding throng,
The plaudits of the Future clear and strong,
Down the long centuries reverberate,
Though unremembered be his common fate;
Content to leave a heritage of song
To after-ages who can do no wrong;
Content, though never gained, Fame's crown to wait.
Dupe of his dreams, what matter if not his,
Din in the crimson gold and purple gloom
Of some cathedral vast, that honored tomb
Whose stones the pilgrim nations kneeling kiss?
Slumbers he not less sound though overhead
On a forgotten mound the grasses spread.

GEMS AND ORNAMENTAL STONES OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Saturday Evening Lecture in the workingmen's course was delivered by Professor A. E. Foote, of Philadelphia, in the Trophy Hall of the American Exhibition, on the above subject, to the largest audience that has assembled during the season. The speaker was introduced with some very complimentary remarks by Mr. F. W. Rudler, Curator of the Museum of Practical Geology of Jermyn Street, and President of the Geologists' Association.

One reason why so little is known about American gems and ornamental stones in Europe is that there is a ready market in America for everything of the gem character that is produced there. Thus far, mining for gems has been of a very desultory character, being principally carried on in connection with mica or other mines, or by farmers and others when they have but little else to do. The emerald and hiddenite mines of North Carolina, and the tourmaline mines in Maine, are the only ones that have been worked systematically. Gems are the purest forms of minerals, and in nearly all cases are the result of crystalline action. If the conditions of crystallization are perfect, all impurities are excluded. Ruskin, in his "Ethics of the Dust," gives a charming illustration of this by supposing the power of crystallization to be exerted upon the mud of a path of a manufacturing town. The gems peculiar to America are chlorastrolite, zonochlorite, and hiddenite. Chlorastrolite, or green star stone, is a species which was discovered by Professor J. D. Whitney, of the United States Geological Survey, about forty years ago. The only

place in the world where it is found is Isle Royale, Lake Superior. This island, belonging to the State of Michigan, forty miles long and five miles wide, and about twenty miles from the mainland, is composed of amygdaloid trap, in the almond-shaped cavities of which the gem principally occurs. This green stone radiates from a centre, and shows a beautiful chatoyance similar to cat's-eye, crocodilite, and other fibrous minerals. In 1868 when instructor in chemistry in the University of Michigan, I led a party from the university that camped for several months on the island.

For the first time the chlorastrolite was found in a vein-stone associated with native copper and epidote. The best specimen ever found was secured by our party, and is now in Mr. Foote's possession. The second best one belongs to Mr. Morrison, of London, and the next best one, so far as I know, belongs to an American lady resident in London. About \$1,500 worth are sold annually. Zonochlorite is a green-banded stone, similar to chlorastrolite in composition, but discovered by me at Nespigon Bay, on the north shore of Lake Superior. The full description was published in the "Transactions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," in 1872. It is an entirely novel stone; hardness about 7, takes a very high polish, and if it could be found in sufficient quantities would undoubtedly be extensively used.

Hiddenite is a green variety of the well-known species spodumene. A yellow variety from Brazil has been cut as a gem for many years. This variety has been known for about seven years, and is fully as beautiful and valued as highly as the diamond. It occurs in connection with emeralds in North Carolina. The locality is worked by a stock company, and produces about \$2,500 worth of hiddenite and \$3,000 worth of emeralds annually. One of the finest of these emeralds is in the British Museum. The fullest series of them is in the collection of C. S. Bement, of Philadelphia. One weighs $8\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, within a quarter of an ounce of the weight of the most celebrated emerald in England. Of gold quartz, about \$140,000 worth is sold annually. Most of this comes from California, where it is not only used as a gem, but in the manufacture of various ornaments. One of these, an imitation of the Cathedral Notre Dame, is valued at \$20,000. I saw no specimens in Hungary so good, though the gold penetrating amethystine quartz is very beautiful. Though California gold is worth about \$17 an ounce, nice specimens of quartz readily bring from \$35 an ounce.

Although the flexible sandstone, the gangue of the diamond in Brazil, is found in mountain masses in North Carolina and other States, no very large diamonds have, as yet, been discovered. Many small ones are recorded from California, North Carolina, Virginia, and elsewhere. The largest was found at Manchester, near Richmond, Virginia, and weighed $23\frac{1}{2}$ carats in the rough, and 11 11-16 carats cut. It was then valued at \$4,000, and \$7,000 was loaned upon it later. Professor Whitney states that the largest found in California was $7\frac{1}{2}$ carats. Rubies and sapphires have been found in the rock in the corundum mines of North Carolina, and C. S. Bement has an uncut green one in his collection that would give 80 to 100 carats' worth of good stones, one of which would probably weigh 20 carats. This specimen is probably worth \$1,000. The largest red- and blue crystal weighs 312 pounds, and belongs to Amherst College. The best sapphires are found in the placer mines of Montana. Asteriated corundums are found in Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

I owe it all to him, and on the eve of my *début* as *Marguerite* I longed intensely for the precious old advice and help. My soul and mind called out for him!"

"Hush! hush! Do not speak about it," said Mrs. Sampson.

But Mrs. Grey went on: "Last night, as I was rehearsing, in a low voice, the jewel scene in the garden, pondering, puzzling for the right expression of features and gestures before the mirror yonder, I suddenly felt a presence was in the room, and that moment, just looking over my shoulder, I saw in the glass the face of Hugh Wilmot."

"Oh, how horrible!" we both exclaimed.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Grey, with a sob, "and then the face vanished. But when I turned round, I saw him sitting in that chair"—she pointed with extended finger to a large rocker. "Just as of old, with his legs crossed, his long, flexible hands clasped together, his brown eyes, his long, crooked nose, his dark moustache curled up at the ends, even the identical scarlet necktie and small watch-chain he always wore. Nothing vaporous, or ghostly—it was the living man!"

Her voice failed her a moment, then she resumed:

"I think I was more puzzled than frightened, yet something restrained me. I could not advance toward

him. 'Good gracious!' I exclaimed, 'how is it that you are here at this hour of the night? You will surely get me into trouble; and yet I am so glad you have come. I have been longing for your advice, your sympathy, now that I am on the eve of entering on my professional career as a dramatic singer.' Lena Grey was speaking

fast and fluently now.

"His lips moved, but I do not think any sound issued. The most wonderful part of all is that I felt suddenly inspired—the wonderful pathos and exquisite innocence of *Marguerite's* character were revealed to me. I was like one in a trance, and I went through the jewel scene with a passion and an inspiration that carried me on. Sometimes he was encouraging me, as of old. At other times, scornful, as he sometimes was. I am sure then that I heard his voice, and I no longer questioned the possibility of Hugh Wilmot being in the room. I was carried back, as it were, to my old home, where he used to come and make me go through my parts, kindling me

with the true artistic fire. After I had sung the jewel scene, I kept my eyes fixed on that chair, for it seemed to me that the form was then growing dimmer—that a kind of vaporous shroud was gathering around him. 'Hugh!' I cried, 'do speak to me! Is it really you?' The lips moved, but there came no sound. I advanced to

MRS. LANOTRY AS "MRS. HARCASSIE."—SEE PAGE 664.

The bank took alarm. There was something to be done. Next morning notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

A LOVER'S TEST.

BY MARY H. EWER.

THE play was over, and the lights were out:
The people, crowding toward the open door,
Brought down their dreamy thoughts to common life,
And heeded once again the city's roar.

The actors shouted gayly loud adieux;
Some weary, hopeless and deploring fate,
Looked back with jealous blindness at the star,
And wondered why the world should call her great.

The artiste's dainty foot had touched the ground,
Her queenly form in ermine robe arrayed,
The power which wealth and genius give to man
In every gesture, every glance displayed.

In loud, imperious tone she spoke and stood
With arm extended, stately, free and fair,
And bidd a lounging lackey: "Call my coach,
And haste, for piercing is this bitter air!"

Who did not see the lad in tattered garb,
With face uplifted, crouching at her feet;
And started at the urgent, tender plea:
"Oh, noble lady, hear me, I entreat!"

"I long have loved thee, long have toiled with hope,
And saved my little earnings but to stand
One hour among the thousands who from earth
Pass nightly, at thy beck, to fairyland."

Her woman's heart was softened and her voice.
She spoke with pity: "Thou art young to keep
So late a watch. Here's gold for thee, my lad.
Now, home to warmth, to comfort and to sleep."

He rose in anger, spurned the coin and cried,
In voice aggrieved: "It is not gold I mean!"
Then kneeling, kissed her robe and murmured low:
"'Tis something I would do for thee, my queen!"

"Ay, many lovers offer gifts," quoth she,
"Where ease and vanity demand no price.
I've yet to find the man like ancient knight,
Whose love and will can bend to sacrifice."

Bowed down and sad, he heard the coach-door close
That shut his idol from his tear-dimmed sight.
A moment more the strong, impatient steeds
Had dashed, unguided, out into the night.

With frightful speed the madden'd creatures ran,
The echoing terror woke the empty street.
A fearless, pale-faced boy in tattered garb,
Pursued, alone, with sure and flying feet.

Who throws himself before the clanging hoofs?—
Who clasps the arching necks in mad caress?—
Who grasps the rein, and checks the fatal speed?
The brave young lover in his shabby dress.

With a robbing heart a grateful woman wept,
While at her feet a noble boy lay dead,
Upon his lips a calm, triumphant smile
That told the soul in joy and peace had fled.

EDIBLE BIRD'S-NESTS.

THE peculiarity of the swift's architectural views is simply this: he does not merely weave and interweave the materials of his home, like other birds, but glues them together by a special secretion, a sort of sticky jelly which he fabricates on purpose, and of which he

alone among birds possesses the secret. His nest is usually placed under the roof of a house or the battlements of a church-tower, and is rudely constructed of bits of grass, fibrous roots, moss and lichen, wool, hair, fur and feathers, or the cottony down of seeds and plants, all securely felted and agglutinated together by a very sticky, gelatinous mixture. Here we catch evolution actually in the act; the thin shreds or fibres which thus connect the straws and feathers of the swift's nest are the raw material of the edible bird's-nest, which consists entirely of that particular element (in the purest specimens) unmixed with any unpleasant foreign body. Not but that the edible bird's-nest itself is about as unpleasant a thing to eat as any yet devised by the Celestial imagination; for both in the swift and in the Chinese swiftlet the jelly-like matter is really, to quote the delicate language of science, "inspissated mucus from the salivary glands." The general reader will forgive my saying that this is one of the numerous passages in classical or scientific authors best left untranslated in the original tongue.

The English swift seldom builds a nest for himself at all; he usually takes possession by forcible means of the lares and penates of some unhappy sparrow, whom he forcibly ejects without form of law; and it is only when driven to the last extremity for want of anybody to dispossess that he can be induced to construct a dwelling for himself. He is by choice a robber, and only by compulsion a peaceable householder. Now this indisposition to collect materials for a nest on his own account is clearly at the bottom of the curious habit of making edible bird's-nests from hardened saliva; and as it flows naturally from the other habits and manners of the swift family, it gives us at once the true key to the entire situation. For the swifts, being by nature aerial birds, with a great indisposition to settle on the ground, where they are about as much out of their element as a seal is on dry land, do not readily collect the sticks and straws and grasses and bits of refuse of which most birds habitually construct their tiny homes.

When forced to build a nest for themselves, they use, for the most part, light fragments of grass, thistledown and feathers, all of which can be gathered on the wing, while borne by the breezes through the upper air. These materials they cement together with their copious mucus, for which purpose their salivary glands are peculiarly large and fully developed. As the spider spins its web out of its own body, so the swift finds it cheaper in the end to build a nest out of its own secretions than to collect material in unsuitable places.

An American swift carries the same principle a step further, and constructs its nest of small twigs, glued together by a brownish mucilage, almost as copious as that of the edible species, but not quite so clear or pure or jelly-like. This bird's-nest swells and softens in warm water exactly like the genuine article, but it has not so far been employed for cookery by the Chinese of Chicago and San Francisco. In time, no doubt, it will be duly exploited by some intelligent American. Francatelli, and bird's-nest soup will delight the palates of diners at Delmonico's as it already delights the almond-eyed gourmets of Pekin and Yokohama.

The true edible bird's-nest swiftlet is a native of Ceylon and of the Malay region, and it builds in caves where materials for architecture are necessarily scanty, or on sea-cliffs of inaccessible height. More than most other swifts, this tropical species is a confirmed highflyer, hawking for its food around the summits of the mountains, and much indisposed to settle on the ground upon

substitution of a popular Irish comedian for the original exponent of the part of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* which saved it from oblivion. It was, however, "The School for Scandal" which made the young author's name so deservedly famous. So keen a critic as Walpole, writing of the first performance, said: "To my great astonishment, there were more parts performed admirably in 'The School for Scandal' than I almost ever saw in any play. Mrs. Abington was equal to the first of her profession, Yates, Parsons, Miss Pope and Palmer all shone. It seemed a marvelous resurrection of the stage. Indeed, the play had as much merit as the actors. I have seen no comedy that comes near it since 'The Provoked Husband.'" This, from Walpole, must be accounted as enthusiastic praise. The principal members of the first cast were as follows: *Sir Peter Teazle*, King; *Sir Oliver*, Yates; *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, Dodd; *Charles Surface*, Smith; *Joseph Surface*, Palmer; *Crabtree*, Parsons; *Lady Teazle*, Mrs. Abington; *Mrs. Candour*, Miss Pope. It was produced at Drury Lane on May 8th, 1777, Garrick furnishing the prologue, and Colman the epilogue. Highly polished as the dialogue seems, and, in fact, really is, the play was hurriedly written, or, at any rate, was delivered to the actors piecemeal, the last act being given into their hands only five days before the production of the piece. On the last leaf of all, this pious doxology was scrawled:

"Finished at last, thank God!

R. B. S."

To which

"Amen!

W. HAWKINS,"

was added by the relieved prompter.

Thomas Holcroft, the author of "The Road to Ruin," had a curious career. A man apparently of no genius, but of considerable talent, he raised himself from direst poverty to a position of some importance in the world of letters. Born December 10th, 1745, he passed his early years strolling through the country with his parents, and picking up the smatterings of an education. Later, he became an indifferent actor, being at one time attached to the strolling company of the Kembles, of which, at that time, the future Mrs. Siddons was a juvenile member, and later still, he was a clever and popular playwright. Besides writing plays, he contributed to the magazines of the day, translated "Lavater's Essays," and wrote several long and tedious novels. "The Road to Ruin," originally called "The City Prodigals," was produced at Covent Garden, February 18th, 1791. It was on this occasion that Munden, by his exquisite performance of *Old Dornton*, won the position on the London stage. He had been originally cast for *Silky*, which part his rival, Quick, eventually played. Munden was at first disgusted with the change, but eventually made the part one of the chief triumphs of his successful career, and this though it must be remembered that he was the original *Zekiel Homespun* in "The Heir-at-Law," the original *Ephraim Smoother* in "Wild Oats," and the original *Sir Abel Handy* in "Speed the Plough." One cannot mention Munden's name without associating with it that of the gentle "Elia."

It is to Charles Lamb that we are indebted for the many sympathetic touches which have placed Munden in so prominent a niche in the galleries of theatrical portraiture. On May 31st, 1824, he took his farewell of the stage, playing *Old Dozey* in "Past Ten O'clock and a Rainy Night," and *Sir Robert Bramble* in "The Poor Gentleman." In the crowded house were Charles and Mary Lamb, in a corner of the orchestra close to the stage. Talfourd, who sat in an upper box, says he

caught a glimpse of Lamb's head buried in a glistening and enormous porter-pot, while at the little door through which the musicians entered and left the orchestra he saw Munden's broad, smiling face waiting to receive the quart measure as soon as his friend had finished its contents. Lamb, writing of the occasion, says: "The farce of the night was finished. The farce of the long forty years' play was over! He stepped forward, not as *Dozey*, but as Munden, and we heard him address us from the stage for the last time. He trusted unwisely, we think, to a written paper. He stammered, and he pressed his heart, and put on his spectacles, and blundered his written gratitudes, and wiped his eyes, and bowed and stood, and at last staggered away for ever."

This refers to the farewell address written by Talfourd which Munden had committed to memory. He faltered in it very soon, and deliberately pulling out his spectacles and the manuscript, he began to read it aloud.

Colman's dramatization of Godwin's "Caleb Williams," known as "The Iron Chest," has been seen more than once of late years, though at its first production at Drury Lane, in 1796, it proved a failure. The part of *Sir Edward Mortimer* was written for John Philip Kemble, who was accused by Colman of having been the chief cause of the failure of the piece. The aggrieved author, in fact, vented his rage in a bitterly abusive pamphlet, which was subsequently suppressed. He accused the actor of taking opium before the performance to cure an imaginary illness, of refusing to apologize to the audience on the plea that it would make him look ridiculous, and of generally mismanaging the piece and insufficiently rehearsing it. He continues: "I owe to Mr. Kemble—

"For his illness.....	Compassion.
For his conduct under it.....	Censure.
For his refusing to make an apology.....	A Smile.
For his making an apology.....	A Sneeze.
For his mismanagement.....	A Groan.
For his acting.....	A Hiss.

This account is somewhat like the tavern bill picked from Falstaff's pocket when he is snoring behind the arras. There is but one-halfpenny-worth of compassion to this intolerable deal of blame."

The play was afterward given by Colman himself at the Haymarket, with Elliston in the chief part, and has since been acted by the elder Booth, Young, Macready, Edwin Booth and Henry Irving.

Let us now pass over the years until the second quarter of our own century is reached. It was in the month of April, 1820, that Macready, who was then with Charles Kemble upholding the fortunes of Covent Garden against the opposition of Kean at Drury Lane, received from his friend, John Tait, of Glasgow, the manuscript of a play which had been produced with some success in the Scotch city. In his "Diary" Macready relates his unwillingness to waste his time, but goes on: "After some hesitation I thought it best to get the business over, and I sat down determinedly to my work. The freshness and simplicity of the dialogue fixed my attention. I read on and on, and was soon absorbed in the interest of the story and the passion of its scenes, till at its close I found myself in such a state of excitement that for a long time I was undecided what step to take. Impulse was in the ascendant, and snatching up my pen, I hurriedly wrote, as my agitated feelings prompted, a letter to the author, to me then a perfect stranger."

That author was James Sheridan Knowles, and the play that so strongly moved Macready was "Virginus." The letter, however, was not sent, for Macready mistrusted his enthusiasm, and carefully reread the play before

ously frank "Diary" of his, that he acted "very nervously; lost my self-possession, and was obliged to use too much effort. It did not satisfy me at all; there were no artist-like touches through the play."

Before this, however, "The Lady of Lyons," originally called "The Adventurer," had been produced with Miss Faucit as *Pauline*, and Macready as *Claude Melnotte*, on February 15th, 1838. "Money," by the same author, which is still occasionally acted, and in which, it will be remembered, Charles Coghlan began his unfortunate New York engagement two years ago, was first produced by Macready, who played *Evelyn*, at the Haymarket, December 8th, 1840. The piece had a long run, and with it Macready finished his engagement at the Haymarket, March 13th, 1841.

The first performance of "The Gladiator," by Dr. Bird, was given at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, October 24th, 1831, with Forrest as *Spartacus*, and J. E. Murdoch as *Florus*. The piece was well received and formed part of Forrest's regular repertory, descending from him to the late lamented John McCullough. It is still being played successfully throughout the country.

At Covent Garden Theatre, on March 4th, 1841, was produced a comedy written by a youngster of nineteen, who, up to that time, was unknown. The piece was presented as the work of Mr. Lee Morton, but the author has since become known to all the English-speaking world as Dion Boucicault. "London Assurance" was the title of this youngster's play, and it still holds a firm position on the stage. Into the vexed question of whether Dion Boucicault really wrote the play himself, or whether it were not the work of Brougham—as that genial actor is said to have claimed in his later days—it is unnecessary to enter. It was first presented with the following cast: *Dazle*, Charles Matthews; *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, Mr. Farren; *Charles Courtly*, Mr. Anderson; *Lady Gay Spanker*, Mrs. Nisbett, and *Grace Harkaway*, Madame Vestris. Nearly four years later, Boucicault's second success was chronicled in "Old Heads and Young Hearts," which was produced at the Haymarket, November 18th, 1844. The third marked success of this prolific author's career was "Colleen Bawn," a dramatic version of Griffin's story, "The Collegians." This was put forward at the Adelphi, September 18th, 1860. Miss Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Boucicault) as *Eily O'Connor*, and Mr. Boucicault himself as *Myles na Coppaleen*.

In "Masks and Faces," Messrs. Charles Reade and Tom Taylor wrote a comedy which is likely to live as long as any play of our generation, and which is to-day as deservedly popular as during the first decade of its existence. It was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, November 20th, 1852, the part of *Peg Woffington* being assumed

E. J. BYRON, AUTHOR OF "OUR BOYS."

committing himself. He then wrote expressing his high opinion of the work, and received in reply a rather hysterical epistle from Knowles. Thanks to Macready, the play was eventually accepted by Harris on the terms of £400 for twenty nights, and on May 17th, 1820, the play was first acted, with Macready in the title part, Charles Kemble as *Idilius*, Terry as *Dentatus*, Abbot as *Appius Claudius*, and Miss Foote, who afterward became the Countess of Harrington, as *Virginia*.

To quote Macready again relative to this first performance: "Its early scenes were not unattended with danger, Charles Kemble being so hoarse that not one word, spoken in the lowest whisper, could be heard; but the action of the scene told its story with sufficient distinctness to keep alive its interest. This grew as the play advanced, and in the third act, in *Idilius's* great scene, Kemble's voice came out in all its natural strength, and brought down thunders of applause. With the progress of the play the rapt attention of the audience gradually kindled into enthusiasm. Long-continued cheers followed the close of each succeeding act; half-stifled screams and involuntary ejaculations burst forth when the fatal blow was struck to the daughter's heart, and the curtain fell amidst the most deafening applause of a highly excited auditory. The play was an unquestionable triumph, which Knowles had sat in the pit to witness and enjoy."

"*Virginius*" ran throughout the season, and became perhaps the most admired and popular of Macready's impersonations. It was for this great actor that Bulwer Lytton wrote those plays which have lasted with scarcely undiminished popularity to our own day. In October, 1838, Macready, then in the flood-tide of artistic prosperity, received a letter from Lytton informing him that the writer had sketched out a historical play on the subject of "Richelieu." Nearly six months afterward the play was produced at Covent Garden, with the following cast: *Louis XIII.*, Mr. Elton; *Gaston*, Mr. Diddar; *Richelieu*, Mr. Macready; *Baradas*, Mr. Warde; *Mauprat*, Mr. Anderson; *Father Joseph*, Mr. Phelps; *François*, Mr. Howe; *Julie de Mortemar*, Miss Helen Faucit; *Marion de Lorme*, Miss Charles. The success of the play was unquestioned, though the chief actors, notes, in that marvel-

AGNES ROBERTSON IN THE
"COLLEEN BAWN."

who was a capital soldier, was deeply in debt, and would, consequently, have to retire from the service. "Well," he said, "I'll pay his debts for him this time," and ordered a check for two thousand marks to be sent to the officer. What, however, was his astonishment when he heard that ten times the sum would hardly cover the debts! "I see him still with my mind's eye, how he stood in the Cathedral at the bier of his favorite brother Albrecht, and how suddenly, with an expression of touching grief, he embraced the coffin, as if for a long farewell, while the tears came into the eyes of the old generals who were present. And now he himself has just been lying in the same place, sleeping the long sleep of death." "In conclusion I must recall an incident which shows the kindness and the humane mind of the present Emperor. Prince Christian, in our regiment generally called '*der Holsteiner*,' was often a guest at my brother's house, and was sometimes *feted* by the then Crown Prince, who came after dinner to take him away in a carriage. On one occasion he was told that my brother had lost a child from diphtheria. Shortly after he saw him at a Court ball. 'But why have you come?' asked the Crown Prince. 'At His Majesty's command, your Imperial Highness.' 'But in your case you might have been excused,' he said, and sadly recalled to his mind that he, too, had lost a child through the treacherous disease."

AN INSTANCE OF LUCK.

A CASE is occasionally recorded of which it is impossible to speak except as one of luck or fortune, because our language does not afford any other words which can possibly be applied to it. Such a case, for example—the most remarkable we have met with—is mentioned in the second volume of the first series of the "Greville Memoirs." In the year 1830 a quack doctor, who went by the name of St. John Long, was to be tried for the manslaughter of one of his patients, at the Old Bailey. As usually happens, he had been patronized by many people in society, and Lady Glengall and Lady Burghersh were particularly anxious to attend his trial. Lord Castlereagh promised to escort them, but when they called for him on their way to the Old Bailey they discovered that he was still in bed; so, as there was no time to be lost, they went to Sir John Leach, the Master of the Rolls, and got him to take them to the court. When they arrived there, the case of St. John Long was unexpectedly postponed until the next day; but instead of going away, they decided, after consideration, to remain and see the fun. "It chanced," says Greville, "that a man was tried for an atrocious case of forgery and breach of trust. He was found guilty, and sentence was passed on him; but he was twenty-three and good-looking," and Lady Burghersh determined to procure his reprieve. The Master of the Rolls assured her that that was out of the question; it was a very bad case, and the man must certainly be hanged; and although Greville states that Lady Burghersh "went to all the Ministers and the Judges to beg him off," the prisoner was left in Newgate to his fate. But, in the meantime, the Duke of Wellington's administration resigned on the question of Reform, and Lord Grey's administration came into office. Lady Burghersh, Greville says, immediately "attacked the new Ministers, who, being in better humor or of softer natures, suffered themselves to be persuaded, and the wretch was saved." But for the change of Ministry—for in those days the prerogative of mercy was exercised by the Sovereign in Council—and the fact that Lord Brougham succeeded

Lord Lyndhurst as Chancellor, he would certainly have been hanged. Greville does not give the culprit's name, but we have had the curiosity to search the Old Bailey Sessions Papers, and we have identified him as James Monds, aged twenty-three, an extra clerk in the accountant's office of the East India Company, who was convicted of forging a warrant for £614 before Mr. Baron Garrow on Friday, October 29th, 1830. Even the philosophers and *savans*, we should think, must agree with us that in some sense, at any rate, James Monds was a fortunate, or even a "lucky," man.

PRIMITIVE FARMING IN SCOTLAND.

SO LATE as the middle of last century the farming of Scotland was in a very primitive state. The stable-doors were made of wattles, the barn-doors had seldom any locks. The hill-pastures were, to a great extent, used by all tenants alike. From Autumn to May all the cattle of the country were allowed, in the daytime, "to go loose as upon the common." Until an "Act for Winter herding" was made, no one could be forced to keep his cattle off other men's grounds. The tenants lived sparingly. Oatmeal porridge was a luxury, barley meal being generally used. In times of scarcity recourse was had to a mixture of oatmeal and mill-dust. We hear of a kind of soup, however, made of kail and oats stripped of the husks, as "a standing dish in every family," and wheaten bread, when once introduced, was soon generally eaten as well as oat-cake. Meat continued a rare luxury, but the kail was followed up by some kind of "kitchen," such as butter, cheese, eggs, herrings or raw onions imported from Flanders. Clothes were spun and dyed at home. "In the last age, the most substantial farmers seldom had anything better than a coat of gray or black *kelt*, spun by their wives. Twice or thrice in a lifetime, perhaps, they had occasion to buy a greatcoat of English cloth, as what was homespun would not keep out rain." Boots and saddles were only for the rich. Farmers and their wives placed pieces of sod on the horse's back, using them as saddles. Though they lived sparsely and worked hard, the farmers laid by a good deal of money. This they let out at interest to the gentry. "They and the burghers were of old the moneyed men, who supplied the demands of the nobility and gentry that were engaged in any expensive pursuit."

DENSITY OF POPULATION IN INDIA.—The extraordinary density of population in many parts of India, with its tendency to go on increasing, constitutes, more than the agitation of the educated classes for place and emolument, the most difficult problem concerning the future of India. From the statistics of 235 villages in the Muzafarpur district which have just been accurately compiled in connection with survey and settlement operations, it appears that 78 per cent. of the whole area is cultivated and 22 uncultivated; but of the latter 3 per cent. is rent-paying land under thatching grass, 5.3 per cent. is under orchards, and 7 per cent. is unfit for cultivation, so that only 6.4 per cent. of the entire area is left for pasture land. When it is remembered that the agricultural population of this tract, which does not include the town of Muzafarpur, is 824 souls to the square mile, and that this population increased 15 per cent. within the last decade, it will be seen how little room there is for extension of cultivation, and how great is the pressure on the resources of the soil.

with fresh hay, he "turned in" for the night, and made himself comfortable upon a loft over a roomy stable, where a number of cows were ruminating.

* * * * *

"Rebecca, thee is late with thy milking; the breakfast is ready."

"Don't thee keep it longer, mother, dear. Thee and father sit down without me."

Such a sweet little milkmaid she was! none ever praised in song or story could be fresher, brighter, lovelier. A mass of wavy brown hair was coiled at the back of her shapely head, in the demure fashion of her society; but the hazel eyes, the piquant nose, and the beautiful mouth told of a nature prone to merriment, yet full of tenderness as well.

She was dressed in the Friendly garb of gray, with kerchief and apron of snowy whiteness, and like an embodiment of the morning's early purity, she passed over the dewy path to the great barn where she superintended and assisted in the milking.

Primrose Farm was a model one; its rich acres and broad pastures were brought to the highest perfection, and its herd of Holstein-Friesians the finest in the county. "Primrose butter" brought fabulous prices, and it needed but one look at the perfect dairy to explain why. Exquisite neatness prevailed in every nook and cranny of this prosperous homestead; it gave one a sense of increased personal dignity even to visit the place; and truly Farmer Isaac and his wife exemplified that "cleanliness is akin to godliness."

Mr. and Mrs. Loder were stanch Friends, and, unlike their neighbors, had brought up their child in strict observance of their faith; but she was now the only maiden in the community who wore the "plain dress."

Rebecca was so late that the other milkers had finished and gone ere she began her task, and left alone, she broke, unconsciously, into song—a worldliness her father would have reproved.

Suddenly, there was a noise overhead, as of some one moving in the loft, and surprised, the girl looked up. In an instant she sprang to her feet in terror as the mass of hay slipped and fell, and with it the worst-looking man she had ever beheld.

He struck the floor, and lay motionless a few paces from her. Her heart beat frightfully, for at first she thought him only shamming, and all the horrible stories she had ever heard flashed through her brain; but she soon saw that he was really stunned, and flying to the door, she called for help. Two or three farm laborers were soon about her.

"Turn him over and raise him, Dennis; see if he is dead."

"He's a bad un; tell that by the lukes uv 'is white hand 'at never done honest work."

Still, he lifted the sufferer kindly enough, and pushed back the matted hair from the temples; the face, ghastly under its disfigurements, seemed the face of the dead.

Father Isaac had heard the outcry, and joined the group about the prostrate tramp.

"Well, if he entered this place to do evil, the Lord hath punished him. Take hold, lads, and bear him into the house."

Rebecca was there before them, and had prepared her mother, who bade her, "Open the windows in the east room, child, while I get wine and bandages."

So they bore him in, and laid him on the snowy bed, and the good souls, being of that rare class who live their religion, cared for him as if he had been their own.

"Does thee want anything more, doctor?"

These were the words Tom Allard heard as he came back to consciousness and pain.

"You have had a fall, friend, and broken your arm. I am going to set it."

"All right."

Nothing more was said on either side, but ere the work was done, the injured man had relapsed into his stupor.

"The internal injuries are worse than the arm. He is like to die."

But he did not, though for days he lay unconscious of what went on about him.

At the very first chance, Mother Hannah insisted upon having her charge made "clean and comfortable"; and great was her amaze, on gently sponging his face, to see the change that operation wrought.

Dennis, holding the bowl of water, became so convulsed with laughter that he spilled its contents, and was sharply reprimanded.

"Can't help it, missus. 'Pears loike ye was washin' 'im from way back."

It did. The old lady warmed to her task, for in all her life she had never had one which promised to pay such a good return on the expenditure. Again and again the bowl was emptied and the towels changed, ere she rested satisfied that all the grime and stain and false beard had been removed from her victim's flesh.

Satisfied at length that he was clean, and equally satisfied that he was burglar and murderer as well, Mrs. Loder took up, with fear and trembling, the duties of head nurse.

"Thee must cure him first," said her husband, "then thee may try to save him."

* * * * *

"Is thee awake?"

The patient's dark eyes roamed about the cheerful room, and finally rested on the dainty figure, in a sober silken gown, approaching him.

"Where am I?"

"In Isaac Loder's house at Woodbury. Thee has been very ill."

"How came I here?"

He tried to rise, but the arm in splints claimed his attention, and brought his memory back.

"Was it in his barn I slept?"

"It was, but I must not let thee talk any more."

She moved away from him, and sat down quietly by the open window, turning her head in profile.

The sick man lay and watched her with that half-awakened sense which follows a long unconsciousness. The red light of the sinking sun fell over and illumined her, till she seemed a something too pure and spiritual for material life—a vision still remaining from his fevered dreams.

A man entered the apartment and seated himself in the great rocker near the bed. Allard knew, instinctively, that it was his humane host. He spoke, and the other came instantly to him, an honest gratification in his kindly face.

"I am heartily glad to hear thy voice sound so strong. Thee has had a long illness."

"What was the matter with my head?—a broken arm should not affect that."

"Thee struck a beam in thy fall, and has had brain trouble. Thee will be all right now, with prudence."

"And all this time I have been a burden on your household?"

"It is never a burden to care for the suffering."

Then, in spite of all contrary advice, Tom insisted upon

telling his story, to which the Quaker listened with grave courtesy, yet painfully evident unbelief.

The next day Allard pleaded so earnestly that his kind nurse allowed him to be dressed and lie upon the lounge.

There, Rebecca served him with his dinner, and he rejoiced to see that the face which seemed so coldly spiritual in the waning sunset was alive with healthful human color in the clearer light of noon.

"Can I still further tax your exceeding kindness, dear Miss Loder? Will you write a letter for me?"

He pointed significantly to his right arm.

"Certainly, with pleasure."

So, at his dictation, the girl wrote the "chief," who had all this time been in utter ignorance as to the whereabouts of his subordinate, and added a word or two for John Snyder.

Tom's thanks were more effusive than the occasion seemed to require.

The letter was posted, and a reply came quickly in the person of the anxious "chum."

"Well, old fellow, this is realistic!"

The eyes of both men were eloquent, and hands were warmly clasped, yet they said no more in words.

There followed a speedy convalescence, and in the heart of this man of the world a love sprang up almost as sudden for the innocent Quaker lass who had befriended him; and, ere he knew it, the passion filled his whole being, to the exclusion of every other thought.

On the eve of his departure from the home of his benefactors, he sought Farmer Isaac in his private room, and when he tried in vain to express his gratitude as he would have done, he added:

"But one thing yet remains: To all your generosity, I beg you to add one favor more! Give me the privilege to woo, and, if I may, to win, your daughter!"

Astounded by this request, old Isaac put on his glasses the better to survey this modest young man. Here was audacity! Here was nineteenth-century progress! Then he rose up in his wrath.

"Young ingrate! Is this thy way of returning evil for good. In a single breath thee thanks me, and tries to rob me!"

"To love is not to rob."

"And where are thy credentials? Dressed in filthy rags thee prowls into my building—with what intent I know not—and there the hand of the Lord prevents thee from thy sin. Does thee think I hold my little lass so light of worth as to toss her to the like of thee!"

"No, no. Indeed, sir, I can see you cannot help your judgment of me. Appearances are all against me. But is not the word of my friends something to prove I am not the tramp I personated?"

"Humph! I care naught for thee or thy friends! A parcel of penny-a-liners, fabricating falsehoods and selling them to buy the bread they eat! Nay, nay! Thee is welcome to the care thee has had. It was not given for thee, but for the Master, and in His name I forbid thee further speech on this matter to me or mine."

Then he strode out of the room, and Tom followed, sore at his defeat, and came into the moonlight to find Rebecca pacing placidly up and down the long veranda.

"What has so disturbed thee?" she queried, in her sympathetic way.

Then out burst a torrent of passion that startled and thrilled the listener's soul.

To the romantic girl, their guest had long since ceased to be "the tramp," and had become the personification of all that was cultured and beautiful in manhood.

And now, when all this tide of love and indignation

was poured out to her, she found an answering something in herself. It was "the old, old story," too sweet to know or yield to any law save of its own being; and when demure little Rebecca laid down her head that night, it was of a lover's kiss she dreamed, and not her father's wrath.

John Snyder had come out to Primrose Farm for the night, and to bear his "chum" company back to town and waiting friends. To him, in the privacy of their upper room, Tom divulged his happy secret. So jubilant was he in his darling's love, that her father's opposition counted as naught.

"He'll come round—he'll have to. And if he don't, very soon my little girl will be of age."

"Bah! runaways—old joke—won't sell. But you would never steal a woman for a wife?"

"Confound it! I'm going to marry Rebecca Loder the very first day she'll have me. I'll try fair means first, but——"

"Oh, shut up, and go to bed. If I ever fall in love, I won't give my friends more than a column of rhapsodies at a time."

For about five minutes Tom gazed at the indifferent one in pity, then did as advised; and—alas! for sentiment!—in another five was snoring.

Toward morning, Snyder roused him.

"Get up quick. Don't make a noise."

"What's the row? Punching a fellow——"

"Hush! There's something wrong in the house."

"Its name is Snyder."

"Idiot! Burglars, I fear!"

There came a sound from the outer hall of some one moving stealthily across the floor.

"It may be some of the family."

"No—hark!"

Tom waited for no more, but got into his clothes in a jiffy, and through the door.

There was a hurried scuffle, a noise as of an earthquake falling down-stairs, a pistol-shot and silence. Farmer Isaac opened his bedroom-door upon a mixed lot of burglars, guests and plate, into which he threw himself with ardor, pummeling right and left, and lustily shouting for help. The whole household was soon on the spot, the men servants almost instantly, who obeyed with a will their master's orders to "tie up the whole gang."

Terrified Mrs. Loder, clad in an unaccustomed "Mother Hubbard" gown of white, rushed to the front.

"Father, father, stop! Thee is holding thy guests; these two be the ruffians."

Tom gave her a grateful smile, and Snyder hastened to explain.

"We heard these men in the hall and rushed out for them. In the struggle we all fell down the stairs."

"Hold thy ungodly tongue, and add no more lies! Jerry, bind his hands and feet as well as the others, and thee, Dennis, ride hard for the constable."

It was Rebecca who sped out after Dennis as he rushed to obey orders, and cried to him:

"Bring the doctor as well! They have broken my darling's arm again!"

"Whew! be that the way the land lies!" wondered Dennis, then rode like death.

Only one pair of eyes had noted poor Allard, still so weak from a long illness, sink down where the men had bound him, too faint to care for aught but the horrible agony in his injured limb.

John Snyder had taken in the situation, and treated it as a huge joke, submitting with perfect equanimity to being tied like a sack.

interior of the house at a temperature of 70°. The breakfast, as did the later meals, demonstrated the presence of a competent *chef*, and the service was satisfactory to a most fastidious New Yorker. The larder of the host was provided with the very choicest cigars, etc. After breakfast I got a glimpse of the "City" of Black River. There were a few mansions, evidently such as described, and quite a collection of business houses, irregularly scattered through the forest without any reference to streets. Only one straight street was visible—that on which the fine residences were located and lying along the Lake Shore. The spectacle presented by Lake Huron in the glare of the sun was imposing. As far as the eye could penetrate were huge hills of ice that towered like medium-sized icebergs. The sunrise I had beheld at the time of the termination of the ball was gorgeous beyond description. Enormous cloud-banks overhanging the lake blazed like fierce volcanoes, and overhead the sky was clear, but to the west was another mass of dark cloud bank reflecting all the colors of the prism from its rival next to the sun. The day grew reasonably warm, so that ordinary Winter clothing was sufficient, and I was permitted to enjoy a beautiful first day in the forest, and a furious blizzard on the next.

After breakfast we got aboard a log-railway engine, and started for the main field of operations. There were thirty-five miles of steel tracks in the forest, and the log hauling was done by means of four big engines and 125 flat cars. We were soon transferred to the field of operations, about fifteen miles back from Black River. I shall never forget the extraordinary scene of Arctic bird-life which riveted my attention as we passed through the depths of the forest. On the loftiest trees overlooking the lake, eagle after eagle was visible, sitting motionless on the topmost dead branch, and gazing far out to sea like some stoic guardian of the forest. Winged here and there, were immense snowy owls, their white plumage specked with black, forming a weird harmony with the great depths of snow and the black bodies of the trees. Big flocks of birds wheeled through the open, and swept out over the brush-like tree-tops. Occasionally one saw a flock of red-polls, little gray birds with crimson breasts; then a flock of grosbeaks about the size of the robin, the young with olive backs and crimson breasts, the old entirely crimson; then flocks of crossbills, of the same size, scarlet in color, with bills which cross each other. Then there were those noisy crowds of birds which always train together—the nuthatch, the chickadee, the downy and hairy woodpeckers, the kinglets, the brown snowbirds, and the little brown creepers. The blue-jay uttered anon his shrill cry, the ruffed grouse drummed his importance on the distant log, the dark-yellow pine-finches chattered in the tree-tops, the chickadee spoke his musical note almost in one's ear, and the nuthatch awoke the echoes of the forest with his strange rattling note. Boast of your grand operas, O metropolitan cities! but on the shores of Huron, in the heart of Nature's wilds, I'll show thee Nature's own music-drama as beautiful, as spectacular, as grandly inspiring as the greatest Wagnerian effort ever heard at Bayreuth.

The team roads through the forest are sprinkled with water at four o'clock every morning, and, having a bed of solid ice, are always in a magnificent condition, easily kept clear of snow and *débris*.

In strolling along one of these roads, I was impressed with the fact that a pine forest, in a sense, is not a pine forest. The fact is that only about one-twelfth of these dense forests is composed of the pines. The vast

majority of the trees are beeches, birches, hemlocks, cedars, maples, cottonwoods, tamaracks, spruces, etc. Hence the so-called denuding of our forests, and consequent climatic effect, is in this section of the world, to say the least, a popular chimera. But here, in the heart of the forest, one learns the true lesson of love, and sees in typical metaphor Nature's idea of matrimony. Side by side of each big, tall, black, surly pine stands a beautiful slender flesh-colored Norway pine, equally as tall, but more graceful, both locked in a foliaged embrace. It seems a relief to know that the exertions of commerce are such that both must fall together and neither one be left to mourn, as it were, the loss of companionship or protection.

I asked the privilege of observing the history of a tree as made in one day. My host conducted me away from the roadway to an initial point. A tree having been selected, it was first notched to keep it from splitting. Then two men attacked it with a crosscut saw, and in two and one-half minutes it tottered and fell with a roar, breaking down every limb and tree in its path, and hurling a small hurricane of snow, twigs and splinters in a wide circle around. Two men will fell 100 trees in one day, or about 70,000 feet. There are 16 sawyers engaged, who fell an average of 400,000 feet daily. When my tree was prostrate, a gang of swamper cut a road to it, and some peelers stripped it. It was then skidded to a small log rollway, and left in company with other logs. But I watched it until it was loaded, by aid of oxen, on to a drag, and hauled to the log railway. Here I lost track of it, but know that at night it reached the great rollway on Lake Huron, and if it had been Summer would have started on its voyage to Tonawanda, on Niagara River.

We next visited a large gang of men who were engaged in constructing new lines of log railways. In most pine tracts rails are made of wood, but in the Alger tract all rails are steel. It is instructive to observe at this point that many of the present railways beginning on a line crossing the State from Detroit to Grand Haven were formerly log railways, pushed through the forest to facilitate logging, and afterward added to growing systems of roads.

By one o'clock, the pangs of hunger naturally directed our steps to a logging camp, where we were made comfortable at the camp "restaurant." The camp comprised a collection of log and rough board houses. Inside these were stoves, and bunks in double tiers. On each bunk were coarse mattresses and huge piles of heavy blankets. I was invited to spend the night in one of these bunks, but, remembering the luxurious bed at mine host's, and seeing cockroaches of enormous size, woodticks and other insects with hungry eyes and capacious abdomens, I declined the invitation with many apparent regrets. Two long tables extended throughout the restaurant, loaded with baked beans, rashers of bacon, called "sowbelly" in camp, pans filled with boiled corned beef, termed "salt-junk" in woodland vernacular, pitchers of molasses, better known as "black strap," large dishes containing big cakes of butter, with a suspicious resemblance to oleomargarine, piles of bread, cut in slices each a foot long, and other coarse edibles. Well, I was hungry and tired, and, in spite of the presence of a traveling dentist who was operating in a capacious mouth from which screams issued, made a hearty repast and buried its remembrance with a choice imported cigar, not, however, until I had been offered a camp clay pipe, browned by many battles, and some tobacco which resembled caked caviar chopped into coarse hash. After some lasty compliments to several burly cooks, we emerged just in time to see a

hours pass agreeably, indoors or out.

After we had been staying at the place a few days, we took a notion one morning to explore the house, of which we had as yet seen but a part, and found some entertainment in winding through tortuous passages and coming unexpectedly upon some little room which had a pleasant outlook, or some larger apartment with more angles than a mathematician ever described. We saw it all, but were stopped by one large door, which was locked. When our kind friend joined us, after her round of matutinal her of the exploration curiosity having been excited me former proprietor had remains of his spouses in

"there have been gray-our family, but never a locked is the entrance to use, and you would have a mantelpiece in my bed-ic when you like, but you

until the whole was as quaint and picturesque a combination of gables, chimneys, jutting wings and nooks and corners as poet or painter could desire. Within, it was a nest of comfort, filled with devices for luxurious repose, or for making the time pass pleasantly. Round about it stood noble trees which had braved the storms of many a Winter, and still looked as fresh and unworn as though they had been planted but a decade. The monarch of them all was a locust, which seemed to look down upon us white people with a little contempt, for it was there long before a white man set foot upon the island. A black-walnut was, perhaps, as old, but still gave abundant fruit. The elms, towering in the air, were English elms, planted before our superb American elm was entirely appreciated.

Our hostess had inherited from her Knickerbocker ancestors a genius for housekeeping. Everything in the dwelling went on with perfect order and quietness, without a jar in the domestic machinery. Exquisite neatness ruled everywhere and dust appeared afraid to enter the mansion, although every part of it was freely used. This excellent condition, however, was not attained without some trouble. The mistress of the domain had one cardinal rule—that things would not go well without adequate supervision. So every morning she left us to amuse ourselves for two or three hours, while she looked after the maids, and not only gave her orders in kitchen, buttery and parlor, but saw that those orders—or some of them, at least—were in process of fulfillment. This morning duty done, she was at our service for the remainder of the day, fertile in suggestions for making the

The next warm, and we languidly at work, when it that it might able diversion attic. So, get we opened th led thereto.

We found within a narrow staircase with a balustrade, and, on ascending, discovered that the whole floor was an open garret, lighted by lozenge-shaped cuts in the wall. The rafters above were black with age, and the oak looked as hard as iron. Tucked away snugly at

more difficult subject. Among the rubbish was a looking-glass cracked all the way across in three or four places; and not cracked straight, but with that perversity peculiar to looking-glasses, in a diagonal fashion, thus making irregularly shaped pieces. What could be done with these odd-shaped bits passed my comprehension. But she who took hold of them was equal to the occasion.

Out of a piece of stiff pasteboard she cut a square a little larger than the piece of glass, and the glass was laid on the pasteboard. Then out of ordinary wrapping-paper was cut a square of the same size, from the centre of which was cut another square, leaving a border of three inches. The paper was neatly pasted over the edges of the glass on to the pasteboard beneath. Strips of very heavy dark-gray wrapping-paper two inches wide and ten inches long, folded through the centre lengthwise, were pasted on, with the folded edges next to the glass, forming a square of five inches. From the same gray wrapping-paper was cut a square of sixteen inches,

more graceful in shape than those gourds. A thorough shaking of one of them loosened the seeds and fibres inside. From the neck was sawn off, carefully and evenly, a piece about two inches long, and through this opening the seeds and fibres were emptied. A piece of wood somewhat longer than the piece of gourd sawed off was cut at the end to make a stopper. The gourd was painted with a vine, the stem twining round the neck and stopper, and a coat of varnish brought out the colors and made them permanent. Another gourd was prepared in the same way, except that the neck of the gourd was left intact and used for a handle, and the bowl cut to form a cup. When the water-bottle thus made was set upon a stand, and the drinking-cup hung up behind it with a ribbon, we were all quite sure that money could not buy a set which would equal it in beauty.

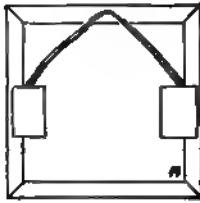
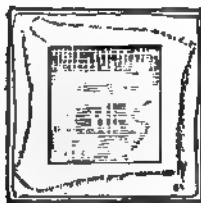
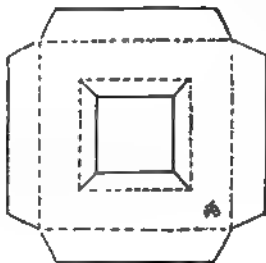
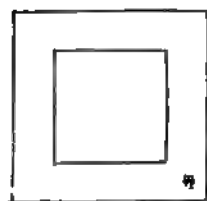
As we were finishing these three articles we received a visit one morning from some birds, one of them a city sparrow, who had left his urban residence for country air. As the little creatures hopped about they gave a glance at our handiwork and seemed to nod approval of it. Cheered by the chirping praise of these connoisseurs, we resolved to continue our labors.

From the sleeping-room of her who had transformed the bit of glass into a mirror opened a little dressing-room, which was the coziest place imaginable in all respects save one. Its only window was shaded by the ordinary blind alone, and thus had a stiff, hard look. In an old chest in the attic was an embroidered book-muslin dress, in which some beauty had doubtless danced in days gone by. From this discarded dress was cut enough to make half-curtains, which now are often called Dutch curtains; the embroidery serving for trimming at the bottom, while the top and sides were hemmed. In driving, one afternoon, to the distant village, a bamboo pole six feet long was bought for ten cents, and some rings cost about as much. When

the curtains were hung by the rings on the bamboo, which was fastened to the window by brass hooks, and from the centre of the pole a small Jamaica ginger jar filled with running vines, the little dressing-room was finished.

She who had turned the gourds into water-bottle and cup took in charge an empty flask of Chianti wine. A powder which cost but little served to gild the basket-work which covered the flask, and when its long neck was fitted with dainty ferns and vines, and it was hung across the corner of a picture-frame, it added a new decoration to the handsomely furnished room.

For myself, I had been vexed during my stay by the sight of an ugly box, in which grew a large palm-like plant near the piazza, and I determined to fabricate something more worthy of the graceful foliage. For this purpose I took a common nail-keg, as unsightly a looking object as anything in the garret. The top of the keg was sawed off, leaving about two-thirds. Handles of smoothly planed boards were fastened on. The whole was painted a dark-red, with an ornamental figure done in a lighter shade of red, and then varnished. Thus treated, the ugly keg took the form, color, and, it might



THE MIRROR.

and from the centre of this another square of five inches, with the corners cut so as to turn down. This large square was lined with a piece of pasteboard of the same size as the former piece, with a square of four inches cut from the centre, and the wrapping-paper turned in at the centre square and pasted down. Then this square of wrapping-paper thus lined was placed on the square which held the glass, and the outside edges of the paper turned over the whole and pasted down firmly. A piece of paper ten inches square, pasted on the back, held down the edges. On the border round the glass was painted a spray of dogwood blossoms, and the white flowers showed to great advantage against the dark gray background. Lutestring ribbon, held in place by strips of paper pasted over the ends, served as a cord wherewith to hang the mirror, which was so pretty that we unanimously resolved that the vainest man who beheld it would forget to look at himself in the glass, and his whole attention would be absorbed by the frame.

It was a different object altogether which the other of my comrades had taken in hand. Hanging on a line in the garret were some gourds which had hung there long enough to become quite dry. Art never made anything

almost be said, elegance, of an expensive vase. When the stately plant was transferred from the hideous box to its new receptacle it seemed to gain new dignity.

But our visit, like all pleasant things in this world, was coming to an end, and we had to cut short our decorative labors. When our kind hostess and the rest of the family saw what we had done, we had no end of praises, and they all declared, with one consent, that they should always thereafter look with respect on a heap of rubbish.

AFTER SUNSET.

After sunset in the west,
Robes that clad the monarch Day,
Golden crown and crimson vest,
All are spurned and cast away.
Far along the purple sea
Fading splendors slowly die;
Many a bird to many a tree
Rustling flies, for night is nigh.

After sunset, gone the glow,
All the air with silence fills;
After sunset, colder blow
Wailing winds from lonely hills.
Ceased is labor, hushed is mirth,
Day has died on couch of gold;
Twilight vails the weary earth.
Quiet broods o'er flock and fold.

After sunset, o'er the moor
Slowly flies the plover home;
To the leafy cottage-door,
Sleepy-eyed, the children come;
Watching how the great white moon
Rises high o'er hill and plain;
Silvery stars will sparkle soon,
Peeping out and in again.

After sunset, melodies
All unheard in noisy day,
Like a fragrant southern breeze
Through the pensive spirit stray.
Mem'ries lost, ah, me! so long,
Floating round me dreamily,
Like a dim-remembered song,
Melt into a thought of thee!

THE STORY OF AN OLD HOME.

BY MALVOLIO.

God never gave a fairer sun to the world than the one shedding his farewell rays over the woods and fields of Maitland. He creeps to the stately trees and showers golden kisses on their feet; he glides up the long oak avenue and gilds the rusty pillars of the old colonnade with a glory that Solomon's temples could not have rivaled; his light lies upon the daffodils, that flaunt themselves airily, and seem saying to their master, "Go your way. You have made us in your image, and now we need you not."

Down in the valley a little stream croons like a child half sung to sleep. Beside it sits a girl, with plaits as yellow as the daffodils, and a head bowed, like to a rain-filled flower. Guilty Eve in the Garden of Eden could not have looked more dejected. The only sign of heart's blood in her exquisite face lies in the lips, which are as red as the rose lying in the lap of her white wool gown. Her great brown eyes are as sombre and dry as last year's dead leaves at her feet, and as she rests her chin wearily upon her clasped hands one word rings in her ears like a funeral knell—a magical, hopeful word to most young hearts—to-morrow!

Up at the house sewing-women are putting the finishing touches upon her wedding-wardrobe. A moment ago she asked if they were through with her, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, the tired slave of her slaves went out for a last look at the forest and meadows that had known her for the twenty years of her life.

"After all my girlish dreams, this is to be the end!" she cries, and the brook takes up the last word, seeming to sing it over and over.

Upon the hillside she sees her dog, a bright-eyed Irish setter, bounding toward her, and when he comes and licks her face and paws her hair in loving canine fashion, she puts her arms about him, and sobs out in irrepressible anguish:

"Oh, Val, Val, you didn't know I was to be married to-morrow!"

A voice behind hers answers, "Yes, I knew it."

She is white to the lips as she turns and sees the woful face above her, but she rises and speaks with quiet dignity, as only a brave soul can.

"How are you, Val?" extending a cold, trembling hand. "Why did you come?"

"Do you think I could keep from coming when I heard you were going to be married?" he cries, vehemently. "Do you think I'm a man to let the only thing on earth I love leave my life without doing all I can to keep it?"

"You've done everything on earth to prevent you from keeping it," she says, bitterly.

"I know I haven't been good," he replies, with passionate impatience; "but I've loved you with the one good part of me, and I've never loved any other woman. That ought to count for something. So many fellows have asked dozens of women to marry them. Oh! Margaret, think of it; I've loved you your whole life long. Can you throw it away? Can you forget me? Won't it seem a little hard, sometimes?" he pleads, with his heart in his eyes and voice.

The eyes and voice are indeed capable of containing a heart, for they are most deep, and soft, and pure; and the man is altogether a godlike specimen of beauty, for he is tall and perfectly formed; his head is nobly molded, and the expression of the clearcut Grecian features is intellectual, at times brilliant, and ever most innocent and boyish.

She looks upon him, noting tenderly every familiar curve of his face, and, forgetting for a moment all things save the knowledge of his dear presence, she gives words to an absurdly personal thought.

"Yes, you are just the same innocent, Sunday-school-looking boy you were in short pants. If"—wistfully—"you just were a Sunday-school boy there'd be hope for the future."

"Well," smiling meagrely, "I'm not, you know, and you might not love me if I were. Good women don't love good men often."

"Because there are so few good men to love."

"Then why can't you throw in your lot with the majority of women? Oh, Margie, try me again; I will be good, and give up drinking and gambling, and—and everything," blushing before her honest eyes.

"Didn't I try you for three years? Wasn't I patient? And what was my reward? Nothing but stories of your recklessness and dissipation constantly reaching me—stories from a source I could not doubt. Do you think I wanted to give you up, when your love was the life of my life? My God!" she says, her face growing pinched and gray with suffering, "how I have prayed and hoped against hope for you—prayed for you hopelessly so long

"Nor tears of any kind. Don't worry over me, mammy. I'm sad over leaving the old home, that's all."

"Yes, I knows, mistis, but love don't keer 'bout homes, kase love lives in folks' hearts. Did yo' know Marse Val done come?" she asks, abruptly.

"Yes," coldly; but the old soul calmly continues:

"Ah! he were a handsom' lad, an' so good and pure-faced. How I 'mines me 't de time yo' used to walk in de woods togeder. 'Fore Gord! if yo' hadn't had on no clocs I'd er 'clared yo' was Adam and Ebe afore de serpent cum, for yo' bofe had de faces ub new-born angels."

She smiles faintly at this speech, then the thought of him opens the floodgates at last, and her form sways with passionate sobs. The black woman takes the girl in her arms, soothing her with the comforting words and caresses of her babyhood. Her bright hair has come down to cover the stricken form in a shining shroud—the same old story of gilded pain. Her tears have done her a world of good, and she is quiet now.

"I think I can go to sleep if you will leave me now, mammy," she says. "I was overwrought, but I feel better."

The old woman departs reluctantly, and goes down the stairs with a heart as dark as the face above it.

Sleep is far from the eyes of the girl who sits at her window thinking, thinking. Is all this misery really true? she wonders, or is it a dream she has dreamed? Why had Valentine come back? and why, oh, why had her heart been made to love him when it was all to end in anguish? Yet, her thoughts ran on, she will be a good wife to this other man; she will try to love him. He has promised to buy Maitland for her, and if he gives her back her old home she will be obliged to love him. Before her arises a vision of the two men, standing side by side. One, broad, thickset, with large hands and feet and features; large, white teeth; stiff, black hair standing up straight as Hamlet's was oft wont to do; truly a goodly, honest, healthy-looking man—so aggressively healthy-looking as to make a delicate woman positively irritated to look upon. Then she turns to her love—for she must call him so in her heart—a patrician in every curve of form and face; gentle, unassuming, yet possessed of an irresistible, subtle power of attraction. She recalls each beloved feature; the broad, white forehead, with its straight, dark brows; the mouth, whose gentle curves betray no sign of evil. Ah! what a tender, noble face! What a miraculously innocent face!

As morning dawns she undresses, and lies with wide, burning eyes until Dinah comes with her bath.

Happy weddings are the only ones that should be told of fully. As the carriage rolls out of the gates of Maitland, on its way to the station, Margaret thinks of the "Golden Gates" in "Mill on the Floss."

She and her husband have no tiffs upon their wedding-journey. He is deeply in love, and she passively indifferent. When they return, and the days grow into months, she commences to find some unsuspected qualities in her husband. He is, what she terms to herself, "peculiar about money." He requires her to keep an account of all she spends for his minute inspection, and when a gift to another is recorded, he looks a little unpleasant about the mouth. One day he asked what had become of a dress he had not seen her wear in some time. Upon being told she had given it to Dinah, he frowned and said:

"It seems to me that I should be consulted about your generosity, as I furnish the means. You can sell your old dresses, and I prefer your doing so."

Her answer was a look of utter contempt as she walked out of the room. He did not mean to be unkind, and he was willing to lavish every expensive luxury upon her. His ideas seemed perfectly just and sensible. He had worked hard for every dime of his money, and overestimated its value.

Maitland was her refuge in trouble, and she went there when she left him. She felt that the old trees would understand the disgust in her heart, for had they not looked upon lordly generosity for many generations?

When women marry men deeply in love with them they never dream of finding unpleasant qualities in their husbands, and Margaret Waring was unprepared for rough places in her married life. She wondered that day if there were not some other faults in men as unpleasant and difficult to endure as dissipation.

A few days after this, John Waring, upon coming home to dinner, shows a face beaming with triumphant satisfaction, as he kisses Margaret and tells her he has bought Maitland.

"Oh! John, have you?" she cries, her face full of joy. "You have made me very, very happy!" and she gives him the first kiss her lips have ever volunteered.

"I thought you'd be glad," he says, in a business-like voice. "You see it's a good investment all round. I will build our new home in the east corner, where the old orchard lies; then clear up the grove and build cottages to rent there. I can get paid back for the whole place in two years if I carry out this plan. Capital thing it—"

But she interrupts, her eyes blazing so furiously that he shrinks in awed astonishment 'neath their indignant fury.

"You are a brute and a coward!" she cries. "A brute to me to sit there calmly and tell me something you know is cutting my very heartstrings. You would cut down the trees that mothered my motherless childhood! You are a coward; they can't defend themselves; these lordly giants can't stay one stroke of your ax; but I—I will go and lay my body against them, and you can cut that, too. That would be a kindly, generous act at least."

His tragical tirade about something perfectly incomprehensible to him makes him sullenly angry.

"I don't understand your nonsense," he says; "but I must say I've enjoyed seeing how you've taken the pleasant surprise I expected to give you. I can't afford to keep up the whole place, or to tear down the old house. I thought you'd like to have a handsome house on a corner of the old lot."

"A handsome house! What would the handsomest house in the world be to me if it overlooked the devastation of my old home! I don't want to live in any new house. I want to go back to the old home."

She feels she is not doing justice to this man's nature, and she throws anger aside and puts one hand pleadingly upon his shoulder.

"Do this for my sake, dear," she says, gently. "I know you don't understand the feeling in my heart, but you said you would buy the old home for my sake, and it will only cause me misery for you to treat it this way. It will kill me to see my trees cut down."

"I can't afford to carry out the plan you propose," he replied, stubbornly. "The old house is a rat-trap, and I'm not going to live in it. It will take all my spare capital to build a handsome new house. Your sentiment may be very fine, but it isn't common sense. I shall build the house, as I said. The workmen will commence in a month."

appear to have been pleased with one another from the first; and the young naturalist formed many warm and lasting friendships on shipboard. He ever afterward spoke of the officers as a fine, determined set of men, and especially of Wickham, the first-lieutenant, as a "glorious fellow." The latter, being responsible for the neatness and general appearance of the ship, strongly objected to the "Fly-catcher's" littering the decks, and spoke of his specimens as "beastly devilment," adding, "If I were skipper, I would soon have you and all your mess out of the place."

It was on December 27th, 1831, that the *Beagle* finally left Plymouth for her circumnavigation of the world, after having been twice driven back by heavy gales. A detailed description of the events and work of the voyage has been given to the world in Darwin's own well-known "Journal of Researches." The voyage was, as he says, by far the most important event in his life, and determined his whole career. He always felt that he owed to it the first real training or education of his mind. He was led to attend closely to several branches of natural history, and thus his powers of observation, always alert, were strengthened and improved. "The investigation of the geology of all the places visited was far more important, as reasoning here comes into play. On first examining a new district, nothing can appear more hopeless than the chaos of rocks; but by recording the stratification and nature of the rocks and fossils at many points, always reasoning and predicting what will be found elsewhere, light soon begins to dawn on the district, and the structure of the whole becomes more or less intelligible. I had brought with me the first volume of Lyell's 'Principles of Geology,' which I studied attentively; and the book was of the highest service to me in many ways. The very first place which I examined, namely, St. Jago, in the Cape de Verde Islands, showed me clearly the wonderful superiority of Lyell's manner of treating geology, compared with that of any other author whose works I had with me or ever afterward read. . . . The geology of St. Jago is very striking, yet simple: a stream of lava formerly flowed over the bed of the sea, formed of triturated recent shells and corals, which it has baked into a hard white rock. Since then the whole island has been upheaved. But the line of white rock revealed to me a new and important fact, namely, that there had been afterward subsidence round the craters which had since been in action, and had poured forth lava. It then first dawned upon me that I might perhaps write a book on the geology of the various countries visited, and this made me thrill with delight. That was a memorable hour to me, and how distinctly I can call to mind the low cliff of lava beneath which I rested, with the sun glaring hot, a few strange desert plants growing near, and with living corals in the tidal pools at my feet. Later in the voyage, Fitz-Roy asked me to read some of my Journal, and declared it would be worth publishing; so here was a second book in prospect!"

Besides his geological work, Darwin industriously collected animals of all classes, briefly describing and roughly dissecting many of the marine ones; but as he was not much of an anatomist, and no artist at all, the mass of MS. which he thus laboriously accumulated was practically worthless; though he acquired some knowledge of the Crustaceans, which served him in after years in his Cirripedia monograph. During some part of each day he wrote up his Journal, taking pains to describe careful and vividly all that he had seen—a most excellent practice. The Journal was also utilized for letters home, portions of it being sent to England whenever

opportunity offered. More important than these special studies was the habit of energetic industry and concentrated attention to whatever he might be engaged in, which the young naturalist acquired on board the *Beagle*. "Everything about which I thought or read," he tells us, "was made to bear directly upon what I had seen or was likely to see; and this habit of mind was continued during the five years of the voyage. I feel sure that it was this training which has enabled me to do whatever I have done in science."

The zeal and energy thus developed by Darwin during the voyage were the more admirable, from the fact that he was, during the whole time, a martyr to seasickness. Admiral Lord Stokes, writing of his old friend and shipmate, to the *London Times* in April, 1883, said: "Perhaps no one can better testify to his early and most trying labors than myself. We worked together for several years at the same table in the poop-cabin of the *Beagle* during her celebrated voyage, he with his microscope and myself at the charts. It was often a very lively end of the little craft, and distressingly so to my old friend, who suffered [greatly from sea-sickness. After perhaps an hour's work, he would say to me, 'Old fellow, I must take the horizontal for it,' that being the best relief position from ship motion; a stretch out on one side of the table for some time would enable him to resume his labors for a while, when he had again to lie down. It was distressing to witness this early sacrifice of Mr. Darwin's health, who ever afterward seriously felt the effects of the *Beagle's* voyage." Nevertheless, the amount of work that he got through in those years shows that he must have been in full vigor the greater part of the time; though he had at least one severe illness, in South America, when he was received into the house of an Englishman, and tended with careful kindness.

Of course there were disputes and "rows" to give a somewhat disagreeable spice to life on shipboard. Captain Fitz-Roy's temper, as the genial philosopher himself says, "was a most unfortunate one. It was usually worst in the early morning, and with his eagle eye he could generally detect something amiss about the ship, and was then unsparing in his blame. He was very kind to me, but was a man very difficult to live with on the intimate terms which necessarily followed from our messing by ourselves in the same cabin. We had several quarrels. For instance, early in the voyage, at Bahia, in Brazil, he defended and praised slavery, which I abominated, and told me that he had just visited a great slave-owner, who had called up many of his slaves and asked them whether they were happy, and whether they wished to be free, and all answered 'No.' I then asked him, perhaps with a sneer, whether he thought that the answer of slaves in the presence of their master was worth anything? This made him excessively angry, and he said that as I doubted his word, we could not live any longer together. I thought that I should have been compelled to leave the ship; but as soon as the news spread, which it did quickly, as the captain sent for the first-lieutenant to assuage his anger by abusing me, I was deeply gratified by receiving an invitation from all the gun-room officers to mess with them. But after a few hours Fitz-Roy showed his usual magnanimity by sending an officer to me with an apology and a request that I would continue to live with him. His character was in several respects one of the most noble which I have ever known."

But there were delights and wonders to more than offset the little *désagréments* of the voyage. The glories of the tropical vegetation rose before Darwin's imagination

through all the after years; and the sense of sublimity which the great deserts of Patagonia and the forest-clad mountains of Terra del Fuego excited in him left an indelible impression upon his mind. "The sight of a naked savage in his native land is an event which can never be forgotten. Many of my excursions on horseback through wild countries, or in the boats, some of which lasted several weeks, were deeply interesting; their discomfort and some degree of danger were at that time scarcely a drawback, and none at all afterward. I also reflect with high satisfaction on some of my scientific work, such as solving the problem of coral islands, and making out the geological structure of certain islands—for instance, St. Helena. Nor must I pass over the discovery of the singular relations of the animals and plants inhabiting the several islands of the Galapagos Archipelago, and of all of them to the inhabitants of South America."

Toward the close of the voyage, Darwin received, at Ascension, a letter which thrilled him with pride and ambition, causing him to clamber over the mountains with a more bounding step than ever, and to make the rocks resound under his geological hammer. The letter was from his sisters, and told how Sedgwick had called upon the elder Darwin, and told him that his son would take a place among the leading scientific men. It appeared that Henslow had printed and read before the Philosophical Society of Cambridge some of the private letters written to him by the young naturalist, and had brought the latter's collection of fossil bones, forwarded to him in England, to the attention of palæontologists.

When Darwin returned to England, in October, 1836, his father, who was far from being a believer in phrenology, exclaimed, upon first seeing him: "Why, the shape of his head is quite altered!"

During the next two years he worked upon, and finished, his "Journal of Travels," read several papers before the Geological Society, began preparing the MS. for his "Geological Observations," and arranged for the publication of the "Zoology of the Voyage of the *Beagle*." In July, 1837, he opened his first notebook for facts in relation to the Origin of Species, which he had long meditated, and "never ceased working for the next twenty years." During these two years he read a good deal on various subjects, including some metaphysical books; but he found his mind unsuited to the latter study. During the voyage of the *Beagle*, Milton's "Paradise Lost" had been his favorite volume; now, he took delight in the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and could even boast of having read "The Excursion" twice through.

In January, 1839, Darwin was married to his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, and the young pair began their married life in a small, commonplace London house, No. 12 Upper Gower Street, whose only redeeming feature was a strip of garden in front. Darwin describes, in a letter, the "extreme quietness" of his life here: "We have given up all parties, for they agree with neither of us, and if one is quiet in London, there is nothing like its quietness—there is a grandeur about its smoky fogs, and the dull, distant sounds of cabs and coaches. In fact, you may perceive I am becoming a thorough-paced cockney."

At the end of 1839 his eldest child was born, and it was then that he began his observations ultimately published in the "Expression of the Emotions." His book on this subject, and the short paper published in *Mind*, show how closely he observed his child. He seems to have been surprised at his own feelings for a young baby, for

he wrote to his friend Fox, July, 1840: "He (*i. e.*, the baby) is so charming that I cannot pretend to any modesty. I defy anybody to flatter us on our baby, for I defy any one to say anything in its praise of which we are not fully conscious. . . . I had not the smallest conception there was so much in a five-month baby. You will perceive by this that I have a fine degree of paternal fervor."

During these years he worked intermittently at "Coral Reefs," being constantly interrupted by ill health. Thus he speaks of "recommencing" the subject in February, 1839, and again in the October of the same year, and once more in July, 1841, "after more than thirteen months' interval." It was finally sent to the printers in January, 1842, and the last proof corrected in May.

In September, 1842, Darwin left London with his family, and settled in the quiet, out-of-the-way little Kentish village of Down, where the remaining forty years of his life were spent, where his children were reared, and where his life-work was accomplished. His residence, which was called Down House, stood a quarter of a mile outside of the village. When he took possession, it was an unattractive brick building of three stories, covered with shabby whitewash and hanging tiles. Eighteen acres of land, partly wooded, were sold with the house, which was gradually improved into what visitors of late years have described as "essentially a gentleman's residence." Writing, in his autobiographical sketch (1876), of his life at Down, Darwin says: "I was pleased with the diversified appearance of vegetation proper to a chalk district, and so unlike what I had been accustomed to in the Midland counties; and still more pleased with the extreme quietness and rusticity of the place. It is not, however, quite so retired a place as a writer in a German periodical makes it, who says that my house can be approached only by a mule-track! Few persons can have lived a more retired life than we have done. Besides short visits to the houses of relations, and occasionally to the seaside or elsewhere, we have gone nowhere. During the first part of our residence we went a little into society, and received a few friends here; but my health almost always suffered from the excitement, violent shivering and vomiting attacks being thus brought on. I have therefore been compelled for many years to give up all dinner-parties; and this has been somewhat of a deprivation to me, as such parties always put me into high spirits. From the same cause I have been able to invite here very few scientific acquaintances. My chief enjoyment and sole employment throughout life has been scientific work; and the excitement from such work makes me for the time forget, or drives quite away, my daily discomfort. I have therefore nothing to record during the rest of my life, except the publication of my several books."

An abstract of Darwin's review of his chief works, which possesses unique interest, may appropriately be given here: "In the early part of 1844, my observations on the volcanic islands visited during the voyage of the *Beagle* were published. In 1845, I took much pains in correcting a new edition of my 'Journal of Researches,' which was originally published in 1839 as part of Fitz-Roy's work. The success of this, my first literary child, always tickles my vanity more than that of any of my other books. Even to this day it sells steadily in England and the United States, and has been translated for the second time into German, and into French and other languages.

"In 1846, my 'Geological Observations on South America' were published. I record in a little diary, which I

and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and, even as a schoolboy, I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly picture gave me considerable, and music great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry; I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have, also, almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did. On the other hand, novels, which are works of the imagination, though not of a very high order, have been for years a wonderful relief and pleasure to me, and I often bless all novelists. A surprising number have been read aloud to me, and I like all if moderately good, and if they do not end unhappily—against which a law ought to be passed. A novel, according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman, all the better.

"This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects, interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for, perhaps, the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

"My habits are methodical, and this has been of not a little use for my particular line of work. Lastly, I have had ample leisure from not having to earn my own bread. Even ill-health, though it has annihilated several years of my life, has saved me from the distractions of society and amusement.

"Therefore my success as a man of science, whatever this may have amounted to, has been determined, as far as I can judge, by complex and diversified mental qualities and conditions. Of these, the most important have been: the love of science, unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject, industry in observing and collecting facts, and a fair share of invention as well as of common sense. With such moderate abilities as I possess, it is truly surprising that I should have influenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points."

Darwin's religious views are a matter of exceptional interest, and undoubtedly have been much misapprehended. He was, as we have seen, educated for the Church of England; and he gave up his orthodoxy with great reluctance. In a letter, written in 1879, he says: "I may state that my judgment often fluctuates. . . In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, an agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind." The law of natural selection

seemed to him to destroy the old argument from design in nature, on which Paley so largely relies. He did not think the universe the result of chance, but the proof of its creation by an intelligent mind seemed to him incomplete. He recognized the instinctive belief of mankind in the existence of such a being, but says, sadly: "With me the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which have been developed from the minds of the lower animals, are of any value or at all trustworthy." His final conclusion respecting the existence of God and the immortality of the soul was undoubtedly expressed in a letter to a Dutch student, written in 1876: "The whole subject is beyond the scope of man's intellect, but man can do his duty."

And that Darwin did his duty, as he saw it, with perfect fidelity and frankness, who can deny? He gave his life to science. He was a wise and affectionate husband and father, and a cordially respected neighbor to the simple townspeople with whom he lived during forty years. His life was simple and blameless; his personal example was invariably genial, patient, generous and kind.

Darwin's life at Down was that of a kind of genial recluse, a martyr to ill-health, yet ever cheerful and industrious. "He was an early riser," writes his son, Francis Darwin. "After breakfasting alone about 7:45, he went to work at once, considering the one and one-half hour between 8 and 9:30 one of his best working times. At 9:30 he came into the drawing-room for his letters—rejoicing if the post was a light one, and being sometimes much worried if it was not. He would then hear any family letters read aloud as he lay on the sofa.

"The reading aloud, which also included part of a novel, lasted till about half past ten, when he went back to work till twelve or a quarter past. By this time he considered his day's work over, and would often say, in a satisfied voice, 'I've done a good day's work.' He then went out of doors whether it was wet or fine; Polly, his white terrier, went with him in fair weather, but in rain she refused, or might be seen hesitating in the veranda, with a mixed expression of disgust and shame at her own want of courage.

"My father's midday walk generally began by a call at the greenhouse, where he looked at any germinating seeds or experimental plants which required a casual examination, but he scarcely ever did any serious observing at this time. Then he went on for his constitutional—either round the 'Sand-walk,' or outside his own grounds in the immediate neighborhood of the house. The 'Sand-walk' was a narrow strip of land one and one-half acres in extent, with a gravel walk round it. On one side of it was a broad old shaw with fair-sized oaks in it, which made a sheltered, shady walk; the other side was separated from a neighboring grass field by a low, quick-set hedge, over which you could look at what view there was, a quiet little valley losing itself in the upland country toward the edge of the Westerham hill, with hazel coppice and larch wood, the remnants of what was once a large wood, stretching away to the Westerham road. I have heard my father say that the charm of this simple little valley helped to make him settle at Down.

"When letters were finished, about three in the afternoon, he rested in his bedroom, lying on the sofa and smoking a cigarette, and listening to a novel or other book not scientific. He only smoked when resting, whereas snuff was a stimulant, and was taken during working hours.

"It was a sure sign that he was not well when he was idle at any times other than his regular resting-hours; for, as long as he remained moderately well, there was no

down the passage to the room where Hawkstone's dead mother lay.

In the box was a plain casket, covered with black cloth, and in this, Peg, with gentle, reverent hands, laid the frail, white body.

"Now she is ready for her grave," said the brown woman to Jetta Ravenel. "If Sampson does his errand aright, we will bury her to-night. I have a prayer-book here, and her son will read the service over her."

Twilight gathered. The woods about the creek were growing dark, when some one came running up the forest path, and burst, pale and frightened, into the Inlet House. It was Sarah.

"Mrs. Otway sent me to tell you," she gasped, "Sampson's drowned! His boat has drifted in empty. And, oh, dear! oh, dear! Joe Derby—drat him!—went and cut Mr. Vincent's ropes, and let him loose, and now we're worse off than before, for what did young upstart do but go out with that dreadful Joe and smash all the island boats but one, and that he took and started for Whithaven—to keep master from coming back to us, we think! He left Joe in charge of Tempest Hall, and you should see how the traitor is going on—ordering us all right and left, and not letting a soul leave the house. I've been watching a long time to get this chance to slip away to you."

Then the girl flew to Jetta Ravenel, and kissed her hands, and broke into lamentation over the dark days which had fallen on Tempest Island.

Peg stood scowling ominously.

"Joe Derby let him loose, did he?" she muttered. "I wish I had my hand on Joe's windpipe! He wouldn't play the traitor again in a hurry! Well, go back to Mrs. Otway, Sarah, and tell her not to worry about us; I've arms in the house, and powder and shot, and I'll be bound I can take care of Miss Ravenel for a while!"

Sarah went, and Peg Patton closed her shutters, bolted and barred her strong door, heaped her hearth high with driftwood, lighted her cob-pipe, and sat down with Jetta Ravenel to watch.

Hour after hour went by. Midnight was at hand. Jetta's shining head had fallen against the jamb of the fireplace, her eyelids were growing heavy, when suddenly a strange sound came echoing down through the woods to the lonesome creek, and into the room where the two women kept dreary vigil. It was the tolling of a bell!

Peg's pipe dropped from her mouth. She started and listened.

Separate, slow, solemn—stroke followed stroke with heavy insistence.

"Heaven above!" cried the brown woman; "that's the bell of the church! It never tolls but for some disaster to the Hawkstones!"

Jetta sprang up, with her hand on her heart.

"Disaster to the Hawkstones!" she echoed, with whitening lips, and she ran and opened the nearest shutter.

The moonlight poured through in a pale flood, and that sinister knelling came with it, louder than before. Something dreadful had occurred at Tempest Hall, but *what?*

"Come away from the window, miss," entreated Peg. "You must not stand there. Some one outside may see you," and she drew Jetta hastily back. "Hark! I hear a step!"

There was a sound of hurrying feet in the dead leaves; then a voice cried at the barred door:

"Open! Oh, Peg Patton, do open, for the love of God!"

"It's Sarah again!" said Peg, and she drew back bolt and bar, and lo! the faithful nursemaid sprang into the room, with little Bee Hawkstone clasped tight in her arms.

Sarah was wild and white with terror.

"You've killed him, miss!" she said to Jetta Ravenel. "He came back from Whithaven, bringing Miss Bee, and when I told him you had married Vincent Hawkstone, he dropped dead inside his own door! Do you hear that bell? It's for him—it's for Mr. Basil that it's a-tolling! He's dead, and Vincent Hawkstone is master now of Tempest Island, as he always swore he'd be!"

With a scream of mingled grief and joy, Bee threw herself into Jetta Ravenel's open arms.

Peg seized Sarah, and shaking her vigorously, cried:

"What mad thing are you saying? Compose yourself, girl! Strong men, like Basil Hawkstone, are not killed by bad news of any sort—even the unexpected marriage of a sweetheart! Tell your story straight, Sarah—tell it straight."

"'Twas the shock of her marriage that snuffed him out like a candle!" persisted Sarah, wringing her hands. "A doctor from the mainland happened to be at Harris's cottage. He examined master, and said 'twas heart-disease fast enough, aggravated by a violent mental shock, or something like that.'"

"No Hawkstone ever died of heart-disease," declared Peg, sternly; "it's a lie!"

"I saw him die!" groaned Sarah; "I saw him laid out cold and stiff in the library—that's no lie, more's the pity! Mrs. Otway told me to take little Bee, and bring her to you—told me to ask you to hide the child, for the love of God! Her life isn't safe at Tempest Hall, now that Mr. Vincent is in possession. There's no telling what he may do, and nobody's left to protect the poor little thing."

"I'll take care of her," said Peg, decisively; "you did well to fetch her to the Inlet."

"Let me stay, too!" prayed Sarah; "you see I don't dare to go back after what I've done—he'll kill me as quick as not. Oh, what's to become of any of us, with Mr. Basil dead?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said Peg, thoughtfully. "Stay with us, girl, if you like—the house is large enough. But we must prepare for trouble. Vincent Hawkstone will burn the roof over our heads, maybe—he has promised as much."

In blank horror Jetta Ravenel stood staring at her two companions. Frightened by the look on her face, Peg rushed to her and cried out, sharply:

"Hold up, miss! It never could have been your marriage that killed him—I don't believe it!—I don't believe it!" And she tried to sustain the girl in her own powerful arms.

Jetta Ravenel uttered a shriek so full of heart-break that it might have stirred even the pale corpse in the room beyond.

"Dead! Oh, Basil, my love, my love! Dead!"

She slipped from Peg's hold down to the floor, with poor Bee in her arms. And the two women, awed by the presence of a grief which they could not measure, drew instinctively back, and left her, motionless, voiceless there, with her white face prone in the dust.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE NEW MASTER.

In the library at Tempest Hall lay the island lord—he who had been called Prince Lucifer—stricken suddenly

"Open that door!" he roared. "Do you think I will accept *you* as a go-between, hag? I'm coming in there to see the child, and to have speech with my wife."

Peg cocked her gun.

"I'll send you to find Prince Lucifer the moment your foot touches the threshold!" she cried.

A slim hand drew the brown woman gently to one side. Jetta Ravenel slipped suddenly into Peg's place, and looked out through the opening at the wild young scamp who claimed her as his wife.

His voice died in his throat—he stared at her blankly. Prince Lucifer, dead at Tempest Hall, had no whiter face! The lightning-stroke of an awful grief had quenched all hope, all joy, in the great tearless eyes, and put strange, stony lines about the soft young lips. It was a changed, unrecognizable Jetta who stood there with the dignity of a supreme sorrow upon her, her pale face shining starlike in its cloud of raven hair—looking out on Vincent as though she saw him not.

"Great God! Jetta!" he gasped; and then, with a burst of passion: "I see! You have been mourning for Basil—you are heart-broken at his sudden taking-off—you are now sorry," perhaps, that you ever refused to marry him?"

"Yes!" she answered, in a hard, cold voice; "from my soul, I am sorry!"

"Well, a dead rival need trouble no man! Come to me, Jetta!—come, and be lady of Tempest Hall. No woman was ever loved as you shall be loved—set your foot on my neck, if you like—do with me as you will—I am hopelessly in your power—even my sins have been committed for your sake. I have periled my very soul for you. Are you a woman, Jetta Ravenel, and have you no pity for me?—do you not see that you are driving me mad?"

He was gazing at her wonderful white beauty with devouring eyes. An agony of yearning appeared in his handsome, reckless face. He *had* done all manner of evil, in the hope of gaining possession of her, and as yet it had availed nothing—she was further away from him than ever.

"Come, Jetta!" he urged, tenderly; "and bring little Bee with you. Every foot of this island is mine—every house upon it. I can force an entrance here at any moment—do not goad me to do things which I might hereafter regret—which you, perhaps, would never forgive. You cannot escape me—you cannot leave the island, for I have taken possession of every boat upon it, even to the one belonging to Peg, which, I dare say, she has already missed from the creek. Come back to Tempest Hall! What is my inheritance—what is life itself without you? Jetta, my darling, come!"

He held out his impassioned arms to her. She looked at him in stony horror.

"I deny you to your face!" she answered. "I am not your wife. Never, on this side of the grave, shall you have either Basil Hawkstone's daughter or the woman that Basil Hawkstone loved. When you lay him in the grave to-morrow, remember this: my heart will be there with him—you will bury with him all that is vital of me—youth, hope, happiness, love! In spite of your efforts to prevent it, I shall soon be able to leave this island, Vincent Hawkstone, and place Bee in the care of friends. Do not come near me again—do not dare to claim me again, for never will I consent to see or speak to you more."

She vanished from the opening in the door, and Peg Patton stepped into her place. As Vincent stood grasping the bridle of his horse, the brown woman raised her

gun and sent a shot flying straight through the crown of his hat.

"That's my warning to you, sir—heed it!" she said, grimly; then the door banged, a chain rattled, and Peg's fortress was again closed and silent.

Vincent looked at the hole in his hat, and though he was in a towering passion, he threw himself into the saddle again, and beat a retreat down the path by the creek. Prince Lucifer dead was already taking bitter vengeance on his successor.

"Let me get him into his grave as quickly as may be," muttered Vincent, "and after that I will see what can be done with this Peg Patton and her protégées."

CHAPTER XXXVI

IN THE TOMB.

In mist and storm dawned Basil Hawkstone's burial-day.

The brown leaves lay in sodden heaps at Peg Patton's barred door—a veil of fog hid woods and rainy creek. Inside the house little Bee and Jetta Ravenel sat by Peg's fire, one weeping in childish *abandon*, the other tearless as stone.

"In some way, by some means, I must leave the island to-night," said Miss Ravenel to Peg, "and take Sarah and the child with me."

"I can row you over to Whithaven myself," answered Peg; "that is, if I can find a boat. What will you do when you get to the mainland, miss?"

"Go first to Basil Hawkstone's lawyer and lay Bee's case before him, and demand justice and protection for the child."

"Right. In Vincent's hands her life is not worth a rush. He wants her share of the Hawkstone fortune as well as his own."

"Then," mused Jetta, drearily, "I will fare back to Madame Moreau's school, and there seek a situation as teacher. Bee shall go with me—we will never be parted again," and she strained the weeping child to her side. "But first of all, help us to escape from Tempest Island, Peggy—this is our pressing, our immediate need."

"True enough," growled Peg. "I shall not be able to protect you long, in spite of the shotgun and the strong door. Vincent Hawkstone knows his own power and our weakness—I take it that's the reason he doesn't level the house at once. Yes, you and the child must go, and Sarah with you. The fog is in our favor—it will help to hide us. But we must wait till the burial is over, for with all the people out on the island we would run great risks of being seen and intercepted."

The afternoon was fast waning when, through fog and rain, the muffled sound of a funeral bell reached the anxious women in the Inlet House.

One by one it tolled the years of Basil Hawkstone's life. Bee buried her small, wan face in Jetta's lap. Sarah threw her apron over her head and sobbed. Miss Ravenel, dumb and white, listened, and gave no sign that every clang of that brazen clapper was like a knife turning in her heart.

"Miss Ravenel," said little Bee, "must I go away without seeing papa once more? If Sarah could hide me somewhere—so that Vincent would not know—and let me look at him for just one minute, I would be content."

Jetta pressed the child closer.

"The night that your papa died," she shuddered, "I stole up to the Hall after Sarah had brought me the dreadful news. I tried to catch a glimpse of ~~him~~

"Where's the young scoundrel?" she demanded; "in there?" pointing to the house.

One of the rioters answered the brown woman:

"He went up-stairs to put a torch in the cedar chamber—he hasn't come down. In God's name," he continued, "why don't these island boors go in and save him? Look! look!"

At a window of the cedar chamber, curtained now with smoke and fire, a human figure suddenly appeared and stood for a moment in plain view of the crowd below. It was Vincent Hawkstone.

His face was deadly pale, and it wore a dazed, stupefied look. The islanders shouted to him, wildly:

"The porch!—step out on the stone porch, sir, and we'll save you!"

He did not seem to hear. The handsome, reckless face with the red-brown curls and the wild blue eyes stared blankly out through the gray, curling smoke, then fell back and vanished.

With a cry, Peg Patton dashed into the burning house, followed by a man whom the crowd, in the general confusion, had not yet noticed.

"Go back, sir!" implored Peg; "don't *you* venture here—don't risk your life for the ingrate that has injured you in every way possible. No! no! this is too much! See, the stair is all ablaze—you can't go up."

"He has injured me, God knows, but I cannot leave him to burn, like a rat in a hole!" answered Basil Hawkstone.

He pushed her gently, but firmly, aside, and shot up the stair.

Flames roared about him. Strong timbers cracked and swayed. Blinded, half suffocated, he reached the landing. Bursting, like a spectre, from the black smoke-shroud of the staircase, he, at its top, came suddenly face to face with his cousin, Vincent Hawkstone.

For one awful, never-to-be-forgotten moment, the two, wrapped about in darting, quivering fire, stood and looked at each other. An appalling fear—a horror unspeakable—appeared in Vincent's guilty eyes.

"Prince Lucifer!" he cried, hoarsely. "God above! How came you here? You are dead!—I saw you buried—I know you are dead, *for I killed you!*"

Out came the confession, with a wild, remorseful cry.

"You killed me?" echoed Basil Hawkstone, sternly. "When—how?"

"At Whithaven—that night of Mademoiselle Zephyr's marriage. The wine she gave you—there was death in it—poison enough to have ended a half-dozen lives! Keep off! keep off! You have come from the grave to take vengeance on me!"

"Hold, Vincent! Mademoiselle gave me no wine. There is some mistake. Did she let you think that you had murdered me?"

"Yes, yes!" he fairly shrieked. "She swore that you drank it, and I followed you to Whithaven, knowing that you would die by the time you reached this door."

"Vincent, you are beside yourself! The crime of my murder has been spared you. I am not dead, but alive. Feel my hand—I am here to save you—"

But with a yell of fear, that rose over all the roar of the flames, Vincent Hawkstone leaped past the man he had tried to kill, and flung himself headlong down the burning stair into the pit of fire below!

Prince Lucifer rushed after him, seized and dragged him out of the house.

A cry of amazement burst from the islanders, as they saw emerging from the burning Hall, singed with flame and blackened with smoke, the master whom they had

just buried in the Hawkstone vault, with Vincent supported in his arms.

Even before he laid his kinsman on the ground, Prince Lucifer knew that life was extinct. That mad plunge down the staircase had broken his neck.

Peg Patton bent over him, and felt for the pulse that had ceased to beat.

"He's gone, sir," she said to the island lord, who knelt beside the inert body, in full view of all the people gathered around. "His accounts are closed up!"

Basil Hawkstone rose, and turned on the awed and breathless islanders the grand, authoritative face which they knew and loved so well.

"It is I, friends!" he said. "Do not be afraid of me—it is I, and not a spirit! I have come back to you from the grave."

And then, as they crowded tumultuously about him, servants and dependents, forgetting even the burning Hall in their unbounded joy and amazement, Peg Patton spread a cloth over Vincent Hawkstone's dead face—over the fear and remorse still stamped upon it, and, aided by Joe Derby, bore him away from the trampling feet of the crowd.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FINIS.

A YEAR had passed away. Far off in Continental Europe—in Vienna on the Danube, a young and beautiful woman—an *equestrienne*, whose fame was in all men's mouths—had just met a sudden and violent death in the circus-ring.

A feat of unusual daring—a false step, occasioned, maybe, by the intoxicating applause—a fall—an iron hoof set in the white forehead, a rain of blood-drops on the yellow hair, and the triumphs of Jasper Hatton's fair young wife were over for ever.

The news traveled across the sea, and reached the drawing-room of a brown-stone front on Fifth Avenue, one night, in the late October, when the rain was out, and wild wind abroad.

"And so Mademoiselle Zephyr's career is over!" said George Sutton, as he thoughtfully smoothed the tiger-skin that was spread across his knees.

Miss Rokewood, in a deep *fauteuil* on the other side of a delightful wood-fire, looked up with serious eyes. Her blonde face wore graver, sadder lines than when we saw it last. A favorite dog lay beside her on a Kurdistan rug—she patted his shaggy head, and answered:

"I believe that such love as that woman had to give was given, after all, to Basil Hawkstone. Even her marriage with Hatton was a matter of spite. She was a paradox—she hated Prince Lucifer and she loved him."

"God forbid that we should see her like again!" shuddered Sutton. "She made mischief enough in her short day—for you and me, as well as for others, Doris!"

"Yes," assented Miss Rokewood, and then both looked gravely into the sparkling wood-fire.

"Well, let bygones be bygones," growled Sutton, at last. "Hawkstone has wellnigh completed a second Tempest Hall on the site of the old one. If this new abode lacks historic interest, it will, at least, possess none of the tragic associations of the former house, and I am sure my secretary will find fewer ghosts and goblins in it."

The words were hardly out, when the mahogany door swung back on its heavy hinges, and Jetta Ravenel, who had served George Sutton as secretary for the past year, glided into the apartment.

of liberty," a head-covering familiar to us as always seen adorning the figure of the Goddess of Liberty on our coins, our coats-of-arms, our flags, in statues and in newspaper illustrations. It is a loose sort of a garment, like a pointed bag. It also curiously survives in the soft drab hat worn by clowns in circuses, and is one of the appointments of the ideal figures of "Folly," or of a "Fool" or "Jester." This is not very good company for Liberty to be connected with, and her cap has no more savory origin.

For 1,400 years after Cæsar's time men struggled along with many curious contrivances with which to cover and protect their heads, the most general article in use being something that still survives in the bonnet of the Highlander or the cowl of the monk. None save the very poor went bareheaded in those cruel and despotic centuries. There was a good deal of hard hitting in that period, and the head, needing a tough and impervious covering, most of the hats were helmets of iron or steel.

It was the century of Columbus, Luther, Galileo, Gutenberg and the other great men whom the world delights to honor, that saw, also, the emancipation of the head from its rude and uncouth coverings, and brought forth the hat substantially as we know it now. There was no evolution about it, no gradual growing up to it. It was an inspiration, a revelation, a creation. The name *hat* was given it, but this marked no change in sense if it did in orthography, for hat and cap mean precisely the same thing, and come from precisely the same root—*chad*, to cover, a word in the old Sanskrit tongue, that language which lies at the foundation of nearly, if not quite all, of our speech.

A Swiss invented the hat, in 1404. He was living in Paris at the time, but his name has not been preserved. He deserves an immortality quite as much as does Kossuth, of whom it might be said, "He could not give Hungary liberty, but he gave to America the slouched hat." Perhaps the matter is even, however, for Kossuth begged a lot of money from us to help the Hungarian cause, and lived on it himself, and the Swiss made a great fortune by the manufacture of his hats, which became very fashionable, he religiously preserving until on his deathbed the secret of his work. One of the Kings of France wore a white felt hat of his make in a royal procession, about 1440, and seemed to be more proud of it than he was of his crown. Think of the Prince of Wales in his progress through his mother's dominions completing his royal attire with a white felt hat! He appeared in one at the races last Summer, quite to the consternation of the whole field.

The hard-headed warriors of the fifteenth century took more than kindly to the new invention. They had become wonted to the stiff, hard gripping of their steel and iron helmets, and the hat was not so much of a change, except in weight, that it could bear an unfavorable comparison.

Besides this, the Church treated the new article of wearing apparel much more graciously than she did the other inventions and discoveries of the era, like printing, and the theory of the revolution of the earth about the sun. These latter she could by no means stomach, but the hat could readily be seen into and understood. Popes, cardinals and bishops took to the hat as, perhaps, a relief from the other more exciting events and topics of the time. At the best, everything was hollow, the hat among them, and it was probably their influence that sent it rolling and tumbling a long way toward the immortality it seems likely to enjoy. One Pope couldn't think of a more striking evidence of his gratification and

confidence than to bless a hat in solemn conclave and send it to a prince or commander who deserved well of the Roman Catholic Church. Perhaps, from this custom, came the expression familiar in after years when a person has got the better in any sense of another for the latter to say, humbly, "Here, you may take my hat!"

For near five hundred years now this Swiss invention has held the masculine world subject to its ironbound grasp, an example of perpetuity in a garment without parallel in the sartorial history of civilized people. Men may come and men may go, but the hat goes on for ever. You may approve, as much as you like, of the soft, comfortable feeling of a Kossuth or sombrero, or you may cling with tenacity to the graceful, round-topped Derby, but no man can consider himself completely dressed who has not upon his head a regulation hat, smooth, glossy and hard.

We have high authority on both sides, however, as to whether comfort or style should rule as to the hat.

"Tain't a werry good un to look at," said Mr. Samuel Weller, as down he sat, without further bidding, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside; "but it's an astonishin' un to wear; and afore the brim went it was a werry handsome tile. Howsoever, it's lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—ventilation gossamer, I calls it."

On the other hand, Oliver Wendell Holmes, thus:

"Have a good hat; the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks;
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn a shocking hat.

"Does beauty slight you from her gay abodes?"

Mount the new castor—ice itself will melt;
Boots, gloves may fail; the hat is always felt."

And further, George William Curtis: "The hat is progress, liberality, civilization. The slouch is retroaction, barbarism and chaos come again. Do the people who present themselves to public view in such things really mean what their hats say? . . . Let them remember that the lower, the limberer and plumper the hats of the cavaliers became, the higher and stiffer rose those of the Puritans. What occult sympathy is there between limpness of hats and looseness of principles? Do slouched hatters conspire for the return of full hose and slashed doublets? Are we to be plunged backward into the Roman toga? Hold, hold your hats! Let us pause while there is yet time, and be content with the nineteenth century, happiness and hats."

ONE GLASS OF WINE TOO MUCH.—A glass of wine, for instance, changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis Philippe, King of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number, and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage he stumbled, frightening the horses and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement, and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of \$200,000,000, and sent the whole family into exile.

MANY men claim to be firm in their principles, when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

poor man ; "old man Fletcher, from over the mountain——"

"Maguerriwock?"

"The same. And one or two of the farmers that never sent, nor never received, a letter in the whole course of their lives, but who came here regularly every Saturday, from far and near, to see if there were any for them, whether or no. That was the way they kept up with the world. Let me see—the Frenches, father and son, and Ned Archer—he's a cripple——"

"You never laid the deed to old man Fletcher?"

"Bless your soul, no," said the watchmaker, as he blow between the wheels of the watch blasts which would have made a Dakota blizzard pale with envy. "Couldn't have killed a fly."

"Was the peddler such a small man that you compare him to so small an object?"

"Small? He? As much limestone in his bones as ever walked across the State of Maine."

"One man alone couldn't have matched him, then, I take it?" said Mr. Allison.

"Not unless he pinned him from behind. No, nor then, either."

"It is, to my apprehension, the most probable conjecture that he is lying at the foot of the Maguerriwock rocks, and his knapsack beside him," said the parson, joining in, and warmed with the old gossip of the place.

"Yes, many's thought so. I remember the first exploring party that went after him. I went along with them. We thought that if the wolves had got him we should find parts of his clothes, and I was sure I should know an odd button I had seen in his woolen shirt. It was a wooden button, carved to represent a little Chinese god, with a head slung in his belt. He said he'd carved it out himself, going from place to place; and it was ugly enough for you to believe him—the button was. Dr. Barton and a parcel of us went; made a regular spree of it. The Frenches got it up, and we slept at their farm in the settlement beyond, and drank such cider there as only the apples of Eden ever could have made before."

"Not very good cider, then, if you remember the character of the locality," said Mr. Allison, with a wink at the parson. "Good farm?"

"Well, no, not particularly so—at that time, anyhow. Shiftless fellows, they used to be—fond of hunting and drinking. Perked up since then, though, and been more industrious, as Walmar finished sowing his wild oats; got the fences up everywhere, land improved, barns built; wonderful stock, too, now; best breed of horses in all the Maguerriwock; fine cattle, Alderneys and Jerseys; some merinos——"

"Rather unusual for this region, isn't it?"

"Rather. I've bought a few myself—got 'em of them, though. The parson bought some merinos. We saw the fellows turning a short corner, and we just encouraged them that way. 'Tisn't good for a community to have idlers on its outskirts, you know, sir. We feel a little as if it was our work. Better ride out and see it, sir, before you leave these parts. Only twenty miles across the woods—crack farm!"

"You would find it most interesting," said the parson.

"Thank you," answered Mr. Allison. "I don't doubt it at all."

"There's your watch, sir, all right. No, indeed, sir; not a penny! Trifling services—stranger, too!" And Mr. Allison retired, having decidedly the best of this bargain, as of nearly all others in which he had a hand.

Mr. Allison lost no time in excusing himself from his party, in seeking the society of the sheriff, and arriving

at nightfall on the crack farm of the Frenches, which he had been so warmly advised to visit.

On the way he confided in the sheriff as much as he thought best, making that astonished and slightly unwilling individual his confederate, and although they had no precisely prepared plan of action, they had yet that concert of attention and suggestion which might prove invaluable. The leafy shadows fell around them as they rode and plotted; the soft wind blew in their faces, full of delicious, flowery smells and the sun-kisses of resinous branches; the fallen boughs crackled pleasantly under their wheels in the soft forest road. It seemed impossible that any such sweet, wild region could be the seat of dark and evil deeds. It would have seemed so, rather, to any one else than the sheriff, whose daily business dealt with the doers of such deeds till there was nothing strange about them, or than Mr. Allison, whose calculations, having finally determined toward one direction, not all the leafy shadows or flowery smells of creation could turn aside.

It was just as the red sunset changed to purple over all the clear country that they came out from the obscurity of the wood upon the long, rich slopes of the French farm. In the distance other clearings were to be seen, but yet scarcely deserving the name, since, so far as they could be discerned in the light of approaching evening, they seemed to be mere acres of tangle and brushwood, while the French fields were velvet with turf or billowy with waving grain, the fences were of mortared stone, the great open-doored barns were overflowing, mild-eyed cattle were standing contentedly about the fields which darkened so gently, and on the grass before the door a man was breaking a superb stallion, which appeared to have all the fire of the mustang with all the grace of the Arabian in his composition.

"It takes money to have such things as that horse," said Mr. Allison. "You may 'perk up,' and be as industrious as you please, but ten years are not enough to change the generations of a common cart-horse into such a creature as that. It takes money—watches, brooches set with pearls, carbuncles, amethysts, diamonds, and gold coins that are preferred to our own bankbills for currency on the Canadian frontier."

The sheriff laughed as Mr. Allison spoke, and then hailed the horse-tamer, but not before Mr. Allison had noted the singular contrast evident between the stone fences laid in plaster, the bountiful barns, and the low, rude house, with its hanging eaves, narrow windows and entirely barbarous appearance, and had rummaged round among his reasons to find one that answered the question why so miserable a hovel was patched and painted and retained by men who evidently liked the display of a crack farm.

"Hello, Walmar!" cried the sheriff. "Got a night's lodging to spare?"

"Don't know," was the hospitable answer. "I'll ask the old man. Who's that with you?"

"Gentleman going across the clearing. Afraid of the night air. Guess I'll get down and stretch my legs, anyway. Mr. Allison, Mr. Walmar French."

Mr. Allison took off his hat, but coughed tenderly, and pulled up the handkerchief around his throat carefully, looking over his new acquaintance the while, and decided that he probably looked better to-day than he did ten years ago, was no stronger to-day than he was ten years ago, and was an ill-looking whelp, with his underhung jaw, ten years ago or to-day. Meanwhile, Mr. French himself had come out to inspect the arrival.

"Come in, come in!" he cried, with a certain rough

"Taste it and see," said Mr. French, handing him the straw and taking the candle, while Walmar went forward with his hatchet and started the bungs of the barrels that lay on their sides all round the cellar, as much, Mr. Allison could not help thinking, like the pictures which he had seen in the illustrated newspapers of royal sarcophagi in their tombs as anything else. There was something desperately suggestive, too, in the figure of the strong-armed Walmar hurling his hatchet over his head, half lighted and wholly devilish in the strange *chiaroscuro* of the place.

"That, now," said Mr. Allison, giving place to the sheriff, "is a lady's tippie. I confess I like it a trifle older."

"Try this, then," said Mr. French. "And if it doesn't suit, there's yet another, and another, and another. I'm particular about my cider, too. I like it hard as the hardest. I'm a hardshell myself, I am. Anybody that picks me up will find they've got a hard nut to crack."

"More like the thing—but still—" said Mr. Allison, smacking his lips, doubtfully.

"Aha!—I see. Nothing for you but the genuine identical—meller as a Juneating, and the tang of a russet in April. Good for a headache in the morning. That's the talk, and here's the thing!"

Mr. Allison's eyes had now become accustomed to the half-light. Over each straw that he had bent he had looked as a little child looks over the edge of its drinking-cup, on almost as close an inspection as a sunbeam makes when a camera commands. This was to be the last, and he prepared himself for an exhaustive survey, while he took just one gurgling sip through his straw, to feel sure that the man was not making game of him.

The floor, with here a heap of straw and there some carelessly thrown vegetables, was everywhere dry and dusty—everywhere dry and dusty except in one place. Was it Mr. Allison's vivid imagination that gave the bricks there, ever so slightly, a brighter, damper tint than the others? As Mr. French moved and stood just beyond it now, holding his candle low, his shadow fell there long and outstretched as any grave. If Mr. Allison believed in anything, it was in coincidences. A line of irregularly growing fungi, which had sprouted up here and there along its length between the bricks, just gave his eye one glimpse of themselves, common toadstools, but of various tints—white, pale pink and tawny-orange—perhaps a half-dozen or so. Mr. Allison could have laughed as he raised his head.

"I never tasted anything so pungent in all my life!" said he.

"Pungent; that's the word," said Mr. French.

"It's a drink fit for the gods," said Mr. Allison, wiping his mouth vigorously, for if there was one thing on earth he detested more than another it was cider. "Why do you have such things as that growing in your cellar, though? Should think 'twould corrupt the cider. They ought only to grow upon graves," added Mr. Allison, stooping to pluck one of the unsightly stems from its nook between two bricks. It gave out a damp, deathly odor, he fancied, that made him sick. He threw it down again, but not before the candle had fallen from Mr. French's hand and left them all in darkness.

Mr. Allison stood stone-still, and grasped the trigger of a little bosom friend he had, expecting to feel two hands on his throat in the next moment. But Mr. French only swore an oath about his own deuced clumsiness, strode past them, and in a moment called to them from the head of the stairs, and flared another light down by which they might see to find their way up-stairs.

Mr. Allison understood now, just as well as if he had the whole horrid scene of one night ten years ago before him, why the feeble woman in the corner of the chimney-place, who, mechanically, with a remnant of her old housewifely instinct, turned, as she was wont to do when the savor attracted her, the bacon with the fork that had been left in the pan—why she moaned ever to herself, without lifting her head, the refrain that had cost her her reason and made her unborn child an idiot: "Three men went down-cellar, and only two came up."

But he lit the hospitable pipe after supper, and placidly smoked away without a thought of the pipe of peace, and retired to the room he was to share with the sheriff, when they had partaken of a jorum of apple toddy, without a single qualm of sensibility at the idea of fitting a halter to these men's throats after having eaten of their salt. However, Mr. Allison felt possibly acquitted of all indebtedness because the sheriff was to pay for the salt.

"Well," said the sheriff, as soon as they were alone, "what do you think of 'em?"

"Two as bad rascals," said Mr. Allison, "as ever trod shoe-leather."

"And what do you decide to do?"

"To go back to Boltonby," whispered Mr. Allison, "for a *posse* to help us bring to light again the body of the murdered pack-peddler, or what there is left of it, from underneath those toadstools!"

"By the great horn spoon!" swore the sheriff, in an intensity of admiration that could find no further relief in words.

And Mr. Allison and the sheriff said very little more as they relieved each other from watch to watch between then and sunrise.

If old man French's face had been disgustingly vicious on the night before, daylight did not lend any feebleness to its purport, but rather searched out and brought its evil things to naked shame. It was not fitting to call it merely brutal, for no dumb brute had ever such intelligence, such cunning and such cruelty written in one scroll together on its face. I am afraid Mr. Allison's smile borrowed a reflection from it as he thought how very soon he should be able to put an end to the sickening leer of that man's. They bade one another good-morning like the best of friends; the sheriff paid the reckoning; French begged them to come some day and take another taste of his cider; they promised to do so, and rolled rapidly away across the clearing, taking a circular direction by an old cart-path, and thus retracing their way and coming out in the woods on the Boltonby side, and driving with might and main toward Boltonby.

The sheriff's horse was unrivaled in all the Maguerrivock. Walmar French's stallion was not well enough broken to follow and discover the true direction of their path, had it occurred to his master to do so. But, without being definitely disconcerted, the Frenches must have seen the slight and casual incidents of the evening before in the light of warnings for precaution, since that there was some very busy work going on subsequently that day, inside their doors, there is no reason to doubt.

"It's rather too bad," said the sheriff, after two hours' silence, in which neither he nor Mr. Allison had referred to the theme of their errand; "but it's an old story now—ten years ago—and the men are doing well—seem to have reformed, as you might say; and they've introduced such breeds of cattle—done so much to improve the country—"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Allison, who was more familiar with sin and crime, penalty and punishment, than the sheriff was, and who knew very well that the sheriff had

Minister was much engaged, to know what the business was. I said I was Vice-president of the Jury on Education, and that on my card of invitation to the ball no mention was made of a lady. I asked, therefore, that I might be accorded the pleasure of introducing one. The secretary had something on his mind. Was I the gentleman who had objected to any recognition of the products in which his chief was so deeply interested? I explained that it was quite otherwise; that I had advocated the claims of whatever they were, almost unto violence, and that my influence had won them a gold medal. He craved a thousand pardons; there must be some mistake; but *ce gros Anglais* (he meant my 'sub,' Mr. Mitchell, an inspector of schools, who was certainly inclined to obesity) was very hostile. It was all right. The lists of invitations had been closed, but would monsieur say for whom the card was wanted. I explained, and in a few minutes he returned with a freshly written request for the presence of '*Monsieur et Madame Rogers et ses deux filles.*' *Mes deux filles* were the belles of the ball, and turned the heads of half the *attachés*. They soon became the rage of fashionable Paris, and one of them is now a princess.

"My first experience of Private Bill legislation," says Mr. Rogers—"and, unfortunately, it has not been my last—knocked a nail or two into my coffin. (There was a proposal to rebuild the schools in the ward, and to transplant the church to the suburbs, and against this I put forward a scheme of amalgamation.) We began operations in the House of Lords. Lord Redesdale, a hard enough nut to crack, was at first strongly against us, though the scheme had the approval of the Bishop of London. Kent, his counsel, an old friend of mine, had told me of his lordship's suspicious attitude. 'You may get it through,' he said, 'but, at any rate, you will lose nothing by appearing to appreciate his jokes.' Before the proceedings began, I had passed the word round to my fellow-petitioners to take a cue in the matter of laughter. After a long discussion, Lord Redesdale said, 'I don't like the look of this affair at all. You don't propose to have the chapel consecrated, and how do I know that you won't turn it into a dancing-saloon?' Whereupon I was heard to smile, and the room echoed with the laughter of the boys of Bishopsgate. 'I hate the whole thing,' his lordship continued, 'but you may take your Bill.'"

Mr. Rogers was much interested in a scheme connected with middle-class education in the city, and it fell to him to call on the late Lord Derby and the late Lord John Russell on the matter. He thus writes concerning Lord Russell's patronage: "I remember being struck by a contrast in the environments of the two noblemen. On the writing-table of each of them was a single book. In Lord Derby's case it was the 'Racing Calendar,' and in Lord Russell's an old British and Foreign Bible, bound in sheepskin. Some years after, I went to pay a visit to Lord Russell at Pembroke Lodge, where he used to sit under a tree and chat with his friends. He asked how the middle-class schools were going on, and then began to talk about the Charterhouse. He said that he had lost his interest in the latter since his patronage had been taken away. I thought that this was pretty good for Whig doctrine. 'No,' he went on, 'I never abused my patronage. Do you remember a cartoon in *Punch*, where I was represented as a little boy writing "No Popery" on a wall and running away?' I said that I did. 'Well,' he continued, 'that was very severe, and did my Government a great deal of harm, but I was so convinced that it was not maliciously meant that I sent for John Leech and

asked what I could do for him. He said that he should like a nomination for his son to the Charterhouse, and I gave it to him. This is how I used my patronage, and now they have taken it from me.'"

MAY.

BY SAMUEL GOODALL.

DELIGHTFUL month! delightful May!
A thousand cheerful voices say;
The young, the old, the rich, the poor,
Rejoice that Winter's fully o'er.

How full of life is all around,
From mountain-top to lowest ground!
How rich, how varied Nature's bloom,
And how refreshing its perfume!

The pasture-fields of living green,
With blooming hawthorn fence between;
The fields of precious, thriving grain,
Which rural sceneries contain.

The orchards, too, and scatter'd trees,
Which here and there in bloom one sees,
In perfect beauty now appear,
The gayest month in all the year.

The feathered songsters of the air
Subscribe, in sweetest notes, their share
Of pleasures to the human mind,
Poured freely forth, and unconfined.

And countless insects on the wing,
Which divers forms and colors bring,
In every walk and turn we see,
Enjoying life and liberty.

And we had nearly failed to say,
The cuckoo, too, talks most in May;
And though his talk is e'er the same,
We can't—old friend—suppress his name.

Delightful month! delightful May!
How beautiful, how fair, how gay!
Oh, how thy lovely colors shine,
Ascribed to Nature but—Divine.

GETHSEMANE.

BY ALMONT BARNES.

BEYOND the fret and sound of the world's busy life, in a quiet, sleepy hollow among the gentle hills of Nelson County, Ky., there rest the land possessions and abbey buildings of Gethsemane, a home of the monks of the Order of La Trappe in the United States. There are comparatively few of our people who ever think that there are such seclusive institutions for men in our land. The pictures which historical story-tellers place before us of monks and abbots we well know are beyond the realization of modern times. The jolly abbot, upon his richly caparisoned mule, and with a train of equally easy-living companions, belongs to other ages. In the critical present time, and in countries not particularly given to Church dominion, monastic people, as well as the priesthood in general, must "mind their *p's* and *q's*" (the old abbreviations for pints and quarts at the English ale-houses), and live somewhere near the lines required by the rules of their Orders.

St. Benedict is credited with the establishment of the Benedictine Order, in the fifth century. The Order is charged with having become corrupt in the eleventh century, when Robert of Molesme, who undertook to purify his monastery, was effectually driven out of it. This pious abbot, with a few followers, found a refuge at

his bed. However, when Edgeworth went to see him he spoke of himself in a manner which might apply too well to the generous but dissipated Delavals in general; and how strikingly effective might his last words be, if a certain living relative were to consider them as addressed expressly to him!

"Let my example, said he, "warn you of a fatal error into which I have fallen. I have pursued amusement, or, rather, frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. I am sensible that my mind was fit for greater things than any of which I am now, or of which I was ever supposed to be, capable. I am able to speak fluently in public, and I have perceived that my manner of speaking has always increased the force of what I said. Upon various useful subjects I am not deficient in useful information; and if I had employed half the time and half the pains in cultivating serious knowledge which I have wasted in exerting my powers upon trifles, instead of making myself merely a conspicuous figure at public places of amusement, instead of giving myself up to gallantry, which disgusted and disappointed me, instead of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character, I should have distinguished myself in the senate or the army, I should have become a useful member of society and an honor to my family. Remember my advice, young man! Pursue what is useful to mankind. You will satisfy them, and, what is better, you will satisfy yourself."

A STURDY SON OF MARS.

You can still near in every barrack-room the story of Darcier, that carabineer of the Second Regiment of the French Line, who rescued his captain in a rather singular fashion. He had succeeded in capturing an officer of the hostile party and bringing him into camp, where, on perceiving that his captain was missing, he seized the officer by the belt, and, holding him with both arms straight above his head, he carried him off to where the English stood, shouting, "Here, I have brought you your captain; give me mine back again." M. de Nieuwerkerke, the Superintendent of the Fine Arts, one day called on Darcier in his modest apartments on the outer boulevards, to request him to sing at a soirée he was about to give, adding that he left it entirely with the artist to fix any price he liked to name. The popular singer professed very advanced democratic principles, and, as a thorough-going republican, he replied that he would not have the slightest objection to sing for a poor workman or a needy artist, but that he refused to sing at any price for a gentleman of the Court. Darcier, who was a great admirer of physical force, and himself possessed of great strength, had in his room a number of dumbbells in all sizes. The count looked at them, lifted them, and, spying one weighing a hundred pounds, he slowly raised it from the ground and held it out at arm's length. "Monsieur," said Darcier, with astonishment, "you are not so much of an aristocrat as I took you to be. You can leave me your address, and I will come and sing at your soirée."

THE RUDE PARTNER.

THE worst variety of all is the rude partner. He perhaps wanted to dance with Miss Lydia Languish, but her aunt circumvented him, and, unhappily, he falls to poor little Miss Muffett, to whom he pays not the slightest attention as he jealously watches Lydia revolving,

and shows himself so cross and bored that she is ready to cry for vexation. I heard one of this class who was presented to a lady at a ball; she did not take his fancy, so he offered her his arm and began to promenade. Arriving opposite one of his acquaintances, he said: "I say, Meadows! allow me to introduce you to Miss Aster;" and, disengaging his arm, he left the girl with a bow! Now, what is a woman to do or say when so insulted? She might, of course, make a fuss; but that is not to be thought of by any one of refined feeling. Her helplessness makes it all the harder. If men could but know the burning yet powerless indignation she must try to choke back, none could be found so utterly devoid of chivalry as to subject her to such a mortification.

CURIOUS FINDS.

NATURE accommodates herself to the most extraordinary conditions of life. A lady lost her gold ring. Some three years afterward the loser's cat caught a rat, from which pussy had eaten the head. The neck of the rat was exposed, and the owner of the cat saw something metallic glittering on the rat's neck. On examination this proved to be the lost wedding-ring imbedded in the flesh. The ring must have been carried by the old rat to its nest, and a very young rat must have thrust its head into the ring. As the animal grew larger each day, its novel collar would become a fixture. The wonder is how Nature continued to permit her living demands to be supplied through such a small circumference; yet the creature lived, was fat and looked healthy.

Cats in their hunting expeditions sometimes meet with an untoward fate. As some workmen were felling timber they discovered in the centre of one of the trees a cavity, in which were the remains of a cat. The skeleton was entire, and some hair of a sandy color yet remained on the skin. It is conjectured that the animal, having entered a hollow part of the tree, was unable to extricate itself, and the wood in process of years had grown around it.

Curious finds have not unfrequently been made in trees. Some woodcutters in the Forest of Drommling made a strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing the skeleton of a man in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knees, were perfect. By its side were a powder-horn, a porcelain pipe-bowl, and a silver watch. It is conjectured that while engaged in hunting he climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and so the unfortunate man probably died from starvation.

Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak. From a tree of this kind, a block eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an auger-hole, about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper. The hair was near the centre of the block, and fastened in with a wooden plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

A natural curiosity was shown in a timber merchant's workshop; this was the skeleton of a bird imbedded in a piece of beech. The timber seemed quite sound all around the cavity, and there was no sign of any aperture

"SHE STARTED UP IN A PRETTY FLUTTER, AND FLEW WITH HOMELESS HASTE TO THE DOOR, LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER AS SHE RAN, THROWING HIM AIRY KISSES." . . . "RALPH AINSWORTH, AN ECCENTRIC RECLUSE, WAS LITERALLY TORN TO PIECES BY THE TERRIFIC LIGHTNING."

DISAPPEARED.

By E. F. HAZARD.

CHAPTER I.

ROME, *June 14th*, 18—.

MONSIEUR ARMAND LEBRITON, DEAR SIR: In yours of the 2nd, you say a vast amount of valuable property has come into your possession, to be held in trust until you discover the heir of the late Jean Langlair—Ralph Ainsworth—and ask me for any information I can give regarding said heir. Inclosed you will find a scrap of an American newspaper, which fell into my hands by accident. This, with my personal knowledge, given in the following pages, will throw all of the light I possess on this remarkable subject.

Twenty-eight years ago Ralph and I were chums at Vol. XXV., No. 6—47.

college. He was a handsome, manly fellow—a general favorite. After graduating, we went abroad together, and in the brotherly intimacy that grew up between us I discovered that under his frank manner he concealed a profound reticence and an iron will. Once or twice only I had a glimpse into the dark recesses of his nature. I remember, one evening, scolding him, half playfully, for never answering letters from home. To my surprise, instead of responding in the same vein, he looked at me with fierce anger and remorse contending in his eyes; and saying, "I am not a good son," he went out into the street, and I saw him no more that night. We spent three years in going wherever our fancy dictated, and

everywhere Ralph was *fêted*, flattered and adored. His wealth, his handsome person and his bonhomie made him welcome in the most exclusive as well as the most democratic society. I was afraid so much attention would turn his head, but he was always the first to propose a change of place. A demon of restlessness seemed to have taken possession of him. I secretly wondered if any of the beautiful women who so cleverly laid siege to his heart had succeeded in making an impression on it; but I was soon convinced his indifference was too complete to be feigned.

One evening we came home from a dinner, where Ralph had been unusually brilliant and entertaining, and as we sat smoking, watching the faint streaks of light grow brighter in the East, I said: "What put you in such good spirits last night?"

"I have taken a berth in the *Columbia* for home," he answered.

I was thunderstruck. The *Columbia* was to leave in two or three hours.

"Why, old boy," I cried, "what is taking you home on such short notice?"

He got up hurriedly and walked back and forth, full of suppressed excitement.

"It is no new thought. I have looked forward to this day ever since I first set foot on foreign soil—yes, before I engaged my passage over." Presently he took from an inner pocket a small locket of blue enamel on a gold ground, and placed it in my hand. "That is why I am going home," he said. I opened it eagerly, and was fascinated with the exquisite girlish face before me. Around her perfect throat was a delicate chain, and suspended from it the counterpart of the locket in my hand. Under the picture was the name "Lilian Ainsworth."

I describe this incident minutely on account of the strange circumstance connected with it, which I will relate further on. Ralph was looking over my shoulder at the beautiful face. Since he had begun to speak of her, the floodgates seemed open; he could not again retreat into his usual reticence. He poured forth rapid, broken sentences that stunned me into silence.

"She is my cousin. I gave her my word of honor I would neither see nor write to her for three years. My father is a madman to oppose our union. I will *never* submit to a final separation. It was for her dear sake I have endured this miserable exile. The endless strife between my father and me was killing her—I could see it. He holds marriage between cousins is a crime. He has almost wrecked the two lives he once held dearest by his insane obstinacy. Lilian venerates and fears him to the verge of fanaticism; but the time has come when I shall claim my own love, in defiance of the whole world, if need be."

Two hours later I stood on the ship trying to say good-by to Ralph. He was full of high spirits and joyous excitement.

"My dear Allen," he said, "don't look so forlorn. You would give me the blue devils if I was not on my way home."

I asked: "Are they expecting you, Ralph?"

He threw back his head and laughed: "No. I can imagine the joy of my respected father when I walk in. He thinks I am at the bottom of the sea by this time, probably."

"And—Lilian?"

His face was positively illuminated as he answered: "I have perfect faith in Lilian, thank God!"

As the weeks and months went by I heard of him occasionally—never from him. He was as popular at

home as he had been abroad; the life of our old club—the centre around which the most brilliant society revolved. Then there came a blank, and for years I heard of him no more. Twenty-three years after our parting, business called me back to America. I found myself a stranger in my native land. I determined to look up Ralph, and for that purpose sauntered into the old club-rooms, thinking I was certain to find him there. Old friends with new faces greeted me—the boys were men—we had to get acquainted anew. But he was not among them, I asked every one to whom I spoke for Ralph Ainsworth—the pride of the club, the king among his fellows.

"Ralph Ainsworth? Let me think. Brown, where is Ainsworth? Dead, ain't he?"

"Ainsworth? I have not seen or heard of him for nearly twenty years. What a brilliant fellow he was! How did you happen to think of him?"

Out of all those old-time friends of his, who roared when he laughed, danced when he piped, only one could give me a clew to his whereabouts in the last dozen years.

"If I remember aright, about ten years ago he was down on his place; but a good deal can happen in ten years. He may be there and he may not. We lost sight of him in the club fifteen or twenty years ago. He was a splendid fellow—Ralph. You don't see such young men nowadays."

It seemed incredible that he could have been forgotten. It was monstrous, unheard-of, that his friends could be so indifferent as to his fate! I resolved to hunt for this man, who had so completely dropped out of the life that used to be so full of him, till I found him. I did not rest until I had reached the inn of the village nearest his old home. As I ate my breakfast, I asked the landlord:

"Have you any conveyance to take me over to Mr. Ainsworth's place?"

He looked at me as if I had asked for his father's mummy.

"*Squire Ainsworth's*?" he asked, stooping to pick up a straw from the floor, and thoughtfully chewing it. "I reckon you don't mean *Squire Ainsworth's*," he continued, in a tone of friendly remonstrance, with a deprecatory side glance from his half-suspicious eyes.

"Certainly, sir; Ralph Ainsworth," I answered, impatiently.

"Mariar," he said to his wife, who just then entered the room, "the furren gentleman wants we should git him over to *Squire Ainsworth's*."

He spoke with a studied carelessness, with a palpably assumed, off-hand jauntiness. The woman paused with startled eyes; the plate of smoking cakes she carried fell with a crash to the floor.

"Lord-a-massy!" she cried, and fled.

After a great deal of coaxing, threatening and bribery I induced "mine host" to allow his man-of-all-work to drive me to my destination. I tried in vain to discover why the name of my genial friend should throw these good people into such a state of consternation, but could elicit nothing save a caution not to tell the man where I was going. I was to keep up an elaborate pretense of business in the next village till I reached the Ainsworth place, which was minutely described to me. When I had accomplished half of my journey it became impossible for me to restrain my curiosity any longer.

"Does *Squire Ainsworth* go often to the village?"

The man turned on me two wide-opened, staring eyes.

"Say," he murmured, huskily, "what did you ask that there fur?"

"Oh, I don't know. I am going there, and I wondered if he would be at home."

He started violently, but said nothing, and we jogged quietly on. Presently he stopped his horse and turned to speak to me.

"Say, I guess you be frum furrin parts?"

"Yes, I am from Rome."

"Scarlet woman!" he breathed, heavily. Great drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

"Why don't you go on?"

"Say, I can't go on furdur."

I begged and bribed in vain, so I was forced to walk the remainder of the way. I was amused to see the horse that had brought me, at a snail's pace, started back to the village on a run.

When I reached the Ainsworth place, I was struck with the wild picturesqueness of the scenery. At a distance the mansion was very imposing, but, on closer inspection, I noticed an air of desolation over everything. Weeds held up their vagabond heads on the eaves; moss clung unmolested to the blackened shingles; the drives and walks were overgrown with grass, and luxuriant vines ran riot among the grand old trees.

I knocked thrice before the great door creaked on its hinges—a forerunner of the fact that I had been heard. An old, rusty serving-man, whose voice seemed merely a continuation of the creaking, asked grudgingly what was wanted. His eyes blinked in the sunshine, as one unaccustomed to daylight.

I was satisfied with my adventure; I did not wish to go any further; but, as one impelled by a force unseen—irresistible—I brought all my strength of will to bear on this feeble old man, and, in spite of his surly resistance, at last induced him to let me cross that uncanny threshold. He ushered me into an immense drawing-room, ablaze with numberless wax candles. Our footsteps fell noiselessly on the rich velvet carpet. The closed windows were draped with heavy silk curtains, and a bright coal fire burned in the grate—contrasting pleasantly with the chill air outside. Easy-chairs, pretty tables, books and papers were scattered cozily around, and all were reflected in a fine old mirror that filled the north end of this beautiful room.

After ushering me into this room, the servant turned to leave me.

"Will you tell your master I am here?" I asked.

"I will tell him when he is awake," he creaked.

I looked at my watch. It was half-past eleven.

"When will that be?" I inquired, impatiently.

"He breakfasts at three."

With this astounding piece of information, he left me. I repeated his words till they seemed part of a rhyme: "He breakfasts at three—he breakfasts at three." I could make nothing of it. A sane man surely would not breakfast at three. Was he sane? This new thought startled me. I glanced at the wonderfully lighted room; that did not seem sane. Yet, as I had come, I meant to stay till I had seen my boyhood's friend. I walked restlessly about the room, picking up a book here and there. All old friends—books Ralph and I had laughed, or argued, over long years ago. Several of them were marked, as if some one had just laid them down. In one was a blue ribbon—faded almost white where it hung outside of the book—bright and new between the leaves. Another was carelessly left half closed, with a dainty handkerchief crumpled up and thrust in it to keep the place; as if the reader had left the room but for a moment. Yet the leaves were yellow where they were held open, and the handkerchief was stained with time. In one

corner of the latter was embroidered the monogram, "L. A." I took up the papers, one by one, and read the date of twenty years ago. The profound silence of the mansion oppressed me, and I began to grow faint with hunger.

I walked into the hall and tried the outer door—locked! I concluded to hunt up the old man, and ask for something to eat. Every door was locked. I called and knocked in vain. Tired out at length, I returned to the drawing-room and threw myself into an easy-chair that stood before the grate. I placed a book—which I had been unconsciously carrying around—on an ottoman that stood close to my chair, and presently fell into a deep sleep.

I must have had the hour three impressed on my mind, for, exactly as the hands of my watch pointed to three, I started up, wide awake. Or, perhaps, it was a presence that awakened me. I had not heard him come, but when I started up Ralph Ainsworth stood in the doorway, tall and handsome as of old, but his hair was as white as snow.

CHAPTER II.

FORTY-FIVE, with the hair of eighty. His mouth was stern and hard, the brown eyes were full of the profoundest melancholy. Just at that moment there was a swift gleam of anger in them. He was not looking at me, but at the ottoman beside my chair. He came forward and picked up the book I had laid there, saying something—almost inaudible to me—about "desecration," and placed the book in the exact spot from which I had taken it. I felt like a culprit before an unmerciful judge.

"Ralph Ainsworth," I said, "have you forgotten me, your friend Allen? Do you remember the days in Rome?"

He turned his melancholy eyes on my face, but showed neither surprise nor other emotion.

"I remember you, Allen." Just then a far-away bell tinkled grudgingly. "We better not keep breakfast waiting." He looked at his watch. "Three minutes late; this must not happen again."

He led the way, and I followed. The hall was so dimly lighted that I started back when the magnificent dining-room was opened. It gleamed and sparkled with silver and crystal, while the scarlet hangings glowed in the dancing lights. The table was set for two.

Ralph stood for a moment looking with cold, hard eyes at the rusty old man, who creaked in and out of the room with the smoking breakfast.

The old creature withered like a frost-bitten leaf under his gaze.

"Why is there not another plate?"

"I thought——"

"What right have you to think?"

The servant winced, as if to evade a blow, and hurriedly placed a third plate on the table. For whom was the plate behind the tea-urn? We ate in absolute silence, and returned to the drawing-room.

I felt an unwholesome gloom settling on my spirits. I began to fear this man. He paid no attention to me whatever. I sat in troubled silence watching him. He took from a cabinet a bunch of letters and some pictures; the latter he spread out in a row on a writing-desk. Then, seating himself at the desk, he read the letters one by one. They were so yellow and so worn with much handling, I expected to see them drop to pieces. After carefully going through them all, he began to write, and for hours he never moved his position, but wrote rapidly on. Once the old servant noiselessly stood in the doorway. I had

half on, hair hangin' in a braid—an' flew betwixt 'um, cryin', 'It is my fault! it is my fault!' Just then came a thunderbolt like the crack o' doom. Lightenin' tore through winder-sash an' struck the pretty dear in her young husband's arms—dead—clean dead. All on 'um ware knocked flat. Ole squire, ole squire's lady—who was cryin' in her chair—me, that ware wishin' I could blast ole squire—an' him, and her—locked in his arms. They buried her while he ware ravin' like a madman in fever. Ole squire an' ole squire's lady got over it gradual, but *he* would never see neither one again. Ole squire's lady peeked an' pined away within the year, an' ole squire follered not long after. Young squire never smiled till one night *she* came back. An' back she comes every night sence. Lights burnin' by day is no good, *they* know."

His dim eyes peered fearfully around. I could not speak. I held out my hand to this faithful old soul, and hurried away. I heard him wheezing behind me: "Twenty year sence a livin' man, has crossed young squire's doorstep."

Six months later, when again in Rome, my eye was caught by Ralph's name in an American paper. A mere scrap, as you see, carelessly cast aside as waste paper. I read and reread it, fascinated by the horror of it. Read it, and you will know all I know of my boyhood's friend. I remain, yours, etc., D. F. ALLEN.

* * * * *

"A shocking tragedy occurred yesterday near the village of Bondale. During a fearful storm, Ralph Ainsworth, an eccentric recluse, was literally torn to pieces by the terrific lightning. It is supposed—"

THE HISTORY OF "PUNCH."

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

THE first number of the periodical which has caused two generations of Britons to "guffaw" all over the habitable globe made its appearance on the 17th day of July, 1841, or forty-seven years ago. *Punch, or the London Charivari*, the English comic journal, *par excellence*, is a weekly magazine of wit, humor and satire, in prose and verse, copiously illustrated by sketches, caricatures and emblematic devices. It draws its material as freely from the most exalted spheres of foreign politics as from the provincial nursery; and dealing with every side of life, is not less observant of the follies of Belgravia than of the peculiarities of Cockneydom. Stern in the exposure of shame and vice, *Punch* is yet kindly when it makes merry over innocent foibles. Usually a *ensor morum* in the guise of Joe Miller, a genial English Democritus who laughs and provokes to laughter, *Punch* at times weeps with those who weep, and in sad, sober earnest pays a poetical tribute to the memory of the departed great.

This, to British idea, wittiest of serial prints, founded, as stated, nearly half a century ago, under the joint editorship of Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks soon became a household word, while ere long its satirical cuts and witty rhymes were admittedly a power in the land. *Punch* is recognized as an English institution, and in corners of Europe, Asia, Africa and America the Briton will be found "grinning from ear to ear, like a Cheshire cat," over a copy of this facetious journal. Their contributions to *Punch* helped to make Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Albert Smith, Thackeray, Tom Taylor and Burnard, its present editor, and author of "Happy Thoughts," as their illustrations have done for "Dicky"

Doyle, Leech, Tenniel, Du Maurier, Sambourne, Keen, and lastly, a clever young Irishman, Harry Furniss.

The following address was presented to his readers by Mr. Punch, on the occasion of making his first bow:

"INTRODUCTION.

"This Guffawgraph is intended to form a refuge for destitute wit—an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes—the superannuated Joe Millers—the millions of perishing puns which are now wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest upon! It is, also, devoted to the emancipation of the Jew *d'esprits* all over the world, and the naturalization of those alien Jonathans whose adherence to the truth has forced them to emigrate from their native land.

"*Punch* has the honor of making his appearance every Saturday, and continues from week to week to offer to the world all the fun to be found in his own and the following heads:

"POLITICS.

"*Punch* has no party prejudices—he is Conservative in his opposition to *fantoccini* and political puppets, but a progressive Whig in his love of *small change*.

"FASHIONS.

"This department is conducted by Mrs. J. Punch, whose extensive acquaintance with the *élite* of the areas enables her to furnish the earliest information of the movements of the fashionable world.

"POLICE.

"This portion of the work is under the direction of an expert nobleman—a regular attendant at the various offices—who, from a strong attachment to *Punch*, is frequently in a position to supply exclusive reports.

"REVIEWS.

"To render this branch of the periodical as perfect as possible, arrangements have been made to secure the critical assistance of John Ketch, Esq., who, from the mildness of the law, and the congenial character of modern literature with his early associations, has been induced to undertake its *execution*.

"FINE ARTS.

"Anxious to do justice to native talent, the criticisms upon painting, sculpture, etc., are confided to one of the most popular artists of the day—*Punch's* own immortal scene-painter.

"MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"These are almost the most prominent features of the work. The musical notices are written by the gentleman who plays the mouth-organ, assisted by the professors of the drum and cymbals. *Punch* himself *does* the drama.

"SPORTING.

"A prophet is engaged! He foretells not only the winners of each race, but also the "vates" and colors of the riders.

"THE FACETIE

"Are contributed by the members of the following learned bodies:

"The Court of Common Council and the Zoological Society; the Temperance Association and the Waterproofing Company; the College of Physicians and the Highgate Cemetery; the Dramatic Authors' and the Mendicity Societies; the Beefsteak Club and the Anti-Dry-Rot Company,

"Together with original, humorous and satirical articles in verse and prose, from all the

"Funny dogs with comic tales."

The elections were the only matters which occupied the public mind at this bright particular midsummer of 1841, the latter resulting in a Liberal defeat, the Tories coming into power with a sweeping majority. *Punch's* first important political cartoon represents Hercules (Sir Robert Peel) tearing Thesens (Lord John Russell) from the Rock (The Treasury Bench) to which he had grown; and its second, "The Letter of Introduction"—the youthful Queen about to open a letter of introduction presented to her by Sir Robert Peel, who has been sent for to undertake the onerous task of forming a Ministry.

On the occasion of the birth of the Prince of Wales,

November 9th, 1841, Mr. Punch published a Poem to a Princelet, from which the following is a quotation :

"Huzza! we've a little Prince at last,
A roaring, royal boy;
And all day long the booming bells
Have rung their peals of joy.
And the little park-guns have blazed away,
And made a tremendous noise,
Whilst the air hath been filled since eleven o'clock
With the shouts of little boys;
And we have taken our little bell,
And rattled and laugh'd, and sang as well,
'Roo-too-tooit! Shallaballa!
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!'"

On the 6th of December, 1842, the President of the United States, in his Message to Congress, referred to difficulties which had arisen between the United States and certain European Powers as to the right of search in connection with the slave-trade. One of these Powers was England. Lord Ashburton had been appointed to proceed on a special mission to the United States relative to certain disputes which had arisen between England and America with respect to the northwest boundary of the two countries, the "Right of Search" for slaves, and the extradition of criminals. He succeeded in making a treaty, which was ratified by the two Governments, and was regarded, pretty generally, as an amicable and mutually satisfactory settlement of the points at issue. It was signed at Washington by Lord Ashburton on the part of the British Government, and Mr. Webster on that of the United States. The terms of the treaty were, however, by some considered unfavorable to Great Britain, and Lord Palmerston subsequently called it a "capitulation." This point of view found favor with Mr. Punch, as shown in the cartoon "Fair Rosamond; Or, The Ashburton Treaty."

The political vagaries and mental versatility of Lord Brougham made him at this time a favorite subject with the caricaturists, and Mr. Punch in particular used him for some years as a standard butt. A cartoon entitled "A Scene in Westminster Circus" so cleverly hit off the characteristics of this extraordinary man, that it became exceedingly popular, and was modeled in plaster-of-paris, and sold by imagemen. They are favorites among those to-day.

Mr. Punch also "went for" Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, known as the "Liberator." In consequence of his action in connection with Repeal-of-the-Union meetings in Ireland, O'Connell was charged with conspiracy and misdemeanor. On the 23d of October, 1843, when presiding at the opening of the Repeal Association at Dublin, O'Connell said: "I wish that the first sentence which I have to utter in this hall shall be this truth—that there is but one way to obtain repeal of the Union, and that is by strictly peaceable means. . . . Every man who is guilty of the slightest breach of the peace is an enemy of mine and of Ireland." A true Bill was brought in against O'Connell by the Grand Jury, and Mr. Punch published the cartoon, "The Irish Frankenstein."

When the Post-office authorities, in their Secret Office, opened letters addressed to Mazzini, the Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, was severely taken to task, and *Punch* embodies the general indignation at this violation of correspondence by depicting Sir James as "Paul Pry" in a telling cartoon representing him in the conventional costume peering intently into a letter.

Mr. Punch, in his "Twelfth Night Characters," 1844, takes a whack at Yankee Doo, in an illustration repre-

senting the stage Yankee with his thumb to his nose, the other hand behind his back clutching a roll of bills, and the verse,

"To lengthen life, a hint we get
Direct from the United States;
'Tis said that even 'Nature's debt'
America repudiates,"

referring to the repudiation by several States of their public liabilities.

The Polka was the terpsichorean rage of the time (1844). Mr. Punch, in a parody of Byron's "Maid of Athens," entitled, "Pretty Polka," represents the sentimental young lady at the close of the season :

"Darling Polka! ere we part
Hear the outpourings of my heart!
Since the season now is o'er,
Wretched I can polk no more.
Hear my vow before I go,
Polka mow sas agapoe."

"By the waltz's giddy round,
By the galop's maddening bound,
By the obsolete quadrille,
Polka mine! 'I love thee still'
Compared with these each dance is slow,
Polka mow sas agapoe."

In the April of 1846 Congress passed a Bill providing for the occupation of the Oregon territory, respecting which a dispute between the United States and England had long been pending. A little later, President Polk accepted the convention submitted by Mr. Pakenham on behalf of the British Government, settling the boundary question, and the dispute was amicably adjusted.

The cartoon, "What? You Young Yankee Noodle, Strike your own Father?" shows Mr. Punch's views of the situation, while the following verses display very decided *animus* :

"A WASHINGTON WAR-CRY.

"Raise high the shout of warfare!
E'en now proud England cowers,
As Washington upon her head
Scorn and saliva showers.
Soon the great Columbian Eagle
O'er ocean wide shall soar;
With cocktail and mint julep,
He's already half-seas o'er."

"Arise, arouse for Oregon!
Prate not to us of Right!
Sons of the Pilgrim fathers,
We take our stand on Might!
The favored race of Freedom
Are not the men to flinch
From the spread of sacred slavery
And the blessed law of Lynch."

Mr. Punch gave the Prince of Wales a cartoon all to himself on the 31st of August, 1846: "Every Inch a Sailor." It is curious to compare the chubby youngster of forty-two years ago with the portly, paunched bald-head of to-day!

A clever caricature, "The Rising Generation," hit at Disraeli in 1847, showing no spirit of prophecy as to the future influence of the brilliant young Member.

In 1848 England was considerably exercised over the scare of an invasion of the "tight little island" by the French, and Mr. Punch covered himself with glory in a series of exceedingly diverting caricatures of a supposed foray, the verses being on a par with the illustrations.

One of the cleverest cartoons in *Punch* was that on which it proposed a scheme for preventing railway disasters. This was to tie two directors on the locomotive of

Enter BOTTOM, with an Ass's head.

Bottom. Truly, I have come from the Crimea, which some say is in Russia. Why I was sent thither I know not, being but an ass; but, marry, they were greater asses that sent me. I went to feed and to lead lions, and truly I have fed and led them, and that in such sort that they need feeding and leading no more. Now for my reward, for I humbly hope a worshipful ass may be rewarded for his good service. What have we here? A newspaper—laugh!

[Drays angrily and tramples on the Journal. The noise awakens TITANIA.]

Titania. I pry thee, gallant creature, sing again.

Mine eyes are much enamored of thy shape,
And in thy look wisdom and courage show,
Such was the head that on the Russian shore
Took order for the victuals of my troops,
And for their Winter blankets, and their huts.
Such was the head that plann'd that fatal charge,
And such the head that made it, and that after
Provided for the horses, and did teach them
How good for dinner were their fellows' tails.

Bottom. Truly, mistress, 'twas even no better and no worse a man, that is to say, an ass, than myself. But a modest ass will not praise himself. Wilt ask Will Russell, or John McNeill, or Parby Griffith, or Nanty Crookshank what a right precious ass I was?

Titania. I know thy deeds. My Ministers have told me,
As has my dear old woman, Mother Hardinge,
And all around me, on whose information
I must, perforce, rely, that thou hast done
That which should be rewarded. Therefore take
Orders, and rank, and pay, with our court favor

[Decorates him.]

Bottom. Behold, what an excellent thing it is to be an ass, in a wise country like unto England!

[Dances on the Newspaper, braying, until scene closes.]

The relations between Great Britain and the United States became much strained toward the middle of the year 1856, on account of what is known as the "Enlistment Question." President Pierce made a great stir concerning "the alleged infraction of international law, committed by Great Britain in permitting in Canada the enlistment of subjects of the United States under the recently passed 'Foreign Enlistment Act.'" In the March of 1856, the matter was made the subject of a passionate dispute in the United States Senate. On the 28th of May the feeling between America and Great Britain became so strong that Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, was instructed to leave Washington. Mr. Punch gave expression to his own feelings in the cartoon, "Come, Jonathan, why should we fight; am I not a man and a brother?"

Mr. Punch's first cartoon on the subject of our little difficulty with the South was presented to the British public in a cartoon, "The American Twins, or North and South," December 1st, 1856. The presentation to the Queen of the Arctic ship *Resolute* by American whalers led to some capital verses:

"United States, if our good-will
Could but command its way,
You would remain united still
For ever and a day.
Does England want to see you split,
United States?—the deuce a bit.

* * *

"Strange it may seem, and yet is not:
The peril of the Free
All springs from one unhappy lot,
The taint of slavery.
That, that is all you have to dread;
Got rid of that and go ahead!"

Very prophetic words, written in 1856.

The *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* completed successfully the laying of the Atlantic Cable on the 5th of August,

1858, when *Punch*, with a cartoon, had the following announcement:

"FROM AMERICA (to dear old *Punch*): 'Punch, my boy, let's liquor.'"

The first and second attempts to lay the Atlantic Cable gave rise to cartoons which caught the public taste.

A very amusing cartoon appeared December 1st, 1859, entitled, "Bow-wow!" in relation to the scare of the French invasion, a scare which caused the Volunteers to start into being. In regard to the Volunteers, Mr. Punch asked the following conundrum: "Why do the Volunteers resemble General Wolfe at Quebec?" "Because the last thing General Wolfe did was to die for his country, and it is about the *last* thing the Volunteers would think of doing."

Mr. Punch celebrated the Prince of Wales's visit to these shores by a cartoon, October 20th, 1860, entitled, "The Next Dance," and the following verses:

"THE NEXT DANCE.

"Yes, dance with him, lady, and bright as they are,
Believe us, he's worthy those sunshiny smiles;
Wave o'er him the flag of the Stripe and the Star,
And gladden the heart of the Queen of the Isles.

"We thank you for all that has welcomed him—most
For the sign of true love that you bear the Old Land:
Proud heiress of all that his ancestor lost,
You restore it, in giving that warm, loving hand.

"And we'll claim, too, the omen—Fate, looking askance,
And Fate, only, knows the next tune she will play;
But if John and his Cousin join hands in the dance—
Bad luck to the parties who get in their way."

On the 9th of June, 1862, appeared a highly sensational cartoon, "The Sensation Struggle in America."

The North and the South, in a death-grip, are using bowie-knives on the edge of a black abyss, in which the South is all but engulfed, while the North, still clinging to a broken branch almost severed from the tree, entitled, "The Union," is about to give the South the coup de grace upon the calling out, by President Lincoln, of a second levy of 300,000 men.

John Leech, the gifted artist and genial caricaturist of the Victoria era, died October 29th, 1864. Mr. Punch's tribute is worthy of republication.

"JOHN LEECH.

"OBITU OCTOBER XXIX., MDCCCLXIV.

"ÆTAT. 46.

"The simplest words are best where all words are vain. Ten days ago, a great artist, in the noon of life, and with his glorious mental faculties in full power, but with the shade of physical infirmity darkening upon him, took his accustomed place among friends who have this day held his pall. Some of them had been fellow-workers with him for a quarter of a century, others for fewer years; but to know him well was to love him dearly, and all in whose name these lines are written mourn as for a brother. His monument is in the volumes of which this is one sad leaf, and in a hundred works which, at this hour, few will not remember more easily than those who have just left his grave. While society, whose every phase he has illustrated with a truth, a grace, and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art, gladly and proudly takes charge of his fame, they, whose pride in the genius of a great associate was equalled by their affection for an attached friend, would leave on record that they have known no kindlier, more refined, or more generous nature than that of him who has been thus early called to his rest.

"November the Fourth."

The assassination of President Lincoln gave birth to a very graceful and touching cartoon:

"BRITANNIA SYMPATHIZES WITH COLUMBIA."

The dead President lies upon a bed; Columbia, in uttermost grief, sits at the head; an unmanacled slave at the

foot. In the centre, Britannia, sorrow-stricken, places a wreath of *immortelles* on the lifeless hero's breast.

Earl Russell writing to Mr. Adams, the United States Minister, some time previous to December, 1865, had said: "Her Majesty Government are ready to consent to an appointment of a Commission to which shall be referred all claims arising out of the late Civil War, which the two Powers shall agree to refer to the Commissioners." On this day—December 4th—in his Annual Message to Congress, President Johnson, referring to the claims made by America upon England in consequence of the damage done to American commerce by the Confederate cruisers (the *Alabama*, and others), said that he had approved the proposal to submit the question to arbitration, which arbitration, however, had been declined by Great Britain; whilst, on the other hand, the proposition of a Joint Commission, which Great Britain desired to substitute for arbitration, had been found unsatisfactory, and therefore declined by the American Government. This gave birth to a cartoon:

"THE DISPUTED ACCOUNT."

"*Dame Britannia to Dame Columbia*—'Claim for damages against me? Nonsense, *Columbia*; don't be mean over money matters.'"

Mr. Punch's first cartoon on the subject of Fenianism appeared on February 6th, 1866:

"THE FENIAN PEST."

"*Hibernia*—'O my dear sister, what are we to do with those troublesome people?'"

"*Britannia*—'Try isolation first, my dear, and then—'"

The next cartoon is on the subject of the Fenian invasion of Canada:

"THE YANKEE FIREMAN."

"*Canada*—'They say there's a fire at Head Centre House. If it spreads to my premises—'"

"*Fireman Johnson*—'Guess it's only smoke, miss. Wait till it bursts out.'"

On April 13th, 1869, the Senate of the United States, by a majority of 54 to 1, rejected the proposed "*Alabama Claims*" Treaty. Mr. Sumner made a very violent speech against England, saying that "England had done to the United States an injury most difficult to measure," charging her with giving "her name, her influence, her material resources, to the wicked cause, and flinging her sword into the scale with slavery," and saying that she ought to offer an apology, and make moral as well as ample material atonement.

The cartoon, "Humble Pie," represents Jonathan presenting a pie labeled \$800,000,000 to Reverdy Johnson, John Bull's back being turned on the pair in dudgeon:

"*Jonathan* (as interpreted by Mr. Sumner)—'Waal, Reverdy, guess this lot'll about do for your friend, John Bull, thar!'"

"*Reverdy Johnson*—'Ha! I have dined with him a good deal lately, and he won't eat *that*, I promise you.'"

Two cartoons, especially applicable to the present hour, appeared July 20th and 26th, 1869:

"A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER."

"The ghost of Queen Elizabeth goes for Queen Victoria, who is engaged in reading the rancorous amendments of the Lords to the Irish Church Bill."

"*Ghost of Queen Elizabeth*—'Agreed, have they? Ods boddikins! Gads my life and marry come up, sweetheart! In my time I'd have knocked all their addlepates together until they *had* agreed.'"

The second cartoon:

"THE HARP THAT ONCE, ETC."

"*Britannia to Hibernia* (who is engaged in tuning a harp 'By that Lake whose Gloomy Shore')—'There, dear, I've tuned the

string for you that made all the discord, and now I hope we may have something like harmony.'"

"*Hibernia*—'Ah, thin, sisther darlin', sure there's another sthring as 'll have to be tuned by-and-by.'"

Mr. Parnell was in jackets in those days.

When strikes became common, and the discontent of workingmen at the conditions of life which show them vast fortunes easily accumulated by men who toil not, *Punch*, in a cartoon, showed its sympathy with their cause while it taught them the necessity of repulsing the criminal class, who sought to profit by the agitation.

Bloomerism gave Mr. Punch a chance at us, as shown in the cartoon:

"BLOOMERISM—AN AMERICAN CUSTOM."

In 1852, Mr. Punch commenced to "go" for Benjamin Disraeli, whom he followed to the grave, Dizzy's peculiar features, curls, etc., etc., giving the cartoonist exceptional materials to work upon. Some of the cartoons in which Dizzy figured are as amusing as they are clear, and all invariably give measure of the man.

The Indian mutiny gave birth to heroic cartoons and heroic verses. The massacre at Cawnpore led to the "*Liberavimus Animam*," words that burnt into England's brain:

"Who pules about mercy? The agonized wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale
The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of despair."

"Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and sated, perforce must retire,
And for every soft hair of each dearly loved head
A oord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire."

Thackeray's celebrated ballad "The Battle of Limerick," was published in the number of *Punch* that appeared April 29th, 1848. A *soirée* had been given by the Sarsfield Club in honor of O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher, leading Irish patriots and advocates of the "sword."

"Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword,
'Tis he will sheathe the battle-ax in Saxon gore;
And Mitchel of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dhrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore."

Mr. Punch has always been "down" upon Ireland, and many of the brilliant but caustic—fearfully caustic—articles upon the Green Isle and her Islanders have emanated from the pens of her own sons. With the exception of Thackeray, however, whose writing of the brogue was fairly good, the "Oirish" of Mr. Punch is, and ever has been, a language of his own. Poor Tom Taylor, the dramatist, and who died in harness while editor of *Punch*, wrote a "skit" upon a very famous coursing match won at Aintree, near Liverpool, by an Irish dog, Master Magrath (pronounced "Magrath"). Tom Taylor made his greyhound "thinner than a lath," and the name of the winner to rhyme to lath. Such a roar of laughter as went over the Emerald Isle when it was learned that the champion dog's name had received this Cockneyfied pronunciation! Taylor was known in the Irish circles in London ever after as "Master Magrath."

Mr. Punch became excessively funny over the Chartist movement, and ridiculed its disciples after the most merciless fashion.

Louis Napoleon, refugee, Prince President, Emperor, and the "man of Sedan," was handled by Mr. Punch all through his checkered career without the gloves. It is

At an early period in the history of this periodical he became a contributor to its pages, and he long continued to enrich them, and though of late he had ceased to give other aid than suggestion and advice, he was a constant member of our council, and sat with us on the eighth day from that which has saddened England's Christmas. Let the brilliancy of his trained intellect, the terrible strength of his satire, the subtlety of his wit, the richness of his humor, and the enthralling range of his calm wisdom, be themes for others; the mourning friends who inscribe these lines to his memory think of the affectionate nature, the cheerful companionship, the large heart and open hand, the simple courteousness, and the endearing frankness of a brave, true, honest gentleman, whom no pen but his own could deplete as those who knew him would desire."

The question of the right of women to the Parliamentary franchise was, in 1868, made before the public. Several females had sent in their claim to vote as being ratepayers, and some overseers had included women in the list of persons entitled to vote. The Revisory Barristers at Manchester decided against the claims of the

BLOOMERISM—AN AMERICAN CUSTOM.

Ophelia. Nay, who's in error now? My vote is claimed,
And in your hand the claim, I come to hear
That you retain me on the register.

Hamlet. Register stoves and kitchen-ranges, miss,
And all things culinary appertaining,
Were more in what I beg to call your line.

Ophelia. That's your opinion. I stand here for law.

Hamlet. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Ophelia. My lord—I mean, sir!

Hamlet. Are you fair?

Ophelia. What means your—Impudence?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, you have no business
in a contested election, where there is neither honesty nor fairness.

Ophelia. Women will introduce both.

Hamlet. Boosh! Get thee to a nursery. Why would'st thou be
a meddler in politics? I am myself indifferent honest—

Ophelia. I doubt not the indifference. Advocacy, regardless of
the right or wrong, perverts the heart and corrupts the understanding.

Hamlet. Get thee to a nursery, I say. I am, I repeat, indifferent honest, yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better I had never eaten my terms. I am loquacious, reckless, hard-mouthed, and there is nothing I would not do for a Solicitor-generalship. What do you want in a corrupt atmosphere? We are arrant knaves all. Keep away from us. Go thy ways to a nursery. Where's your father?

Ophelia. At home, sir.

Hamlet. Does he know that you are out?

Ophelia. Ay, my your Impudence.

Hamlet. Go home and tell him to lock you up with the cookery-book, that you may play the goose nowhere but in his own house. Get thee to a nursery: go! Farewell.

Ophelia. See if I don't tell Miss Decker.

[Exit.]



THE POLITICAL EGG-DANCE.

ladies, a Miss Becker being one of the foremost champions of her sex in this matter.

Mr. Punch thus travestied the affair:

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

HAMLET (in the present occasion, and by desire of several persons of quality). . . . A REVISING BARRISTER.

OPHELIA (by her own desire) LADY CLAIMANT.

Ophelia. Good, my lord,

How does your honor for this many a day?

Hamlet. I humbly thank you, well. But, good, my lady,

Lord me no lords, at least this many a day.

What is your will with me? You have a will

All women have their will, as I have heard.

Ophelia. My lord—

Hamlet. Again I tell you I'm no lord,

Nor shall be one till I be made a judge,

A thing that may or may not come to pass.

But women never comprehend a case.

Ophelia. I am very sorry you should say that thing,

For I've a case in which you must be judge.

Hamlet. I guess it well. You come to claim a vote—

A vote which you would give at an election?

A WORD TO THE MERMAIDS.

NEPTUNE—"Abo-o-o-o-o-y! Get off o' that 'ere cable, can't yer! That's the way t' other one war wrecked!"

in China, and possibly also indigenous in tropical Africa. As far as known at present, the roses of Western Asia have no Sanskrit name, and were not known in ancient India. Yet *Rosa damascena* is extensively grown on a large scale, for the manufacture of rose-water and essence of roses, throughout Northern India, as far as Ghazipur, in 25° N. lat. Hermann Schlagintweit was, I believe, the first to draw attention to this remarkable fact. It is not impossible that the Western roses were introduced into India by the Mohammedans. As there is no Sanskrit word, so is there no original term for the rose in Hindi. In most Indian languages the cultivated rose is called *gūl*, which is the Persian name. It is also called *gūlāb*, which really means rose-water, unless, indeed, as sometimes stated by Munshis in India, *āb* in this case is a suffix with no separate meaning. In addition to their local names, some of the wild roses of the Himalayas are often called *gū āb*, *lān gū āb* (the rose of the forest, or wild rose).

Beside *Rosa indica*, several other Chinese species are cultivated in India. The origin of one of the Indian garden roses, however, is doubtful; this is *Rosa glandulifera*, well described by Roxburgh in his "Flora Indica." It is a white subsacendant cluster rose, which has erroneously been referred to *Rosa alba*. In Hindi and Bengali it is called Seoti, Sivati, Shevati. According to Piddington ("English Index to the Plants of India," 1832), this rose has a Sanskrit name, Sevati, pointing to *shveta* (white). This, however, requires verification. Roxburgh believed its origin to be China.

D. BRANDIS.

A COMMUNION SET PRESENTED TO THE INDIANS BY QUEEN ANNE.

NOWHERE, not even in historic Old England, can be found a more quaint or interesting old temple than the Mohawk Church, near Brantford, Ontario. In the year 1785 Chief Brant visited England, where he was received with great *éclat*. On his return he built, with the funds he had collected, this church. It is an antique-looking structure that takes us back to the early days of pristine simplicity and semi-barbaric glory.

The solid silver communion service, still in use, is a beautiful work of art, and has the royal arms skillfully carved in oak. It was presented by Queen Anne to the Mohawk Indians in the year 1710, and bears the following inscription: "The gift of Her Majesty Anne, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and of her plantations in North America, Queen, to her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks." At the same time a similar communion service was presented by Her Majesty to the Onondaga tribe. Being at that time chiefly pagans, the Onondaga Indians found it of no use to them, and left it with a church in Albany, New York, where it still remains.

The same old bell, dated 1783, still rings out the warning tones to summon the red man to worship at the altar of his ancestors. Could the bell speak, what a history it could reveal of days of darkness, days of light, merry wedding chimes for the dusky bride, as, decked in her beads and gay in bright colors, she wends her way up its old-fashioned aisle! Perchance its peals may have bidden the warriors to their war-dance, and it still rings out its requiems for the departed chieftains, as they lay them to rest wrapped in their Indian colors within the old churchyard.

Upon the walls of the old church are the royal arms suspended in frames containing in gold letters the Creed,

the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments, translated into the Mohawk language.

This was the first church dedicated to Christianity in Upper Canada, and the first Anglican service was performed in it. Hard by is the tomb of the famous Chief Brant, whose history is well known. The following is inscribed on his tomb: "This tomb is erected to the memory of Thayendanege, or Captain Joseph Brant, principal chief and warrior of the Six Nation Indians, by his fellow-subjects and admirers of his fidelity and attachment to the British crown. Born on the banks of the Ohio River, 1742; died at Wellington Square, U. C., 1807."

There was in the City of Brantford a memorial erected to him recently. As a work of art it is not surpassed on this continent.

WHERE WAS GRUB STREET?

THE historic Grub Street was situated in the northern suburb of London, just outside the old wall, between Cripplegate and Moorgate. The text-writers who, before the invention of printing, produced copies of portions of the Liturgy, such as the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, etc., for popular use, had their headquarters there. In Elizabethan times it passed into the hands of the bowyers and arrowmakers who supplied the archers of Moorfields, Finsbury and Islington. These were succeeded by keepers of bowling alleys and gaming houses, who found greater freedom in the suburbs than they could hope for within the city walls. Under the Commonwealth Grub Street became a kind of Alsatia, and a place of retreat for authors who sought to escape public notice either for political or pecuniary reasons.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century its name became a term of reproach, and was applied to the polemical writings of the Puritans, many of whom resided there. But it was Pope, in the "Dunciad," who popularized the meaning Grub Street has since borne in the English language. Swift followed suit, attacked the poor authors who lived there with equal bitterness, and, if possible, more scurrility; and Johnson—who had known how bitter a thing it was to be a bookseller's hack—defined Grub Street as "the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries and temporary poems; whence any mean production was called Grub Street." But men who did far more than hack work have lived in Grub Street. For example, John Foxe and Speed, the tailor historian; and Pennant speaks a good word for the maligned locality. In 1830 the street—now an uninteresting thoroughfare leading from Fore Street to Chiswell Street, and lined with warehouses—was renamed after Milton, who had, however, no other connection with it than the fact that he died in Bunhill Row hard by, and was buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate.

GIBRALTAR, IN FACE OF MODERN ARTILLERY.

GIBRALTAR, if it were to be bombarded by a cruiser, has only four guns mounted that could reply. According to the opinions of some celebrated scientific officers who have served there of late, Gibraltar might be bombarded with impunity without the possibility of reply. During the war between Chili and Peru an iron merchant vessel, armed with one modern 8-inch and 12-ton gun of long range, bombarded Peruvian towns from a distance

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

MANY anecdotes relating to John Hookham Frere have been preserved. One of his best-known sayings is that "next to an old friend the best thing is an old enemy." Madame de —, having said, in her intense style, "I should like to be married in English, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere: "What language, I wonder, was she married in?" "Broken English, I suppose," answered Frere. Canning and Frere were invited by a clerical friend to go and hear his first sermon. Being asked how they liked the discourse, Canning, to avoid saying it was uninteresting, replied: "I thought it rather short." "Ah," said the clergyman, "I am aware that it was short, but I was afraid of being tedious if I made it longer." He paused for an answer. "But you were tedious," replied Frere, *sotto voce*. Among his literary friends Frere counted Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Moore and Rogers. Many of the best things in his conversations with these and other distinguished men have been forgotten, while others would have lost their aroma by repetition.

In 1816 Frere married Elizabeth Jemima, Dowager Countess of Erroll. The bridegroom was sometimes very absent-minded, and an amusing anecdote is told illustrative of this. Frere called on the late John Murray in Albemarle Street, and both got deeply interested in some verses which the former declaimed and commented upon. Murray asked Frere to dine with him and continue the discussion, but the author, startled to find it was so late, excused himself on the plea that "he had been married that morning, and had already overstaid the time when he had promised Lady Erroll to be ready for their journey into the country."

NO ROUGH-DRAWING.

WORKINGMAN—"Look here, you vagabond! Right or wrong, we won't have your help."

THE HISTORY OF "PUNCH."—SEE PAGE 742.

of 8,000 yards. If a merchant vessel carrying a modern 70-ton gun, or even a 45-ton gun or a 25-ton gun, for the matter of that, were to bombard Gibraltar from the other side of the large bay, there is no gun mounted at the fortress which could defend the coal depot or the shipping. Even the two 100-ton guns that are at Gibraltar cannot, as at present mounted, fire across the bay, and there are guns which can be mounted upon merchant ships which could with impunity bombard and destroy the town and dockyard, as well as the coal depot and the shipping. Not only is this true, but also from a point on the Mediterranean side of the neutral ground the same operation might be carried on against the northern end of the town, the assailant firing at high angles so as to clear the shoulder of the rock. There is one muzzle-loading gun of an obsolete pattern which could fire in the direction last described, but one only of much range.

It would not be very difficult or costly to strengthen Gibraltar, by placing modern long-range guns high up on the rock, with mountings which would allow of an all-round fire, and admit also of firing the guns at extreme angles both of elevation and depression, while other guns could be mounted on the shoulders of the rock on disappearing carriages. The deficiency at Gibraltar is, however, only a specimen of the want of preparation for war that exists at all English fortresses and coaling stations, and the English fleets would have plenty to do at the beginning of war with a great Power, and would scarcely be able to spare ships for convoying the necessary guns to all parts of the world. These deficiencies in England's preparations are well known to all soldiers, and it is only want of money which is ever pleaded as a reason for not strengthening Portsmouth and Plymouth and Gibraltar as the French have strengthened Toulon and Brest, or the Italians, Spezzia.

If a man's self-respect will not save him from habitual intoxication, all the female influence in the world would not avail.

"WHEN THESE HONEST, BRAVY FELLOWS GATHERED ABOUT THE ENGINE, AND FOUND IT WAS THEIR 'BELLE OF THE MINES AND MOUNTAINS,' THEIR ENTHUSIASM WAS GREAT INDEED."

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERESS.

BY BELLA LEE DUNKINSON.

IN glancing over some discarded jewels of earlier years the other day, the memory of a daring girlish exploit in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee became vivid, designed to be perpetuated by the little coral necklace, yet cherished, given to me by the miners of that region for what they were pleased to consider as a timely and providential exhibition of presence of mind, while in reality it was only one of those strange freaks occurring in the lives of us all, and which may be ascribed to the accidental or miraculous.

The act commemorated by this souvenir of those rough and hardy men of toil was in my being called upon to take command of a locomotive drawing a heavy train up the circuitous slopes of that range, under circumstances, as I view them now, quite interesting and startling. The facts were these: At the time when sectional feeling ran

high in the Border States, just before the outbreak of the Civil War, many Northern families went to Western Tennessee to assist in opening the mining industries of that rich region, which promised very large returns for those who embarked effort and capital. When I say many, I mean in proportion to the sparse population scattered over the mountain-slopes. Those who went there were generally venturesome spirits, fond of the semi-wild life "way up" in that summit world; but they were not near enough together to found any intersocial relations, for activity, ceaseless by day and by night, reigned in each little mining hamlet, and the young of both sexes were as enthusiastic in the solution of all physical problems in the subterranean galleries as the wise heads and sturdy arms directing the operations for gain. What, therefore, were the opportunities of a young girl gifted

But on went the train without accident or serious incident until it rolled up within a few hundred yards of the mouth of the shaft, where there were many laden cars standing on the sidings. But there I found more than one hundred of the miners with their night-lamps flashing in the dark, apprised by telegraph from below that disaster might occur, and, as I brought my command to a stand at the very entrance of the shaft, a rousing cheer was intermingled with the artillery-like thunder; not for me, but for Hardiman and the safety of their household effects. But when these honest, brawny fellows gathered about the engine to invite John Hardiman to a bumper, and they found it was not he, but their "Belle of the Mines and Mountains," their enthusiasm was great indeed. And if there be any egotism in relating this incident happening in those young years of my girlhood, I am willing to suffer the accusation for the thrilling memories of that experience, as I write it for the public eye.

HODGE AND FIDES.

By EDWARD N. BARRETT.

Good Neighbor Fides, bending 'neath his years,
Had found his share of triumphs and of tears
In the Lord's service; but in worldly spoil
His lot was meagre, as in worldly toil.

And now, in long petitions though he cried,
His modest wants were still but ill supplied;
But, as the props that braced his faith gave way,
His faith itself grew stronger day by day.

Not so it happened one rough Winter's night,
When all the elements made blustering flight,
A thrifty neighbor took it in his head
That honest Fides might be short of bread.

So, with a well-filled basket in his hand,
The labor'd products of his bit of land,
He sought the old man's cot, with impulse warm
To counteract the rigor of the storm.

Pralse, if you please, those over-modest souls,
Who do their alms as stealthily as ghouls;
Friend Hodge was of that greater class, by far,
Who like to seem as kindly as they are.

His fancy hears the kindness magnified
By Fides' thanks; the rumor circling wide;
His enemy, perchance, with wonder hears;
His son takes pride in it in future years.

At Fides' door the old man meets his guest;
His eager eyes upon the basket rest;
A choice supply between the leaves he sees,
Says naught, but drops upon his threadbare knees.

To Him who feeds the ravens when they cry,
His fervid thanks in copious phrases fly;
While Hodge, chagrined, one moment stands in doubt,
Then, picking up the basket, marches out.

"Such nights as this if lazy folk are fed,
Who gets the thanks," said he, "may find the bread;
I'll feed the ravens, too!"—and out he throws
The contents of his basket to the crows.

CAUCUS.

WHAT a caucus is, as popularly understood among us, needs no explanation; but the curious thing about the word is the seeming impossibility of ascertaining with any certainty its origin and derivation. The explanation generally given is that it is a corruption of "calkers" or "calk-house." One authority says that the members of the shipping interest, the "calkers" of Boston, were

associated, shortly before the War of Independence, in actively promoting opposition to England, and that the word arose from their meeting in the calkers' house or calk-house.

In the "Life of Samuel Adams," his biographer carries the word further back. We are told that "about fifty years before 1774 Samuel Adams, Sr., and about twenty others, one or two from the north end of Boston, where all ship business was carried on, used to meet, make a caucus, and lay their plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power. It was probably from the name of this political club, composed principally of shipbuilding mechanics, that the word *caucus* was derived, as a corruption of 'Calkers' Club.'" In the "Diary" of John Adams there is a curious and graphic description of a meeting and proceedings of the Caucus Club of Boston. He writes, in February, 1763: "This day learnt that the Caucus Club meets at certain times in the garret of Tom Dawes, the adjutant of the Boston regiment. He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in his garret, which he takes down, and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco, till you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other; there they drink flip, I suppose; there they choose a moderator, who puts questions to the vote regularly; and selectmen, overseers, collectors, wardens, fire-wards, and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen by the town. They send committees to wait upon merchants' clubs, and to propose and join in the choice of men and measures. Captain Cunynghame says they have often selected him to go to these caucuses."

Another derivation has, however, been proposed. In the "Transactions of the American Philological Association, 1872," Dr. Hammond Trumbull suggests that the origin of the word is to be found in the native Indian *cau-cau-as-u*, meaning one who advises. Professor Skeat is inclined to support this suggestion, and points out that Captain John Smith, the historian of Virginia, writing about 1607 of the Indians of that country, mentions that they are "governed by the priests and their assistants, or their elders, called *Caw-cawwasoughes*." Dr. Trumbull's proposal is ingenious, but the "calkers" have a strong case.

Perhaps the earliest mention of the word by any English writer is in an article on America by Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1818. He writes: "A great deal is said by Fearon about *caucus*, the cant word of the Americans for the committees and party meetings in which the business of the elections is prepared—the influence of which he seems to consider as prejudicial."

WHISTLING.

"Wix! he makes music with his mouth!" exclaimed a native of Burmah, when he observed an American missionary whistling; and the missionary noted down the words in his journal, with the reflection: "It is remarkable that the Burmese are entirely ignorant of whistling." But may not the simple-minded Asiatic only have been astonished in observing what he thought unbecoming in a gentleman who had come to Burmah to teach a new religion?

The Arabs generally disapprove of whistling, called by them *el sifr*. Some maintain that the whistler's mouth is not to be purified for forty days; while others are of opinion that Satan, touching a man's person, causes him to produce the offensive sound.

curiosity, and perhaps to see whether the courtiers had told him the truth, commanded the robber to whistle before him—the Grand Princess and all the royal children present—the man at once commenced whistling in a manner so overpowering that soon Vladimir, with his whole family, would inevitably have been dead, had not some brave courtiers, perceiving the danger, got up and shut the whistler's mouth.

Moreover, some enlightened Russians say that the story must not be taken literally. At the time of the introduction of Christianity into Russia there lived near Kiev, they say, a pagan high priest who was so distinguished an orator that he actually succeeded in drawing many to his side to check the spread of Christianity. This man, whose powers of persuasion were so great that his adherents called him Nightingale, was at last vanquished by his Christian antagonist Murometz. The bones of Murometz, we are further informed, have never decayed, and are still annually exhibited in Kiev to be venerated by an assemblage of pious believers.

THE AXOLOTL.

By W. AUGUST CARTER.

THIS remarkable animal is a species of Amphibia, although it differs somewhat from others of the same family. The Axolotl first became popular at the time of the Mexican Conquest, when they were discovered in large numbers in the waters surrounding the City of Mexico. On its edible qualities being tested, it was found to be nutritious and appetizing, and Hernandez informs us that the "flesh was considered as an aphrodisiac, and that it was wholesome and agreeable, and tasted not unlike eel." It has created considerable

The Axolotl is possessed of both lungs and gills, the latter consisting of three processes protruding from each side of the neck, resembling small twigs of trees. The teeth are sharp, and situated in rows upon the palatal region of the mouth, and upon the splenial element of the lower jaw. The tail, which resembles that of the water-

AXOLOTL (SIDE VIEW).—a, MOUTH OPEN, SHOWING TEETH.

newt (*Salamandra palmata*), bears upon it an erect fin, which continues along the back of the animal. The head and nose are broad, the eyes very small, and are placed in contiguity to the mouth. The Axolotl rarely exceeds eleven inches in length, although it has been known to reach the size of thirteen inches when well fed.

During the past year I studied these creatures at the late South Kensington Aquarium and elsewhere, in order to learn the nature of their habits and characteristics.

I find they are sluggish, lazy animals, being more fish than reptile. Their capacity for climbing is extraordinary, seeing that they can mount a smooth perpendicular wall, three feet in height, or any object, no matter how smooth its surface. They are very sensitive to sound, or any disturbing influence, and on becoming apprehensive of danger, move rapidly about in a kind of frenzy. They are able to locomote very swiftly by the aid of their fins, tails and feet, and when in active motion present an extraordinary sight. Their visual organs and mouth are adapted to their groveling existence and mode of extricating food, such as worms, crustaceans, etc., from a considerable depth in the earth. Their mouths are small in comparison with the size of their heads, so that they cannot prove very destructive to fish, though they are fond of such diet, and play considerable havoc among ova and fry, while encumbered with their *umbilical sac*. At times they are exceedingly voracious in their habits, inasmuch that I have seen one attack a goldfish about three inches long, and holding it firmly by the head in its jaws, strive its utmost for upward of six hours to demolish it. At the end of that time, finding the attempt impracticable, the Axolotl with difficulty disgorged it, owing, probably, to asphyxia setting in. The goldfish was, of course, lifeless, and minus its eyes, which doubtless had been removed by suction.

I find that the Axolotl swallow without mastication, but their power of retaining their hold upon their prey is very great, as they will allow themselves to be dragged bodily out of the water rather than forego the object upon which they are feeding. This I proved in the case of the goldfish referred to, by taking hold of its tail with a view to extricating it from the jaws of the Axolotl, but without success.

The Axolotl is regarded by many as a fish, and, indeed, its characteristics are apt to strengthen one in this belief. It is certainly more like a fish than any member of the batrachian family; nearly all of which cannot exist

THE AXOLOTL (*AXOLOTLIS GUTTATUS*).

controversy amongst naturalists, judging from the multifarious appellations by which it has been known. It was referred to by Shaw as the *Siren pisciformis*; others regarded it as the type of a new genus, while Baron Cuvier considered it to be the imperfect state of a genus already known.

entirely in water or on land, but must alternate their movements from one to the other.

Now, I find that the Axolotl is capable of living permanently either in water or on land, as I shall proceed to show. Throughout the Summer I maintained one of these creatures entirely in water, where it thrived and increased about half an inch in length. In the Autumn I removed it from the water and placed it in a perfectly dry receptacle, where it has remained ever since. It has in no wise suffered from the change, and appears quite naturalized to its terrestrial existence. I have lined the bottom of its habitat with earth, which I moisten from time to time in order to cause the worms that I have placed therein for the animal's consumption to rise to the surface, and thus afford it an opportunity to obtain a meal. Unless hungry, it never exerts itself to seize the worms when they appear, or, if it does, in a very half-hearted fashion, so that they easily escape. When, however, it becomes voracious, it does not wait for its victim to appear, but turns over the earth with its blunted muzzle and seeks them below. I have lately noticed that the two condyles, or gills, situated at the side of the vertebral chasm, appear to be losing their identity. It is possible that, in course of time, they may disappear altogether, as the economy of nature does not allow for the maintenance of a disused organ. At present it is breathing solely by the lungs, so that the gills are not called into play, and are therefore not required by the creature. I notice, too, that its color is changing from dark to light gray, and that its terrestrial function is much stronger than formerly. Its visual organs do not seem so keen as they did during its aquatic existence, but its olfactory capabilities appear intensified. It possesses a peculiar control over its tail, which it utilizes in securing food by circumvolving its prey by that organ.

In Mexico the Axolotl is very generally cultivated for edible purposes, and is largely vended in the markets. It is said that the flesh resembles in flavor that of the eel, at all events, it is considered quite as great a luxury. I have never partaken of the Axolotl, and am afraid our people would be strongly prejudiced against it from an edible point of view, in consequence of its repulsive appearance, and the malodorous effluvia that arises from it at all times. If the flavor of the flesh resembles that of eels, the appearance of the skin certainly does, and I have no doubt the Axolotl would be quite as appetizing, if served with suitable condiments. It would be highly injudicious, however, to introduce it to this country, as it would assume a prominent position in the ranks of the numerous army of destructive agents employed by nature to check the population of our waters.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

In a pleasant article about Nature's earliest indications of Spring, written by Dr. C. C. Abbott for *The American* (Philadelphia), occur the following interesting observations on frogs—especially the cheery little tree-toads: "Certainly, of late years, it is the rule that the diminutive hylodes, the smallest of our frogs, will alternately peep and rattle 'once in February, thrice in March, and all day long in April.' I have this from a nonagenarian who claims to know, and it accords, after a fashion, with my own field-notes, but I do not, like my informant, insist that it is a 'rule,' for batrachians of every kind, like the higher animals, are loath to obey any other law than that of their own sweet will. Hence the absurdity of making *ex cathedra* statements concerning them. Utter confusion awaits those who anticipate finding our animal creatures devoid of individuality. Surely I do not err when I say that a certain toad that lived in my yard recognized me as its friend, during the last twelve years of its life. Examined as dead specimens, individuals of a given species cannot, perhaps, be positively distinguished; but studied in their proper belongings, year after year, and the reverse is largely true. Even in so low a form of life as the frog, there may, I now think, be detected some trace

of individuality, though formerly I had grave doubts upon this point. Strangely, I think, frogs have never received that consideration from our poets that is their due. Is it because their 'music' is not popular with the masses? Yet where in all nature is there a more suggestive sound than the earliest singing of these clammy creatures? They are universally said to croak, as though the eleven species of frog and frog-like batrachians that are found in this neighborhood had but one and the same utterance. Think of it! Toad, spadefoot, hyla, the little peeper and the true frogs all condemned to nothing but dolorously croak. As a matter of fact, we have among them a wide range of sound, from the deep bass of the bullfrog to the piercing treble of Pickering's hyla. We hear it commonly said of the raven that it croaks, but not one of our batrachians has so doleful, despondent and gloomy a voice as has that strange bird. Certainly not one of them utters any sound that remotely resembles the woe-raven's cry. Then, too, there is the advantage among frogs of thousands singing in concert, and the harshness of each individual's voice is softened so that the volume of sound that sweeps over the meadows has a veritable grandeur. We do not stop to detect the defects of any single song, but acknowledge the success of their united efforts in rejoicing at the victory gentle Spring has gained. But February, '88, has proved an exceptional month. The frogs did not sing. There were days and days of warm sunshine, tempering winds, and all the torpor-dispelling agencies in full force, yet they failed to respond. I found them sunning themselves by many a spring-hole, and squatted with noses above water in the marshy meadows, but not one uttered a word of satisfaction. I lingered for hours about the upland sink-holes, hoping to hear the rattling hylodes, but not one rattled or peeped. Although the ice had disappeared, and the water was fairly warm, they remained as silent as when frost-bound in January. Yet they were not inactive. The long-continued cold had not chilled them until helpless or stupid. They hopped vigorously from me when I tried to catch them. There was to me no apparent reason why they should not have been as noisy as during several days of February, '87, when the fields resounded with their cries. What past experience gave me every reason to expect, failed me here, and the explanation, I take it, it were vain to seek."

THERE is still much haziness in the public mind in regard to the "Star of Bethlehem," which was supposed to have appeared last Winter for the first time in 900 years. *Nature*, even, thought it worth while to treat the matter in a long article, giving the numerous celestial phenomena to which this name has been applied by the credulous. In consequence of the extensive spread of millenarian doctrines, and the belief that the supposed speedy second coming of Christ is to be preceded by signs in the heavens, the popular mind seems to have been kept on the qui vive of late in expectation of the reappearance of the "Star in the East"; and whenever a temporary star appears, like that which lately showed itself in the nebula of Andromeda, or whenever the planet Venus reaches her maximum brilliancy so as to be seen by day, the newspapers begin to hint that the star has come and the astronomers of the different observatories are deluged with letters of inquiry. A note in the *Observatory* says that more than seventy such letters had been received at Greenwich alone during November and December last. One of the most common and unfounded notions of these people is that the Star of Bethlehem is the same as Tycho Brahe's star, which appeared in 1572 in the constellation of Cassiopeia. Whatever the real Star of Bethlehem may have been, it is quite certain that it could not, consistently with the Gospel narrative, have been a star in Cassiopeia; nor is there the slightest scientific reason to suppose that Tycho's star will reappear at this time rather than any other. There is absolutely nothing to indicate that the variation in its brightness is periodic, still less to determine the length of its period. All that can be said on that side is that there is no known reason why it may not reappear any day.

MESSEURS BROWN-SEQUARD AND D'ARBOUVAL give an account in the *Comptes Rendus* (cvi. 106), of a series of interesting physiological experiments which tend to show that an organic substance of a poisonous character is contained in the air expired by both animals and human beings. The object of the experimentalists was to prove that expired air participates largely in the production of pulmonary tuberculosis. They state that air to which 1 per cent. of carbonic acid has been added is by no means so injurious as expired air containing the same amount of that gas, and that the ammonia always present in expired air will not account for the symptoms produced by inhaling the latter. The injection into the veins of animals of a liquid obtained by passing the expired air, either of human beings or dogs, through water, was followed invariably by certain symptoms, including slightly dilated pupil, a marked slowing of respiratory movements, a considerable paralytic weakness, especially of the hinder limbs, and a rapid lowering of the temperature. Although the heart is not much affected at first, after three or four days it acquires a morbid activity. Larger injections of the liquid give rise to excessive contraction of the pupil, increased paralytic weakness, and a choleric-form diarrhoea. The authors of the paper believe that it is to this poisonous principle, of which the exact nature is as yet undetermined, that the dangerous character of expired air is due.

FROM Germany comes intelligence that the balloon corps of the army has succeeded in taking good photographs of the surrounding landscape from a balloon poised a mile and a half in the air. If this is a practicable thing, it marks a great advance over efforts hitherto.

FRENCH journals contain an interesting account of an apparatus which has been perfected for aerial signaling to great distances at

night. A captive balloon, only large enough to support a depending incandescent light of about thirty candle-power (a five-foot gas-jet is of sixteen candle-power) is sent upward to whatever distance may be required, a silicious bronze wire, scarcely thicker than silk, connecting the balloon with the ground, and furnishing the electrical energy for the light from a dynamo below. By breaking and completing the current, the incandescent light under the balloon is made to flash at whatever intervals are required to form letters on the Morse telegraphic system of dots and dashes. Thus two armies in the field, widely separated, the one from the other, having similar apparatus at the several headquarters, may communicate freely, and the general in command be enabled to handle both as though they were at the same spot. Indeed, any number of corps, if within signaling distance, and this depends, of course, upon the clearness of the nights, could be kept in communication with each other and with the general staff. To prevent the enemy from reading the dispatches two circular cards, attached at the centre, are provided, so that an alphabet on the one revolves around that on the other, and thus every message may be sent on a different and easily understood key. The entire apparatus, with duplicate parts, in case of accident, is ingeniously arranged to be carried in a light two-wheeler that one man can readily pull along after him.

English photographers have been experimenting diligently in the use of the magnesium light, and many are the plans proposed for its use. Mr. Talbot Archer, a leading amateur, recommends the following: He believes, to begin with, that the pure metal alone is the best to work with. It is necessary to blow it through a flame in such a way as to secure perfect combustion. A simple method is, to buy a thistle-funnel, which costs but a trifle; heat the glass tube and bend it completely around, so that it forms a loop in the middle. Twist some copper wire around the thistle-head, bringing the wire out in a spiral in front of the glass tube. Fill the spiral with cotton wool and soak it in methylated spirits. This will give a long, hot flame when ignited. Place ten grains of powdered magnesium in the loop of the glass tube and fasten a piece of rubber tubing to the small end of the funnel; then a puff down the tube will drive the magnesium through the flame of the burning spirits and a brilliant flash will result. A large piece of white cardboard, cut into a semi-circle and placed behind the light, makes a capital reflector; and a white sheet, on the shadow side of the sitter, will help also. Keep the sitter a good distance in front of the background to avoid strong shadows.

A curious measure of muscle and endurance is afforded by a writer in the *American Machinist* upon "the art of firing," which is an extremely important and skillful part of the mechanic's profession. The difference between a good and a poor fireman is often measured by many tons of coal in the course of a week. "We are sometimes asked how much coal one man is able to use in a week's time. The largest record of which I can speak with certainty is that of a fireman in the cotton factory, who, with five large boilers of the double-furnace or Lancashire type, consumed no fewer than 80 tons (2,240 pounds each) in the week of 56 hours. He not only did this, but also wheeled away the ashes to the dump. This man applied for an increase of pay, and was refused it. He left, and his place had to be filled by two others, no single man being found able to do the work. In another case, I found one man burning 75 tons weekly, in three Lancashire boilers, or at the rate of 12½ tons per furnace. . . . Generally, we would lay down 50 tons as a limit in even well-ordered establishments."

DENTISTS have long been accustomed to transplant a tooth freshly drawn to the socket from which another tooth has just been extracted; but Dr. Yonger, of San Francisco, has taught the profession that old teeth may be reset in new places. He drills into the jaw, where bony substance now fills up a long-deserted socket, gouges out a new socket, and then, taking a tooth that has long been extracted, cleans it thoroughly, soaks it in bichloride of mercury, and inserts it into the socket just formed. This new tooth in due time becomes firmly anchored, and as serviceable as was the original one in its best days. Microscopic examination of such teeth, afterward pulled out, prove beyond question the remarkable fact that the implanted tooth is revived; that is, circulation is established between the socket and the stranger-tooth, and that consequently it is held quite as firmly as if it had naturally grown there.

A REMARKABLE engineering feat has just been carried out in China. This was the stretching of a steel cable of seven strands of telegraph wire across the Luan River, by a Danish engineer named Linde, aided only by unskilled Chinese labor. The cable is strung from two points, 4,648 feet apart, at a height of 737 feet on one side, and 447 feet on the other, sinking in the middle to within 78 feet of the water. With one exception, this is the longest air cable in the world—that across the Kistna River having a span of 5,070 feet, or only a dozen rods less than a mile. Other long cables cross the Ganges, Hoogly and Missouri Rivers.

PHOTOGRAPHS can now be made near the bottom of the sea at a depth of several hundred feet by the use of a camera laced in a rubber bag, and the use of the electric light for illuminating the water around the camera. The difficulties to be overcome are those due to the great pressure of the water, which rapidly increases with depth. Successful experiments show shoals of fish attracted by the light, and naturalists hope to get news of hitherto unknown species in this novel way.

It is stated that diamonds have been found in a meteoric stone weighing about four pounds, that fell in the district of Krasnolobsk, Russia, on September 4th, 1886. The portion of the meteorite insoluble in acids contained small bodies which are harder than corundum, and agree with the diamond in density and other

properties. These constituted about 1 per cent. of the stone. This occurrence is of the more interest seeing that Mr. Fletcher has but recently noticed the presence of a peculiar form of crystallized carbon in a meteoric iron.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

AN unkind word falls easily from the mouth, but six coach-horses cannot draw it back again.

It is strange! A woman who claims to have a mind of her own takes every opportunity to give everybody a piece of it.

"I SHOULDN'T care to marry a woman who knows more than I do," he remarked. "Oh, Mr. deSappy," she replied, with a coquetish shake of her fan, "I am certainly afraid you are a confirmed bachelor!"

MODEL TOAST FOR "SPARKS."—The following toast was proposed at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

It is related of Dugald Stewart that he was once asked what was the earliest thing he could remember. He said it was being left alone by his nurse in his cradle, and resolving to tell of her as soon as he could speak!

"You see," said a lawyer, in summing up a case where one party had sued the other on a transaction in coal—"you see the coal should have at once gone to the buyer." "Not so," interrupted the judge; "it should have gone to the cellar."

COMEDIANS sometimes say funny things. One afternoon, returning from the funeral of "another of us gone home," a favorite actor called in at his club. "Well, how did it go off?" asked Mr. Butler. "Full grave! my boy; people turned away."

"TALK of the decrease in the number of American vessels," exclaimed old Captain Swiggle. "Why, gentlemen, there are more 'schooners' in any little port in America to-day than there were on the whole coast thirty years ago. You can find fifteen or twenty of them in any bar, and it won't be a sand-bar either."

THE ART OF BOOKKEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend—that's lose—their books
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks!

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut,"
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are split;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra-gilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
Here's one odd volume left to be
Like all the rest, a-loan.

I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last Winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

ALUMNUS (meeting his old professor, after greetings)—"I am glad to hear, professor, that you are going to lecture in our town on your favorite old-time topic." Professor—"Yes, yes. But I have divested it of technicalities—in fact, recast it—so that it will reach all persons of very limited acquirements. Hope to see you there."

LADY (in fashionable shop)—"Why, Mrs. S., is this you, and in mourning? I hadn't heard that—that—" Mrs. S.—"Yes, Mr. S. was laid at rest two weeks ago." Lady—"I am so shocked! Was his death a sudden one?" Mrs. S.—"Very; without warning. He died of a cold contracted only the day before. Aren't the shops lovely?"

THERE was a click of the latchkey in the front door, about 12:30 A. M., and Mr. Job Shuttle stole softly up-stairs. His spouse had not yet begun to dream dreams, but was awaiting him. "Seems to me you are later than usual." "Yes, a little, my dear," said Job. "You see, I was elected K. of S. to-night." "K. of S.! What's that?" "Why, Keeper of the Seal, of course." "Indeed! And about how long before I'm to be elected keeper of a sealskin jacket?" A woman knows just when to pour on cold water.

EXPERIENCING A TERRIBLE TWIST.—A laborer who was employed at a building in course of erection found, on getting up one morning, that he had slept too long. He put on his clothes as quickly as possible, but in his hurry he put the back of his trousers to the front, put his belt round him, and went away to work without discovering the mistake. On taking a hod of bricks up a ladder, he missed his footing and fell with a crash to the ground. Some of the workmen, hearing a noise, came running up and lifted him to his feet, inquiring if he was hurt, and he looking down and seeing his trousers, replied: "I think I'm not much hurt, but I've got a terrible twist!"

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